

# ACRYLIC

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# VENT

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Permission To  
Lose Your  
MIND



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VOLUME 1 : TALES FROM THE HALF-REALITY

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COMICS  
ANTHOLOGY

BY JOEY S. HUTTON

# Welcome To The Anarchic Universe Of Joey S. Hutton (In Comic Form)

**Our agenda in this issue of  
Acrylic Vent:**

**Item 1:** Bring the art house genre to the masses. More people must see the independent, experimental stories and visuals, hidden across the art community and the Internet. Because "experimental" automatically makes it good, right? Right?

**Item 2:** Create an outlet/published dustbin for Joey. The head of Orbus Studios has a notorious reputation for shitposting and overthinking the oddest things. Some say he's mad. Some say he's an idiot who believes he's clever. Either way, he needs to scoop his brains out and rub it all over these pages for his own health, before the brainworms' eggs hatch.

**Item 3:** Just... just read the damn comic. Really, think of it as a charity to a starving (possibly bonkers) artist. He's got my wife tied up PLEASE BUY IT!

# ACRYLIC VENT COMICS

## VOLUME #1

**-THE THREE FRIENDS WHO KINDA HATE EACH OTHER!**

**-TRIG**

**-MY JUNKIE FRIEND**

**-YA DICKHEAD**



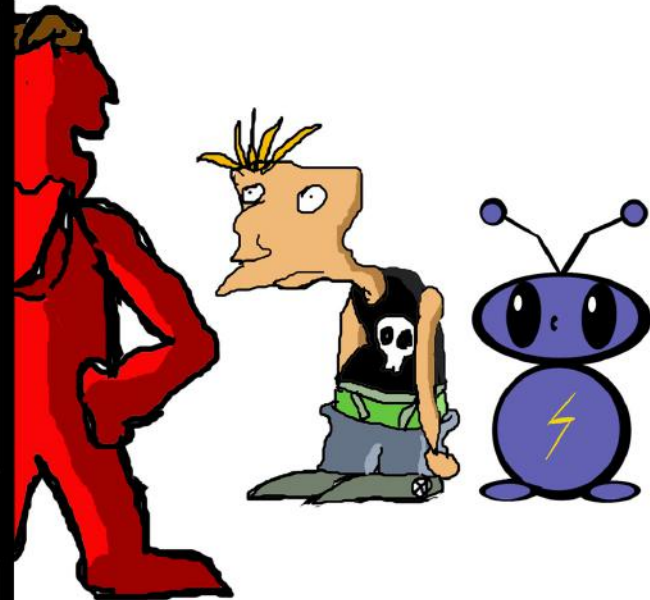
**-TALES OF MESTRYA**

**-THAT'S HOW SALLY WALKS (AV EXCLUSIVE CONTENT!)**

# ACRYLIC VENT!

The Three Friends Who Kinda Hate Each Other!

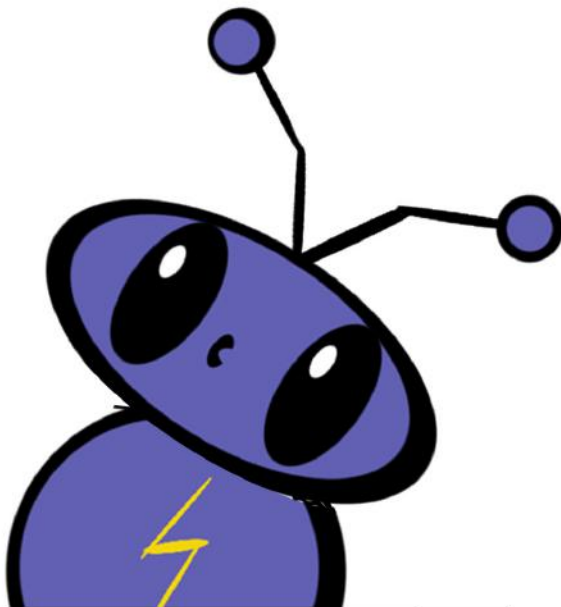
"...AND SO, THAT'S MY IDEA."



"Very Well thought out I believe. ANY CRITICISM?"



"FZZ-WZZ-BEE-POP-PHZZ--"



"Dude, no one cares about your input because you're a fucking idiot. Just sayin'!"



"Just Saying" = Those Magical Little Words That Help You Get Away With Any Kind Of Rudeness!



# TRIG

| © Orbus Studios Animation |





Across the Galaxy, there  
are many people who say  
war is justified...

...There are excuses like  
money and oil problems  
to soothe their already  
dirty conscience...

But when done in  
the name of God,  
it is said that  
Hell becomes all  
too real.



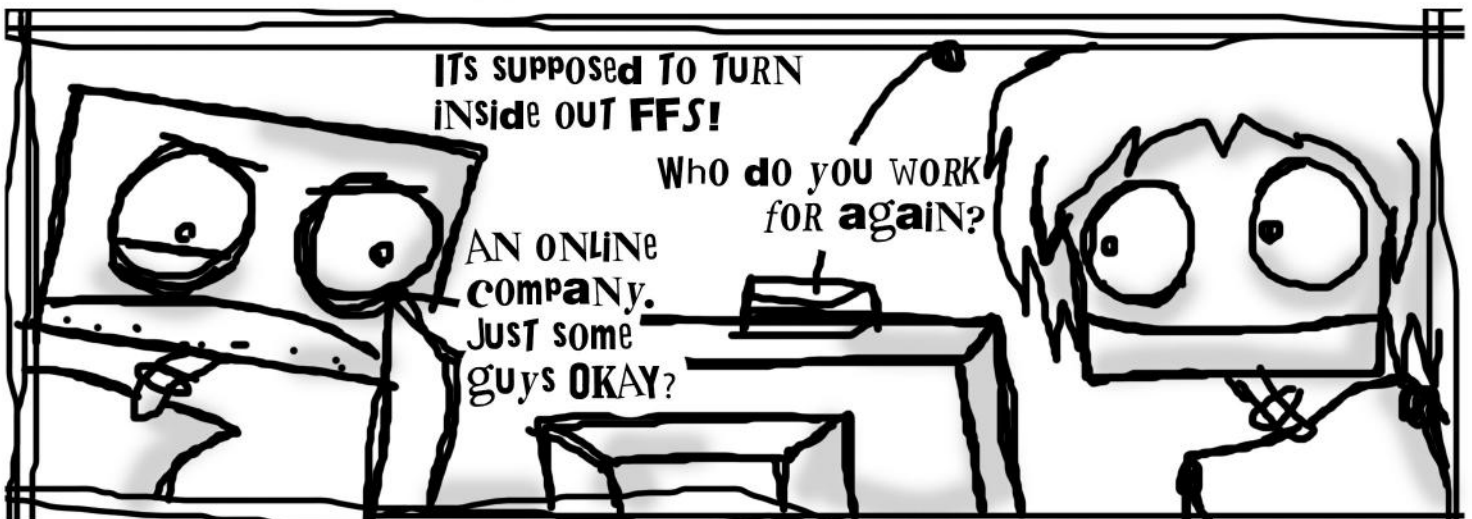
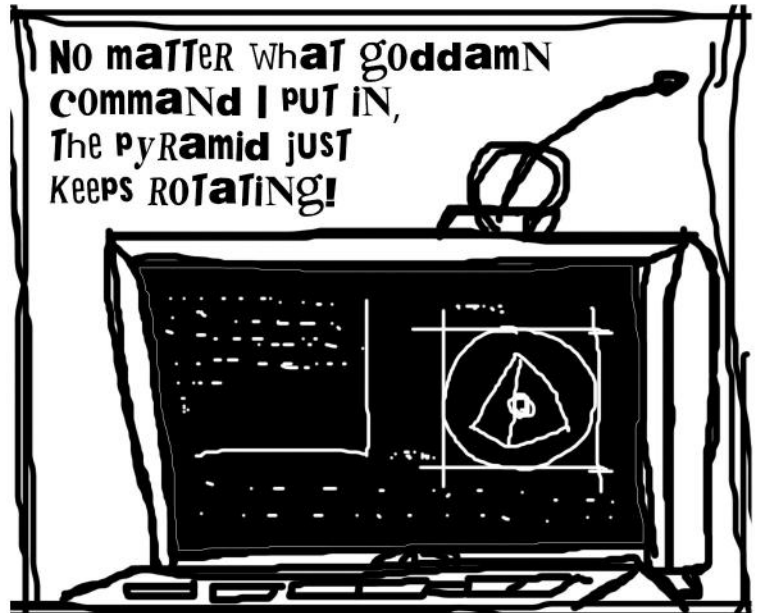
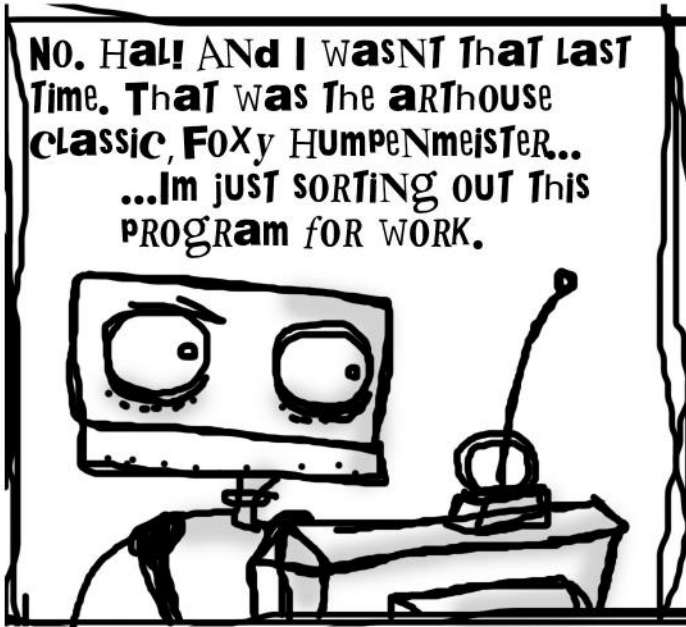
Valiance is an oh-so pretty word for arrogance. The arrogance of armed forces as they internally demolish the homes and souls of the sufferers.



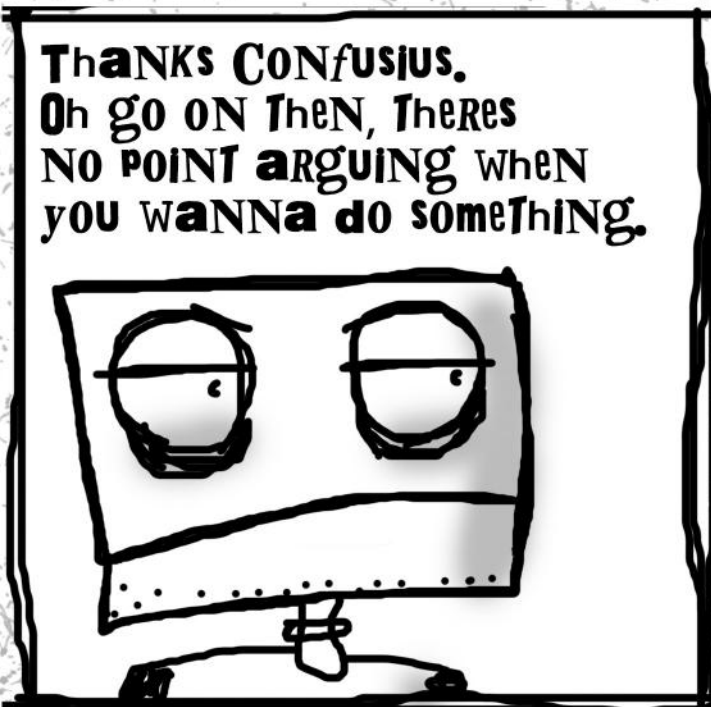
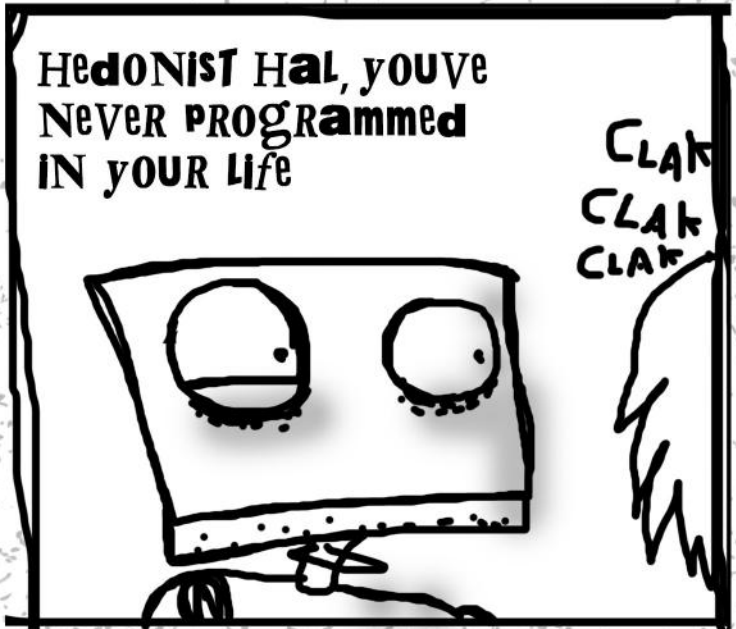
However, the hellish images seered into their minds are somewhat brightened by good intentions. But I refuse to believe that is enough...

# MY JUNKIE FRIEND

# BITCHTED + HEDONIST HAL IN REVOLUTION ABLUTIONS









HAROLD, WOT  
DA FUK  
RU DOING

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I'M  
CHASING  
MY DREAMS  
YA DICKED!



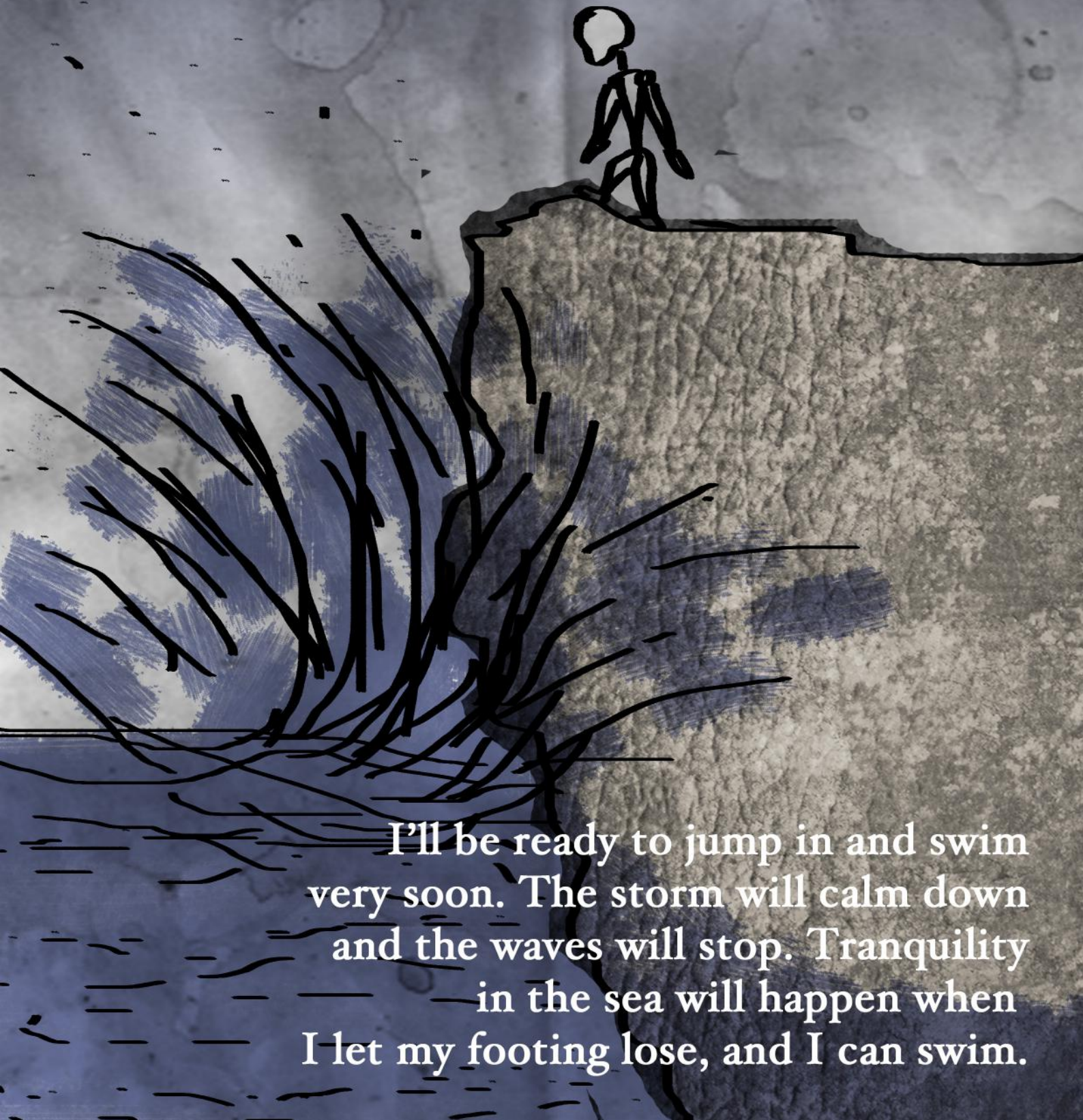
U DREAM  
ABOUT  
POISONOUS  
GAS CLOUDS

This is the edge...

It took me so many years to get here.

I climbed, fell down hills, got myself injured. I saw the sun and planted many seeds in the Earth. But here I am.

The edge, at last.



I'll be ready to jump in and swim very soon. The storm will calm down and the waves will stop. Tranquility in the sea will happen when I let my footing lose, and I can swim.

# THAT'S HOW SALLY WALKS.

## Acrylic Vent Exclusive

### #1 - 'Sinny Sally'



# Wouldn't That Be Sick?!

#1

You know what would be fuckin' sick? If at some point in the future, Psyche-Chatrooms were invented. What's that, you ask? Well, consider how online chatrooms are used now: text, audio and/or video. Now consider your own thought as something tangible; not necessarily physical, but form of substance. When you think, for instance now as you're reading this page, you can "feel" this form in your brain. It's like a vibrating light, switching on when brainpower is used, and switching off when the mind is at rest. It cannot be seen or heard, but it can be felt... now what if others could feel it, and you could feel theirs?

Apply the same idea to text on a screen: not physical, but a form, a body of substance that we can understand as a message. We've had text chatrooms for decades; it's time for thought chatrooms. Each Psyche-Chat would be a realm of no physical being,

but thought itself would exist. You cannot see or hear in this realm, because there is no need for those senses. We would only sense the presence of the others in the chat and what they think and feel. A realm suggests substance and space; our minds and the space between minds. It would be amazing to communicate in a way where we don't need to think of a good enough word or how to put a message in a sentence, because we could just think it to the other folks in the chat!

Misunderstandings would never happen, because honesty is inevitable and communication would be perfect... Y'know, like how new couples pretend to be. Now thought privacy settings... that's gonna be a bitch to decide.

But anyway,  
Wouldn't that be sick??!

-Joey

Chapter 1  
Krochus'  
Quest

# Tales of Mestrya

By  
Joey S.  
Hutton

## Trubbru Village

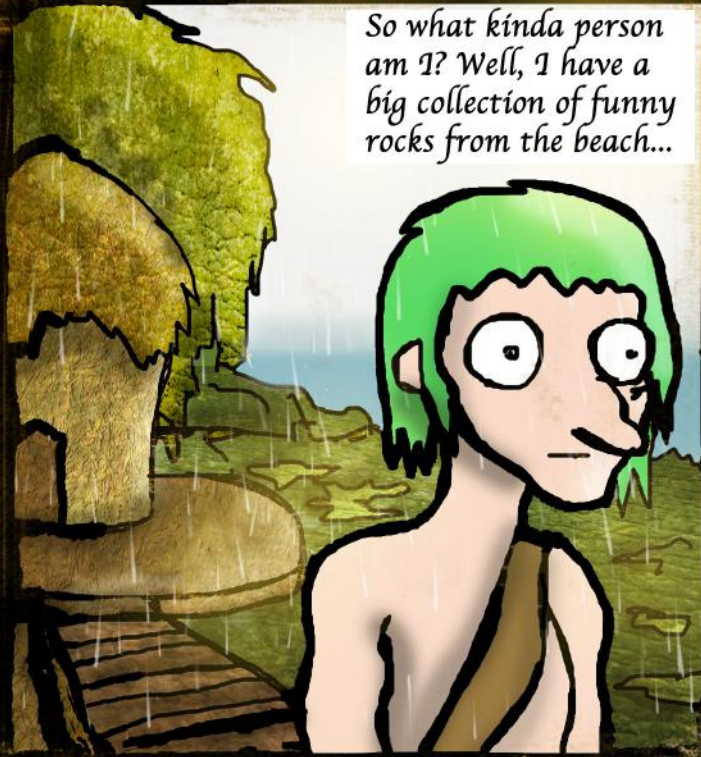


"Hey, I'm Krochus.  
This is me, tying  
a rope. Just village  
stuff, y'know..."



Then I tie  
the rope  
around this  
tree outside  
my hut...

So what kinda person am I? Well, I have a big collection of funny rocks from the beach...



I study advanced magic too! I mean, everyone knows the basic stuff, but I'm really super good at it.



"Krochus, I've got your grades from your last test, and they are just awful. Are you sure you wanna keep studying here? Because you are just the worst at magic."



"Oh... right."

Oh Rhaata... Please ignore that? The education system only goes so far anyway, right? Okay, so I'm probably not a master at magic, but I wanna become a Mage one day. Y'know, the folks who heal people. Anyway, enough prologues, here's my tale:



# YA DICKHEAD COMIC #2

'going on an  
adventure INIT'

DUN BY JOEY HUTT



There AINT NUFFING  
GAY ABOUT DIS



# JESUS FUK

