

cant Break the ~~loop~~ cycle
fills the void

Rat
trap



I've been
here before,



haven't I?

I feel...
Hungover!



Everything is just
foggy and wrong.

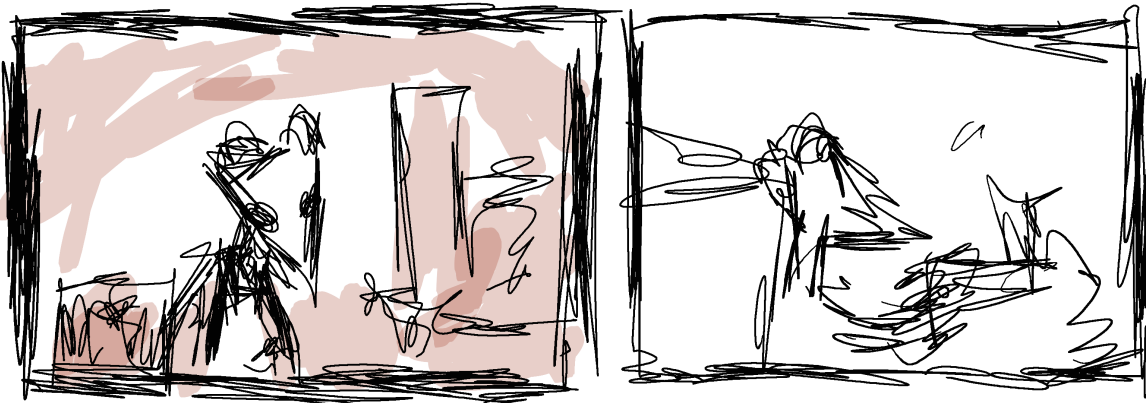


Act

1

QUESTIONS





Took you long enough.
I've been so...





This panel is going to look great when finished.

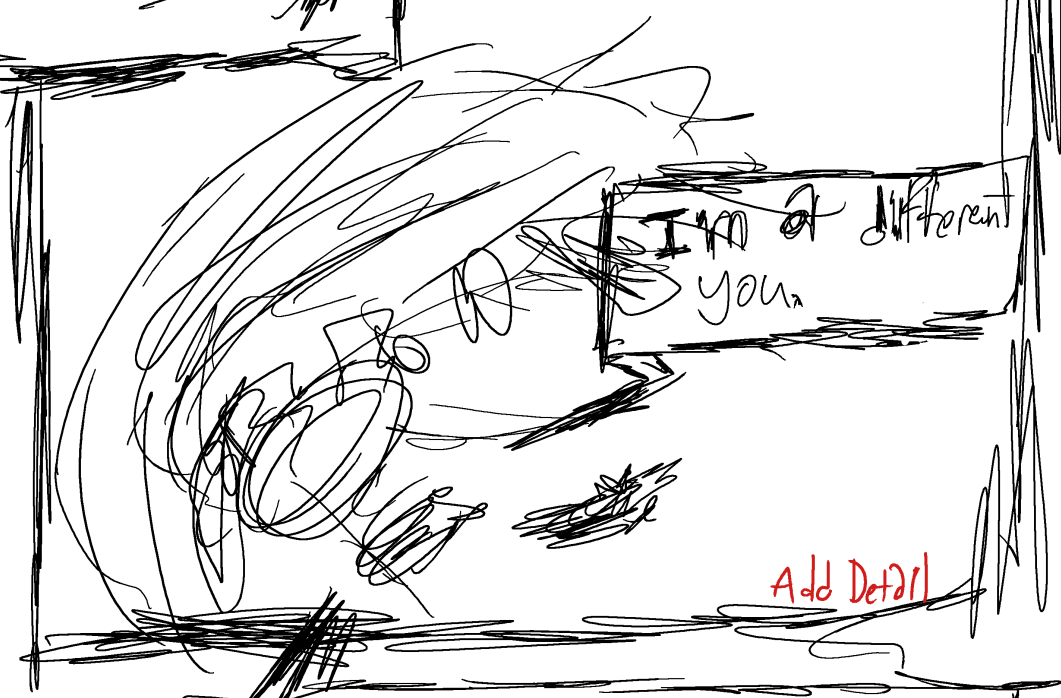


Finish page

9.

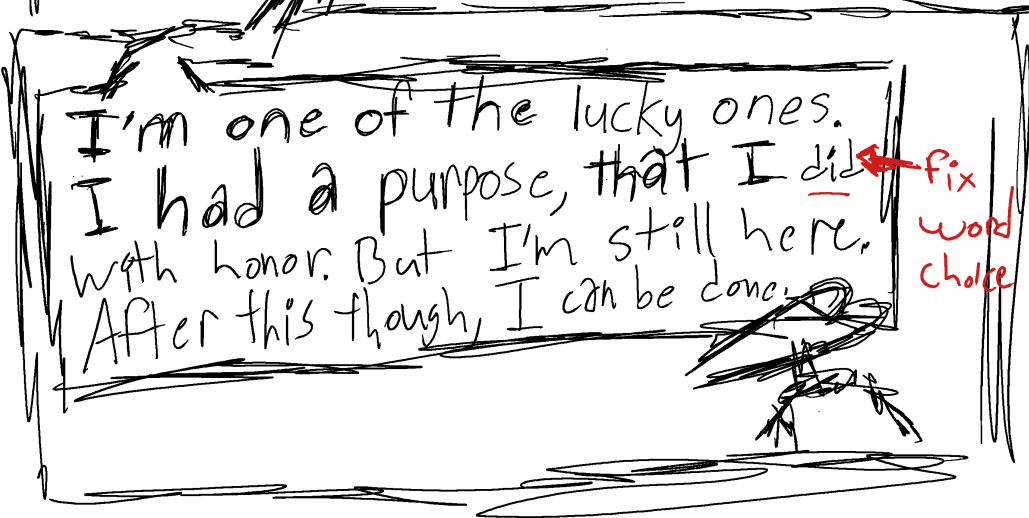


What are you?!



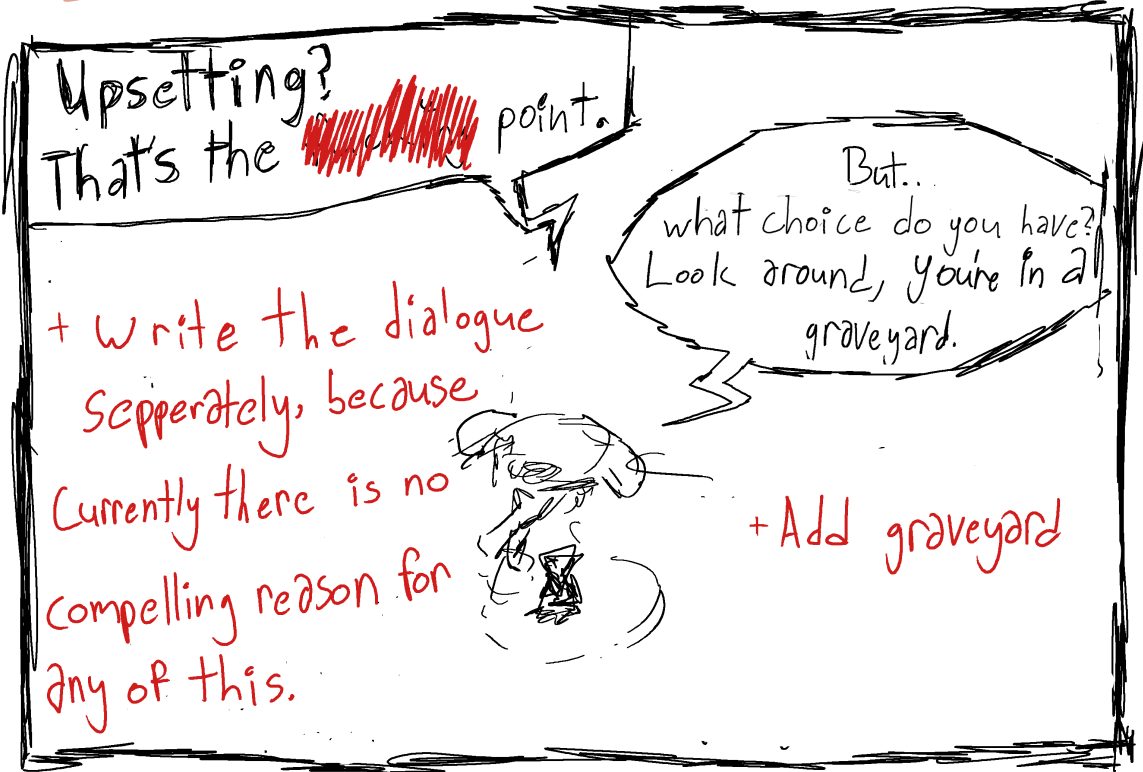
I'm a different you.

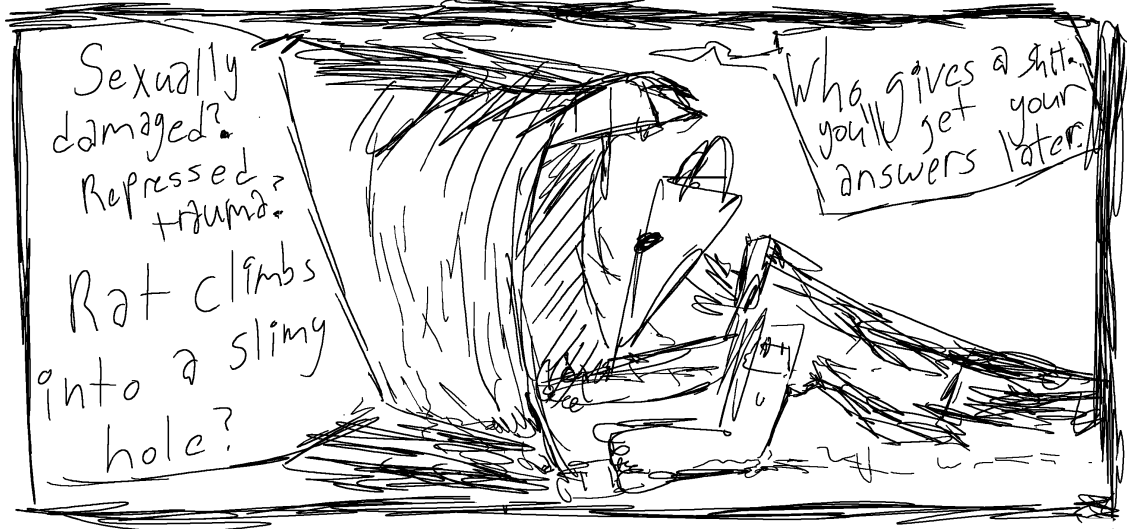
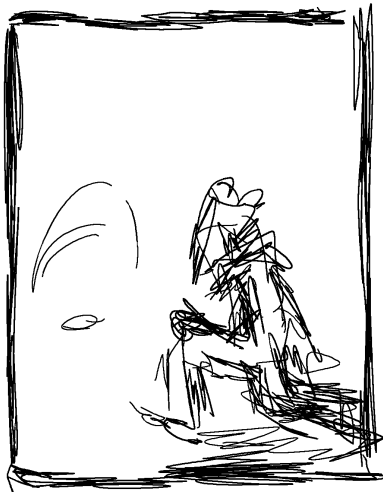
Add Detail

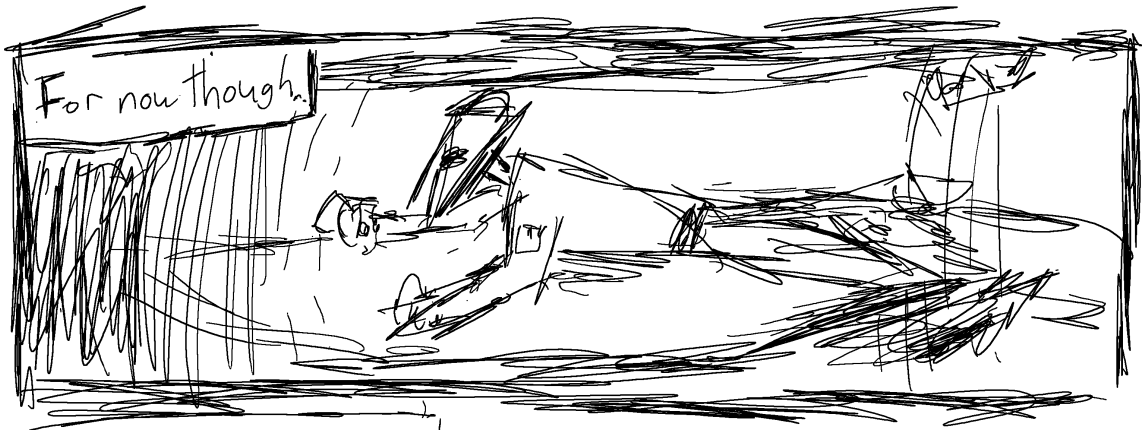


I'm one of the lucky ones.
I had a purpose, that I did
with honor. But I'm still here.
After this though, I can be done.

Fix word choice





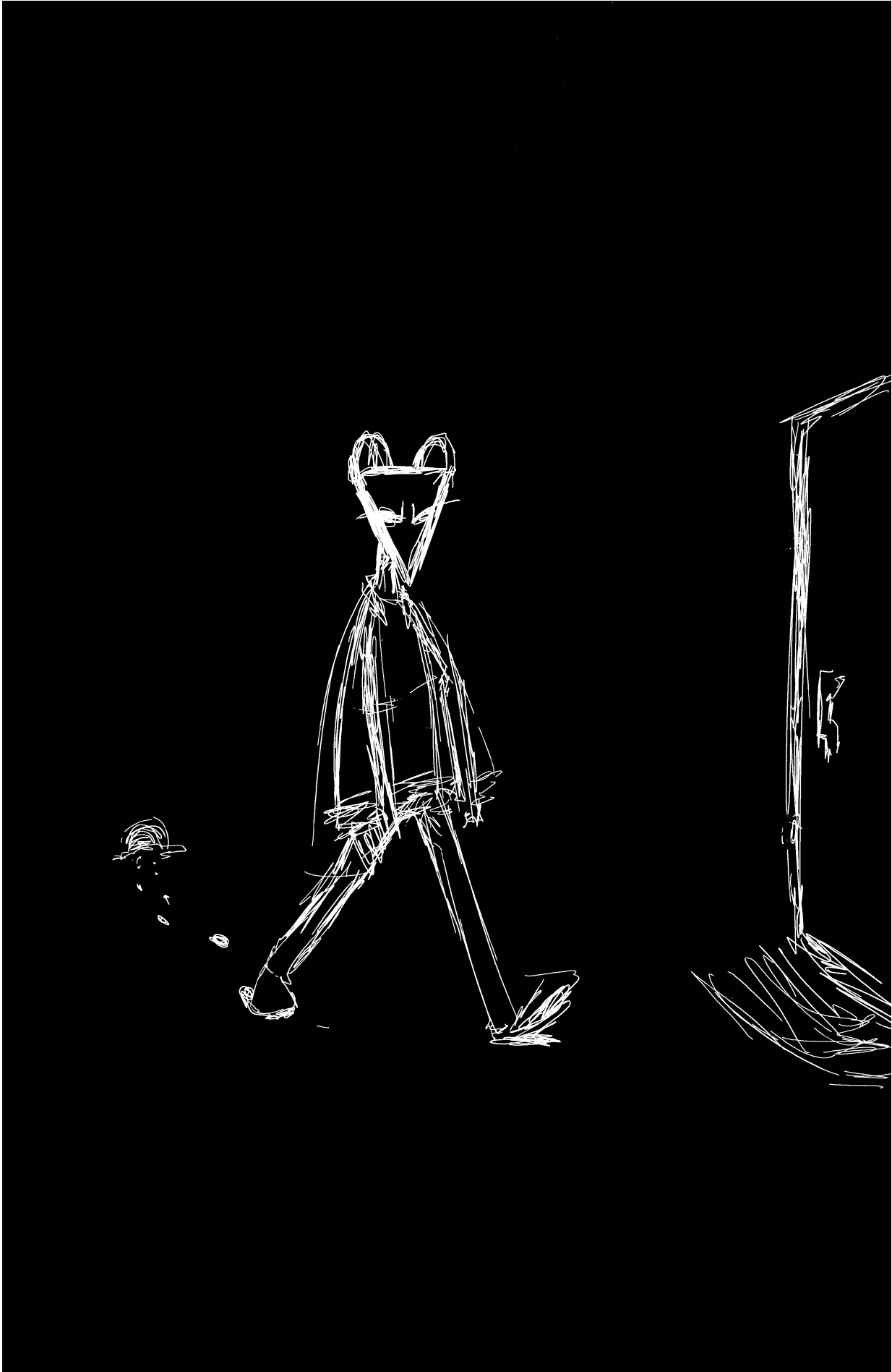


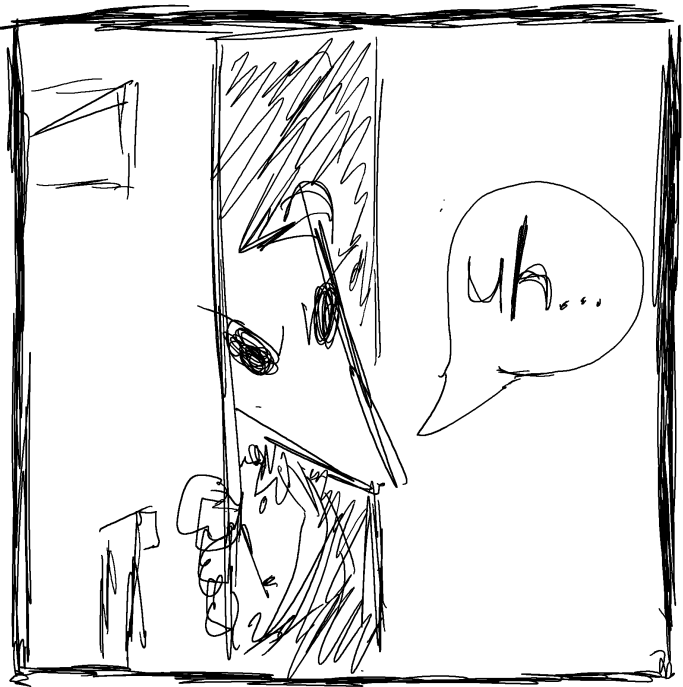
Enjoy the ride.

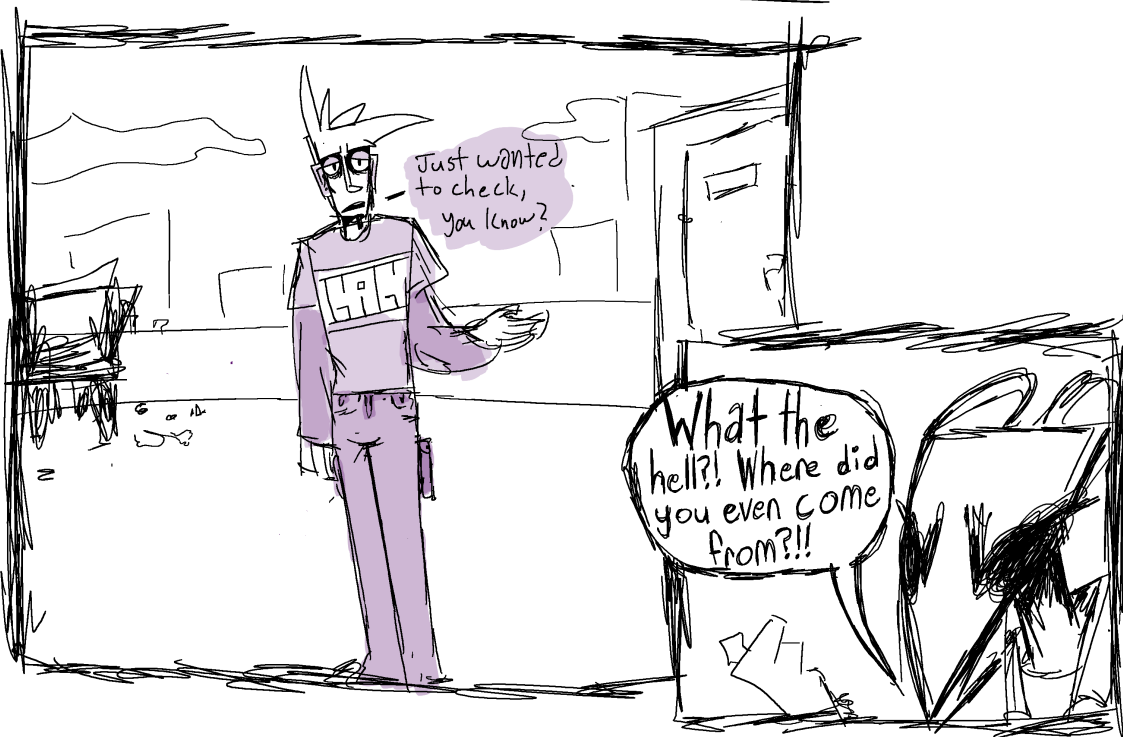
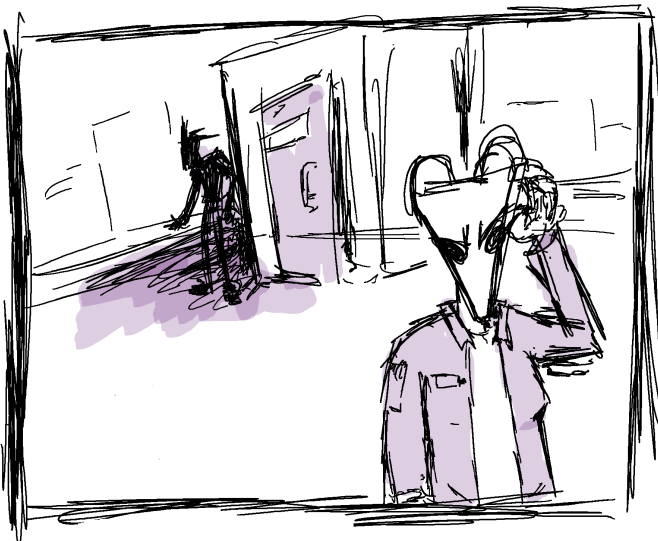


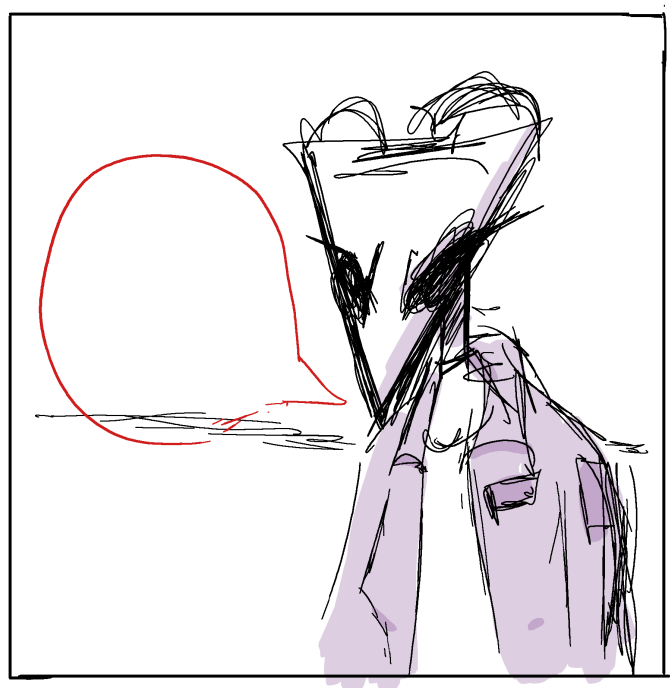
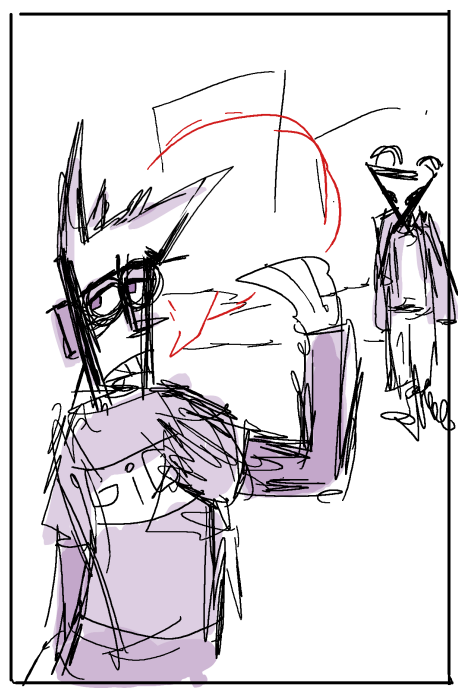
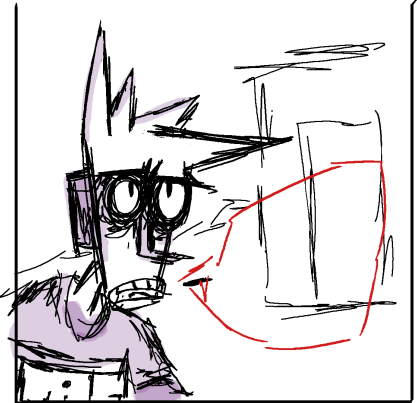
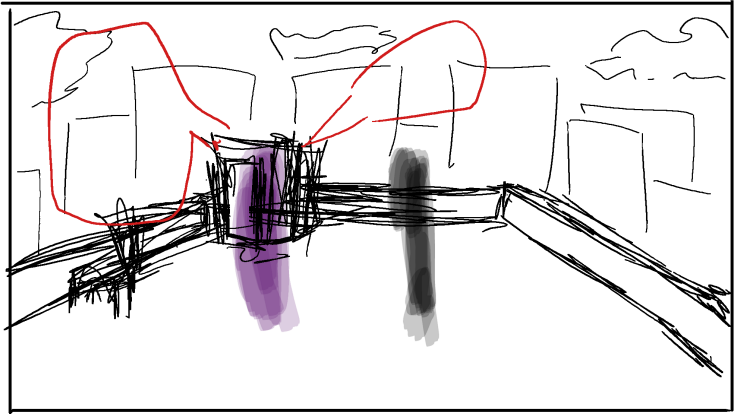
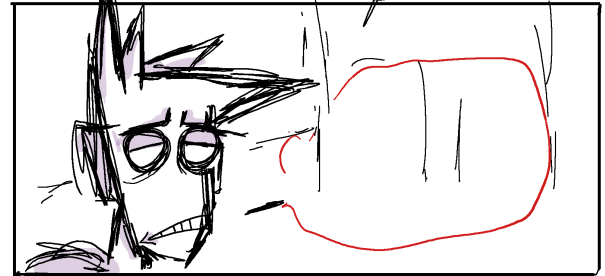
It's only downhill from here.

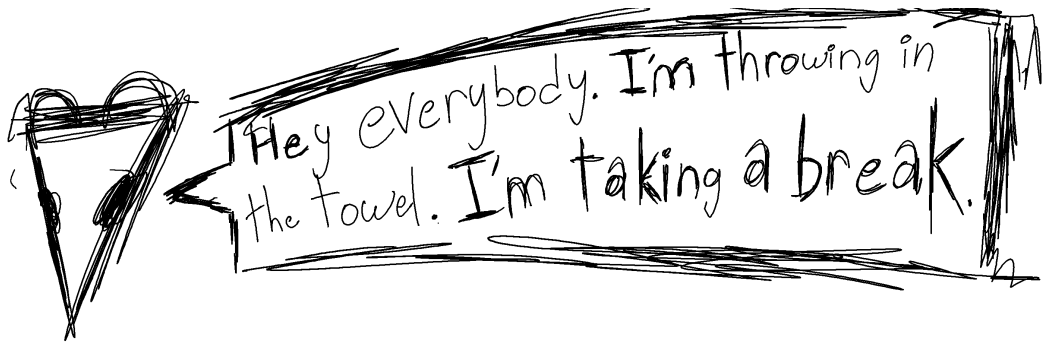












Hey everybody. I'm throwing in
the towel. I'm taking a break.

At first this was
going to be something.
Maybe a self reflective
journey where I explore
my inner psyche with over the
top imagery and insecure
blaviating. Dialogue is
hard though.



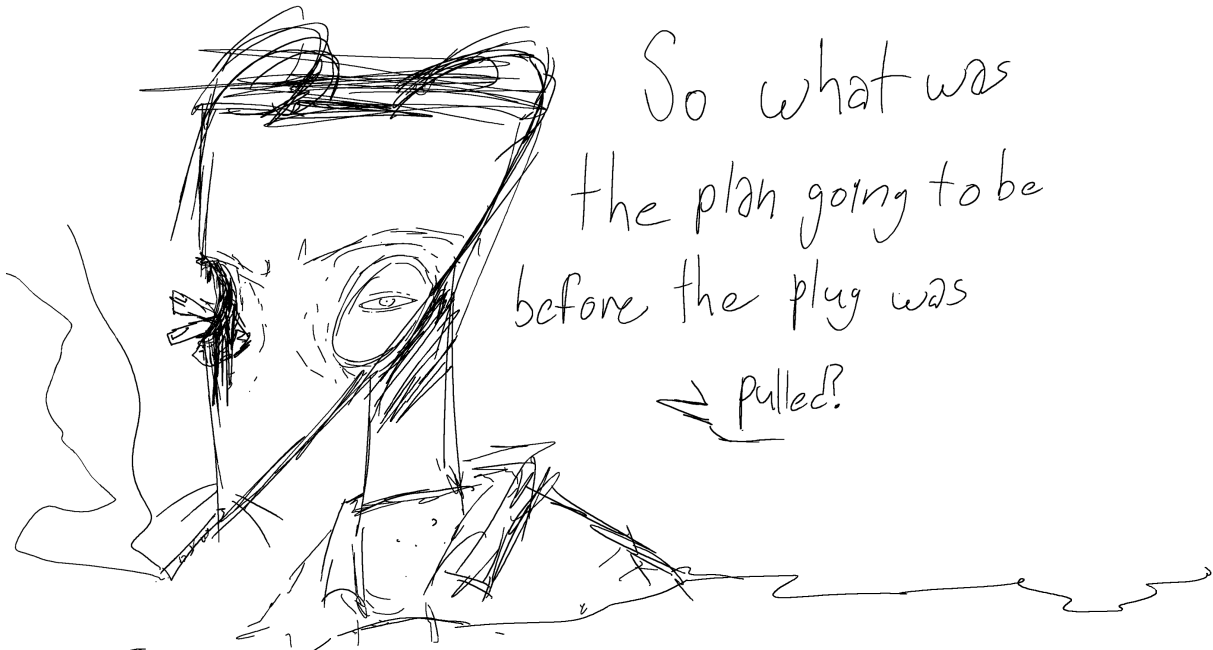
All attempts at character
speech felt corny & cheap.
It felt like a shitty,
romanticized fan-fiction of
my own mental illness.
It was a play, and
these drawings were my
fingerpuppets.



I hated it.



maybe with more
time I would have
created something, or
maybe it would just
sit on my desktop
for months.



So what was
the plan going to be
before the plug was
→ pulled?

Behold, the not
very fun wall of
text.



I created a stand in of myself to go through my Mental Loop. By that, I'm referring to my long stretches of depression, where I'm utterly removed from the world around me. Oftentimes my attempts at regaining clarity fall apart, but on the rare occasions where I do come to, it's not for long. When I'm in that space of understanding, I finally get why I always return back down to a catatonic state. Through binge drinking, self hate, and disassociation, I'm able to kick myself back down into the mental sludge, where I can't breath or think.

Now do
you understand
the problem?



I lack... nuance.
Either its obtuse
metaphores on spur of
the moment tangents.
No humor, no life, no
Soul.



For Example:



this guy.
I had a whole
scene planned out.
It sucked!



Alright, so we have these two goobers standing on a roof. After the initial stand off, they end up having a dialogue heavy scene which would kinda be a hypothetical conversation with my depression.

So while they talk over drinks with the view of the city bellow, they would discuss concepts such as letting go of ambition, substance abuse, and finding comfort in being isolated from the world.



This conversation would continue for a couple pages, with a heavy emphasis on being content with where you're at. Considering how shit the red place was, the rooftop is definitely an upgrade.

However, The Rat (haha that's me) disagrees. Eventually, even shouting that they want to "get out" and that they "can't live like this". As I said earlier, dialogue is not my strong suit.



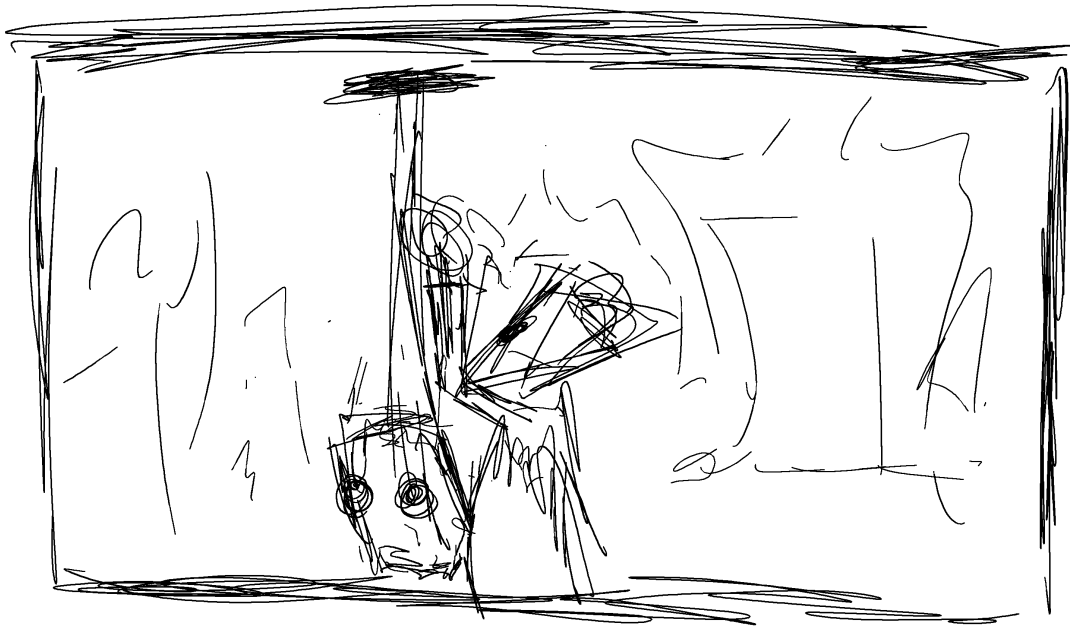
thats when this guy would stand on the edge of the building, and spout some doom and gloom shit. Like "this is as good as it's ever going to get" and stuff like that. During this monologue, a noose decends from above like a fish hook. (you get one guess on what happens next). In all seriousness though, despite how it's the sort of imagery that a middle schooler would find edgy, it's really in poor taste. It's shlocky, and just ends up fetishsizing a tramatic subject.



Why. What good reason do I have to pull this sort of symbolism? That's the thing though: I don't have a good reason. I seldom think, I just do, and throwing an idea like this into the comic was just that. There was no greater narrative reason besides that it would look cool and give people some made up metaphors that means nothing to me.

Maybe it used to mean something to me when I first added it, but for the me sitting here right now it just feels pointless.

The dumbest part though is what I wanted to have happen after this.



So after the hanging, the world around The Rat would warp. The guy, while still hanging, would turn into a tattered corpse that has clearly been dead for a long time. Not only that, but the cityscape is consumed in a blazing inferno that changes the sky from blue to orange.

In order to escape, the rodent has to climb up the noose rope in order to enter a trap door in the sky, which would have led to the final location.

Like, shit dude. that's kind of edgy.



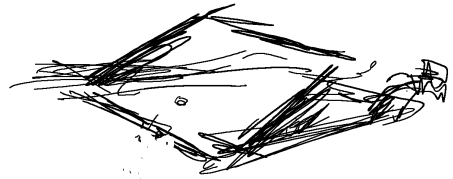
Of course
there would
be one of these
dark pages.

Oh shit, I'm
going to have
to print this
out...

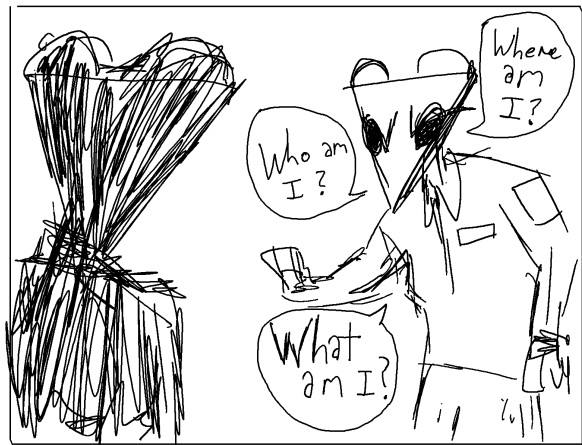
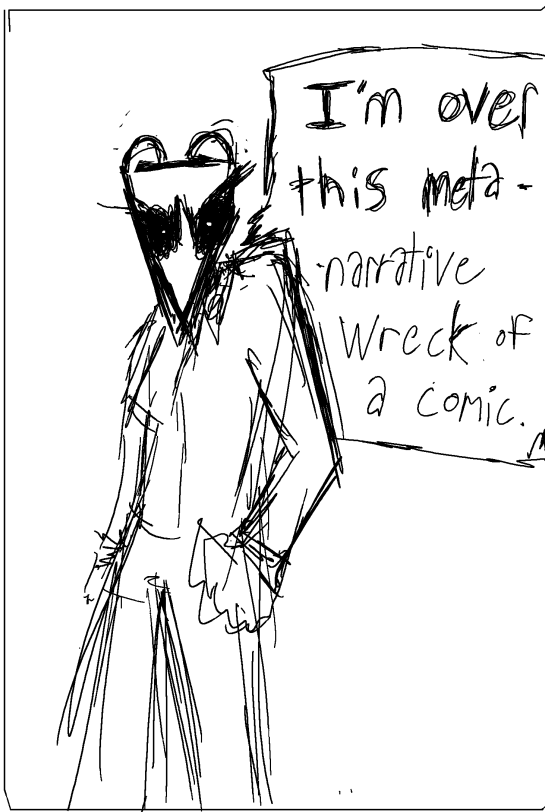
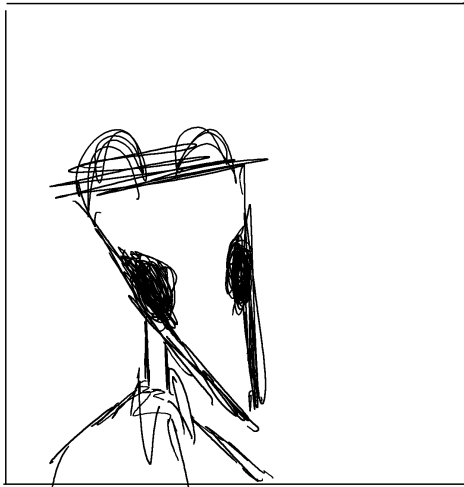
The Library
printers are
Fucked.

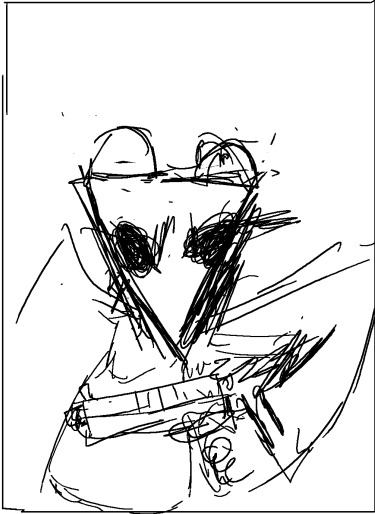
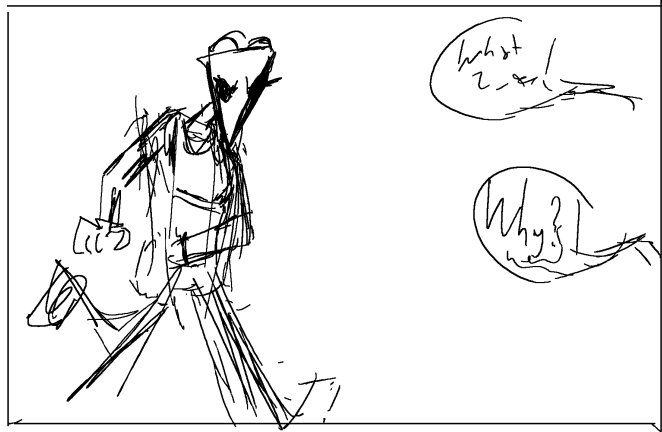


So yeah... that's going to about cover it. There would probably be some page that says "Act 2: Answers."



I had some ideas for that, but my wrists hurt so I'm calling it here.





Well that could have gone better.



I'm going to bed.



Originally I was going to confront The Rat at the end.



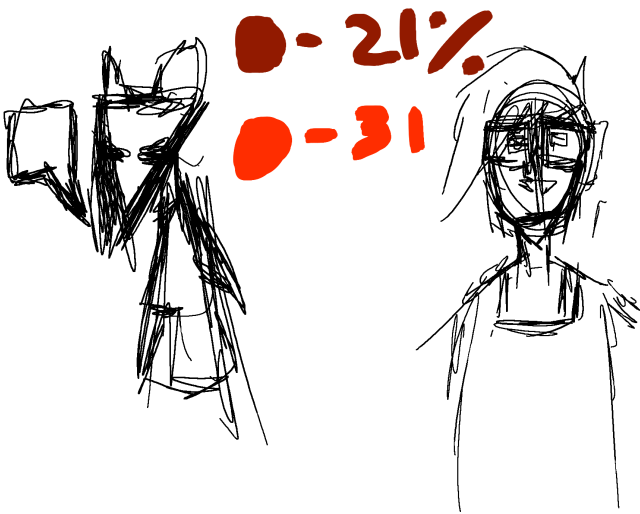
But it would have been a cool reveal where the rat mask comes off and it's me.





Goodnight,
Maybe tomorrow I'll want to be
alive.





0-21%

0-31

questions
answers
release

What next
crawl through
mouth go
to rooftop
w/ report

