

BOBBY CAMPBELL • TODD PURSE

BUDDHAFART

BOOK ONE: PULL MY FINGER





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﴿ DREAM@WAKE ﴾

OK-DK: ACT II - DISCORD

✎ **CREATED BY** ✎

BOBBY CAMPBELL

W/ TODD PURSE

AND MARCELINO BALAO III



BUDDHAFART #1 • V.4.0 • Q1 2024

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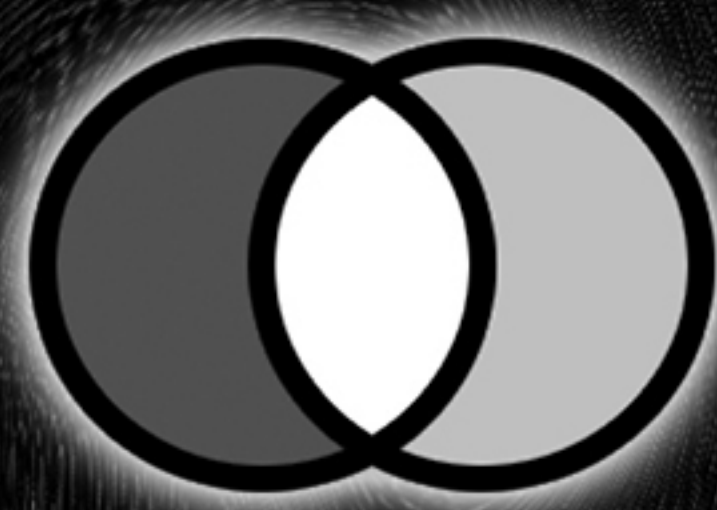
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**“THIS IS LIKE DÉJÀ VU
ALL OVER AGAIN.”**

– YOGI BERRA





ALOHA

Here we go again...

SAME OLD, SAME OLD...

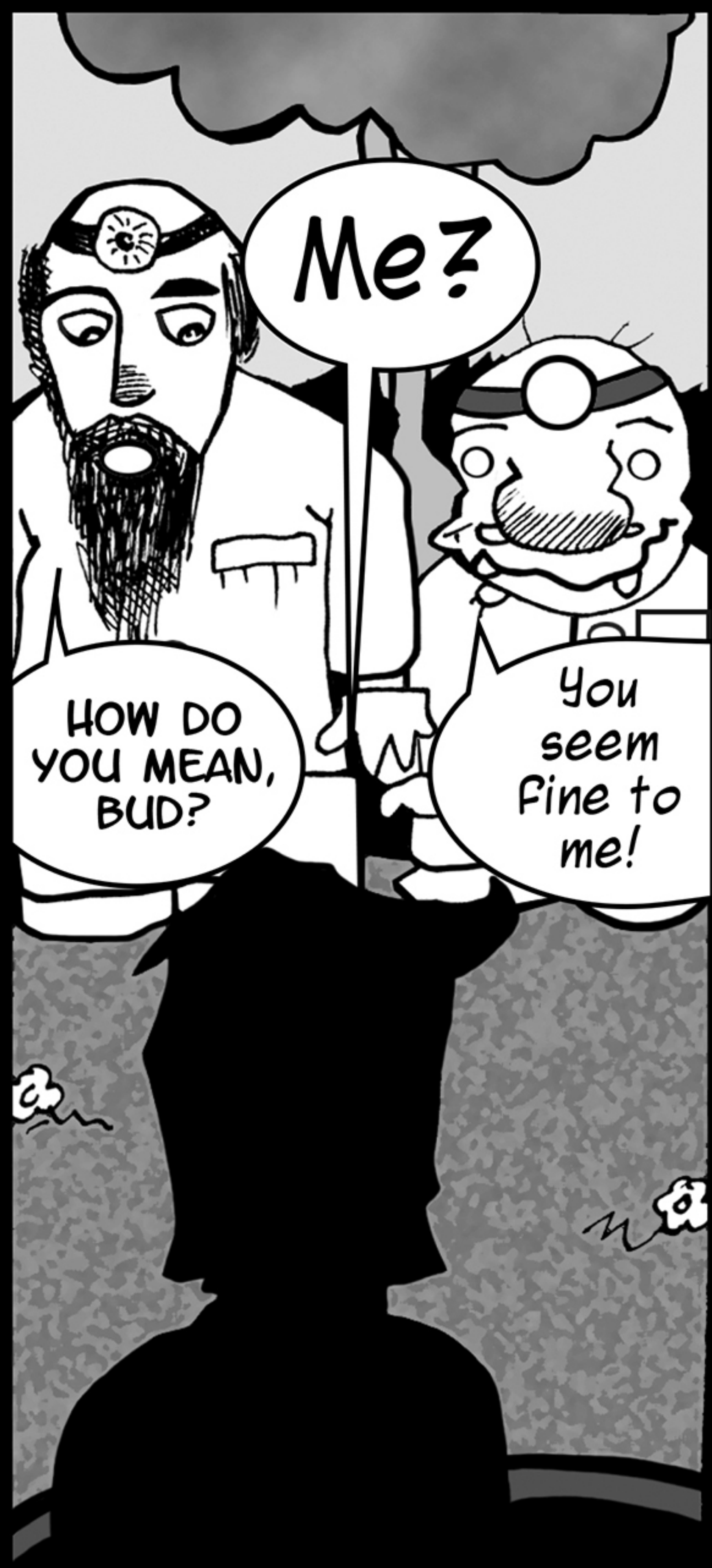


Rise and shine, dummy!

Déjà vu!

WELL NOW, LOOK AT THAT, THIS ONE HAS SOME MEDIUM AWARENESS.

Oh great, another one of those characters.





SO WHAT DOES THE SCRIPT SAY THIS DUDE'S NAME IS?

AIWASS.

AND HIS ROLE?

Ummm... He ain't got one.

WHAT!?!
LEMME SEE THAT.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS SHIT?
WHY MAKE SOMEONE WITH NO PURPOSE?
NO MEANING?

NO SOUL!!

FREEZE!



KLUNK!

THE BOY'S LOOSE!
SEAL THE PERIMETER!

RESERVE UNIT STRIKE!
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
SEND IN THE GRUNCH!



OH DAP, MY BAD;
HERE HE IS.

UMM...NEVER MIND.
ALL CLEAR.
BRINGING THE BOY
TO YOUR CHAMBERS,
OVER.



Ah, the ol' switcheroo...
Gets em every time!

SO BEGINS THE
STORY I PROMISED
TO NEVER EVER TELL.

THE STORY OF AIWASS,
TWIN GODS OF CHAOS.



AIWASS HODGE
HOOR-PAR-KRAT



AIWASS PODGE
RA-HOOR-KHUIT

HAIL! YE TWIN WARRIORS ABOUT
THE PILLARS OF THE WORLD!

FOR YOUR TIME IS NIGH AT HAND.

AND SO I WENT INSIDE AND ASKED MY PA IF I WAS A BLACK BEAR OR A BROWN BEAR, AND HE SAID "DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, YOU'RE 100% POLAR BEAR, NOW GO OUTSIDE AND PLAY!"

A COUPLE MINUTES LATER I WENT BACK IN & ASKED, "PA, AM I A MOUNTAIN BEAR OR A GRIZZLY BEAR?" AND HE SAID, "I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, YOU'RE A POLAR BEAR!"

AFTER ANOTHER FEW MINUTES I WENT BACK IN AND ASKED, "ARE YOU SURE I'M NOT A KOALA BEAR?" "NO!" HE SCREAMED, "YOU'RE A POLAR BEAR! WHY DO YOU KEEP ASKING??"

BECAUSE I'M FUCKING FREEZING!





TRUE STORY!

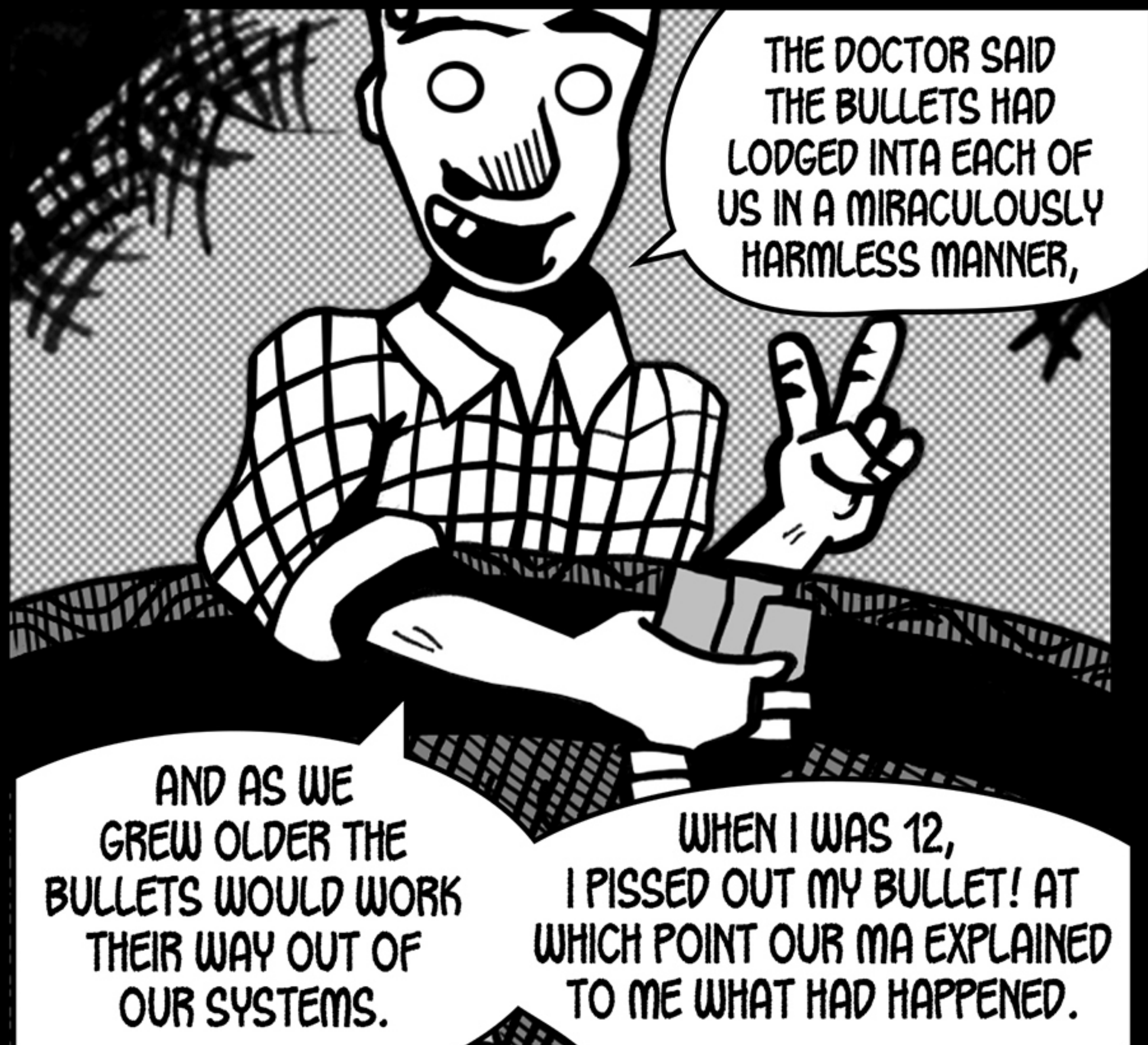
LMAD!

WTF!?

LOL!

YO, YO!
CHECK THIS OUT!
WHEN OUR MA WAS
PREGGERS WITH WE 3,
SHE GOT CAUGHT IN
THE CROSSFIRE OF
A BOTCHED BANK
ROBBERY, AND TOOK
3 HOLLOW POINTS
TO THE BELLY.

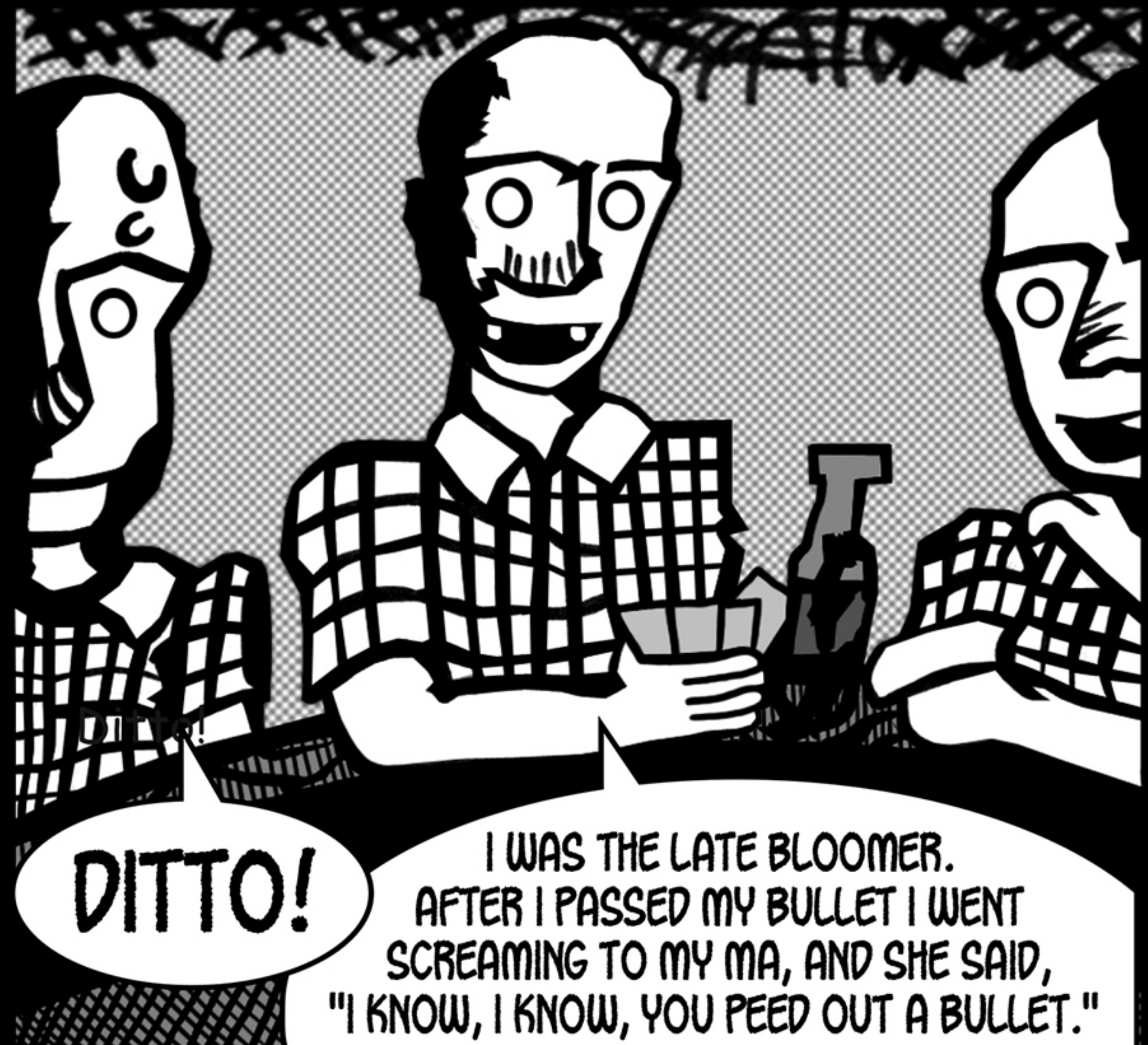
;))



THE DOCTOR SAID
THE BULLETS HAD
LODGED INTO EACH OF
US IN A MIRACULOUSLY
HARMLESS MANNER,

AND AS WE
GREW OLDER THE
BULLETS WOULD WORK
THEIR WAY OUT OF
OUR SYSTEMS.

WHEN I WAS 12,
I PISSED OUT MY BULLET! AT
WHICH POINT OUR MA EXPLAINED
TO ME WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



DITTO!

I WAS THE LATE BLOOMER.
AFTER I PASSED MY BULLET I WENT
SCREAMING TO MY MA, AND SHE SAID,
"I KNOW, I KNOW, YOU PEED OUT A BULLET."



"NO! I WAS
JERKING OFF AND
SHOT THE DOG!"



CUT! TAKE 5
WHILE REWRITE
MOB EXERCISES
CENSORSHIP
AUTHORITY.



OOH! GUNPLAY,
HOW MARVELOUS!
I WANNA PLAY TOO!
HEY PAGLIACCI...



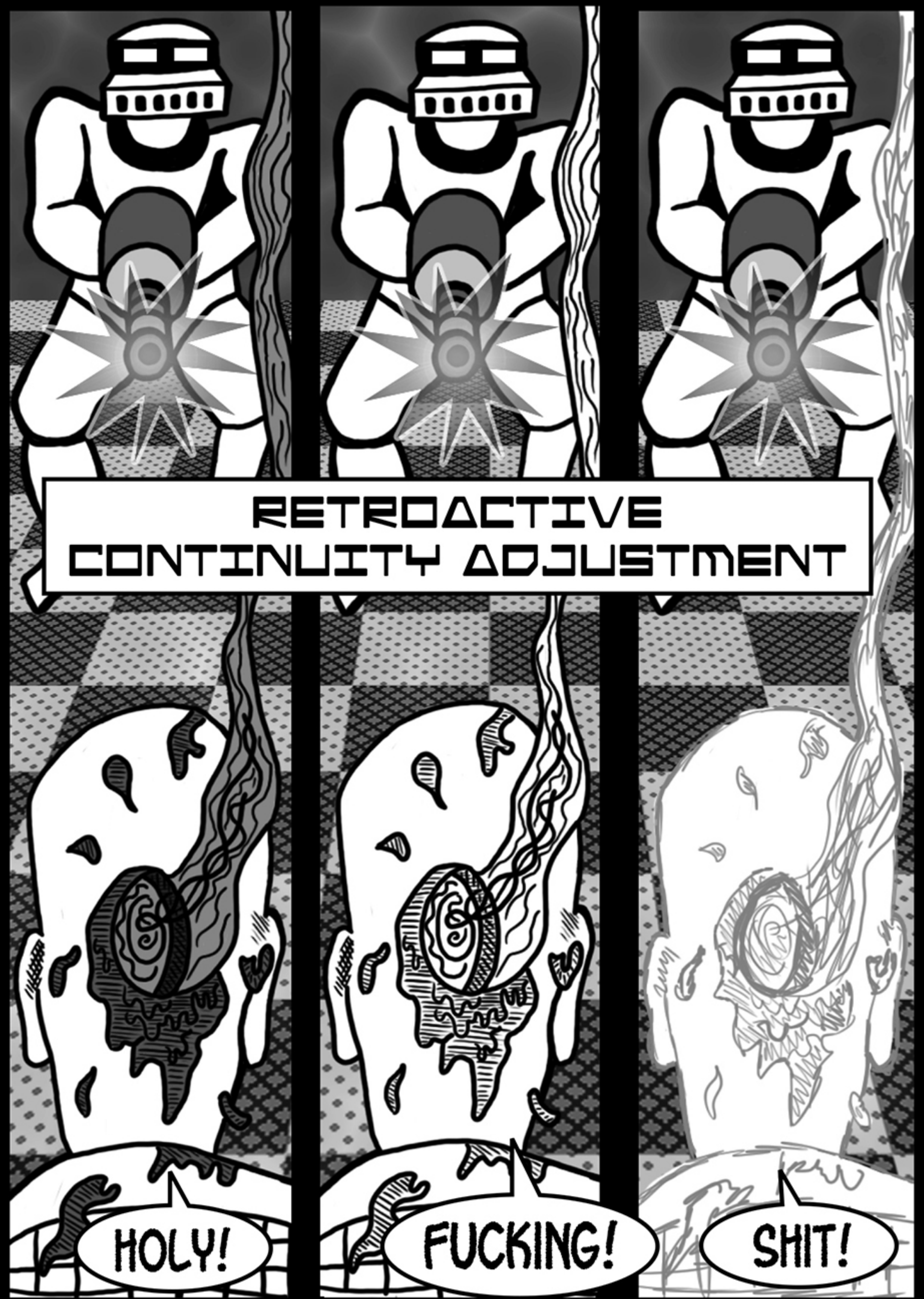
EAT LEAD!

YUK-YUK!



PORNOGRAPHIC
VALIDATION OF HOMICIDAL
URGES; AIDING THE
DISSOLUTION OF
APPROVED FAMILY
VALUES.

PSSH!



RETROACTIVE
CONTINUITY ADJUSTMENT

HOLY!

FUCKING!

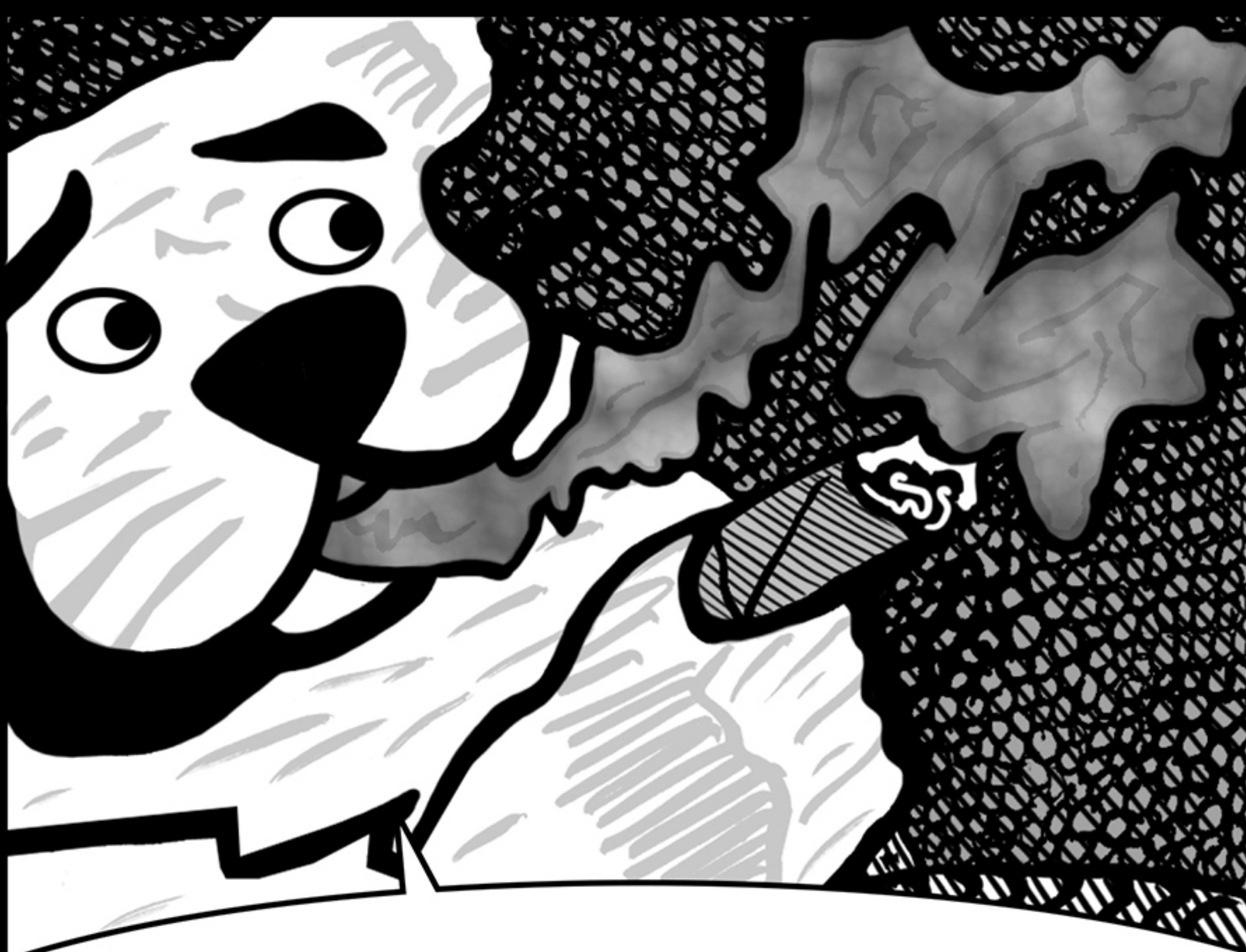
SHIT!



DO NOT FEAR, WE ARE HERE TO PROTECT YOUR FREEDOM FROM CHAOS. THE STATUS QUO IS SECURE. PRAISE MARDUK!



I DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE STORIES.



WELL GANG, IT APPEARS MORAL IMPERIALISM IS INVADING THE ABSURD THEATER. WE FACE THE THREE HEADED DOGMA OF AVARICE, WHAT SAY YOU?

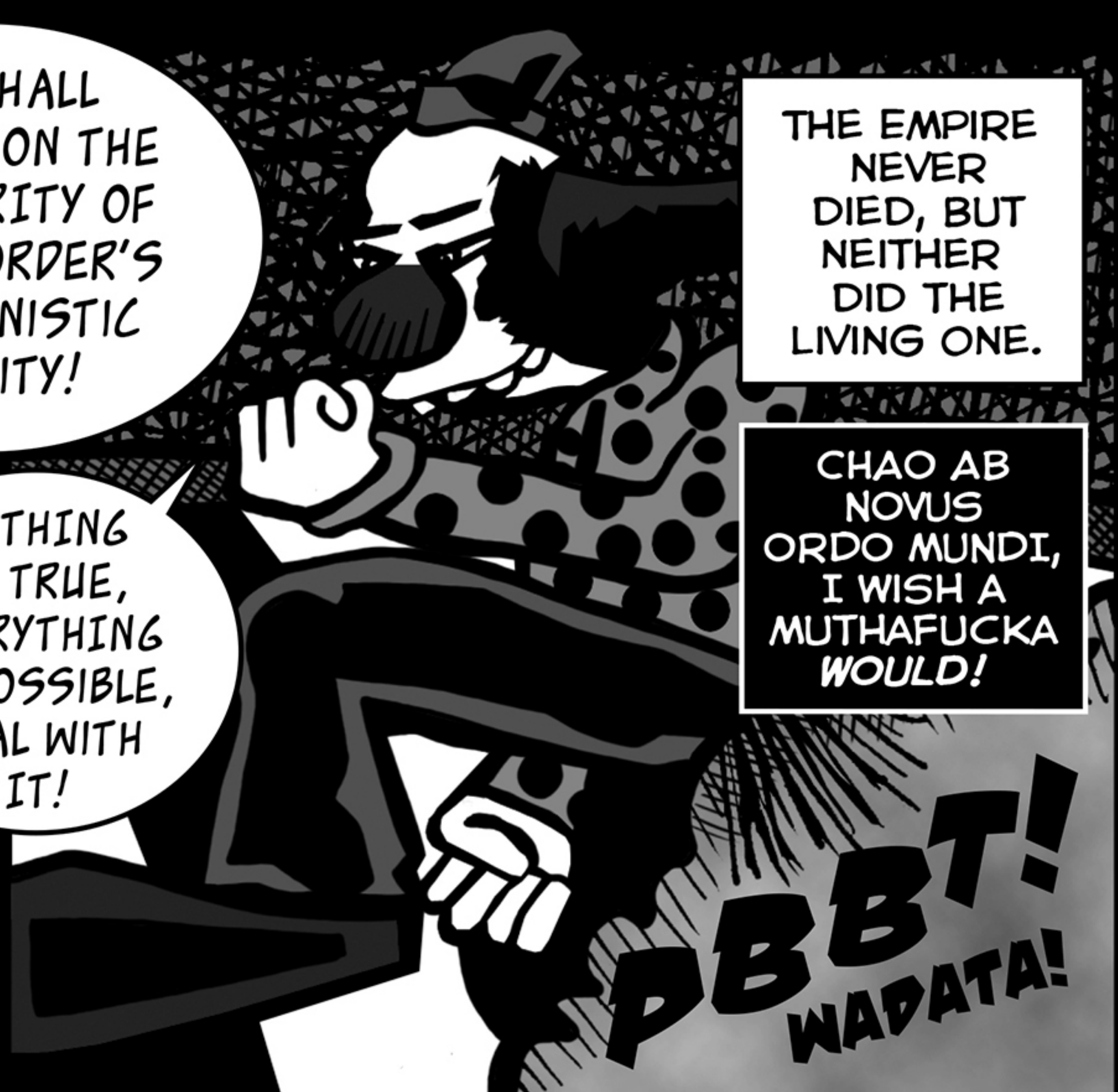


WE SHALL LOVE THIS ENEMY AND FORGIVE THEM THEIR TERROR. LET US DISPEL THE ILLUSION OF APPEARANCES SO THE LIGHT OF ZENARCHY CAN SHINE THROUGH THE QUANTUM FOG OF THIS EMOTIONAL PLAGUE. HAIL ERIS!



WE SHALL QUESTION THE AUTHORITY OF LAW & ORDER'S MECHANISTIC REALITY!

NOTHING IS TRUE, EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE, DEAL WITH IT!



THE EMPIRE NEVER DIED, BUT NEITHER DID THE LIVING ONE.

CHAO AB NOVUS ORDO MUNDI, I WISH A MUTHAFUCKA WOULD!

PBBT!
WADATA!

So apparently my name
is called Aiwass.



I seem to be some kinda
masked bozo in some
sorta wicked surreality.
Whatever, I dunno.

All I got is big heap Déjà vu...



and this
snake dagger.

I feel like a puppet, moved center
stage, advancing the plot of some
fucked up secret fairy tale.



The
Cowboy will
enter next panel...
How do I know
this???

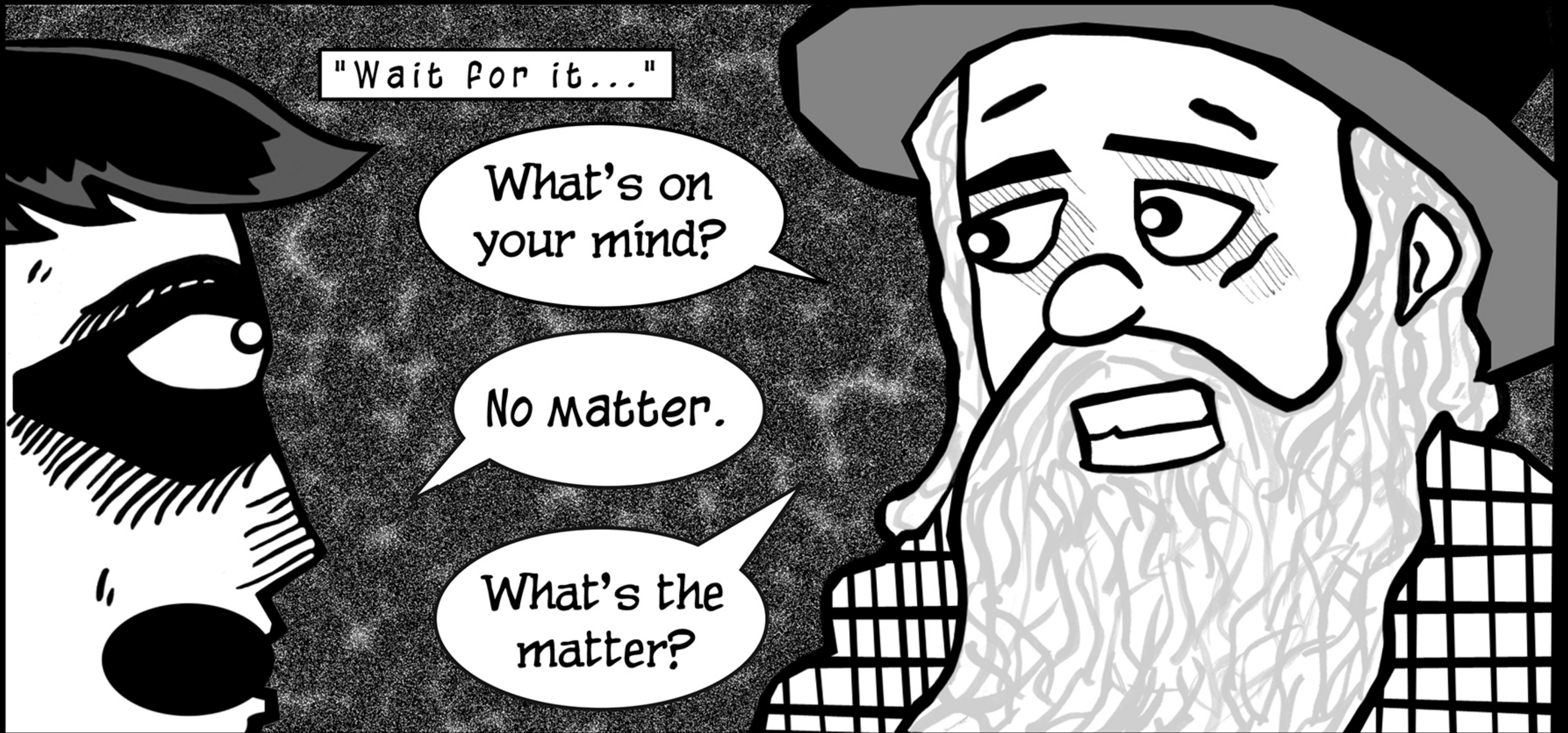
Oh good,
you're up
and about.

I rustled you
up some chow.
3 piece dark,
2 biscuits, and
a soda pop.

Hope you're
keeping it cool!

Not
exactly...





"Wait for it..."

What's on your mind?

No matter.

What's the matter?



"Wait for it..."

Nevermind.

ENTIA NON SUNT MULTIPLICANDA PRAETER NECESSITATEM.

"NAMASTE!"

SCHLICKT!

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP



Well now, would you look at that!



Don't just stand there gawking, dingus! Eat up, we got a big day ahead of us.



I'm not okay, but he's okay.



I'm not okay, and he's not okay.



I'm okay, but he's not okay.



I'm okay, and they're okay.

JOKELAND WHIG
FREE DAILY NONSENSE
Setting Orange, The Aftermath 63,
Year of Our Lady of Discord 3178
PENMAN BREAKS
WORD
777
OPENS FOURTH
WALL



AS EVER, WITHIN IDEA SPACE,
THE DARK & STORMY NIGHT
RAGES ITS DOOM AROUND
OLD CHAPEL PERILOUS.

S-S-SIRE,
HE WON'T TALK...
WE CAN'T... I MEAN,
HE JUST KEEPS
LAUGHING.

YOU DARE
LIE TO THE
KING OF
TRUTH!?!

ALL BREAK
WITHIN
CHORONZON'S
ABYSS!

AND HERE WE FIND THE
CANTANKEROUSLY INSIDIOUS
MARDUK, LORDING COURT
OVER HIS INFERNAL
DIMENSION OF DESPAIR.

URK!

RAVENOUSLY CLINGING
TO HIS CRUMBLING
TEMPLE OF GLOOM.

THE FAKE
BOY IS NO
DIFFERENT!

RAGE, RAGING AGAINST
THE BIRTH OF A LIGHT.



AND SO
LET SLIP THE
GRUNCH OF
FNORDS.



MEANWHILE...
THE MYSTERIOUS
PRISONER
OF CELL 333,
THE BELLY
BUTTONLESS
AIWASS PODGE,
JUST KEEPS
YUKKING
IT UP!

PATEFACIO.

LOL!

HA HA HA!
HE HE HE!
HO HO HO!

A'ight,
Lucille,
let's shit
the bed...

Let's
Git-R-
Done!

THE BELLS OF HELL GO
TING-A-LING-A-LING!

HA!
HA! HA!

FNORD!

FNORD!

FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME,
OH DEATH WHERE IS THY
STING-A-LING-A-LING?

FNORD!

OR GRAVE
THY VICTORY?
HA HA HA! HE HE HE!
HO HO HO!

FOR ME
THE ANGELS
SING-A-LING
A-LING,
DEATH
HAS NO
THREATS
FOR ME!



HA!



**THIS IS YOUR
LAST CHANCE TO
TALK BEFORE
I DROWN YOU
IN AN OCEAN
OF FIRE. SO,
TELL ME...**

**WHERE IS HE!?!
WHERE IS THE
REAL BOY!?!**



HA!

HA HA HA!
HE HE HE!
HO HO HO!



HA!

Eenie, Meenie,
Miney, Moe,
catch a pookha
by the toe, if he
farts let em go...

- GREAT -
- AUNT -
- FLOW! -



HA HA HA!
HE HE HE!
HO HO HO!

**THAT'S
ENOUGH!**



**ACOLYTES
OF GREYFACE,
COMMENCE
DESOLATION.**

STARTING WITH
THE FOOL'S SMILE,
BREAK HIM!

FNORD!

FNORD!

FNORD!



I wouldn't
recommend it.



FNORD?



Really,
I wouldn't.



HA!

HA!

See
how they
run!

HA!

FNORD!



What
can I say?
Honesty is the
best policy.

DRIP-DROP!
DROP-DRIP!

WHAT
ARE YOU?!

TULPA
BODHISATTVA

IF I told
you I knew why
you were so scared
of me, that would
probably terrify
you, huh?

HA!
HA! HA!





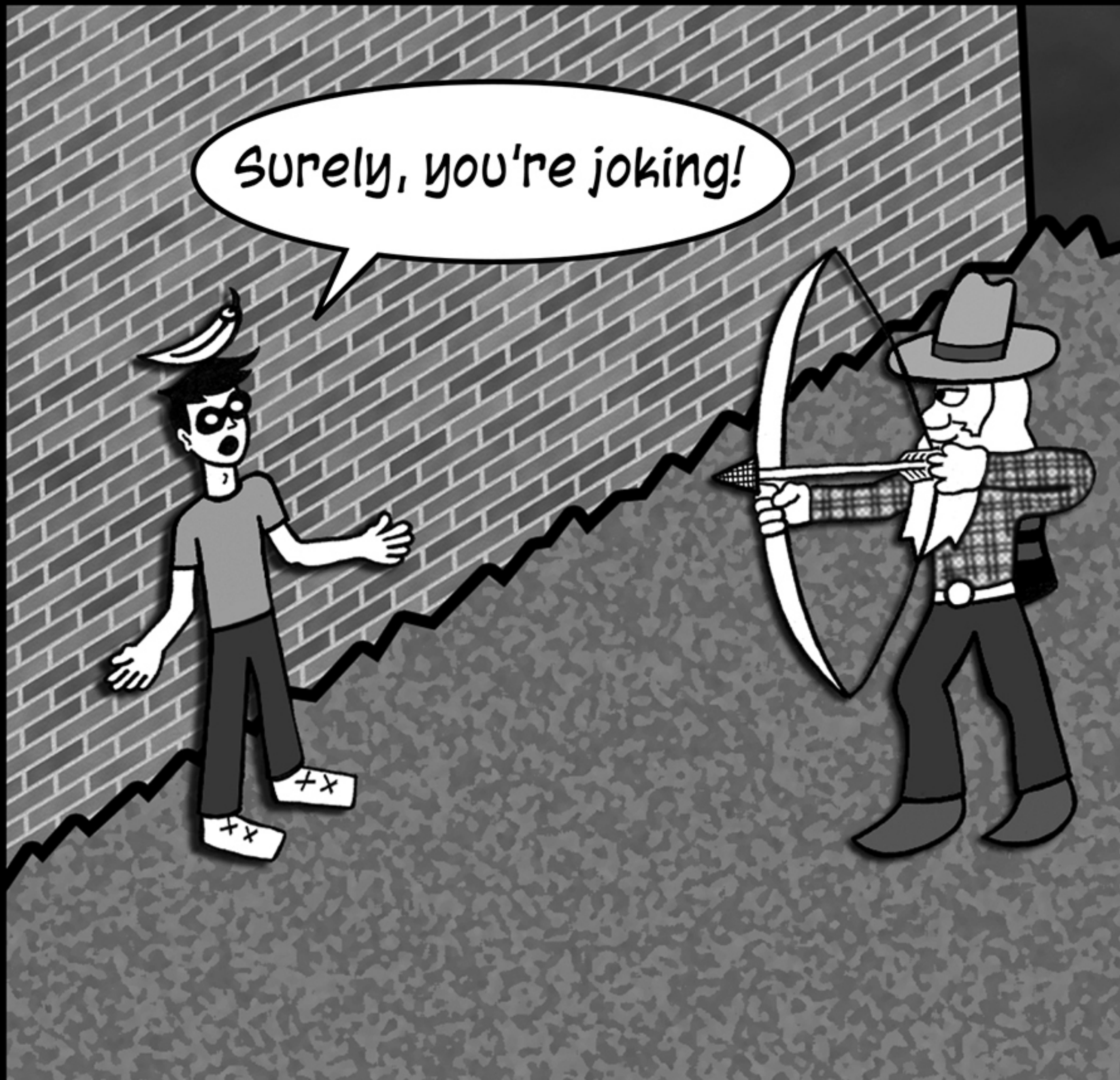
ELSEWHERE,
THE TENTATIVE
STUDENT OF
MORDECAI
MALIGNATUS,
THE TUMMY
BUTTONED
AIWASS
HODGE,
FIGHTS
THE PLOT!

I dunno,
the William Tell
routine just ain't
the same with
a banana...

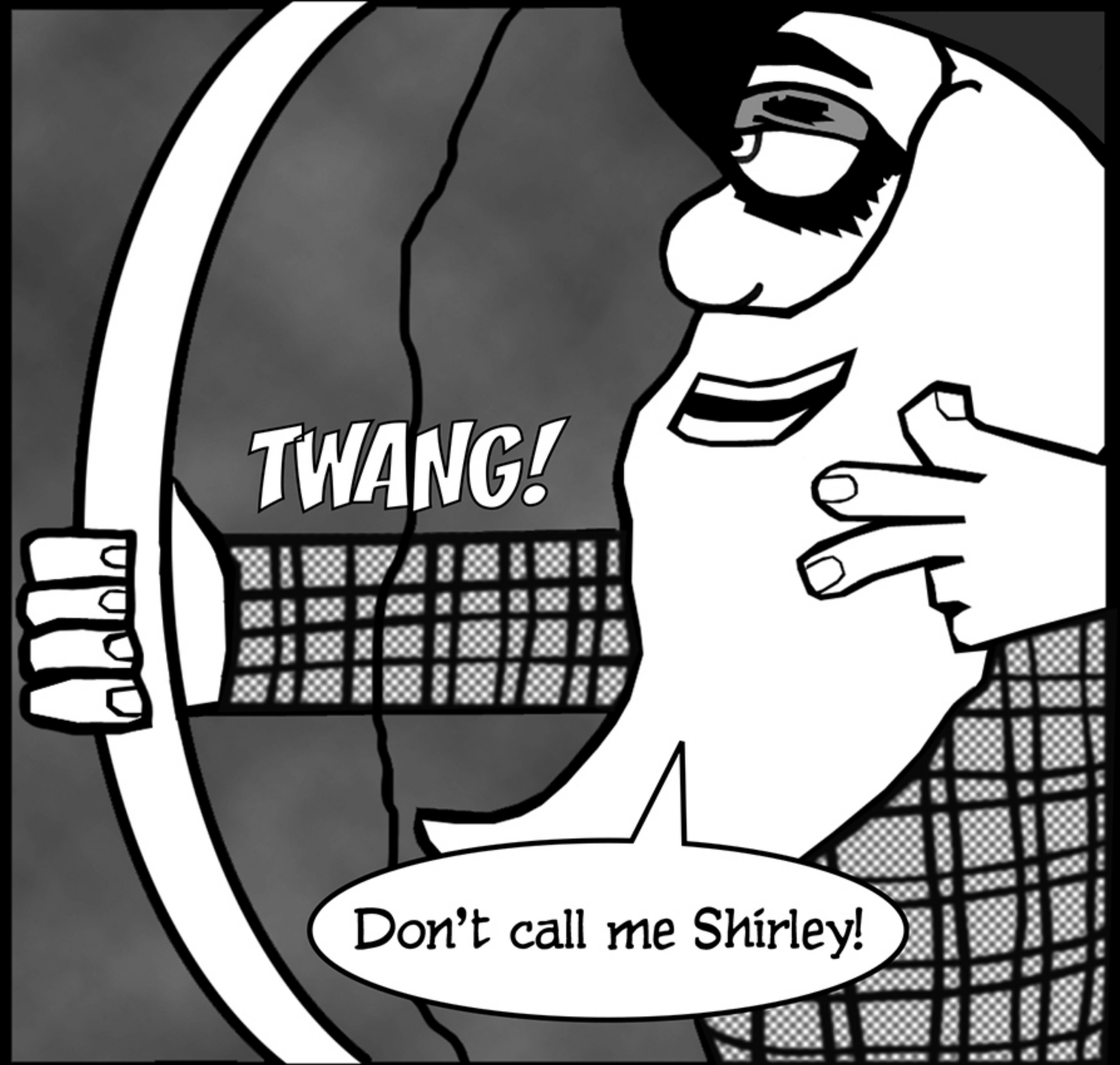


No
worries,
kid!
I actually
intend on
shooting
your
Adam's
apple.

It's a
better
lesson that
way. The
nanner's
just a set
up prop.



Surely, you're joking!



TWANG!

Don't call me Shirley!



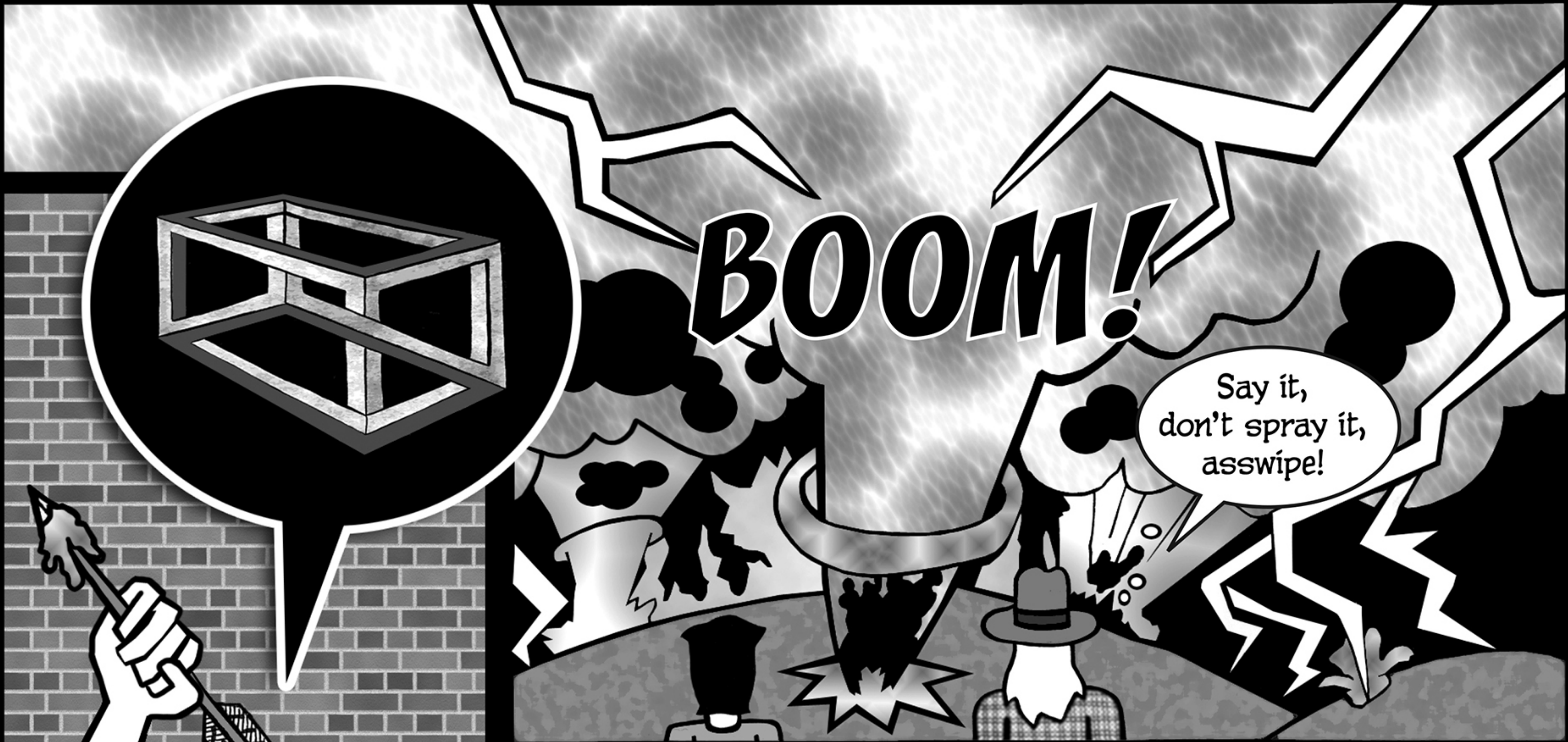
UKGH!

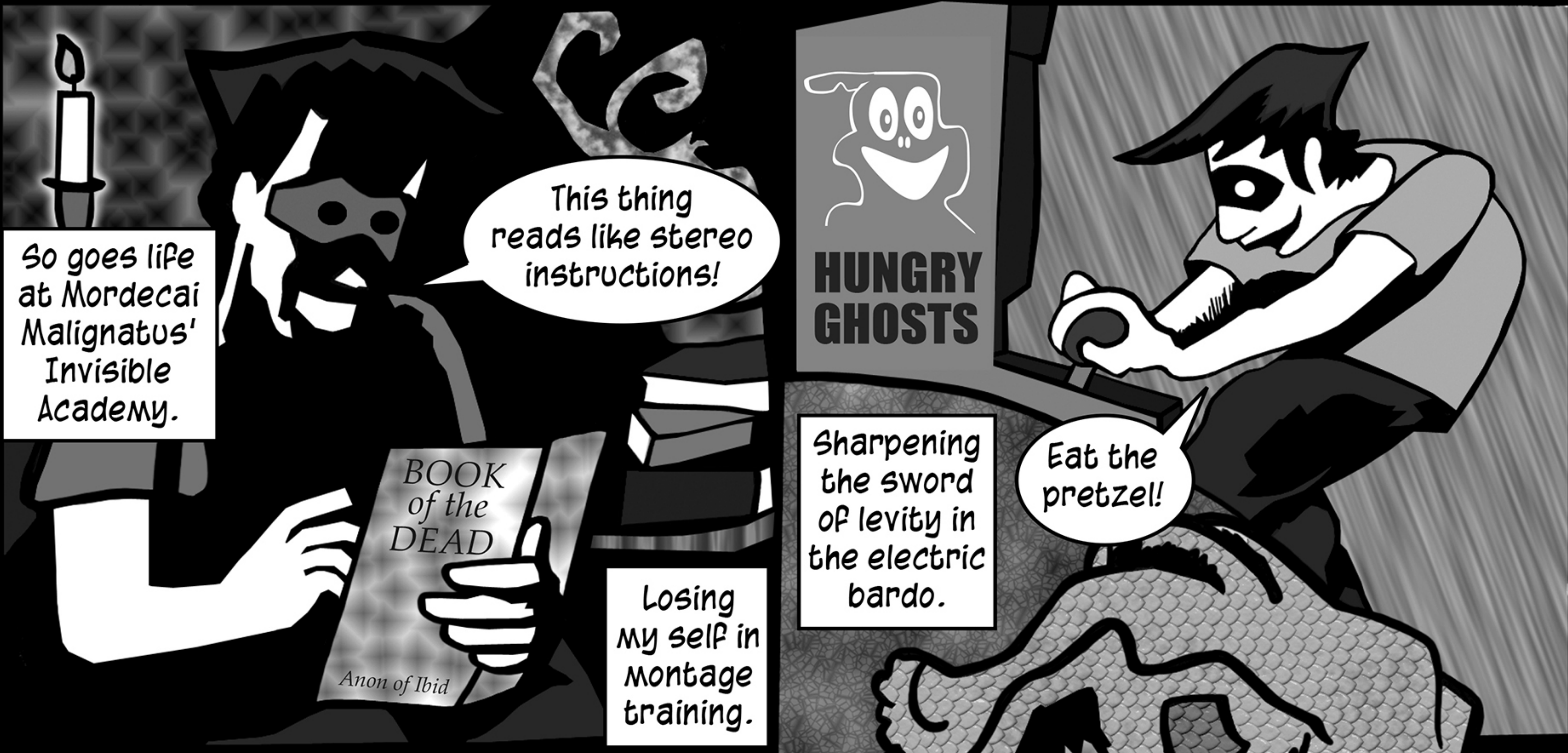
SHUNK!



See now, was that
so bad? And look
at all this character
you're building!

ERGRGH!





So goes life at Mordecai Malignatus' Invisible Academy.

This thing reads like stereo instructions!

HUNGRY GHOSTS

Eat the pretzel!

Sharpening the sword of levity in the electric bardo.

Losing my self in montage training.

BOOK of the DEAD
Anon of Ibiid

ROARATORIO!



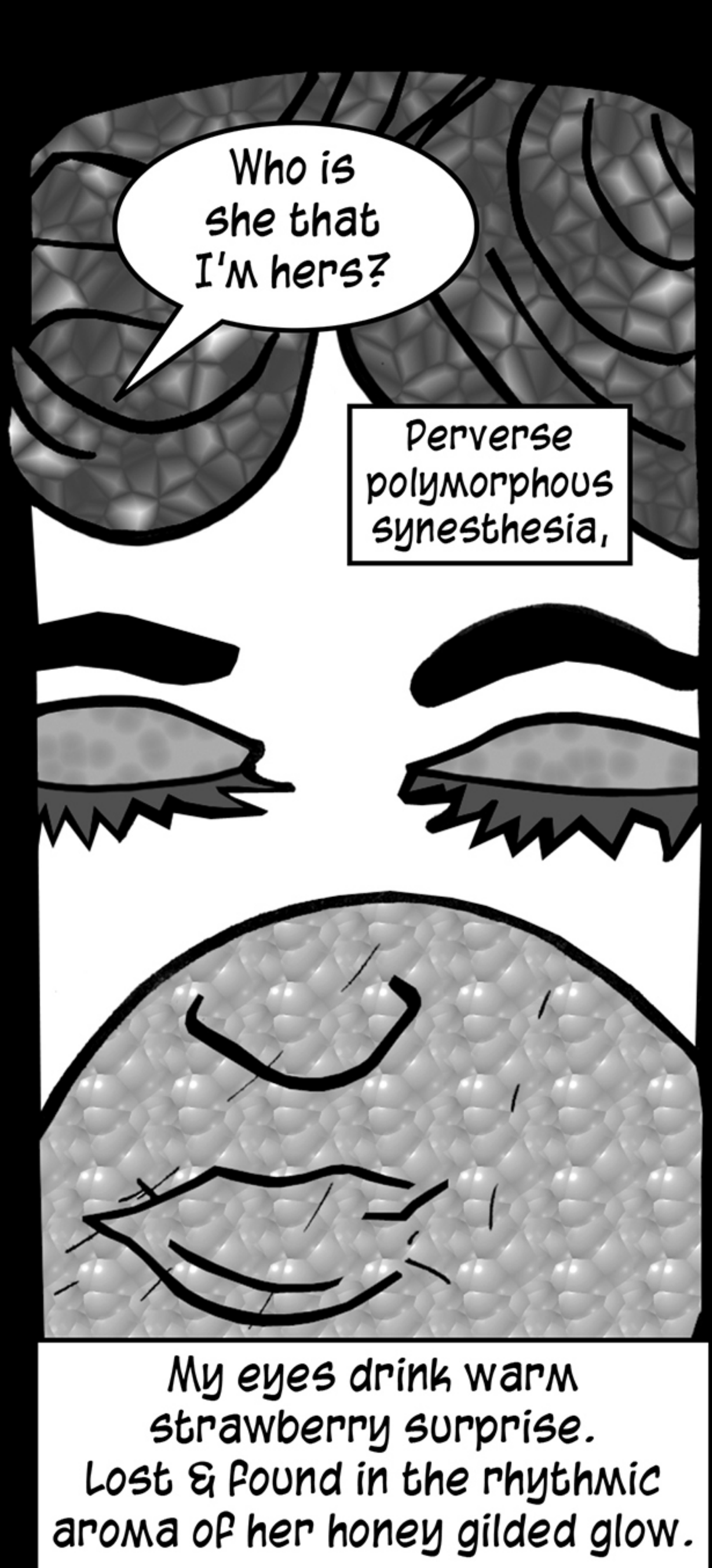
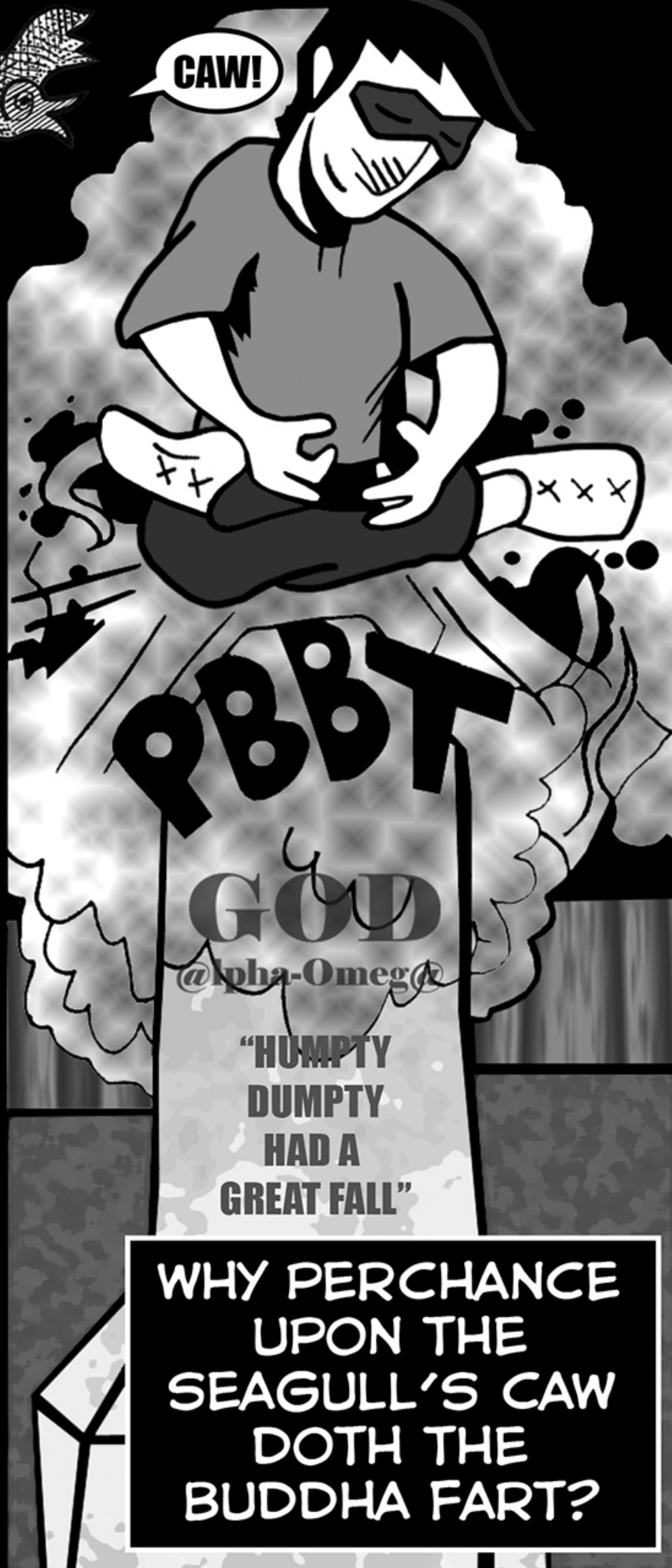
Confronting the horror of the situation.

BRING DA MUTHAFUCKIN' RUCUS!

Getting jiggy with the danse macabre in the abyss of hallucinations.

Odelay!

Making no distinction between any one thing or any other thing.





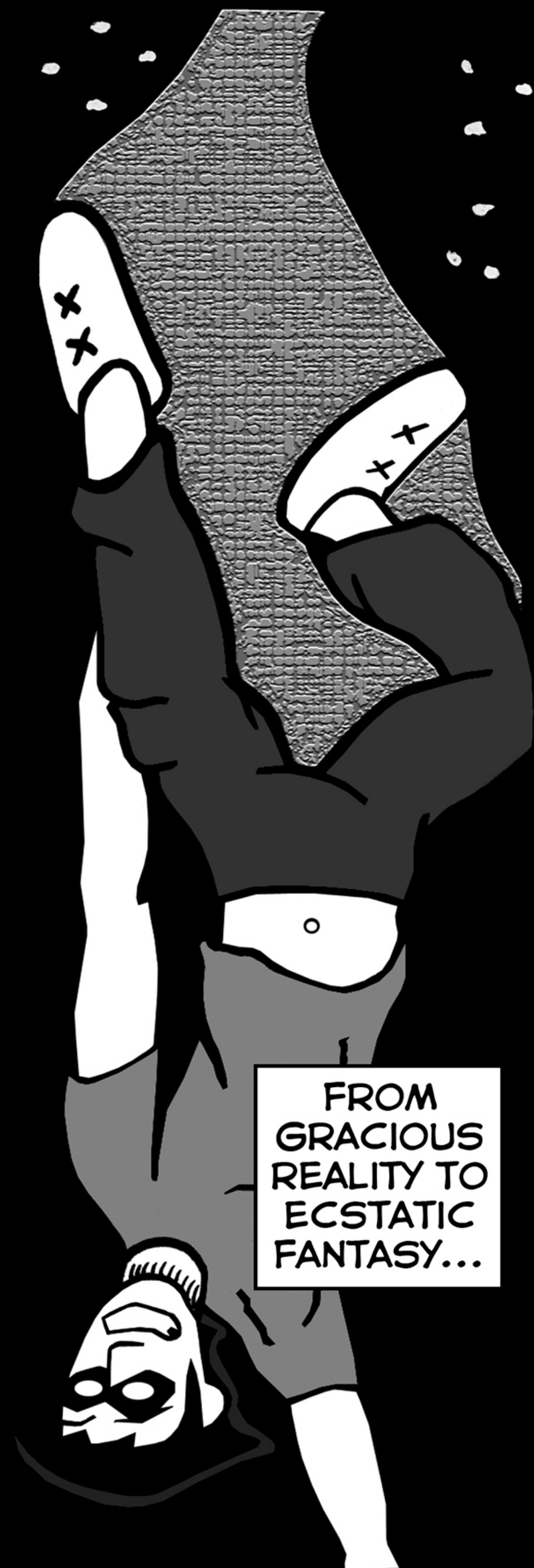
Hoof-hearted?



Black out!



What a foul and disastrous young man.



FROM GRACIOUS REALITY TO ECSTATIC FANTASY...



O HOW WE FALL!

ASLEEP.

IN LOVE.

APART.

Bona Dea, M'amour,
Allalivia, I hear you roar!
With boobs hanging low,
wobbling to and fro,
MUST I die that your
garden will grow?



GOD

@lpha-Omeg@

**"HUMPTY
DUMPTY
HAD A
GREAT FALL"**

SUFFERIN'
SUCCOTASH!



Paging Dr. Freud!

seems more Jungian to me.



I've never seen anyone like her before.

That's because she's the impossible pixie angel of sweetest dreams, Princess Scarlet Livia, the immortal beloved.



YOU CAN NEVER TOUCH HER.



And... scene! Okay, Sparky, re-member yourself, it's time to face the music!

SUDDENLY!
THE PACE OF
THIS QUIXOTICAL
CLUSTERFUXX
GOES TO PLAID.

Just act
like you
don't even
see it.

MULLIGANS
WAKE
EST
1904

OPEN
ALL NIGHT

SEE
WHAT?



ONE BIG
PLOT
HOLE.

Atta
boy!

TWO GUYS WALK INTO A BAR...

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
who grew fat and then grew thin again
Then he died and had to begin again
Poor old Michael Finnegan
Begin again!



Welcome
to the heart
of Jokeland!

Go on
and mingle, I
got grown folk
business.

Is
that The
Juice!?





WOW! The chicken that crossed the road! The man that made time fly!

IF I can find that one eyed sex worker I might as well get my duck sick!



SAME AS IT EVER WAS.

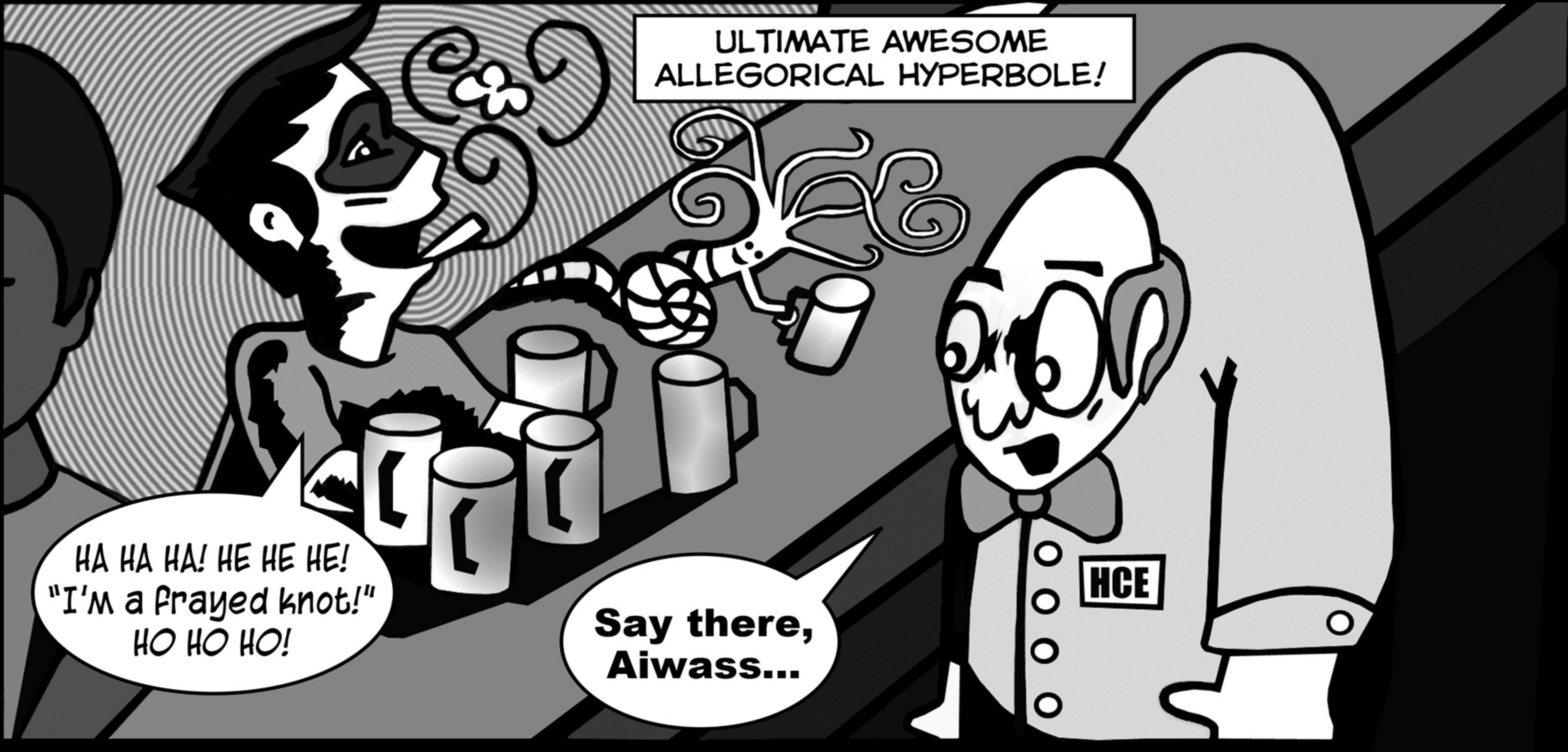
Lemme guess, the SNAFU is FUBAR?



THE PENMAN HAS BROKEN HIS WORD. THE 4TH WALL IS OPEN AND WE ARE UNDER SIEGE.

Yeah, I read about that in the papers.

Well y'know, if you can't blind 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit.



ULTIMATE AWESOME ALLEGORICAL HYPERBOLE!

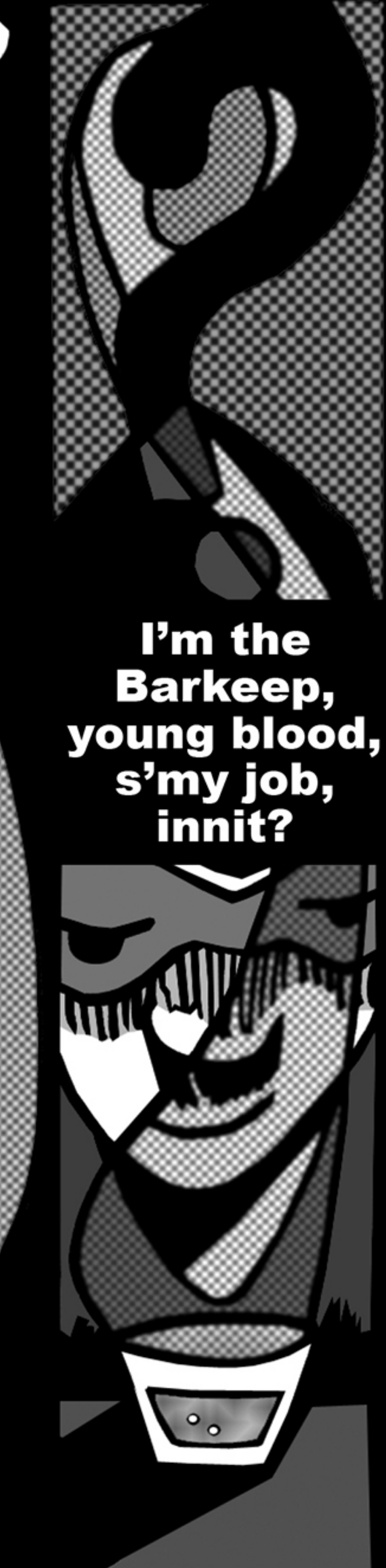
HA HA HA! HE HE HE! "I'M a Frayed knot!" HO HO HO!

Say there, Aiwass...



Would that you might knock back a shot with an old fart joke?

Whatchoo know my name fer?



I'm the Barkeep, young blood, s'my job, innit?



A'ight then, to your health, Mister - -?

CLINK!



Everybody, Here Comes Everybody.

A DROP OF THE CRAYTHUR RUPTURES THE MUNDANE PLANE, REPETITIVE DESIGNATIONS POUR THROUGH IN DRIPS AND DRABS, WHO THE FUCK IS TALKING!?



Oh pickle sticks! I'm missing my favorite part!



TO AND FRO THIRD PERSON OMNISCIENCE AND FIRST PERSON SINGULARITY, THE META-NARRATIVE SPIRALS IN AND OUT OF

CONTROL!?!

ANUSMRTI! THE RECOLLECTED MEMORIES OF A 1,001 ADVENTURES SURFACE IN HIS-MY-HIS-MYND!

HE, I, OR MAYBE
EVEN WE, CLIMB
UP ON HIGH AND
PROCLAIM:



It's all
bullshit!
None of this
is real!
**WAKE UP
PEOPLE!**



LOL!

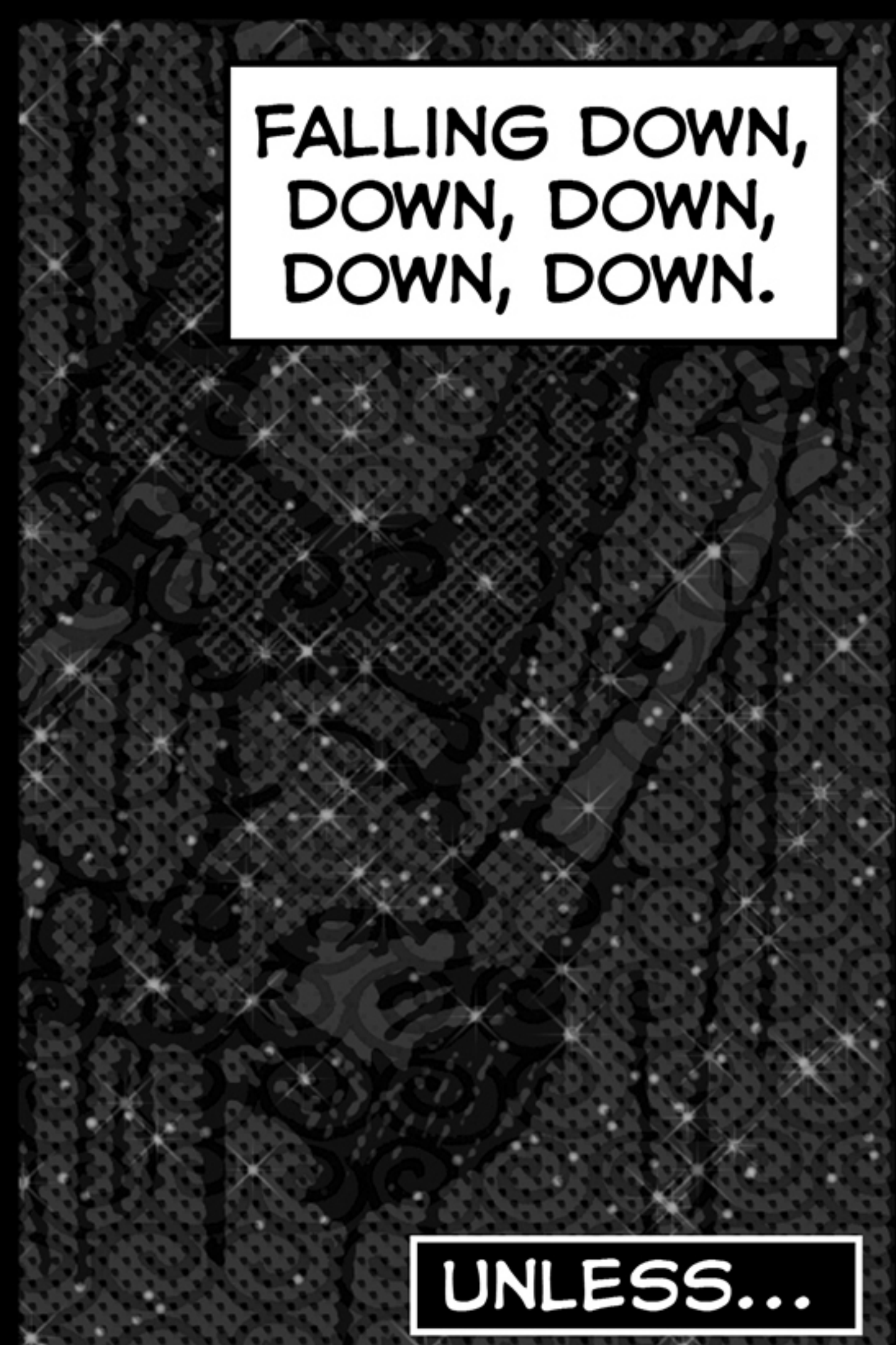
No, seriously!
This is a
COMIC book!



We're...
in... a...



True
initiation.



FALLING DOWN,
DOWN, DOWN,
DOWN, DOWN.

UNLESS...



HELP!

In your dreams!



Why the long face, sailor?



Everyone laughed at my idea.

Pssh!



This is JOKELAND!
They were laughing because they already know they're fictional characters.

Besides, hey, just because we're in a story doesn't mean we aren't real.



But, But, Mordecai said...

The universe isn't just sexier than we imagine, it's sexier than we can imagine!



MERCI



Mmmhavin Mmmah-time...



GOOD POWER U

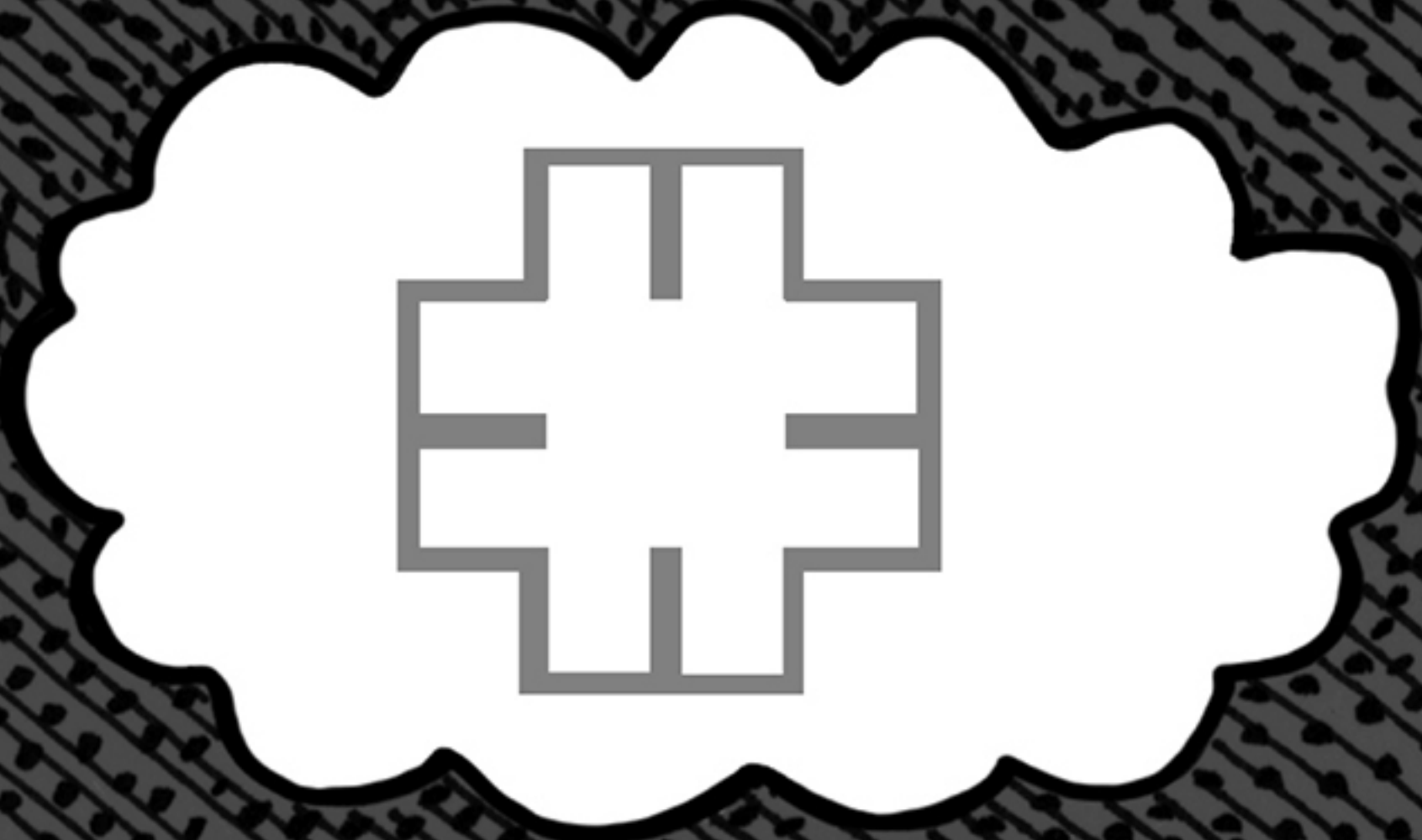
HELIXHER



Dormiens Vigila.

Lapis Exillis.

THE KHABS IS IN THE KHU!



YSEULT'S POTEEN MELTS THE PERSONALITY INTO A GOOGLEPLEX OF GLOBS, INCLUSIVE MEGALOMANIC VANITY, ALL APOLOGIES, TAUTOLOGICAL.

THE MUSEYROOM PHOENISH CAWS:

ONE MORE AGAIN, GRAIL ROMANTIC.



SOARING THROUGH ATOMS
AND IFS, THAT SAME
SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS
ARE MADE ON.

YABYUM LINGAM,
THE RED LION
CHARMS THE
WHITE EAGLE'S
OPEN RETORT,
SOLVE ET COAGULA.

ECSTATICALLY
NAVIGATING
THE INFERNO
WHICH TO ANGELS
SEEMS SO PAINFUL.

MULTIPLYING
THE FIRST
MATTER,
BATHED IN
THE TRUE
FURNACE,
SHIMENAWA!

MARRIED TO THE SEA OF THRICE THREE TRIPLE GODDESS HECATE.
CARRYING NUIT'S TORCH. THAWING THE FROZEN WORLD INTO
HOLOGRAMMIC DEW, WITH EACH DROP: NADIR/ZENITH.

THE ARCHAIC ZEITGEIST
CALLS THIS A LIGHTNING!

IN TRISTITIA HILARIS,
HILARITATE TRISTIS.

PRETENSION!
AN UNWORTHY
FAKE PHONEY
TOUCHES GRACE.

WEI WU WEI
IN THE MIDST.
SUBRATE TO
VALLEY SPIRIT,
SKYWALKING
FOOL.

OKEY-DOKEY!

ALL IS IMPERMANENT,
ALL IS WITHOUT A SELF.

HOOO FASA! I KNOW THAT I DON'T KNOW,
THIS SECRET IDENTITY HAS NO FACE.
MASKS OFF! EVERYONE'S A STAR
IN THIS HYPERCONNECTIVE OMNIVERSE,
PULL MY FINGER!

PBBT!

GURANIUM FUN GAS CLOUD.

TOOT-N-COME-INN.



TO THE
TUNE OF
DERRY AIR

WHOM SMELT IT, DEALT IT!
THIS FERTILE VOID IS
A RORSCHACH MIRROR.

I AM
NOT WHAT
I AM!

THE SUBJECT-
PREDICATE
LANGUAGE
STRUCTURE
CANNOT PROCESS
HOLISTIC
INFORMATION,
IT BIFURCATES
INTO BULLIS
SHITUS, MAGIC
IDEOGRAMS
METAPROGRAM
THE NEURO-
SEMANTIC MATRIX.

ALIEN SPIRIT
MOLECULES
BURST FORTH
FROM THE
BLUE EGG
CALLED HOPE.

WHEN OLD JOE HITS THE LOTTO
WE ALL EAT CHICKEN.

$H = -\sum p_i \log p_i$

WHO'S IN THE WHAT NOW?

IF YOU UNDERSTAND THAT
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND,
THEN YOU UNDERSTAND.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

KLUNK!



YES!





Are you a Goddess?

Nope.



Are you Holy Ghost?

Nah.

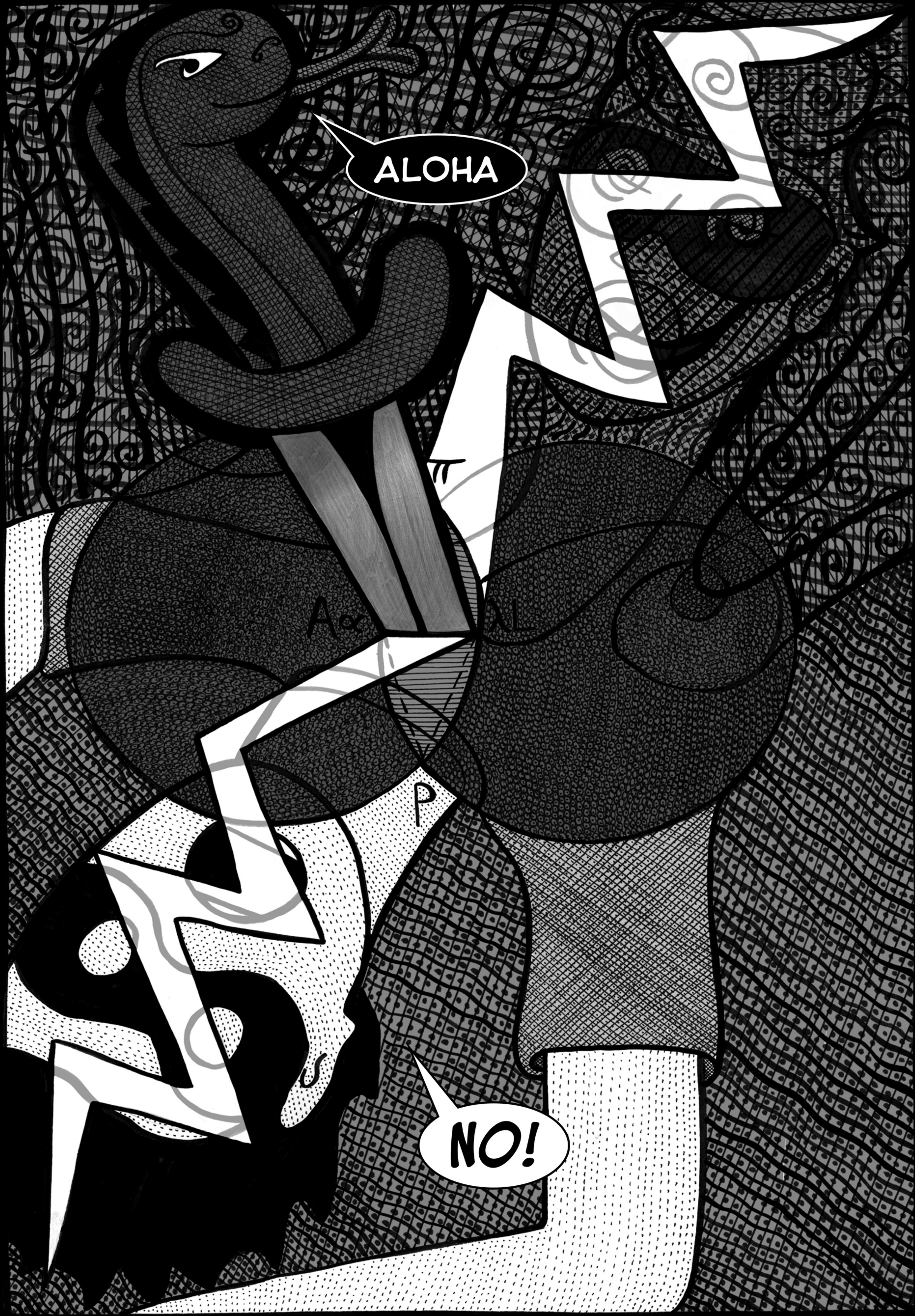


What are you?



Awake!





ALOHA

NO!





OK, well...
Maybe!

PARALLELLY
ELSEWORLD...

I am
perplexed...

HASTINGS IN
SUSSEX, UK.

ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO, USA.

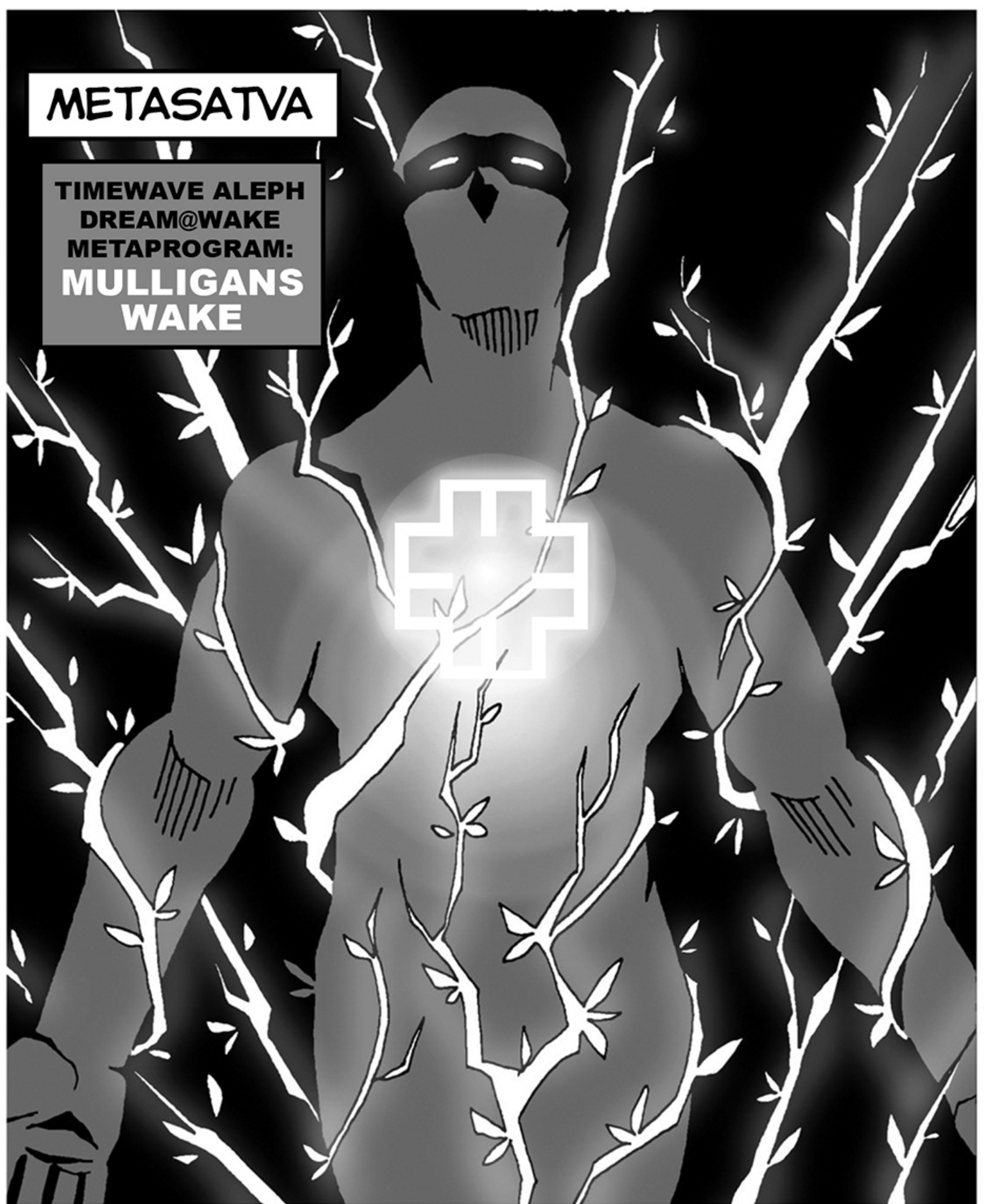
DECEMBER 1, 1947.

THE GREAT BEAST PASSES
AWAY INTO POP MYTHOLOGY.

METEMPSYCHOSIS
HULLABALOO.

DEUS EX MACHINA

PERDURABO







UMMM...

WHERE IS MY BELLY BUTTON!?

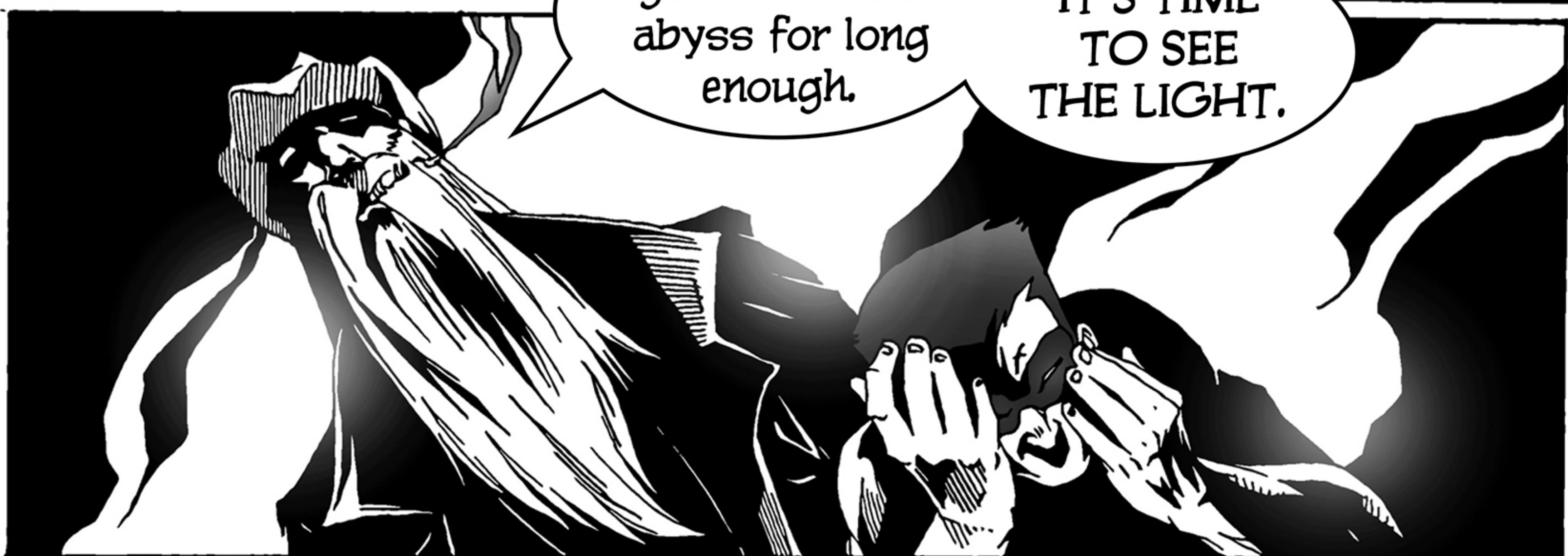
NO, SERIOUSLY!



WHERE THE FUCK IS MY BELLY BUTTON!?

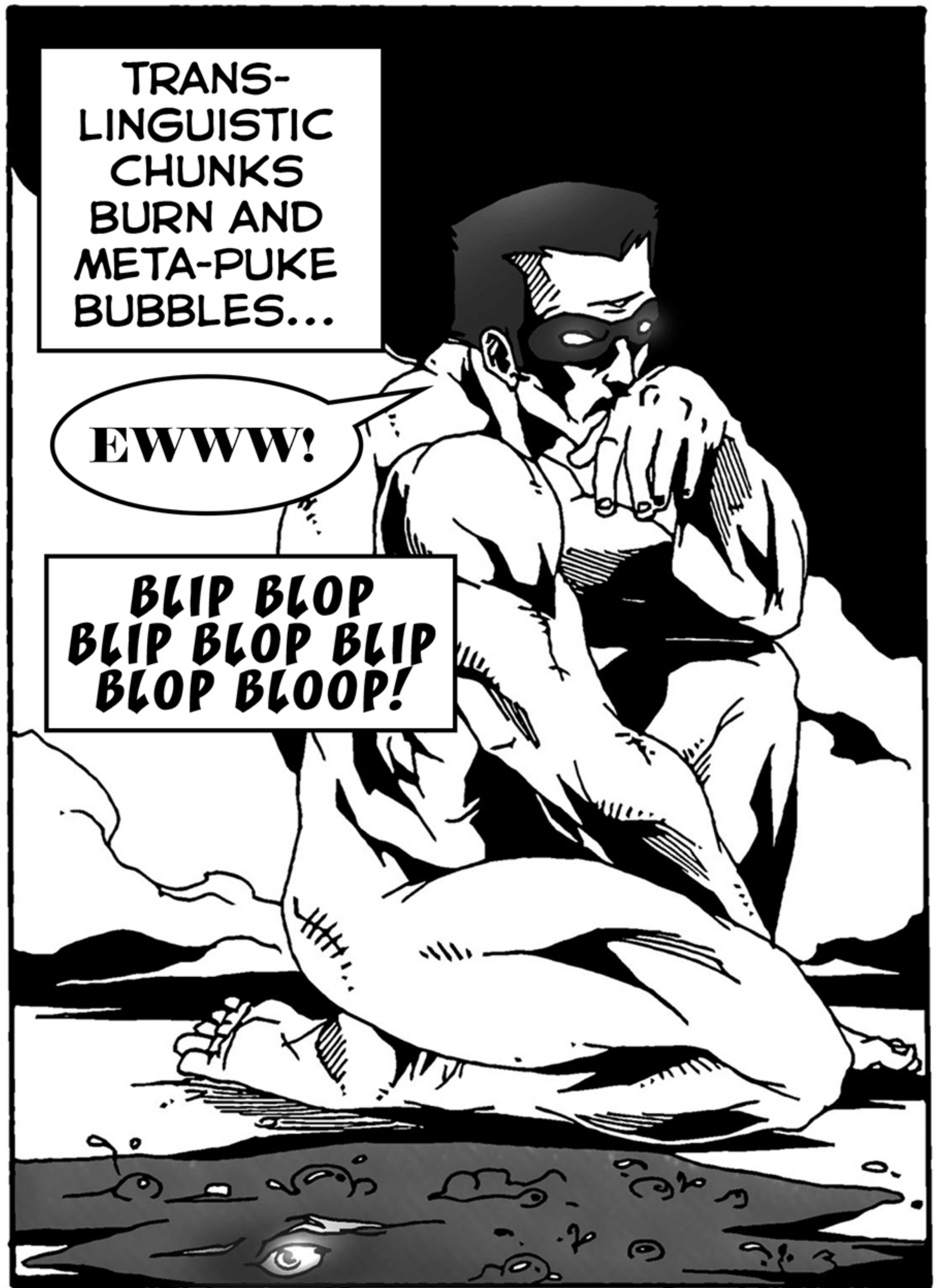
You've gazed into the abyss for long enough.

IT'S TIME TO SEE THE LIGHT.





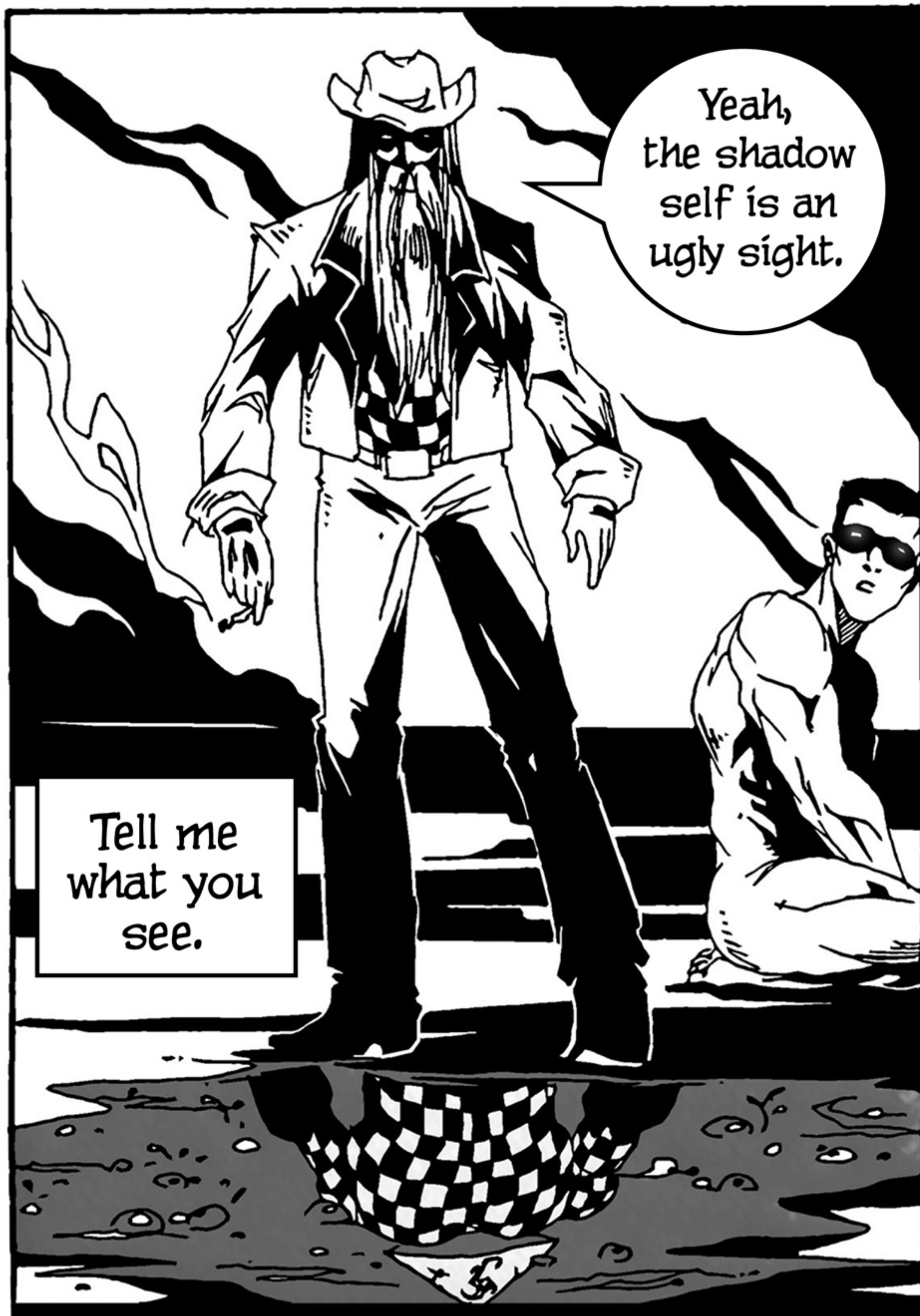
BOOAAAKK!



TRANS-
LINGUISTIC
CHUNKS
BURN AND
META-PUKE
BUBBLES...

EWWW!

**BLIP BLOP
BLIP BLOP BLIP
BLOP BLOP!**



Yeah,
the shadow
self is an
ugly sight.

Tell me
what you
see.



NEVER!

NEVER!

**NEV--
FNORD!**





OKEY-DOKEY



THE DREAM@WAKE_SUTRA

TWO COMIX THAT ARE ONE

READING ORDER

ACT I - CHAOS: AGNOSIS! #1 - #FINDTHEOTHERS

ACT II - DISCORD: BUDDHAFART #1 - PULL MY FINGER

ACT III - CONFUSION: AGNOSIS! #2 - OPEN SYSTEM SELF

ACT IV - BUREAUCRACY: BUDDHAFART #2 - SILENT BUT DEADLY

ACT V - AFTERMATH: AGNOSIS! #3 - THE COMMONS

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