

ARCHIVES OF FUDGEMORE



The Archives of Fudgemore

A History of Truth Seekers

Volume 3 Issue 3: Obifus and the Big Lie

by Bao Luo

Published by School of Unusual Arts

61 Adelaide Street, Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada

Schoolofunusualarts.com

ISSN 2816-2781 (Online Version)

ISSN 2816-2773 (Print)

First Edition

Copyright © 2021 Bao Luo

All rights reserved.

For permissions contact: info@schoolofunusualarts.com

Cover concepts: Bao Luo

Cover design by @upillustrations

[Tell me more Stories](#)

Obifus and the Big Lie

In which Obifus with the help of his donkey has an insight which could stop a war from happening.

It was day three of his third day of travel, and Obifus the liar and his donkey were engaged in deep conversation on the threefold meaning of life, and how to stop a war from happening. He was thinking to himself “When the pumpkin filled with water was on my head, I had an insight which I must try and remember and elaborate.”

Obi, (the nickname his donkey gave him) finally spoke out loud and said “let me see”. “My insight began with- conflict arises from...” but nothing more appeared. Obi struggled silently to find the associative thread that connected the chain of thoughts that formed the insight that he must retrieve in order to come up with a plan to stop the war. Doing this kind of thing under pressure is not easy, as was evident from the kind of techniques Obi was forced to employ. First, he stuck out his tongue. Then with his left hand he scratched his head, then with his right hand he began pulling at his ear, and finally he began bobbing up and down on the back of the donkey. All the while the donkey was rolling his eyes in disbelief and disgust at how his master could not remember something so basic.

Now the donkey, as we might assume, was very wise. And the biggest difference between donkeys and humans is that humans equate wisdom with patience, while for the donkey these two are ineluctably juxtaposed. The donkey therefore being exceedingly wise was yet exceedingly impatient and finally couldn’t take it anymore. He came to a full stop, widened his eyes and looked from right to left, which attitude in donkeys always spells the word FEAR, as though something might be coming.

“Of course!” cried Obi. “If it were not for my keeping the company of the wise, indeed I should remain a fool forever. Thank you, my dear companion and teacher”. And in a state of reverence for his donkey, he remembered the whole thing.

“Conflict arises from fear. Yes, that is it! And fear arises from ignorance, and Ignorance from belief and belief from the need to interpret the world in order to survive. And Interpretation is based on the best we can know, and of what we cannot know, what we imagine. Therefore, in order to conquer the cause of conflict we need to challenge what we think we know and even more so what we imagine to be the truth. To challenge what we think we know, we must feel secure. To feel secure, we need to have the feeling that there is no threat. Therefore, I must tell a lie which allows both parties to feel that there is no threat, and yet to challenge what they think they know.”

Then Obi in a fit of gratitude got off his donkey, and facing him head on, fell on his knees and prostrated himself then and there. And just at this same moment he was observed by the mayor wearing his pointy hat, and a small crowd of others who were anxiously awaiting his return.

“Obifus!” shouted the mayor. “What measure of insanity has brought you to praying to your donkey?”

On hearing his name called, Obifus the liar shot up like a bamboo shoot and made up the quickest lie he could think of.

“Indeed, your worship, it must be a matter of perspective, for I had just dropped my klobashka and was trying to stop my donkey from treading upon it.”

“And what pray tell is a klobashka?” asked the mayor

“It is a thing about which there is a story which I must tell another time”, replied Obifus “for I have enlightening information to share with you pertaining to the urgent matter at hand!”

On hearing these words, the donkey brayed and shook his head, and Obifus could not have agreed more. Wouldn't it be amazing if the urgent matter at hand pertained to gratitude, or love?” But the urgent matter at hand has come to be a synonym for brotherly conflict and hatred, and so, there was no need for further qualification.

Obifus was at once brought to the council chambers where he appeared before council to provide them with council, and the whole situation was charged with anticipation for what he might say, seeing as the information he was about to reveal might help them get the upper hand in the war they were planning for.

The big liar began the big lie thus: “My dear folks, after I left you I made the three day journey to “over there” where, as I mentioned the barbarians had given me costume in a time of past need. With this costume covering my person, I was immediately accepted as a local and owing to a stunt played by my clever donkey (but that is another story), I became familiar with all the village intelligentsia, not the least of which was a certain plumber. This person, being intimate with every household and the affairs thereof turned out to be my most valued source of information.

“We don't need to know about the donkey or the plumber!” said one councillor “Can you please get to the heart of the matter?”

“Indeed, your respectableness, this reminder to not get distracted is much like the pumpkin I once filled with water and placed on my head” Obifus replied.

And so without distraction he continued. “To the credit of his worship the mayor, it turns out that the people from “over there” were indeed plotting something”.

The mayor puffed his chest and the council cast admiring eyes upon their beloved leader.

“The plot they were plotting, however was not what I originally thought. You see, according to the plumber, not a soul in the village is capable of any kind of warfare. Their primitive minds are too occupied with what the season has to offer to conceive of meddling in others business let alone planning to do so. You see, instead of spending their time wisely in preoccupation with future potential threats, they live their days uselessly enjoying themselves. In their larders where should be stored implements of self defence and destruction, they store instead such things as potatoes, salted leeks and cabbage. The best part of it is this. Owing to a slow process known as evolution, they have become self conscious of their deficiencies and wish to form alliances with superior people in order to exchange said leeks and potatoes for customs suitable to free them of their barbaric ways. And the only means they have at their disposal for forming said alliances, the only things they have to offer are such things as leeks, potatoes games and wine. With this invaluable knowledge obtained and, in my bag, so to speak, I hatched the perfect plan. I saddled my donkey and...

“Enough of the donkey!” cried another councillor, “the plan?”

“Thank you, your excellency,” rejoined Obifus “this reminder not to get distracted reminds me of a candy maker I once encountered about whom an interesting story was written”.

And so, without distraction he continued. “The plan in short is that, becoming aware of their desire to form alliances with superior people, I insinuated my way into their council chambers and told them all about the superior people and practices of this place. And the council was so excited by my news that they prepared an invitation to your excellencies and have invited as many as can come to a great feast and party in the hopes that your excellencies can help them on the path to a greater and more correct, albeit a more miserable world view. And in their sincerity, they even sent me with an hand written letter, and the hand that wrote the hand written letter was none other than the chief barbarian who happens to be a woman! And about my donkey they...

“Enough about the donkey! A woman? Indeed, these barbarians are barbaric”. Said yet another councillor.

“Thank you for the reminder about my donkey” replied Obifus “I shall stop speaking of the matter and will take it up with my donkey as soon as my donkey...”

“The letter!” Shouted another councillor. “Show us the letter!”

Then Obifus produced from his inner pocket a letter which in truth he had forged. And the letter read:

“Dear noble persons of the land of pointy hats and bindings, we have heard from a certain Obifus, the same that bears this letter, that your country is endowed with superior ways and customs, and we, being of little formal education, wish to hold celebration of your renown in

conjunction with your esteemed excellencies as well as with all persons who might wish to behold our primitive ways and lodgings. We are humbled and elated that your excellencies might yet have the desire to share the kind of wisdom you no doubt have embodied in your customs. Please accept our invitation to festivities and we will do our best to humbly learn from so great a culture as you are espoused to be. Let the date of these festivities be such as is conducive to your excellencies”.

When he finished reading the letter, Obifus took a good look around and a grin appeared deep behind his face, but the face that was visible to all kept composure consistent with the circumstances. “I see that the quills are all lying flat against their backs, and they are relaxing into that blissful state of consciousness known as conceit. The plan is working so far”.

Now there being not time to go into all that led up to the grand encounter, and there being not even time to talk further about the donkey, that being another story, let us proceed to what happened when they finally met.

Both councils having accepted the truth of what Obifus the liar had lied about, a date arrived when the two cultures greeted each other at the gates of the town belonging to “over there”, just as Obifus had planned. And according to the instructions given to the “over there” folk, of which he was one, the people of the pointy hats and bindings were greeted in a most auspicious manner. They were led to a great outdoor arena where the locals cheered and clapped at their arrival, and they were showered with confetti. Sensing all their quills being stroked in the right way, their emotional response could not have been more predictable to Obifus. Namely, that they exhibited that sense of self satisfaction that the imagination of being better than others can produce. And this allowed for a waning of fear and a waxing of self love. And Obifus smiled to himself and thought “indeed they feel secure, and indeed in this state they might be able to question, and thus their ideas might change, and thus perhaps we can avert war”. And all this was the kernel of the plan, the seed, so to speak that must be nurtured into a sprout and watered into a tree if war was to be averted.

And whether there is such a thing as a good lie, and how young people can behave egregiously, and how in the end there was a great train wreck, and how Obifus became rich, well that is another story.

The End

[Tell me more Stories](#)

ARCHIVES OF FUDGEMORE

WISE **FOOL**

HISTORY OF TRUTH SEEKERS

WHO **KNOWS**

Based on
The Philosophy of Meaning®

The Archives of Fudgemore contain hitherto unknown tales of heroic individuals from every corner of the earth, from every age, who have, sometimes accidentally but not without struggle, discovered certain truths about the meaning of life.

They also point out that meaning transcends all cultural and racial barriers, and has the potential to heal not only an individual heart, but the heart of human societies and of humanity as a whole.

The questions of meaning and truth, we come to understand are the most important questions we can face.

Obifus and the big lie is part three of Obifus the Liar in which Obifus with the help of his donkey has an insight which could stop a war from happening.

For more information drop us a line or visit the website schoolfunusualarts.com and become a member

OBIFUS AND THE BIG LIE