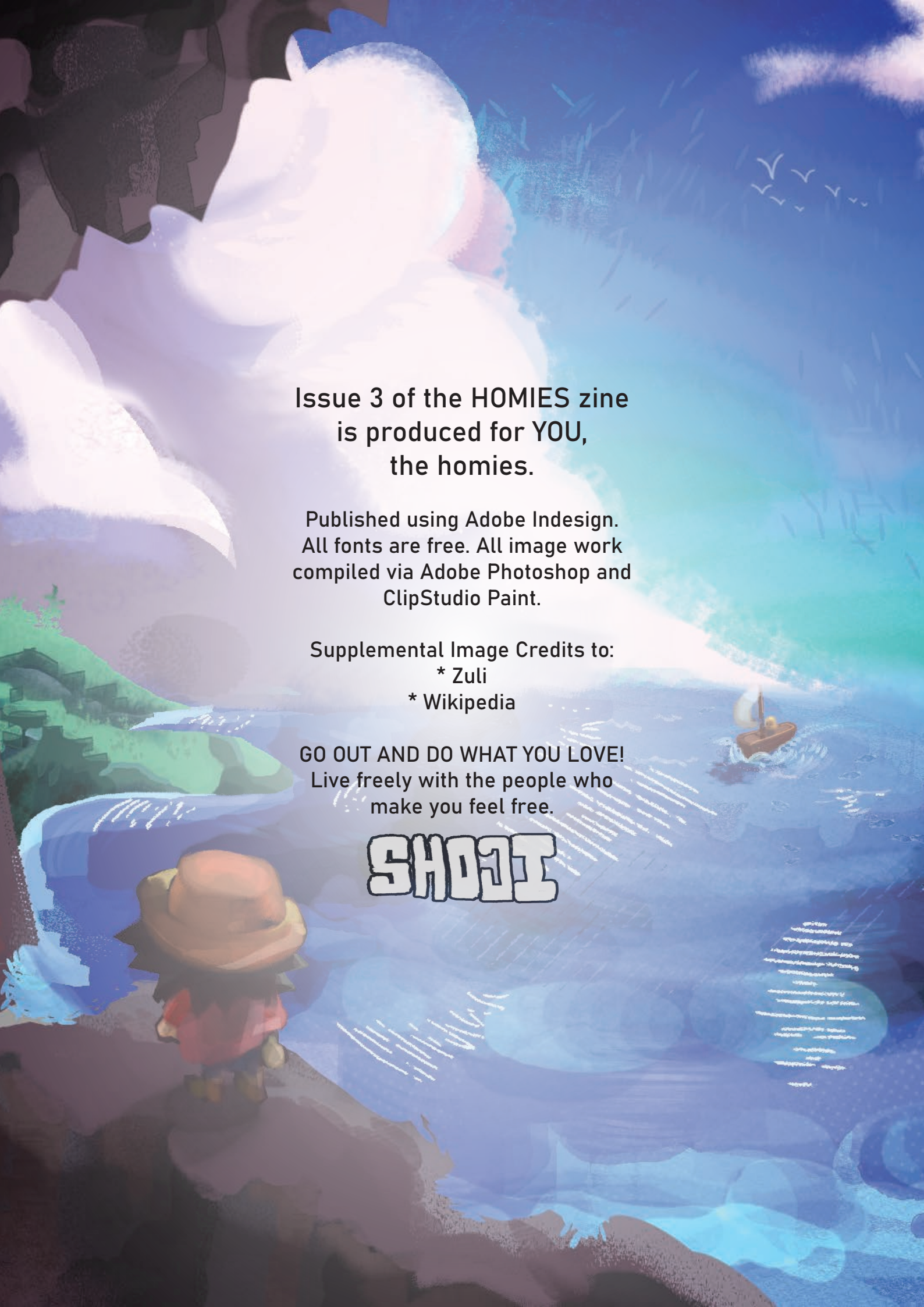


HOMIES GLOBAL WORLD CORP

3rd STRIKE HOMEZINE



Issue 3 of the HOMIES zine
is produced for YOU,
the homies.

Published using Adobe Indesign.
All fonts are free. All image work
compiled via Adobe Photoshop and
ClipStudio Paint.

Supplemental Image Credits to:

- * Zuli
- * Wikipedia

GO OUT AND DO WHAT YOU LOVE!
Live freely with the people who
make you feel free.

SHOZII

HOMIES ZINE

Issue 3

Published February 2024

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COLOPHON

Created by the artists and dreamers of the HOMIEZ team.

<https://shoji.neocities.org/>

Always released as free to read under the CC BY-SA 4.0 license.

Happy reading!

Our humble apologies in advance to anyone wishes to be credited and isn't.

If you feel like you have been misrepresented, please contact shojihigashikata@protonmail.com and we will do our best to fix the problem.

Are you the mouth that bites?
shoji.neocities.org/soulsurvivor



Note from the Editor

by Shoji "Pop Tart" Higashikata

Wisdom and will, reader.

Welcome to the third release of the Homies Zine! It has been another productive year and I have been lucky to spend it with some very special people. We've all been adapting to our new lives, whether it be new gigs or new relationships. Amidst the chaos of it all, we'll always find time to fuck shit up. This 50+ page release of the Homies Zine is my tribute to the third season of BPP and its continued evolution.

I am honestly feeling burnt out with BPP. Ouroboros consumes each and every book and page. But I am very glad that its continued existence brings people together. That is its sole merit to me and until it begins to flicker, I will continue to feed it kindling.

Regardless...thank you all--readers and contributors--for another crazy, kickass year. Here's to Season 4 and all it has to offer. To each and everyone of you: I love you and have a yourself DAMN good one.

Paint gracefully.

-- Shoji "Pop Tart" Higashikata



Wadda the zester

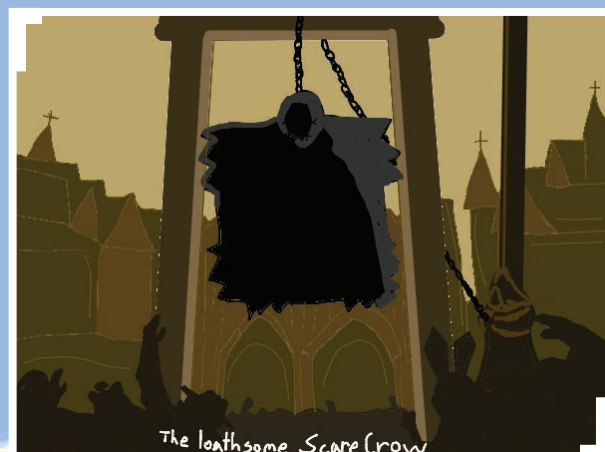
My name is Wadda117, or just Wadda. PP9MP:P CEO and long-time BPPer (just not homies BPP).



BPP is undiminished artistic insenuity given purest form. You really feel the artist's turmoil as the book progresses. BPP allows us to look into an artist's raw emotions, regardless of skill. it's also very funny :D

i like insects and am woefully the creator of Wooner.

my best panel



my favorite panel



Wadda

i draw bi-yearly so follow the twitter
so i can follow more twitter accounts.

@Cosmo_and_Wadda





VISTRAM

THE CHUUNIBYOU

I am Lyra aka Vistram aka Zakuro-chan.

I am an artist and musician. I love Vocal Synth and weird Japanese media, and it's visible in my work.

I'm working on some new dance music right now!

I created the character Evelyn that's been pretty popular in BPP for the last year, she is my main OC and I love her!

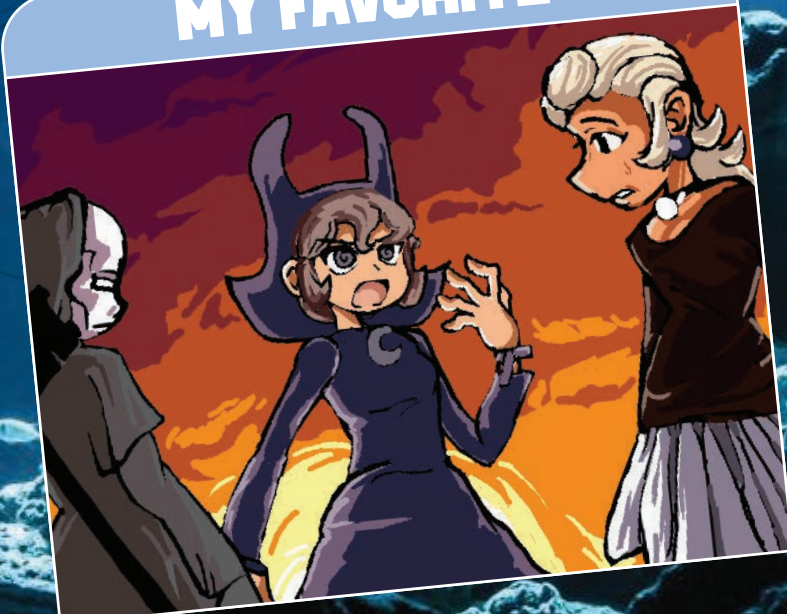
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CURRENT 12 A

WARNING
Refer to discography
before operating.

MY BEST



MY FAVORITE

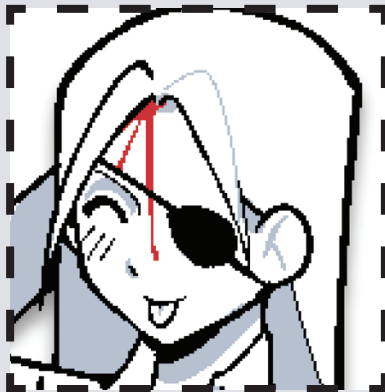


<https://vistram.bandcamp.com/>

They Who Are One

[home](#) | [gallery](#) | [shrines](#) | [commissions](#)

[about me](#)



>> Introduction

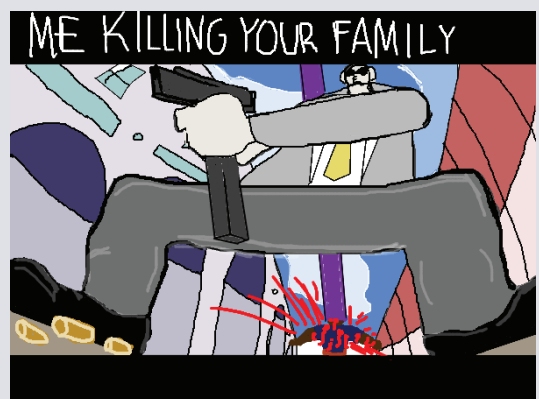
I am Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and i exist on behalf of the Autistic Himejoshi Coalition. My goal is to bring about world peace through yuri.

In my utopia nobody ever lies or is mean and there is nothing but united consciousness and love between all people. I also like violent video games.

BPP is a fun social experiment through which I get to joke around on call with my friends for a few hours. In addition it gives me Humor Antibodies so that in passing conversation I can become ten degrees less understandable to my peers.

Posted on 12 Jan 2024 by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

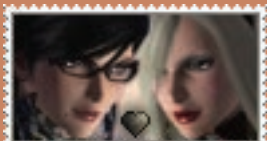
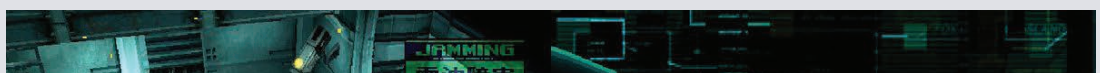
[favorite bpp panels](#)



These two panels are my favorite of the year. They are my best and my favorite, respectively.

Posted on 12 Jan 2024 by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

[shrines](#) — [metal gear](#)



WWW.COGNITOSLACKA.COM



Welcome to At- lasZoidac's Bitchin' Website.

Site Navigation

[Art](#)

[Comic](#)

[the Horrors](#)

[Contact](#)

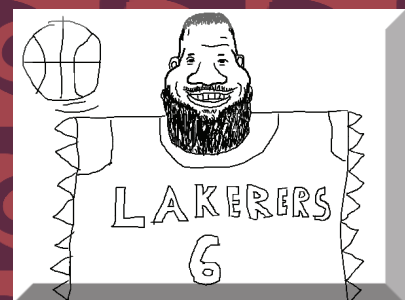
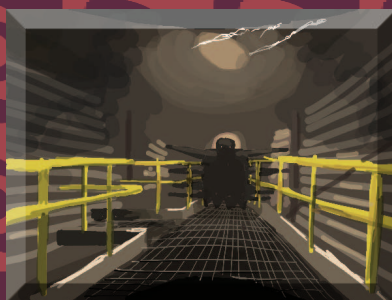
[Commissions](#)



im atlas. atlas the zoidac.
im an artist. and i like to draw.

@atlaszoidac

art wise, i mostly draw my ocs, cars,
horror, or cute anime men and or women
or they thems. been writing and illus-
trating a comic (and another in the fu-
ture!) as a passion project for the past
few years, so hopefully i will make them
both good ones to remember for myself.



bpp to me is a fun little activity for me
to do with friends every other week or
so. its been good practice actually for
me to do 1 layer stuff, especially with
painting with such rudimentary tools.

CL 1



@SHOOTING.STAR.GIRL THE PAINTER

Things I like: spending time with my loved ones, a cold cidey, elaborate scheming, music, my cat, rollercoasters, big t-shirt, collecting various objects, good books and ART!

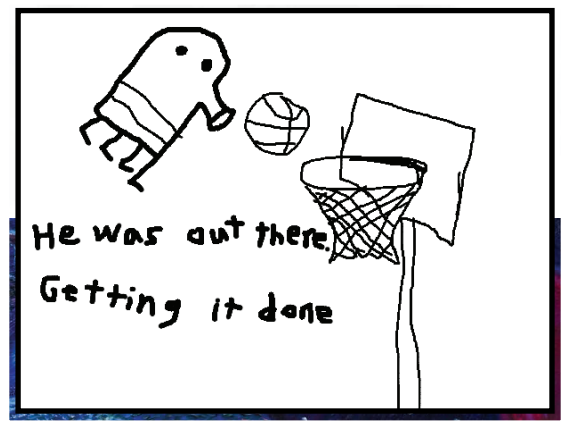
I've loved drawing since I got a DSi with Flipnote in my hands at 10, but I delved into oil painting the past couple of years. Frequent enjoyer of activities that force me to draw like Plein air painting, figure drawing, and BPP. I like to paint winged things, surreal dream-stuff, & the people I care for. I'm inspired by the environment, love, apocalypse and climate doom!!



I was intrigued by the silly vibes and deep BPP lore I couldn't quite decipher. I was nervous at first, but when I finally joined in, I **GOT** it.

I don't think my sides had hurt from laughing that hard in years. Thank you for letting me join in

on this wonderful game that pushes me to relax a little when making art and have a good laugh among such talented people. excited to join more in the future :-)



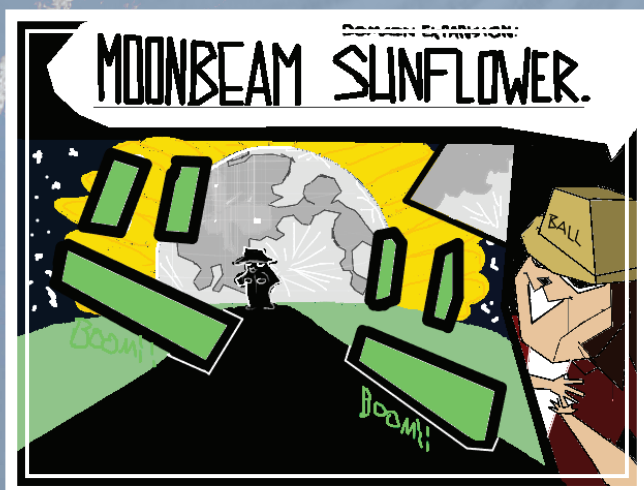
ROTAN-ODY is the... TUMBLEWEED LOTUS



I may be a stranger to many at this moment, but many will know me, and the strangers you meet in the future will know me too.

I am an eternal student, hoping to put together a massive passion project by the end of the decade.

— MY FAVORITE

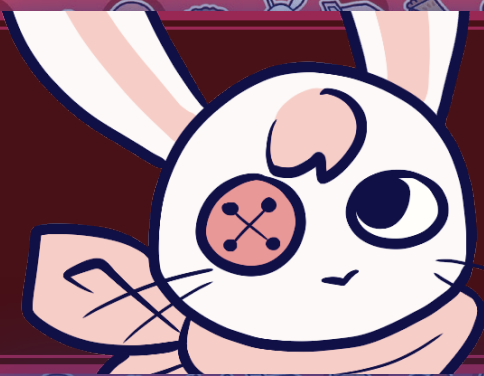


MY BEST —

I can eat a family-size bag of salt and vinegar chips.

I can do 7 1/2 one-arm push ups with my right arm and 6 with my left .

TRIODY.BANDCAMP.COM



The Dorkizoid

aka Mary

devteammeatpie.dev/

@TheDorkizoid on Twitter.

Welcome to my profile!

Hello! My name is Mary. I am a game developer and crochet artist primarily! At the time of writing this, I am 20 years old. I spend most of my time working on rpg maker games because I am super passionate about the genre. My games are usually character/ dialogue focused since I really enjoy writing.



My rabbit, Viola.

(she's named after viola from the witch's house)

I like to collect cool looking crochet hooks and my favorite movie is Coraline.

* * *

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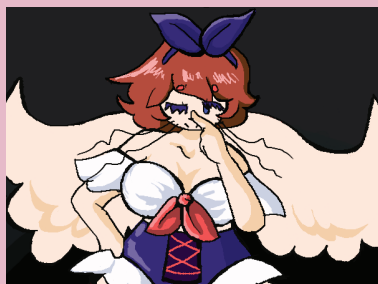
changelog

12/28/23- Updated Divine Doubt Database and new dev log

12/2/23- Updated store tab

11/30/23- Divine Doubt info section updated

My favorite panels!



My Best



My Favorite

BPP is an excuse to hang out with friends and make eachother laugh.

System

Properties

View

Storage |||||

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[]

X



Etoooooooooooo...

I am Mermer, welcome to my profile.

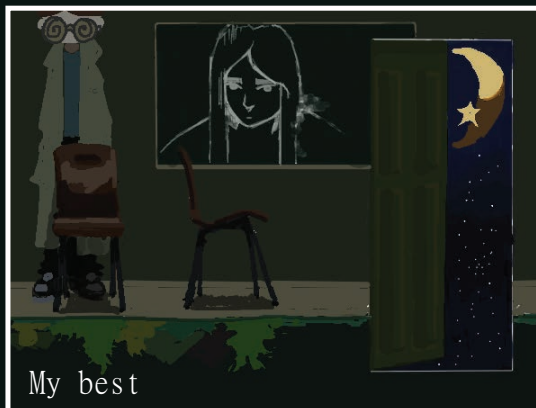
I am a person and I draw >.< I like to paint things digitally with depressing atmospheres and strong value separation. I am trying to draw a comic at the moment but im so busy with school!

Site Index

- index.html
- gallery.html
- panels
 - bpp89_BKusher_pp2.png
 - bpp89_BKmermer_pp1.png
 - bpp89_BKannedrew_pp5.png
 - bpp89_BKAE_pp6.png
 - bpp84_BKhomopho

Mist 12°C
 Humidity: 89%
 Precipitation: 0%
 Wind: 0.96 MpH

Average Heartrate BPM -
 74 BPM



My favorite

BPP is a way for me to continue to draw, even when I need to spend so much time doing other things nowadays, like studying for university, and stuff. I like drawing dramatic compositions, but I think I will try to be sillier in the future.

Thank you everyone for making us laugh together!

Execute

OSC:>>> ■

23:24:07

Black Obelisk

By: Mermer



“A final transmission, its shape
burns itself into your mind.”
mer-mer.neocities.org/comic

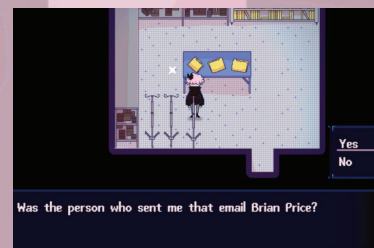
Divine Doubt

Developer: Team Meatpie
Release date: Demo out now!



"I can give you that which you desire most.
Your humanity."

This was all that was promised to Callum Röttwell in the mysterious email he received out of the blue one day. It was enough though for him to uproot his life and travel to the city of Starhaven to start anew. As an angel from a small town, he has to adapt quickly and learn how to interact with those he's never encountered before--demons. Throughout this journey, Callum will meet many characters, explore the city of Starhaven, and dive deeper into what that strange email entails for him. But he must be wary, for his goddess is watching closely.



LILLO

Developer: liarouji
Release date: Soon...



Join Kaori, a little girl who stumbles upon an interstellar train named the Oracle Express that could take her to many places among the stars. With her childhood friend Naoto at her side, they visit distant galaxies, planets, and moons to help the train conductor find her missing employees.

Navigate through the vibrant universe and visit worlds like a planet in eternal autumn, or a moon frozen beneath ice. LILLO has a story to share with you, and you're always welcome to stay and join the ride.



RETURNING ARTISTS!

You're all "killers" in my mind.

"Marshal"



That Guy.

I'm that guy :smirk cat emoji:! Aspiring amateur artist and writer! I just like to doodle and write in a google doc at times when I have the time! Shout out to my wife! Real shit!

#DubNation #FTTB
#SFGiants

@Marshal_2EAL

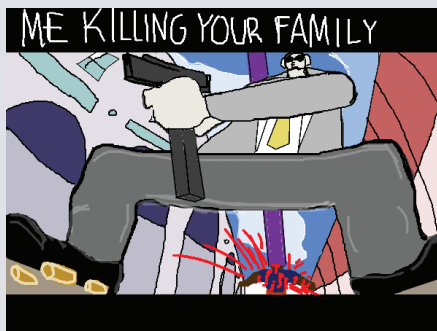
BPP is a simply a silly drawing game that is fun to play with the lads.

It's something to always look forward to where you get to share your silly little ideas with the world and see what goofy situations your OCs can get into!

It helped me be a bit better at drawing after playing it for several years which made me want to improve more as an artist, so it's 100% a net positive to me! Shout out to BPP!



My best panel



My favorite panel

snowmoog.neocities.org

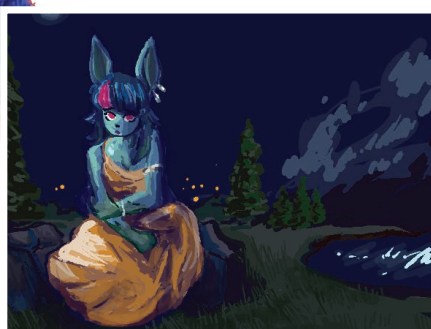
"moog"

I'm moog, one of the longtime BPP artists! I work on 2D and 3D art, which BPP has allowed me to improve at immensely.

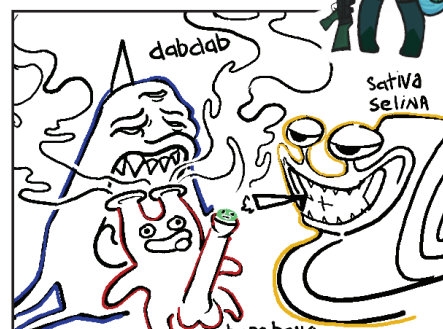
BPP is a timeline of my artistic improvements shits crazy.

My prized possession is my Mar plush!!!

The Furry



My best panel



My favorite panel



“C00l_guy”

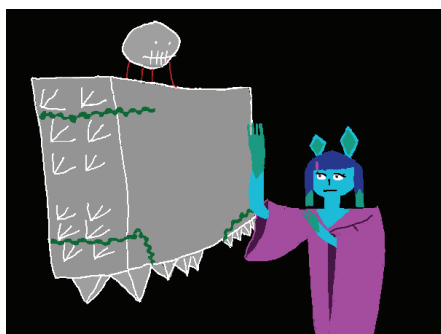
Fallen off the art train, hard.



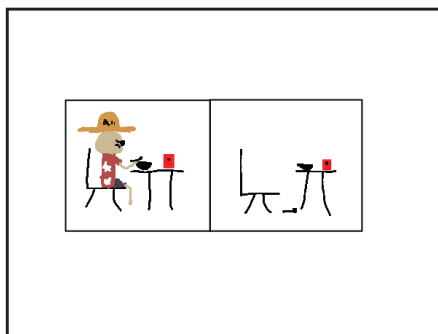
A man who used to draw badly, but now doesn't really draw that much anymore.

To me, BPP is a place where funny art can sometimes reign supreme.

* * *



My best panel



My favorite panel

“Leo”

@zanaphrax



creature enjoyer

I am training to build robots to take over the world.

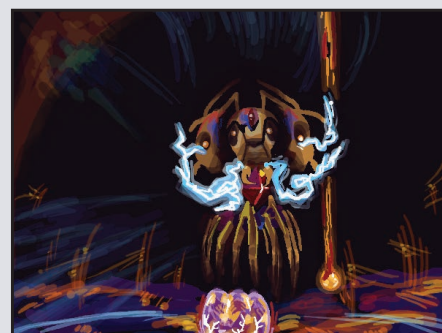
BPP is where I practice drawing apes and rats.

List of creatures I enjoy greatly:

- * saiga antelope
- * surinam toad
- * damascus goat
- * horsehead grasshopper
- * purple frog
- * jerboa
- * kiwi
- * five-toed wormlizard
- * kiwi
- * binturong
- * weevil



My best panel



My favorite panel



RETURNING ARTISTS!

You're all "killers" in my mind.



"shoji"



nightcrawler

My name is Shoji "poop fart" Higashikata. I was born in mud and raised by its wolves. I enjoy writing fiction about knights, duty and identity.

Broken Picturephone has grown far beyond my initial scope. Originally it was a psy-op to get my friends to draw. That cer-

tainly worked, but perhaps a little too well.

Now it serves as a masturbatory OC drawing fest where occasionally something funny happens.

Nothing wrong with that -I love jerkin' off. But all things that start as "just a goof" are fated to bare witness to the dreaded "lore development."

I don't have the same flame I used to, but I'm tryna rekindle it.

Here's to a future with evolution, love and soul.

* * *



My best panel



My favorite panel

"Aiden"



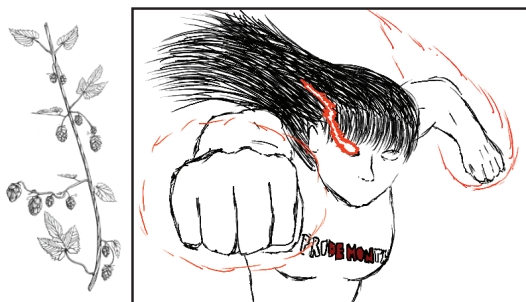
The Dabbler

"Just a beer girl and his bass, taking it one line at a time."

Yo, I'm Aiden. Studier and user of substances and occasionally a musical artist.

I've taken a reprieve from BPP as I've started to focus more on my professional life, but when time permits I will bang out a good ol' fashioned 9/11 panel.

I love the format, the people, and the jokes this game brings out of participants.'

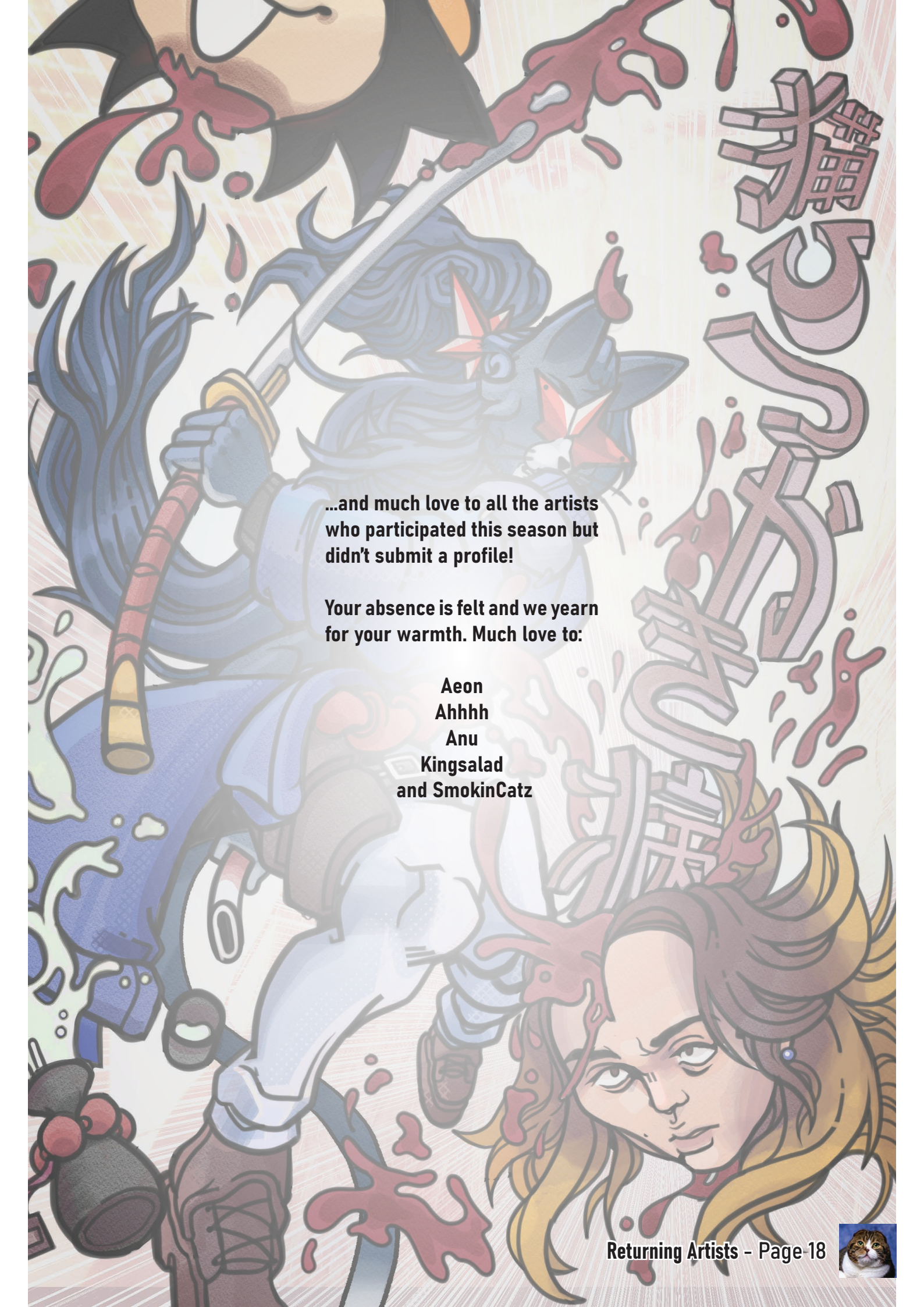


My best panel



My favorite panel



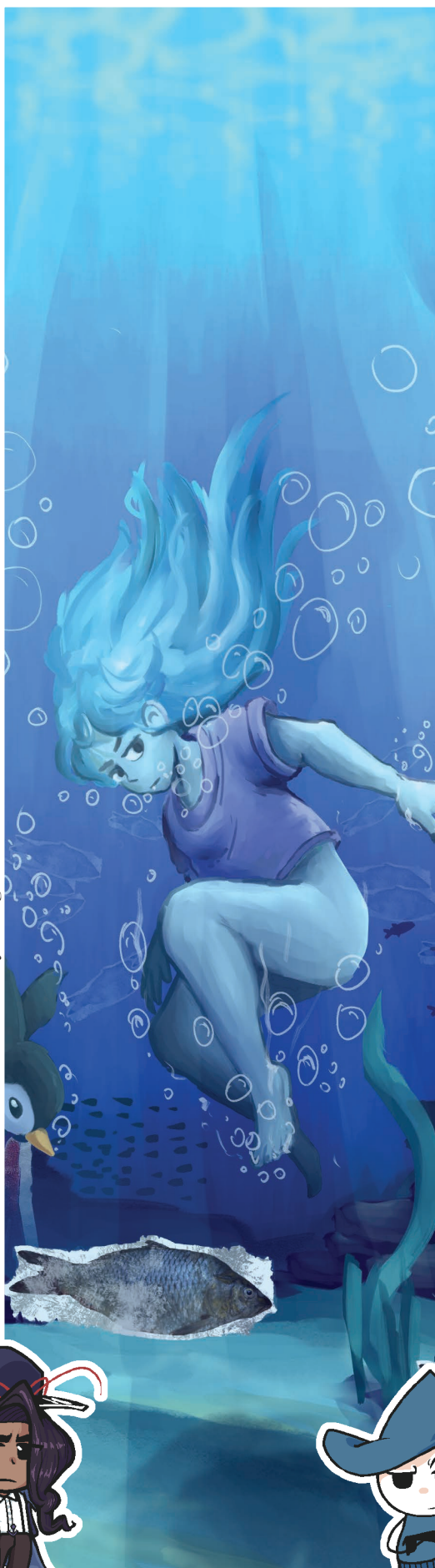


...and much love to all the artists
who participated this season but
didn't submit a profile!

Your absence is felt and we yearn
for your warmth. Much love to:

Aeon
Ahhhh
Anu
Kingsalad
and SmokinCatz





“WHAT UNEMPLOYMENT DOES TO A MF”

The BPP Iceberg by Wadda117

The BPP Iceberg is the marriage of BPP brainrot. I wanted to showcase the many layers of Broken Picture Phone jokes in an engaging, visual manner.

Icebergs that don't take themselves too seriously like this one are my personal favorite. I wanted this image to be a love letter to lost media as a genre whilst adding the absurdity of BPP's subject material.

You can try and decipher as much of these entries as you'd like, but truthfully I hope that the captions alone get a good chuckle out of you. Lastly, there is an unused script for a video covering this iceberg. However I scrapped the idea for feeling too circle-jerky.

Overall, I'd say this project took me about 15ish hours if it were a Steam game.



shoji.neocities.org 9/11 brokenpicturephone.com Amon Gus Ragu
Amon's Car Ball BPP 1-6 Homestuck Your Turn Goku Line Weight
Scarecrow Floppa BPP Zines BPP 73 BPP Display Names BPP Sonas
Listerine BPPP Wojaks BPP Crossovers Eren Yeager Emoji Panels
Margaret Thatcher NBA BPP Line Tool Secret BPP NIGHTCRAWLER
Duo-Queue Affiliated Sites Alex White Sussy Baka The Sandwich
V1 Shoji Art Tutorials Bucket Tool Tolerance I SHALL WIN! Twerk-Off
NSFW BPP Library Link is Broken Gravestones Best Head Fred Durst
BPP Character Quiz CUM Wadanohara HOMIES GLOBAL WORLD CORP

9-Person BPP Attack on Feet Bodhi and Alex's Relationship Enby's Origins
The Cock Chart MPreg Who-Long Dragon Atlas RPG Maker Friend Group
Old BPP Webpage Lapin's Outfits Asloingbob Chad Roblox The Grid
BPP Fancams "I dare you to hope." Album Redraws Team Meatpie Shnoz
Squarecrow BPP Seasons Autsing's Absence Ligma Popularity Poll

Saya's Weapon of Choice Clyde Redesigns Scarecrow is a Child's Drawing
BPP Villains Homophobia Troy Zapulen Among Us Birth Boris' Death
BPP Merch Aeonumania BPP Spreadsheet Poseidon "The Works"
Racism Testicular Torsion Missing: Pink Cat Limp Penis Fran Scrimblo
BPP Iceberg Panel Foot and Ball are Different Entities Evelyn Music Videos

Porn is Chad Roblox Reincarnate Strizzy Tony Tyrant Cinderbeard
BPP Natural Selection Theory BPP Artist's Actual Usernames Demon Wife
Ketamine Addiction Neo Homies City NObama Care Ball's Shrinkage
soulsurvivor Amber Vagabond Amor Desperados Farting Stripper
Cumming, Georgia An Eldritch's Guide to Life Moog 100% Attendance

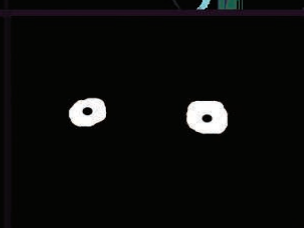
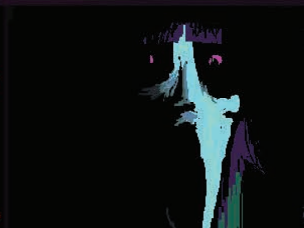
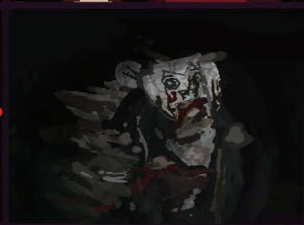
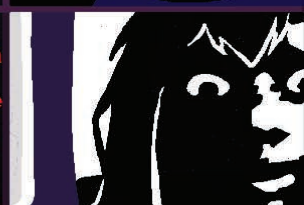
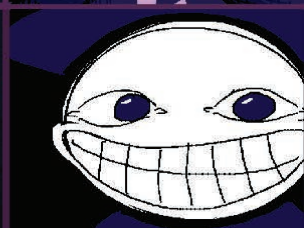
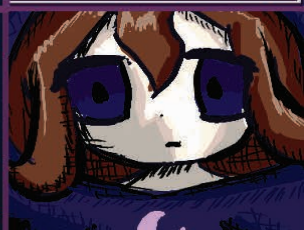
Milk Miami, 1802 Denpa One Pee Beta Saya You Cannot Use Magenta
Poopy Princess The Shape HOMIES DISCORD HOOD IRONY Karkat Lalonde
Deneb
Femme Comma BPP Self-References ANTWORLD Yaluna is Pogchamp
Masc Comma Enby's Deadname Ben Simmons Was Made by a 6 Year-Old

OG BPP V Short-Haired Bodhi In-Person BPP Young Thug Island
Wubba Kill Crew Prince Jaren TriOdy BPP Brainrot 62.190.157.114
L4D2 Cancelled DLC VIVO Henza Wooner Is One of the Oldest BPP Sonas
BPP Smash or Pass BPP 75 Lost Media Fes Smokey's Sword is Real
shoji.neocities.org/iceberg "The Average Wooner" Game Aero

BPP Ding Pavlovian Conditioning Clyde's Lore KINOPLEX Smooba
Homies Drawpile Cockwatcher Glizzy Gobbler Shoji Kakyoin BPPVN
Marshal IRS Meikai Has Met Bodhi Main Team Clay Figures Peargor BPP
BPP Mythos Futacracy Dead Cat Walking Evelyn's Lore Bean Universe
Ogam's Enchiridion of the End Everything is an In-Joke Ball Jungle Fever

Comma is a Title All the Time Saya's Soul Four-Eyes Has No Eyes
Every Site View is Personalized Bussy21 Is Your Father Shoji Doomguy
The CIA Reads BPP The White Flash Ball Uses the Gemini Zodiac
No ur the sus BPP 81 is a Suicide Note MILFHUNTER Shirt is Dead
Gun Group Love x Love 2 Ball's Lore Saya's Siblings Saya is from Ohio

Wooner Fought Poseidon and Won Ball Knows Vicar Damien Clyde in BPP1
Zachary Reynolds BPP is all a Ragu Shroom Trip Porn is Cockwatcher
BPP Foot Trauma BPP Religious Allegory Mermer BPP Corruption
Lost BPP Tier List Cockwatcher Coma Theory(DO NOT RESEARCH) 2011
BPP is the Zero Point Anything and Everything Can Happen in BPP





soulsurvivor is a story about a woman searching for answers -- never satisfied with what she finds.

"the very center of the flame" is the second chapter of the narrative.

Hope you enjoy.

soulsurvivor



"the very center of the flame"

by shoji "pop tart" higashikata

I remember my birth feeling fresh. I rose from the white, white sand with not a single blemish on my skin. Water beaded down my hair, kissing me on the cheeks before falling and disrupting the lake's gentle surface. The first thing I ever smelled was lavender -- and to my surprise: I knew it was lavender. I saw to my surroundings in search of others, but found nothing. Only the expansive lake, its surrounding mountains and the deafening sound of serenity. A child to no parents, I held myself in my own arms and let the subtle wake push my hips into a playful sway.

The mountains cradled me in their arms. Wind blew through them like fingers through a lover's hair. They sang poetry to me--poetry of the sky, rain and everything else that is blue. Swimming to the shallows, I was finally able to give my fatigued legs the rest they needed. My inexperienced fingers pressed against my tense and knotted muscles. My body, sentient and conscious, rejected these advances. Falling, my arms grafted themselves to the shore's soft and eroded stones. Pink and pristine flower petals fluttered down from the sky -- as they fell I tried to catch them with my mouth. I desperately closed my eyes and lay my open maw in the air as beads of drool fell from my tongue.

The mountains gave me what they could, food, shelter and comfort. But they could never satisfy my cravings. I desired to taste their flower's sweet and sultry scents. To have all of my body worshiped by mud. To dream safely and unopposed.



I remember seeing my father for the first and only time in my life. It was cold. The clouds choked the sky with wrathful hands, only letting small rays of sun escape their persecution. The damp morning fog made my skin and fur permeable -- all I could do was shiver in opposition. He rose from the mud that coalesced by the tall, dark red trees whose leaves shaded the beach I resigned myself to. Blades of grass bowed to him as he marched down the aisle. His gaze refused to admire my home and the work I put into making it beautiful. A sentimental wheel turned within us and indulging the skeletons we both possessed, he spoke.

"Hello. My...son."

My mouth could not outpace my body. I carnally clawed at the shore until dirt and sand filled my fingernails. He chuckled softly. The descent to his knees was almost avian the way his greasy black hair flapped in the wind. I remember holding his hands for the first time. He lifted my dirty hands to the sky and pulled me into his arms. My body wrapped so naturally around his fingers. He smelled like tree bark and fresh sap. His skin was coarse and lacerated yet it felt like woven flax and delicate horsehair. When reciprocating touch, he would always squeeze a little too hard.

“Do you remember when you were young..?” he whispered. But alas, I could not answer.

“You used to have such large eyes.” he scratched the back of my ears. “...filled with glittering stars... Who took them from you?”

With a single star beginning to form in my eye, I looked up at him -- but he was not gazing back. An infinite amount of richly textured possibilities danced in my head as he had already made his decision. Times and spaces with no one to peer unto me -- and no one for me to gaze upon. I was no longer gold and silver, reduced to a mere pile of dirty, filthy mud. Even as I went limp and began to recede back into the shores, he kept me afloat, tightly pressed against his chest.

“The path you are walking is much different from my own.” he said, rubbing the top of my head softly. “And if it were me, I would not have chosen this.”

Pressed up against his chest, I nodded my head in acknowledgement.

“Here.” he held out a small object wrapped in canvas. “Even as the sun falls beyond the horizon...the moon will always share its light.”

My body reached for the object he held in his hands: a hilt with no blade. A serpent of jade spiraled around the guard, protecting the wielder’s hand with hardened scales. Silk and flax softly surrounded the handle in its woven embrace -- tough enough to hold, but soft enough as not to suffocate. Hanging from the pommel was a small red cord that mimicked a flower with blossoming petals. My face remained neutral as I held it in my hands.

“What is this?” I asked.

“It’s a sword.”

“It has no blade-”

“It’s very beautiful isn’t it? I thought you would like it.”

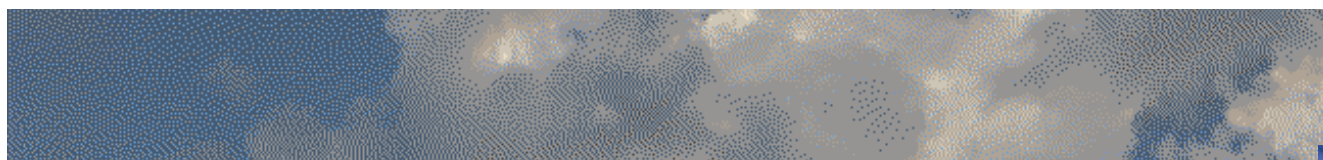
He ignored my statement very fatherly--stern and without movement. But before I could rebut him, he fully hoisted me out of the water and sat me beside him. Though the earth embraced my legs -- they could not move -- like a beached whale they sat idly as bystanders took notice. The grass tickled my calves and thighs. Their little fingers brushed my skin, goosebumps beginning to ripple across my body like a disturbed body of water. The delicate and entrancing aromas of the earth became more apparent to me. No longer did the scent of lavender have an aura of sterile paralysis encompassing it. It was earthy and smelled of dirt. I clasped the sword in my hand, letting the jade press its smooth, textured body against my index finger. The wrapped handle was near perfect and felt like a firm handshake. Beautiful, sure, but I assumed it to be no more than a trinket.

“A sword. To slash the flesh of those who wish to bring you harm.” he stood up, finally turning his gaze towards me. “I could think of no other gift to bring you.”

My brain wriggled.

“I love you.” He gave me a suffocating hug before pulling away and with a soft smile. “Please take care.”

“I-I love you too. I’ll miss y- you.”



I wanted to fall onto his shoulder to cry, but he had already disappeared. All that remained was the trinket proving his existence and two irritable eyes. The mountains could no longer cradle or coddle me and I felt numbed to their requests. What melancholy he breathed unto me only inspired the ability to pursue. But with two legs who knew naught their purpose, it would be a slow process. Memories of his visit played on replay, my muscles seizing in a frail attempt to copy his pattern of walking. But before walking came standing, and before standing came crawling.

Mud and ripped blades of grass littered my fur, permanently covering my being with its earthly perfume. Ascetic and dystrophic, I whinged on the floor, unable to pull myself in any direction. Swing my body towards the water and I may fall and drown. But remain where I lay and the earth would most certainly reclaim my body. So I did what I had to -- I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply. Left. Right. Left. Right- I awoke from my stasis and I was found to be on my feet, already walking.

* * *

The nostalgic narrative came to a close and I blinked rapidly to readjust my vision. I am surrounded by walls of judicial white. This place would render the megalophobe a sweating and shivering mess. The soles of my feet ache. Should my feet have a mind of their own, they remain as dull and masochistic creatures with poor taste. The boring, empty halls we walk together lack both substance. My other senses nag as if they're entitled to this world's laborious fruit. Are they not satisfied with the marble whose color provides the facade of delicacy? The marble whose touch is so gentle your fingertips yearn ignorantly for sandpaper? The marble whose- Well...I suppose they have a point. The marble does not smell of the mother they were carved from nor can they recite the lullabies she would echo to lull them to sleep. They're white like a canvas. Infinite yet unconfident enough to carve themselves into anything but a strict, rectangular obelisk.



I am no exception to this doctrine. My hair, much like the rest of my body, is white--or has it become white? Strands of white hair cling to my clothing, contrasting against my wardrobe's earthy tones. Had my drapery not been green and my shorts not been brown, I may have never known what color my hair were--tis the joy of a pixie cut. Just like my head, my skin has become increasingly pale and lacking in human coloration. I acknowledge my ears, my horns and my nose are not very "human," but am I unworthy of bearing subtle pinks and reds within my skin? I hold up my hands and turn them around twice in the light. My fingernails are ever so slightly stained with red, clay residue--a failure of cosmetology. My calluses haven't healed, bulging out from within my palms. Small beads of sweat race down my hands as faint pinks finally rise to the surface of my skin.

Plumes of steam rise from cracks in the surface as light from an unseen sun renders the surrounding marble a pale yet refreshing orange. The vents of warm air massage between every follicle of fur as the clouding aura erupts into a playful tango. Like an overzealous nightly affair, the steam climbs my body and becomes overbearing. As my body falls against a nearby pillar of marble, I bat away the stars that are forming in my eyes. I pull myself into the marble's cold arms and embrace it as lovingly as I could. The steam almost grabs me from behind -- pushing me up against the wall. My body forfeits itself, desperately clinging to the wall as sweat runs down every curve of my body. With sweat pooling at my feet, all I can muster are soft exhales to myself.

However, my heaving is interrupted by the odd sensation of smell. With two arms I push myself away



from the steam and drag my body towards the unusual cocktail of smell. Rosemary, Jasmine, Basil and Lavender. My head blindly threw itself into its soft presence. Cold fur brushes against my sweaty face. I rub every feature of my face against it as if it were a nostalgic, childhood blanket. Sharp nails press themselves into my skin, cruising from the back of my neck up into my scalp. A thumb rests upon my hand, massaging every vein, knuckle and bruise softly in circles. Small leaves intertwined with long locks of hair caress and hug my head like extra pairs of arms. As she periodically exhales, her cold breath makes me shiver--like quickly moving from a lake to a hot spring. I raise my head to meet my captor with the necessity of a mutual gaze. But my eyelids are heavy. My feet hurt. And the steam feels just right.

She grabs my chin with nothing more than her thumb and index finger--and raises it upwards. As my body began to tremble, I opened a single eye wide enough only to explore. She gazed upon me with sleepy low-eyelids and green pupils. She perked up her chest and leaned into me to the point of almost smothering. My face was flushing a rosy red color--an obvious side-effect of the heat. Hiding her teeth, she smiled.

"Dear prince, I have finally found you." she whispered. "It has been quite a monumental journey for me...I am so very happy to meet you."

"Uhm...prince? I-I think you are mistaken...I am no prince." I pressed, trying to crawl backwards.

"Apologies for my etterath but surely you are who I am looking for! You bear the resemblance almost perfectly." she caressed my chin softly--tilting my head and observing me from multiple angles. "White hair, blue eyes and the horns of the patriarch."

She trailed a finger down one of my horns--maintaining eye contact, despite my reservations. She slowly turned her head into mine, gently touching her large bovine horns against my own bovidae horns. "See? We both bear horns, therefore we must be cut from the same cloth."

"But ma'am, I am no prince. I am no more than a nomad looking for my father. There must be plenty with white hair, blue eyes and horns." I whispered. As I tried to make an escape, she lay more of her body upon my own.

"I prithee you have not walked as far as I--for the answer surprised me too..." she paused for a moment.

"--and my father is no king! Sure, he is tall but his skin is covered in scars and wounds. He wears little clothing and has long--"

"--black hair that obscures all but a single eye?" she interjected. As we both paused, her lips parted from a smile to a wide open mouth. "You are my prince!"

She wrapped her arms around my waist and crushed my body. I let out a staggered moan before she released me from her grip.

"My name is Lola, dear prince. Your father--the king--sent me to find you personally. He said that you would appear only when the time is right."

"--Father is looking for me..?"

"Of course he is! He has been very worried about you."

"Then...why hasn't he come to see me at all? Surely he knows I have been searching for him."

"I understand you may feel abandoned, but he does love you dearly. His--" Lola paused for a second. "--Royal duties have simply put him in a difficult place."



The atrium of marble fell silent. I hunched my back and pressed my lips together as my gaze could look nowhere but the floor. “B-but you will take me to him, correct?”

“Of course, my prince. To protect and bring you to him are my sole duties.”

“O-okay...Then, we should get walking. You said that the journey was long.”

Lola nodded her head, standing up and held out a hand. I grabbed her fingers and hoisted myself up onto my feet. I lay a hand across my forehead and wiped it of all its sweat.

“Before we leave, my prince. I must ask, what is your name? Your father never gave me your name.”

My pupils grew large and my body began to lock up and freeze. “Name...? I had not considered that... for he did not give me one.”

“I prithee your mother gave you one?”

“I have never met my mother--and I have only met my father once.”

“...then you have been given a blessing. You get to choose your own name.”

“What?”

“It is a blessing to be able to choose your own name. I was not given such a luxury. Lola was my mother’s name. And her mother’s name before her.” Lola chattered, her eyes finally fixated on something other than me. Her eyes wandered from pillar to pillar. Empty white canvas to empty white canvas. “For as long as you live, others will call you by your name. It may simply be letters written with ink or sound in the air, but it is your name. And if you ever--”

“How about Prince?”

“Prince?”

“You were always calling me Prince. ‘My prince,’ you said. I think-- I think I like the name Prince. I think I like being called Prince.”

“Okay. ‘Prince’ it is. Hehe.” she chuckled. Lola quickly tugged on the various hemp ropes that bind her to her herbs. “Then shall we get going, ‘Prince?’ We have quite the journey ahead of us.”

“O-Of course. Let’s get going.”

And the journey began. I trailed behind Lola like a small dog--finding my strides much shorter than hers. As the marble atrium extended mile after mile we continued to chase the scent of freshly cut grass. And finally, an opening emerged. Boring a hole in the clifface of a great mountain was our exit. The marble arches were ravaged by erosion, bearing cuts that resembled bite marks. Grass and ivy grew out from within every little crack, shivering in the cold wind. I almost desired to turn around and reembrace with the warm steam. Brutalist stairs showed themselves after being subjected to the stubbornness of man. They lead down the sheer cliff face and into a small valley.

A valley whose plains were wide and foliage were bountiful. A valley that possessed the most peculiar structure of all: a town. A town whose roads were gray shapeless masses and trampled grass. A town eclipsed in fog--whose only visible buildings were spires of concrete. A windmill turned slowly--its long hands cresting above the surface of the fog like how a blue whale would the ocean. The most bizarre feature of all was a single hill that rose above the fog. And on that hill was but a single, lonely house.



Things have changed.
But nothing has been solved.



PDA

Created by Marshal SEAL

© HOMIEZ GLOBAL WORLD CORP

Bearer of the Marble Sea

Lyra

♩ = 136
[Intro]

Chord progression for the Intro:

E^bm7 G^bM6 G^bM7 G^bM6 E^b7sus⁴ B^bm7 A^bm7 A^bM6 G^baug

Chord progression for measures 7-8:

G^bM7 G^bM7 F^{aug}7

[Chorus]

Chord progression for the Chorus:

E^bm7 G^bM6 B^bm7 G^bM6 A^b7 D^bM7 G^bM7 A^b7 Cdim7

I was born with the gift of the - mar-ble-sea to be the
1 - 2
The sky fell with-blue dyes rest-less with da - r - k love-ing cries the sea grew

Chord progression for measures 13-16:

D^bM7 E^bm7 Fm7 G^bM7 Fm7 D^bM7 G^bM7 A^b7 Cdim7

crea-tor of life and emp - athy des-tined to clean the filth be-nea - eth
3
hu-ng-ry and de - voured me end-ing my ti - me in - sta-nt - ly

Verse

E^bm7

G^bM7

Musical staff for the Verse, measures 17-20, showing a melodic line with lyrics.

The fish in swarms fil-ling the oh-shen with a con - stant flow of eh-ner-gy

Chord progression for measures 21-24:

A^bM7 G^bM7 E^bm7

I'll watch them use their minds to end the tide-al wave trench-ess span

Chord progression for measures 25-28:

G^bM7 A^bM7

op-en-ing up space for the rays and skates and jell-ies I'll watch them use their

Chord progression for measures 29-32:

G^bM7

minds to clear the fall - en waste



Prechorus

B^b_m A^b7 G^bM7 F_m7 G^bM6 B^b_m7 E^b_m7 D^bM6

next came the lev - ai - ih-than so much for that phase where I could help them

B^b_m7 A^b7 G^bM7 F_m7 E^b_m7 $F_{aug}7$ D.S.
D.S.

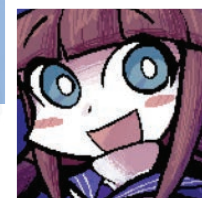
5

grim rea-per they all scream no more nice face here comes my ace



THE BPP SCIENCE TEAM

collected by Wadda117 and Mermer



INCOMING TRANSMISSION

“Don’t shoot! I’m with the science team!”

[21:52] Broken Picturephone has exceeded over three thousand panels. The amount of information we need to process is becoming increasingly difficult.

We have taken it upon ourselves to add onto the work of the previous BPP science team while doing some stats of our own.

[21:57] The two stats we were most interested in updating were:

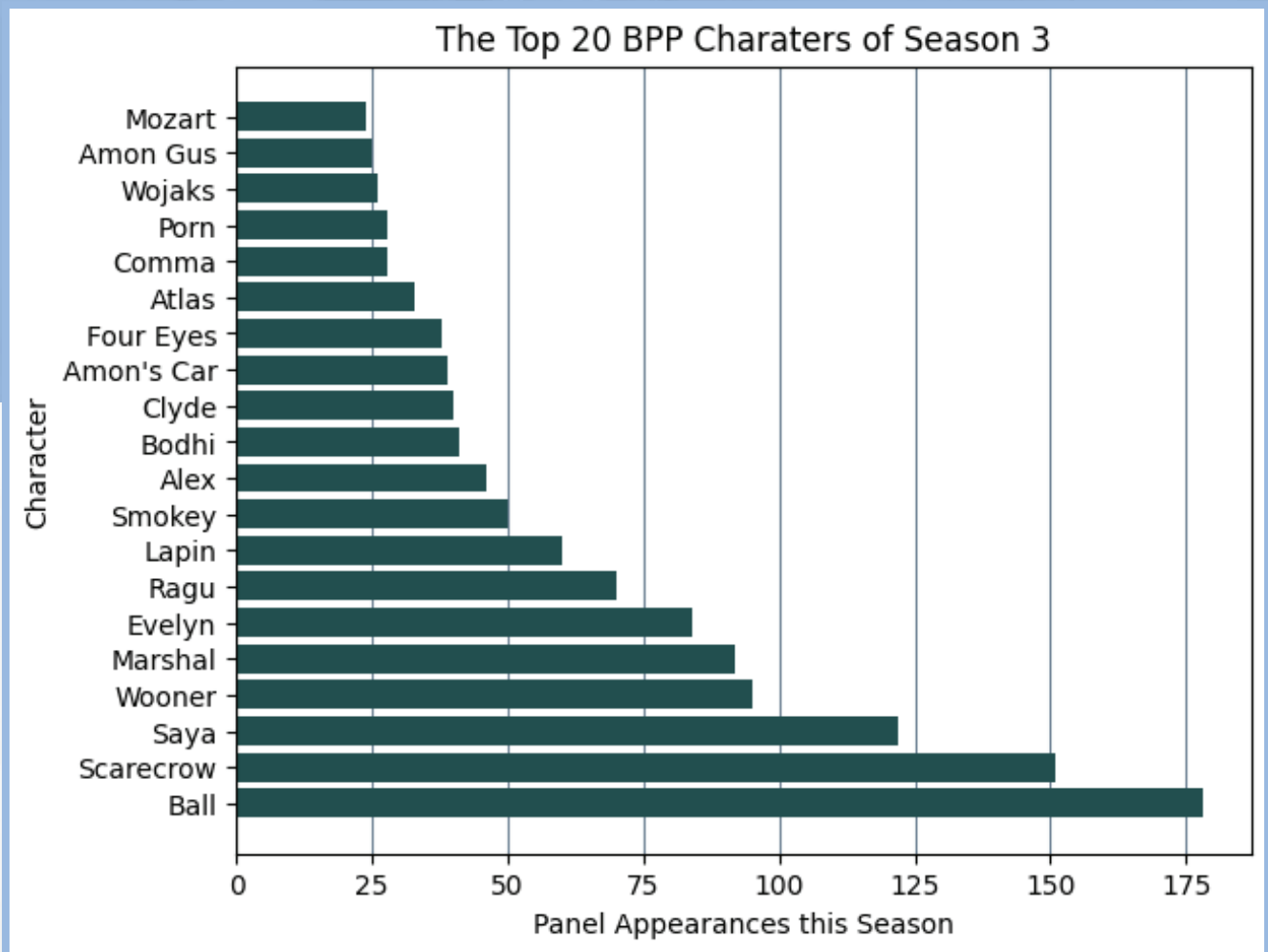
- Character Popularity
- Kill-Death Ratio
- Most ego

We were interested in the additions to the BPP roster and wondered what correlations we could find.

“They have us working in a sweatshop, its a truly cruel world, since even the managers are down in the mines.”

[22:01]





1a) Character Popularity and Artist Correlation

[22:05] First and foremost, we wanted to analyze what characters showed up the most often in BPP and how many times they appeared during the season.

The data shows that Ball still reigns supreme as the most common BPP character. On average, Ball will appear 170 times a season. Some of the other characters (Saya, Scarecrow and Marshal) aren't much of a surprise.

However, there are new additions to the cast who have quickly climbed to be some of the most popular. These characters are:

- Evelyn
- Wooner
- Lapin

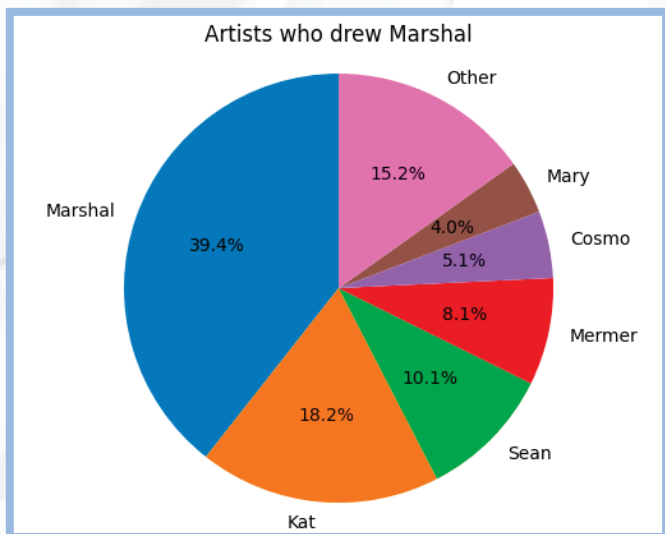
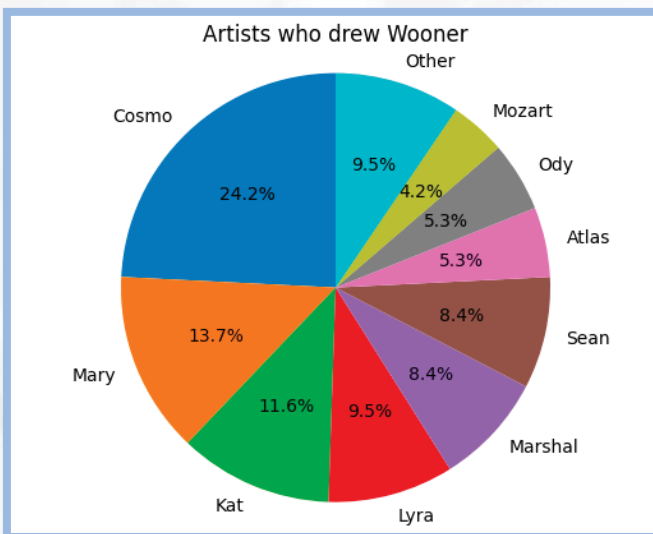
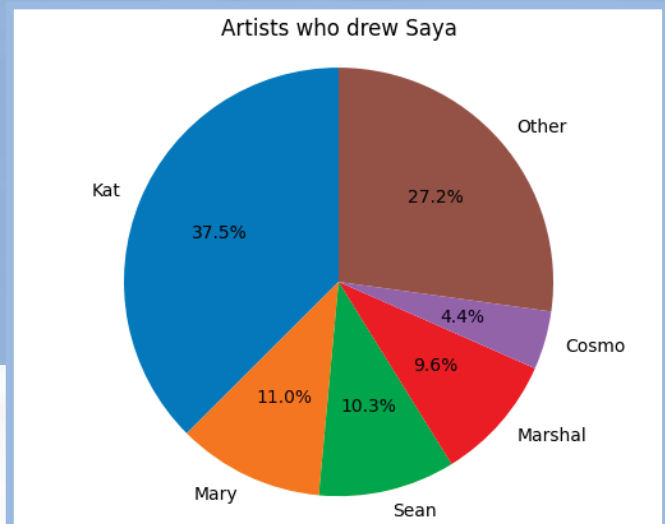
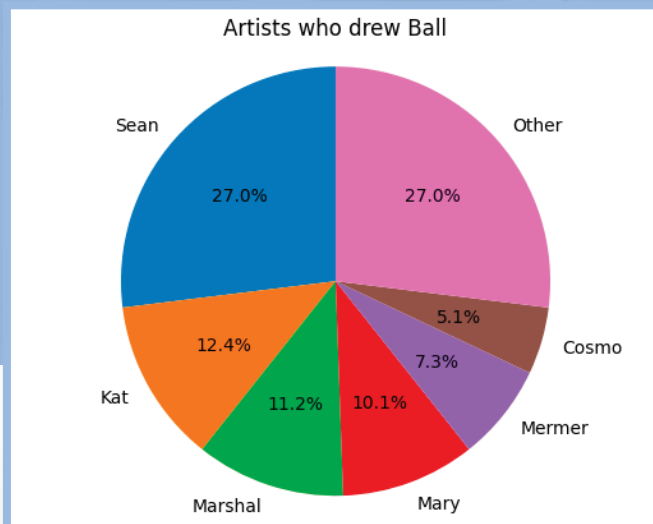
Their popularity has surpassed even "legacy" characters such as Smokey, Ragu and Alex.

This is most likely due to the addition of new artists drawing their "sona." If an artist attends a BPP, the appearance rate of their character rises--with the exception of certain characters who fill "niches," such as Scarecrow.

This would explain the decline of Ragu and Smokey as their artists--Kingsalad and SmokinCats--have been less able to attend BPP while Evelyn, Lapin and Wooner's artists were more able to attend BPP.

* * *





1b) Character Popularity and Artist Correlation

[22:18] In these four charts we can see the correlation between characters that occupy two distinct spaces of sona.

Ball and Wooner occupy the niche of “vaguely sona” where they’re both drawn to be representative of an artist (Shoji and Cosmo respectively) while also occupying their own character specific niche. Ball being a “cutesy” little character while Wooner is a degenerate whose presence more often than not, IS the punchline. The modest 24-27% appearance drawn by their artist show that these characters have sim-

plicity/nicheness that others can easily integrate into panels.

Marshal and Saya occupy a different space where they’re almost strictly sonas--where the distinction between the artist and character is blurred. Their niches are much more vague than Ball and Wooner primarily because of their humanoid nature. Marshal is just a human and Saya is a furry humanoid.

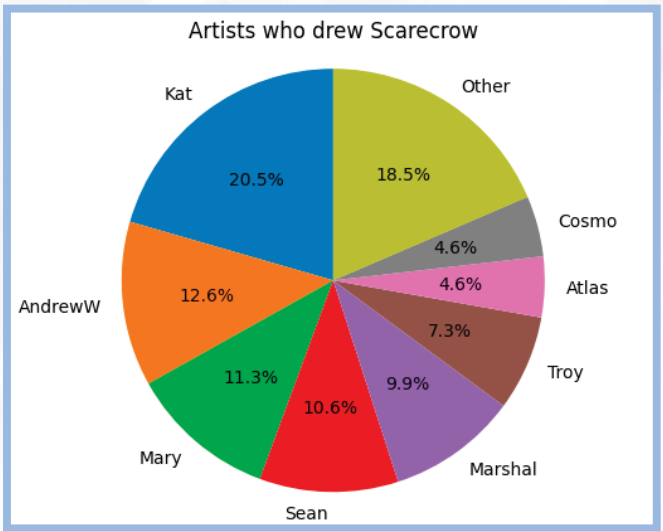
While their niches seem applicable to many different panels, their “complex” designs lead artists to either simply them or use a different chara-



cter altogether. Since humanoid characters are more plentiful, they're more likely to be drawn/favored by their artist/creator.

This is seen with Saya and Marshal whose artists drew them a shocking 37.5% and 39.4% of their total appearances.

Scarecrow works against these characters. Scarecrow's apperance is more random than other sonas purely because of how weird his appearance is. If characters were a spectrum, Marshal/Saya types would be on one end, Ball and Wooner types would be in the center and Scarecrow would be alone on the other end.



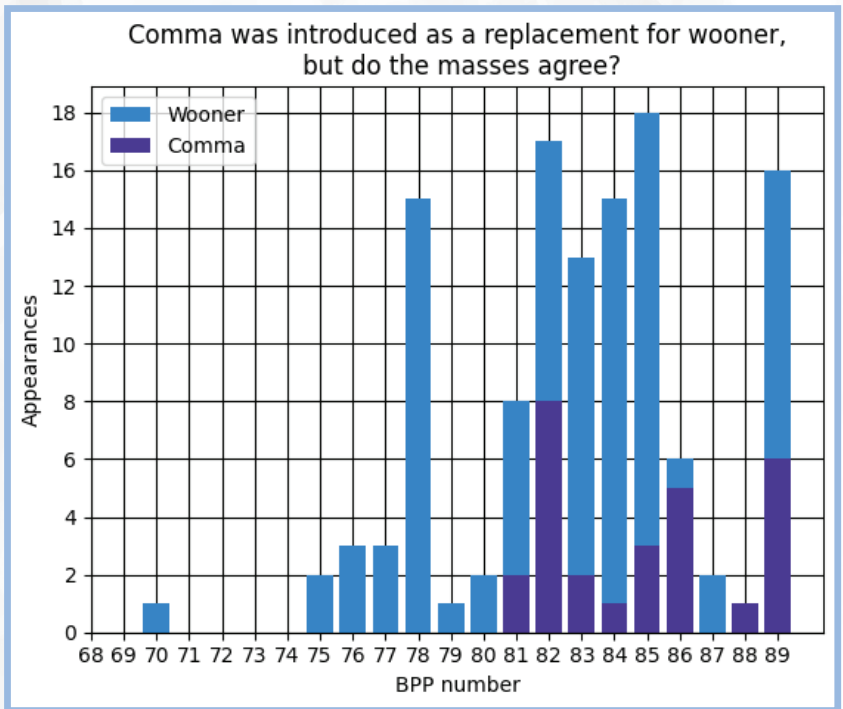
2a) Wooner and Comma Coorelation

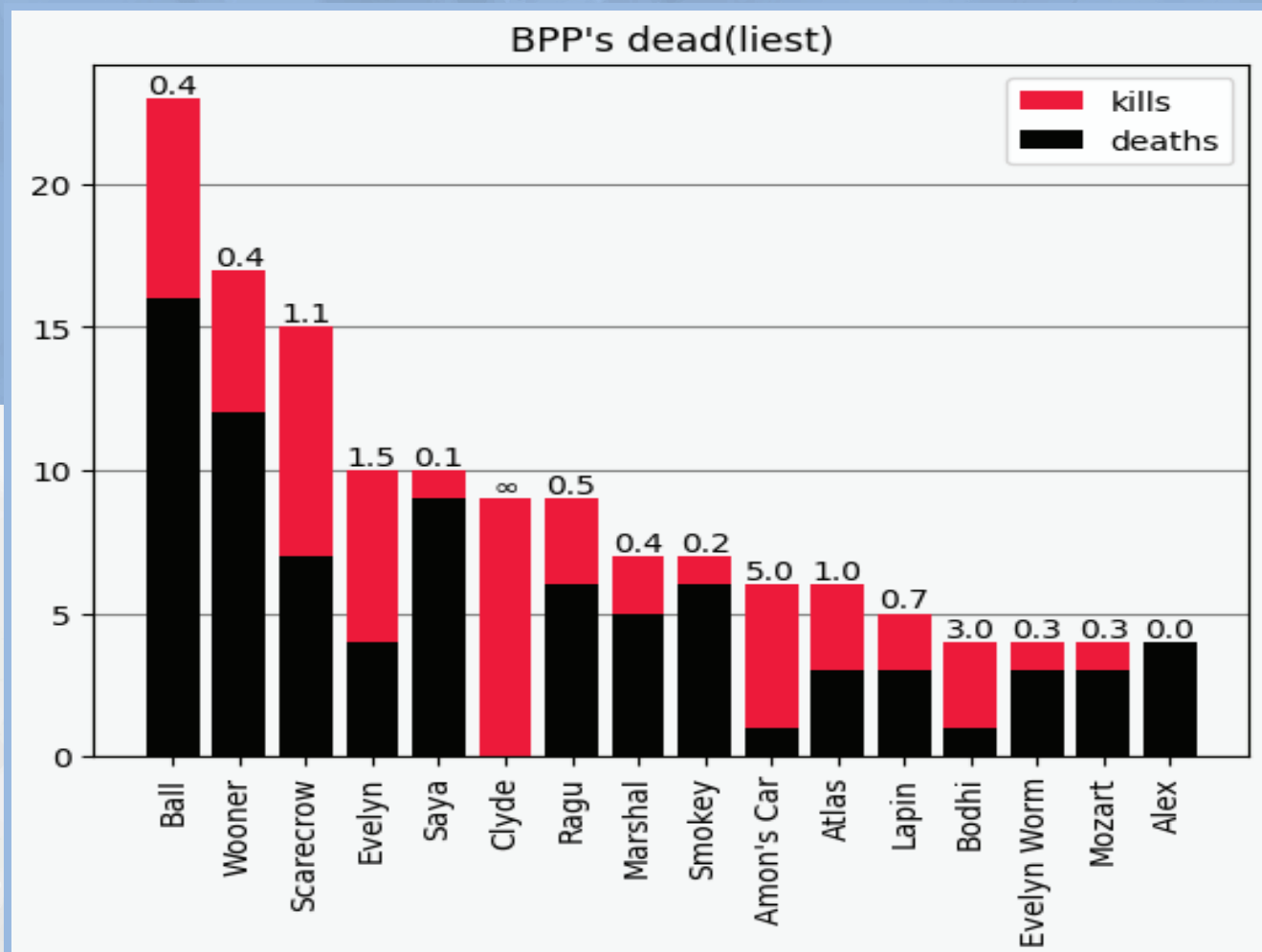
[22:27] While the creation of Comma was intended to replace Wooner as Cosmo's sona/representation in BPP, we were interested to see if this change would occur or if Wooner was simply too powerful.

While Wooner has definitely overpowered Comma in the power rankings, it is debatable to whether or not Comma or Wooner is more representative of Cosmo and their overall person.

It could be viewed that Wooner is the part of the psyche that we wish to reject while Comma is the piece of us we want to be. However, this optimism is somewhat blind to the fact that Comma is just harder/more complex to draw and Wooner's simple design will likely reign supreme in the long run.

The use case of Wooner and Comma really depends on panel context.





3a) Kill Death Ratio

[23:02] Upon first seeing BPP KDR in the second BPP zine, we knew that we had to bring it back for this study.

Upon quick viewing, a reader can instantly see the two opposites of the KDR spectrum: Alex and Clyde. Alex has died 4 separate times in BPP season 3 and has not killed a single other person--this gives him an end KDR of 0.0. Clyde on the other hand has killed 9 people and has not died a single time--giving him a [technically] infinite KDR.

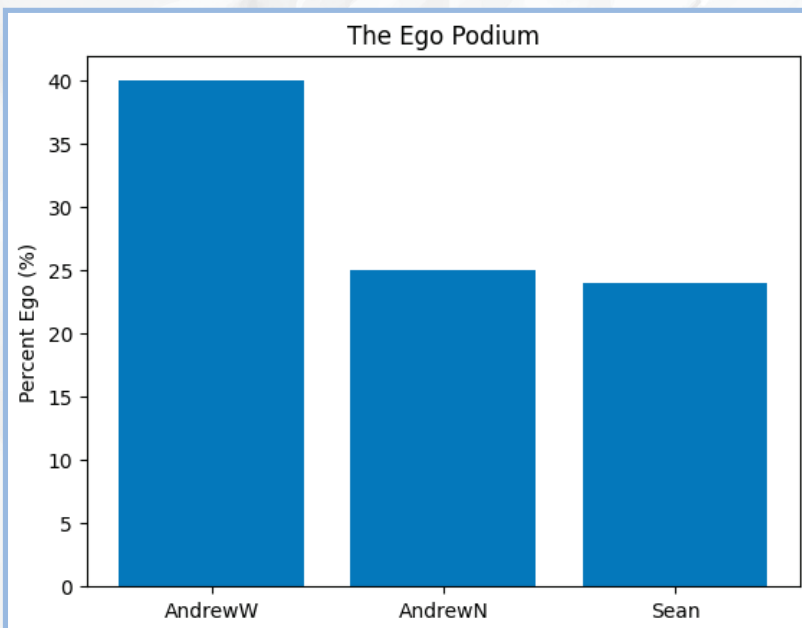
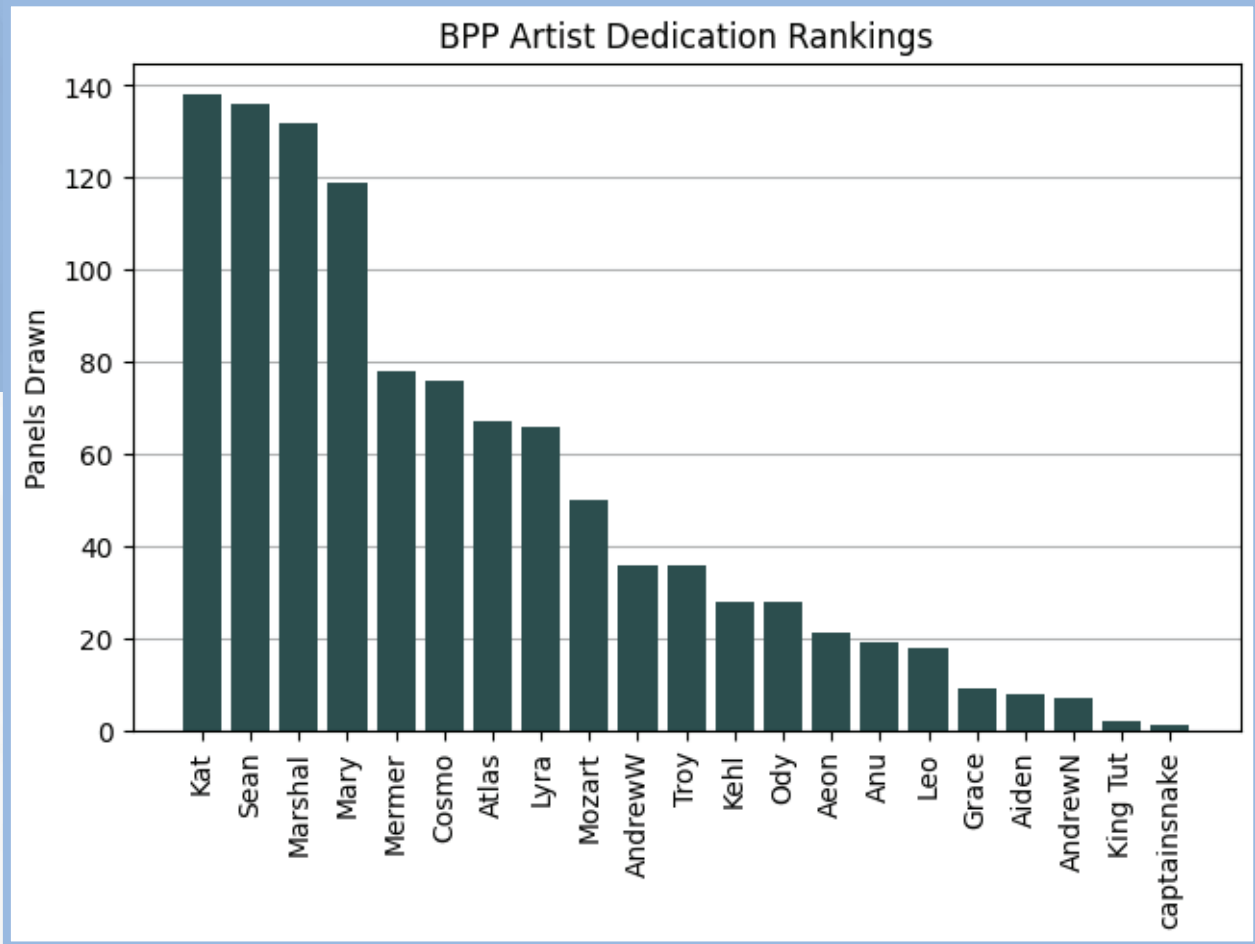
There were some statistics this time around that we couldn't predict--such as Evelyn having an unusually high 1.5 KDR. This gives her the fourth highest KDR of the entire BPP cast only behind Clyde, Amon's Car and Bodhi.

On the other end, Smokey has an unusually low KDR at 0.2. While having a low KDR is not supremely bizarre in the BPP world, it is odd for Smokey--a character who is defined by their swordsmanship.

Among the other characters that have a low KDR, they are less surprising. Most of the characters are either non-violent such as the case of Lapin, Mozart and Ball.

* * *





4a) Miscellaneous

[23:15] The above table simply demonstrate the # of panels draw by each artist over the course of BPP season 3.

Kat would stand to draw more panels than even site admin, Sean.

The table to the left demonstrates artist ego percentage. A number that reflects how many of an artist's panels included their own characters.

* * *



THUG MUSIC REVIEW

“Unorganized Thoughts of Years Past” by Vistram

released March 3, 2023

“Thoughts in disarray,
emotions of the years in
passing.”

Vistram's “Unorganized Thoughts of Years Past” is an enchanting little record that takes you through its rapidly evolving dreamy atmosphere.

Despite all tracks featuring lots of instrumentation, all of it is incredibly lucid with its sound and intention. I always listen to the project in one session as its auditory storytelling is too powerful to only listen to one piece at a time.

At 16 minutes too, its not a big time investment. That's the length of your average Fortnite game--which is what I was doing while listening for this review. 10 kills, 45% accuracy, not a bot lobby. Just like my match, this project is a major victory royale.
Thanks Vistram.



TRACKLIST

1. Distant Dream ft. 重音 テト (02:39)
2. 082021dotWAV (04:34)
3. Mobulidae ft. 草花萌 音 (02:31)
4. Optical Reprise (04:04)
5. Alternate Ending ft. 天宿 シュユ (02:41)

Total Duration
16 Minutes 29 Seconds

FAVORITES

Alternate Ending ft. 天宿
シュユ
and
082021dotWAV



<https://vistram.bandcamp.com/>



mozart's
**broken
picture
playlist**
music I played BPP to

TRACKLIST

Get Low – Lil Jon

Rollin – Limp Bizkit

Iruka – SOUL' D OUT

Which One of the
Twins? – Serani Poji

SADNESS~ I know the
reason for her sadness
– Malice Mizer

Hizamazuite Ashi wo
Oname – ALI project

Arsenal' s Guts –
Metal Gear Solid 2

Haruka [Distant] –
Umineko no Naku koro ni



Ch.1



An Eldritch's Guide to Life

PIXIV.NET/EN/ARTWORKS/97141547
Illustrated & written by atlaszoidac



Blue Omen Operation

A fast-paced RPG featuring an action-command battle system and a classic anime-inspired artstyle!

PC

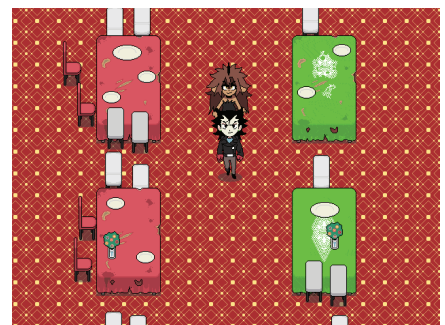
Developer: BananaSoft Release Date: Unknown

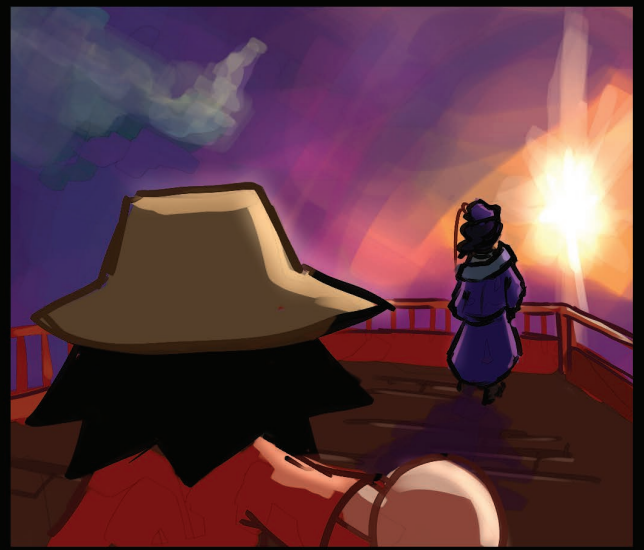
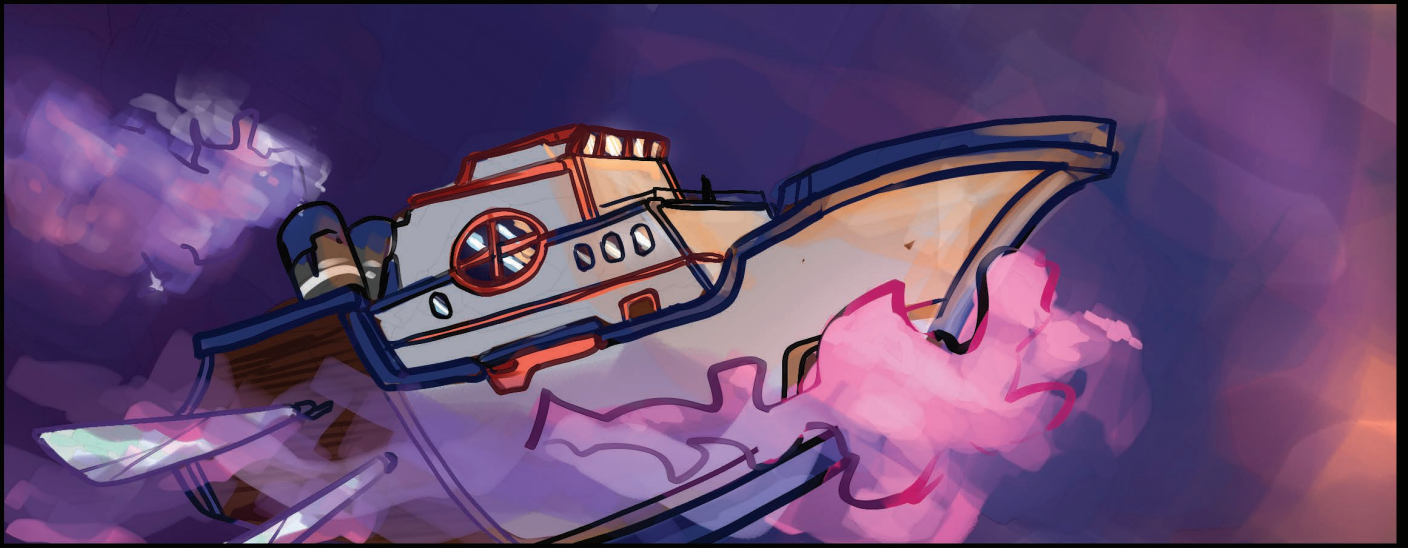
Blue Omen Operation - A Stylish and Hot-Blooded RPG prides itself in being a 90's anime styled RPG with inspiration from games like Paper Mario, Mario & Luigi: Superstar Saga, and WarioWareseries. It features colorful MS-Paint styled worlds full of interesting details and set pieces to help support the cast of characters you'd be interacting with on your fantastical journey. Unfortunately every game (especially indie ones) goes through its own "development hell," and Blue Omen Operation is no stranger to this. Because of the game's current state, I will be reviewing what has been released most recently as of November 21, 2023: the soundtrack.

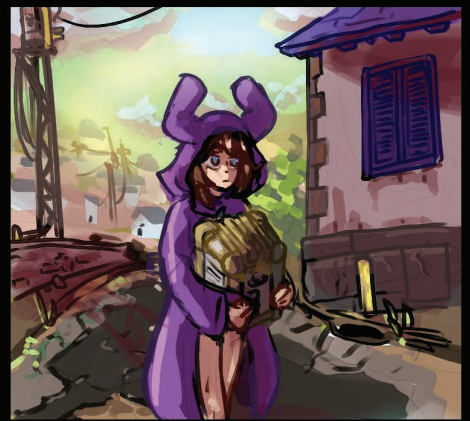
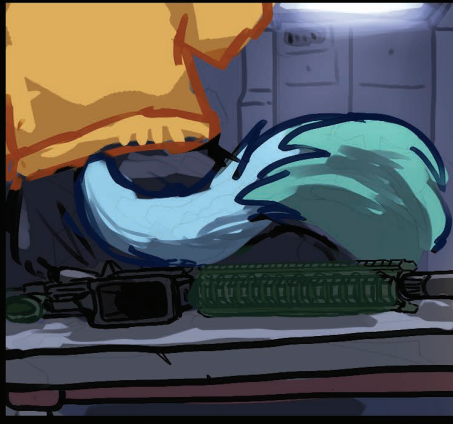
Of the two composers that have worked on this game, I will be focusing on Jaren. Admittedly, there aren't many songs to cover. There's a lot to unwrap within just these six tracks alone. Every song perfectly displays the range and skill that Jaren has with his video composition. It's no secret Jaren wears his Jake Kaufman inspiration proudly, and although this is most certainly true, I'd add that there's also subtle inspiration from Yousuke Yasui in the mix as well. All in all, Jaren does a great job composing for a whimsical RPG like Blue Omen Operation, with funky beats that make you move and a killer FM synth slap bass that'll make you stank face.

Blue Omen Operation's soundtrack (so far) isn't a cohesive enough experience. However, the tracks stand strong as their own standalone pieces. They feel whole enough with their consistent soundscape and cleverly-written music. It sounds right for a game about being an anime dude punching baddies. This is modern indie game music done right - with a care for the game's themes and attention to detail while writing your music to be as unforgettable as possible. This is something critically acclaimed VGM composers like Jake Kaufman and Yousuke Yasui do, and it's something that Jaren does here for Blue Omen Operation.

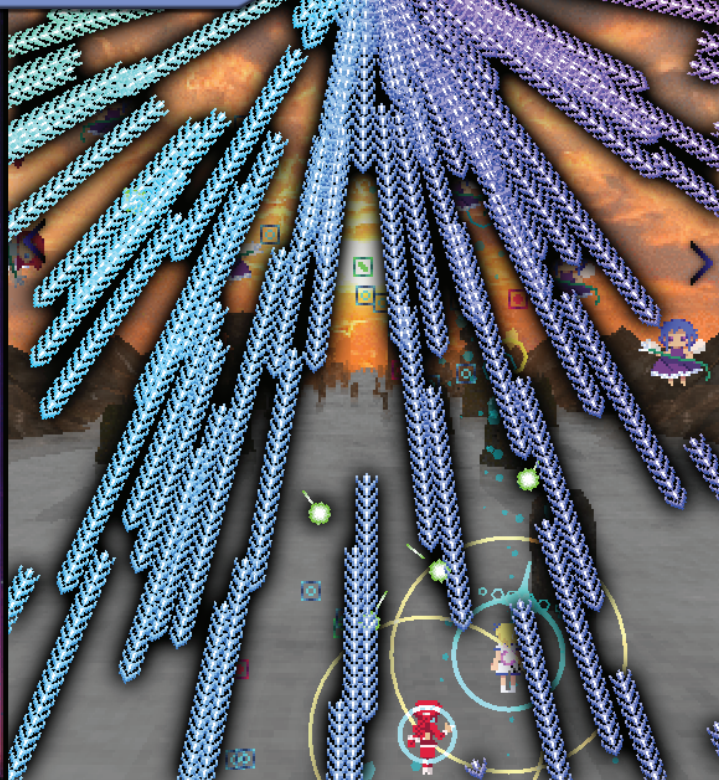
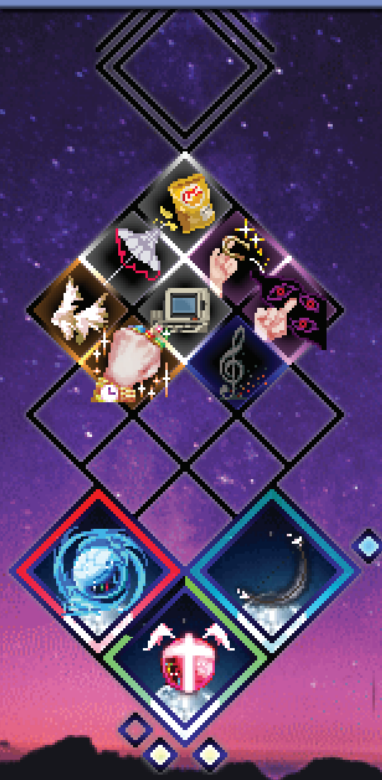
-Wadda117











東方
Lensed Night Sky,
果世外

ver. 60.8.45314.26

Touhou Lensed Night Sky, Kaseigai

"What If Touhou But Roguelike?" -Wadda117

PC

Developer: Fire Land

Release Date: April 27, 2024

In "Touhou Lensed Night Sky, Kaseigai" you play as a mysterious girl from our world and before you know it, the train you're riding takes you to the magical land of Gensokyo. In other words, you're a 2hu girl now, so you better start learning how to graze bullets, buddy. The build I played was rough around the edges, but what ambitious indie game isn't? I was thoroughly impressed with the current demo I was given.

Gameplay is as you'd expect from a traditional Touhou Project fangame: fast, hectic, and full of constant danger. What sets this lovely little project apart from other fangames is its fully modular loadout system. Before you even start the game you're asked to choose how

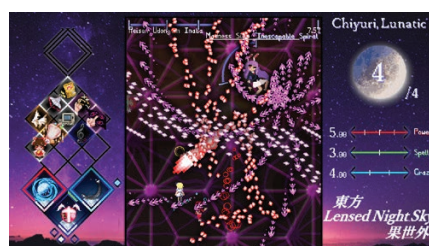
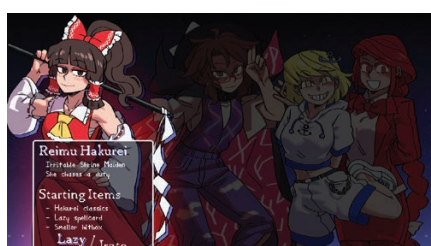
you'd like to start the game in the form of "curses" and "wards". Curses are like skulls in "Halo"--a way to optionally increase the difficulty of your run. Wards are the opposite of curses and work like a currency. More curses rewards you with more wards, creating dynamism in shaping your run before it even begins. I love it.

Narrowly avoiding danmaku has been given its own meter akin to Deltarune, with the addition of "sidearms"--rewarding well-positioned players with a slew of equipment to use in a pinch. The real catch of the game is Mike's item shop which you will periodically encounter throughout your runs--sometimes at the worst of times. You

can sell your own power for currency that'll allow you to buy a range of different items such as passives, sidearms, bombs and shot types. Want to play as Sumireko with Reimu's Shot Type and items across Touhou's expansive discography? Go for it. Item diversity is encouraged and build patterns are just as fun as they are rewarding.

Touhou Lensed Night Sky, Kaseigai is an enjoyable take on an ageless classic. Endless replayability on a damn-near unforgiving genre? Count me in! Though the current build of the demo IS absurdly difficult, even on Normal difficulty. Fans should be advised to start on Easy Mode--but don't worry, we won't laugh at you.

-Wadda117





BPP Sticker Sheet

All Illustrations by @Cosmo_and_Wadda



The BPP Awards

hosted by Shoji "Pop Tart" Higashikata

What's up bitches, pussies and fuckboys? Season 3 of BPP has concluded! As we submit the panel on this book, we now all take the time to look back and reflect on the damage we've done.

Voted for by the people, the Underrated category has made its return! I still don't think its a meaningful award category but, hey, you what they say about democracy. Additionally, we have a new category: Four-Eyes! A category for the clever panels that make a cunning gag. So in total we have seven award categories!

VISUAL VIOLATIONS

FOUR-EYES

GOES HARD

CULTURE SHAKERS

UNDERRATED

SIDE DESTROYERS

SCHIZOPHRENIC

Reminder that this is just a casual drawing game and these awards don't mean anything. It's just banter. Anyways:

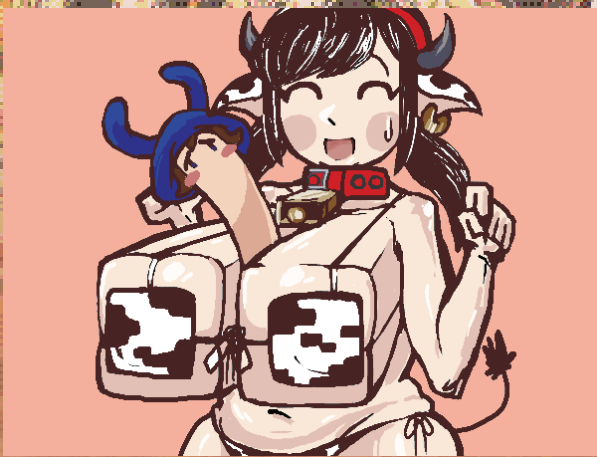
TO THE VICTOR GO THE SPOILS!

Can you shur. up man???

Uuggghhh shakes butt

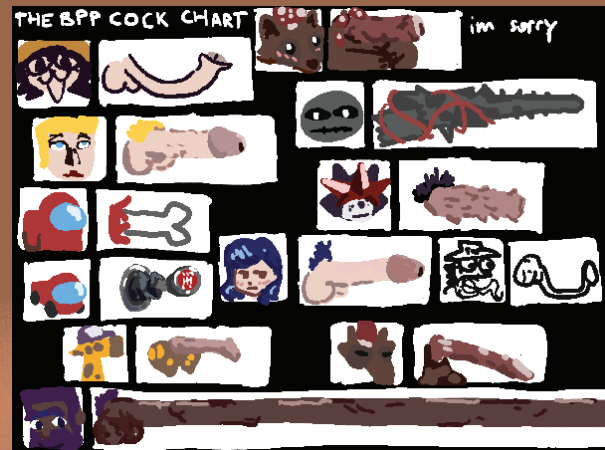


Visual violations are common in the BPP Awards. It's important to keep them in mind when you're voting.



VISUAL VIOLATIONS

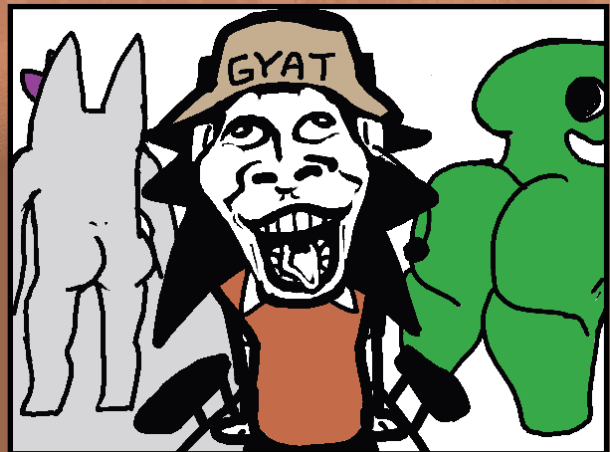
Panels that make your stomach hurt and make you question your choice in kinship.

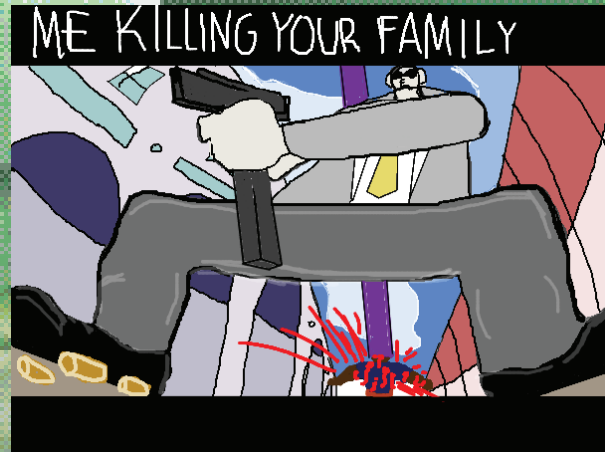


	Wooner
	Tooner



Yarwood - sempre l'agente
up in little quips in quella lingua e
"vodka" più o

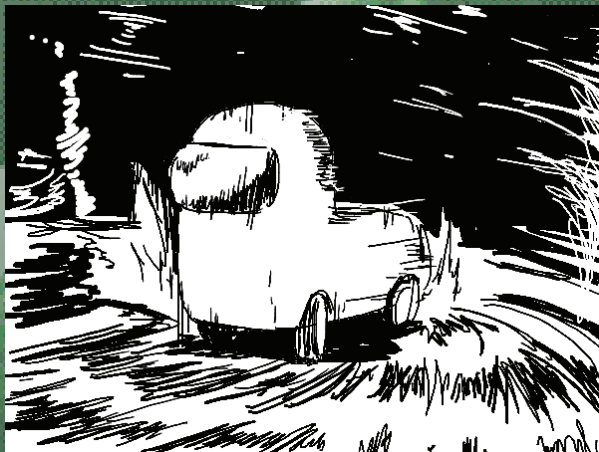


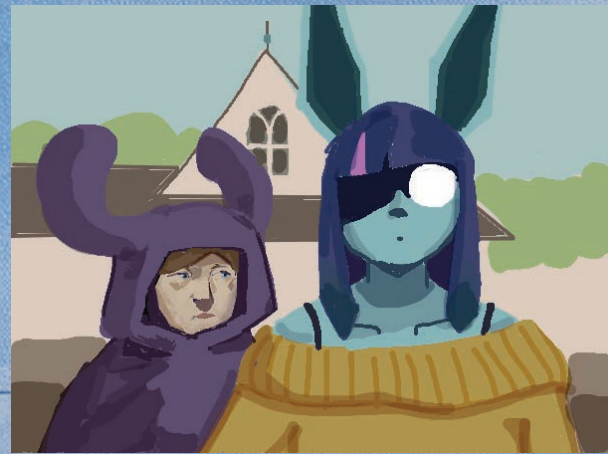


GOES HARD

Panels that smoke
loud, have 10,000
bodies and fight 12.

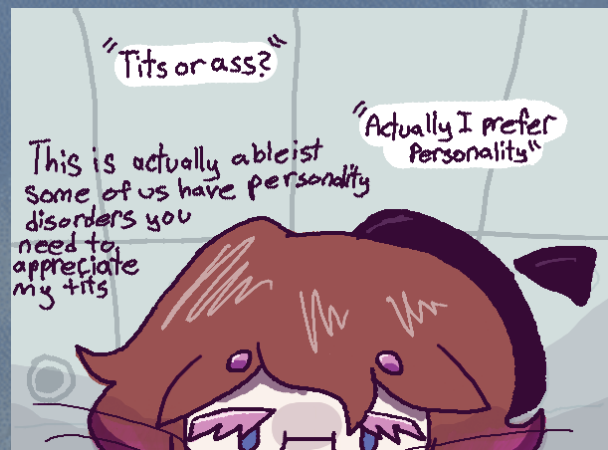
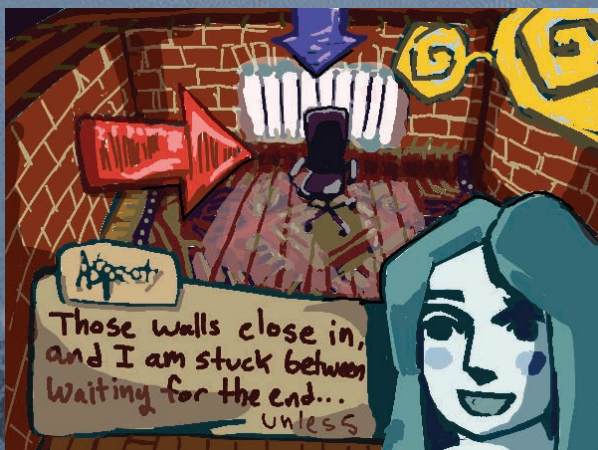


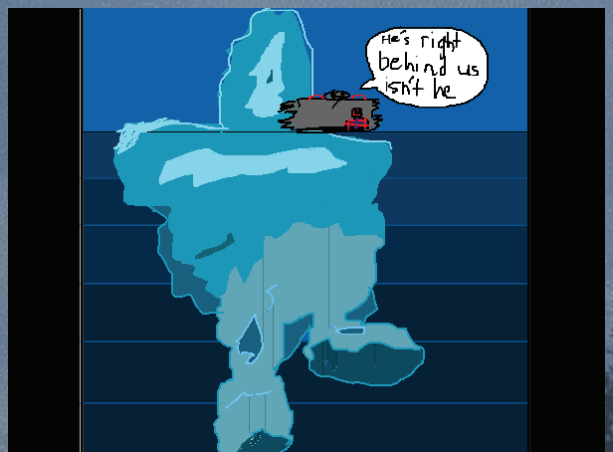
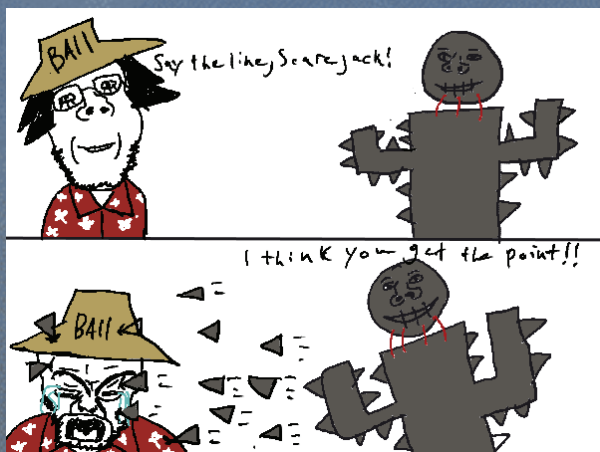
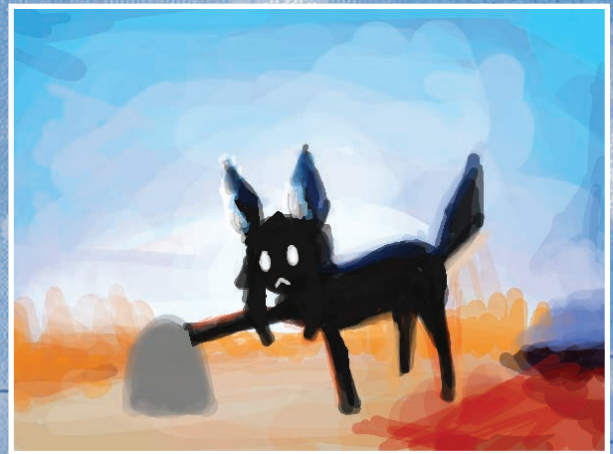
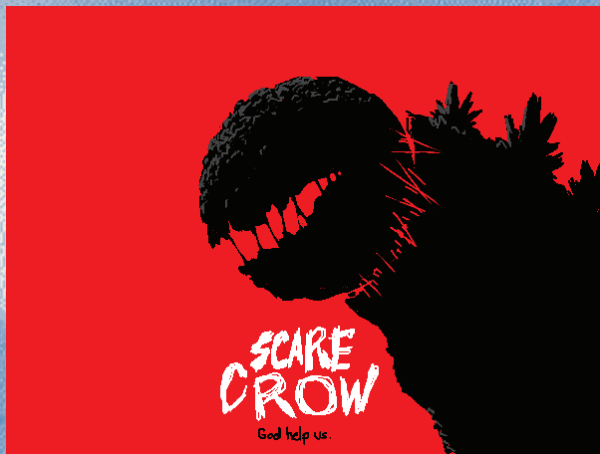


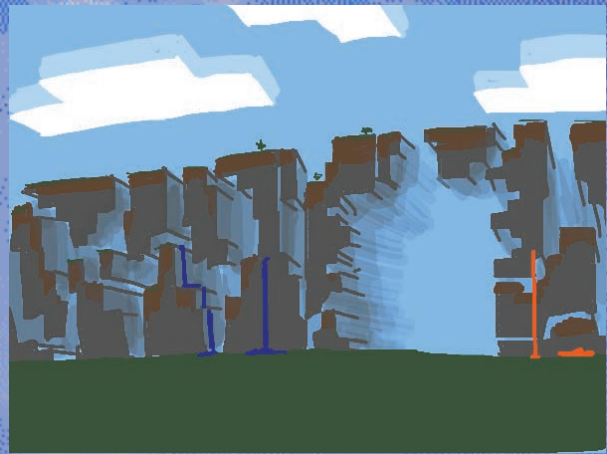
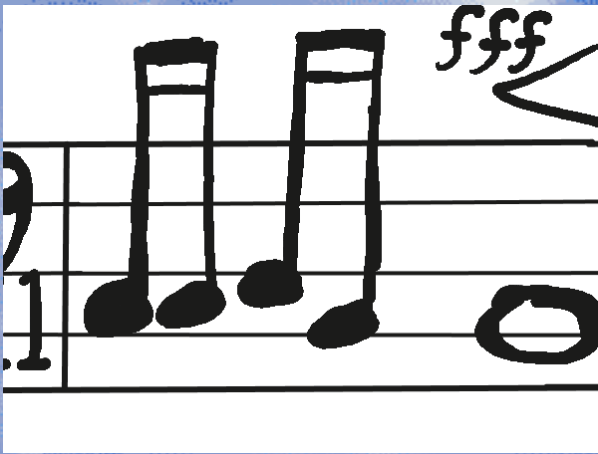


UNDER RATED

Panels that weren't given the flowers they deserved on first viewing.

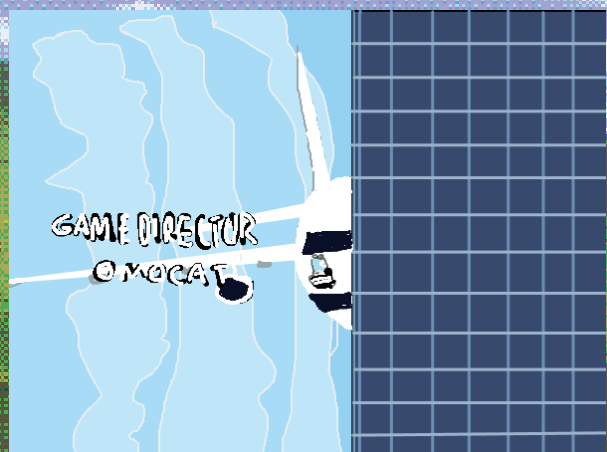
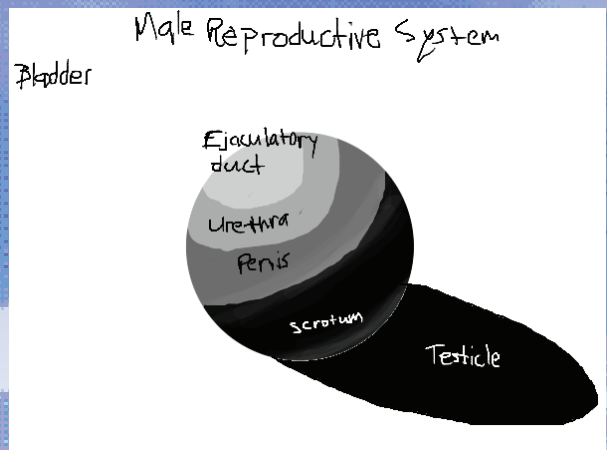
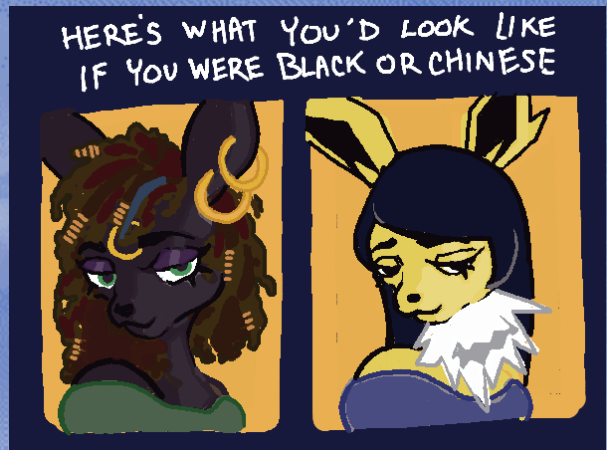


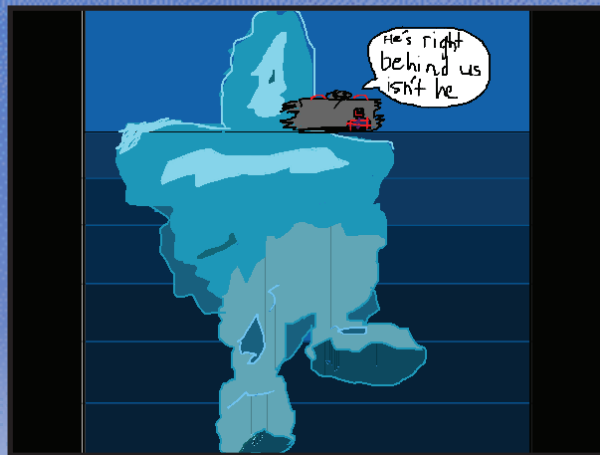




FOUR EYES

Panels that're clever
and smart.
Not the norm.



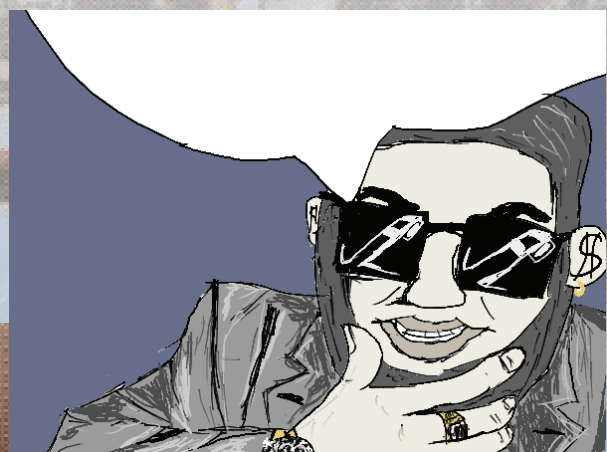
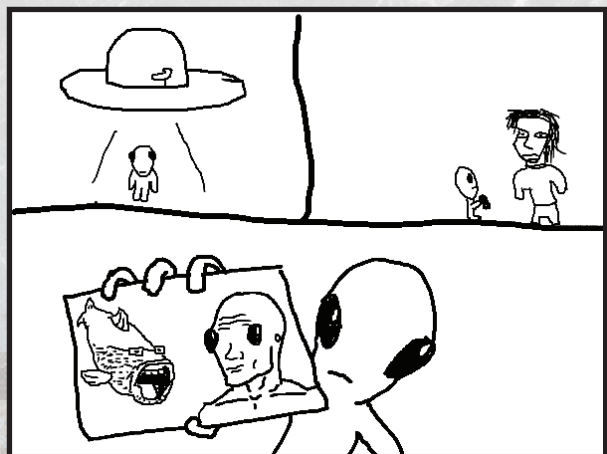


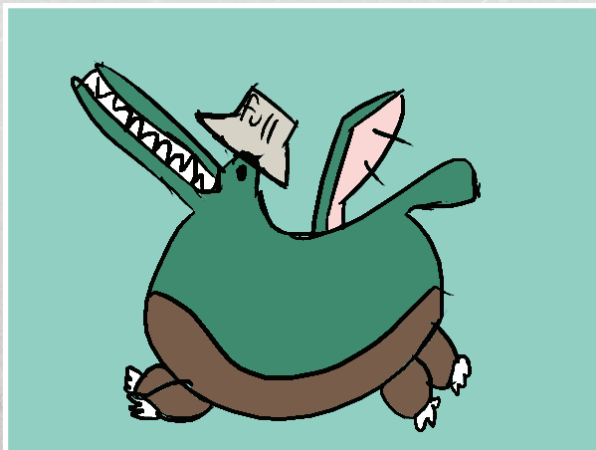
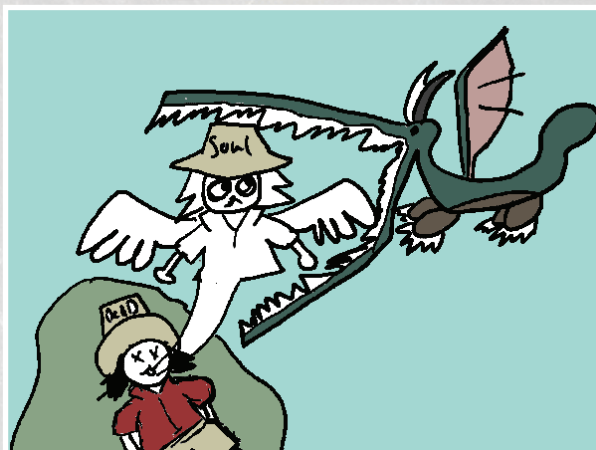


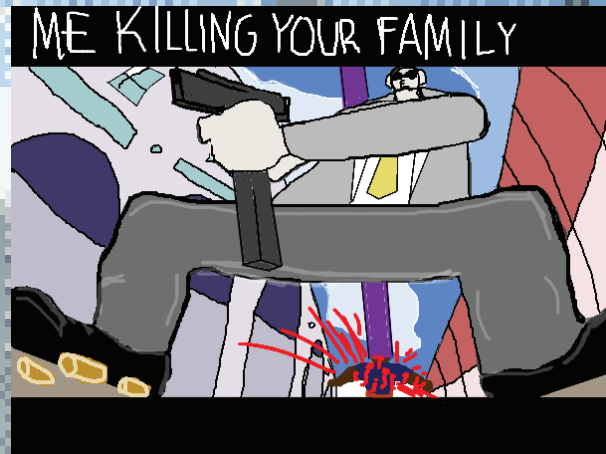
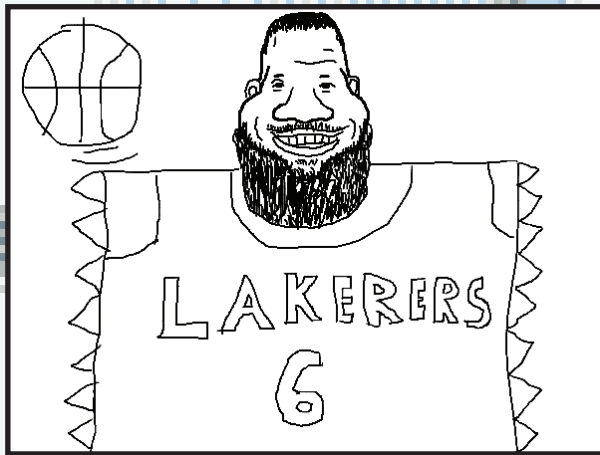
CULTURE SHAKERS

Panels that SHIFTED THE CULTURE! You get it.

The next NBA Legend !!!?

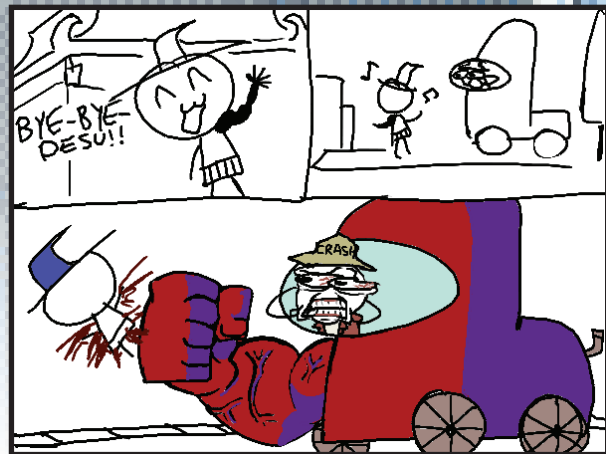


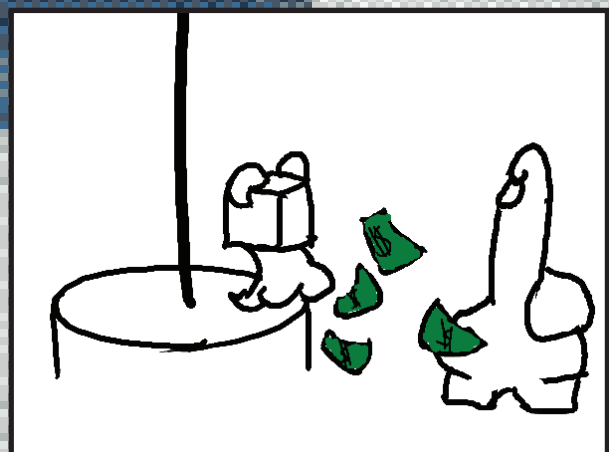
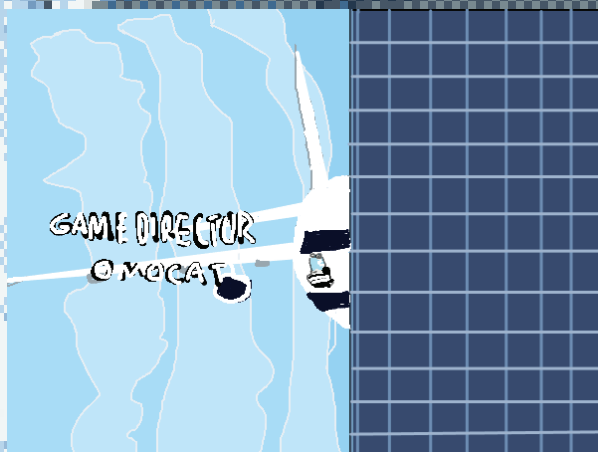


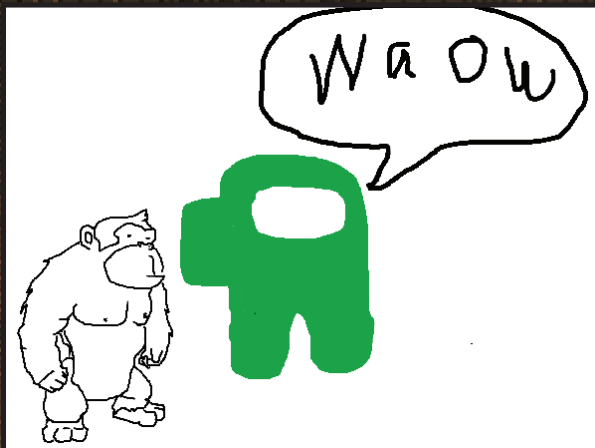


SIDE DESTROYERS

Panels that make your sides go to the Kennedy Space Center. Oraoraora.

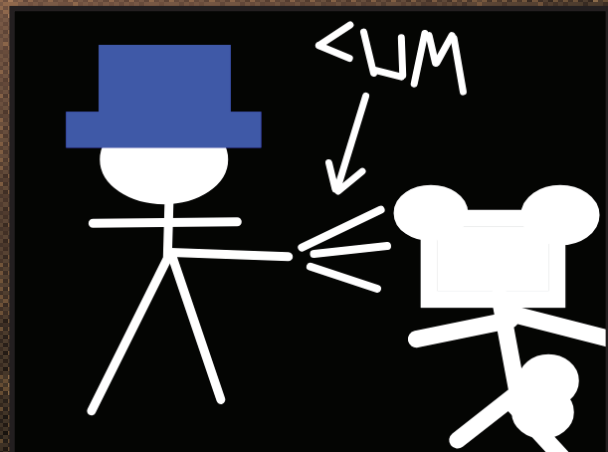
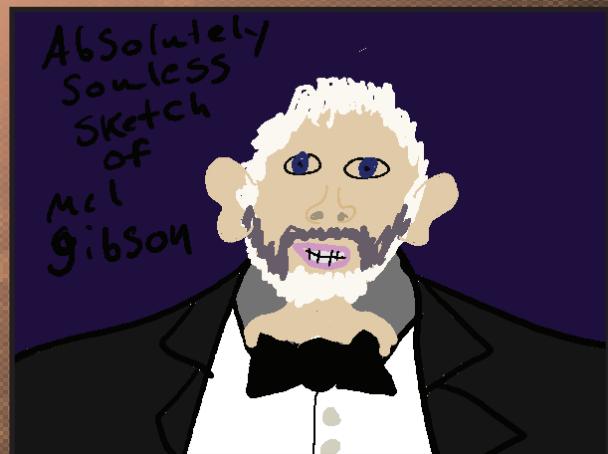


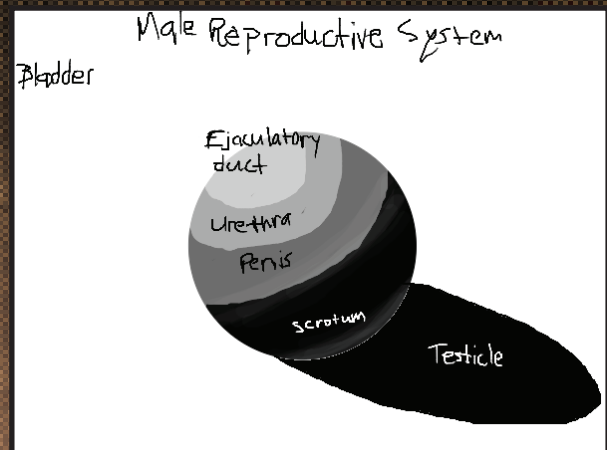
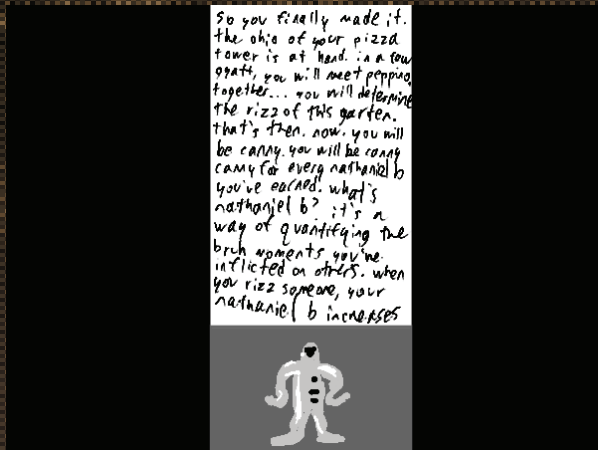




SCHIZO PHRENIC

Hey. Why does my
lamp look so flat?





**-_Credits

- AE
- Aeon
- Ahhh
- Anu
- Atlas
- Grace
- Gufiu
- Jaq
- King Tut
- Kingsalad
- Liarouji
- Mar
- Marshal
- Mermer
- Moog
- Mozart
- Ody
- Smokincatz
- SoNoHead
- Shoji
- Vistram
- Wadda
- Zanaphrax

Thank you all for your continued support, love
and passion for art.

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