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Printed in the United States of America

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18'

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18'

This is Carl. Carl is a North American Crow. Carl went to bed extremely late, thus the lazy bird is still sleeping. Most of the people who live in Melloncamp Carl's small town are currently working.

Disaster strikes early this day. Only two pieces of Lung Candy left.

Sometime in the mid-morning, Carl rouses himself, then reaches out for his pack of Lung Candy.

Oh man its late. What page did I go to bed on last night?

Two should be about enough to get me to Gas N' Stuff.

Just enough

Fortunately for the sake of plot convenience a gas station is never too far away.

The Gas stations have to be very close, because only like to go a few panels every day.

Preferably I really only go like two pages a day.

After a quick walk from his house, Carl arrives at Gas N' Stuff. Carl picks up another pack of Lung Candy, as well as a Glacier Gulp. The Glacier Gulp is gas station soda, that comes in a very large Styrofoam cup. Glacier Gulp is Carl's favorite beverage. The crow is rarely without the blue lined Styrofoam-cup, plastic straw, and delicious Kola flavored drink.

I wish one day I would just slip in a place like this.

Actually, if I am wishing for things. I wish I would win a golden scratchy.

I can't even begin to imagine how many issues I would be set for If I won a golden Scratchy.

After purchasing his necessary provisions Carl made his way towards a local public park to loiter. Loitering is one of Carl's favorite hobbies.

Sadly Carl, it seems Carl has chosen a poor time to enjoy the great outdoors.

I smell fun.
I hate fun.

You are disgusting.
This is a public
park for kids! You
are setting a
terrible example

I won't even think
negative about this
guy. I know those
thoughts will only
get me in more
trouble. So please
(Insert your own
joke here.)


Furthermore,
you are killing
yourself. You
know your killing
yourself right!
How does
anyone do
something as
stupid as
smoking!

No smoking
outside I wish
that was a
new one.

Well I was going to take it easy on you and
only give you a warning. Haha no I can't
even pretend that true. I am going to make
sure you receive the maximum fine for this
infraction.

List of
Rules





The judge much like the police officer was not impressed with Carl's public display of poor morals.

Carl due to your massive list of priors, coupled with the very disturbing citations you recently received. I see no alternative to this plan of action. You must pay each fine completely. You must also complete a hefty amount of community service hours. If you fail to accomplish these tasks then I will be forced to send you to prison for an undetermined number of pages. I am ordering you to meet with our job coordinator he can help you find work, in hopes you can pay your fines.

I think Judge Stupidfoot may need some lung candy himself.

Later that day at the office of the Job coordinator.



During the meeting with the job coordinator, Carl told a tale. The tale Carl told was about how no decent crow had ever been traditionally employed. Carl would not be the first to do so. Carl then continued to tell the job counselor "not to worry," as he had "Big Plans," to make the required riches needed to pay his fines.

After hearing Carls story the job counselor threw up his arms in indifference. "You can lead a crow to Lung Candy, but you can't make them smoke."




Carl's Big Plan of course was to get rich by exploiting the "inna-net." As many people seemed to getting rich on the "inna-net.". Carl assumed he could get some followers (which directly correlates to financial gain) if he really tried.

Hey a "Bit-oh-Coin," looks like my luck is already starting to change.

I think "Bits-oh-coin," are making people wealthy overnight.

Bit-Coin is said to be worth big money as of the writing of this comic book. The author is unsure however if a "bit-oh-coin," is worth much. Or anything at all for that matter.



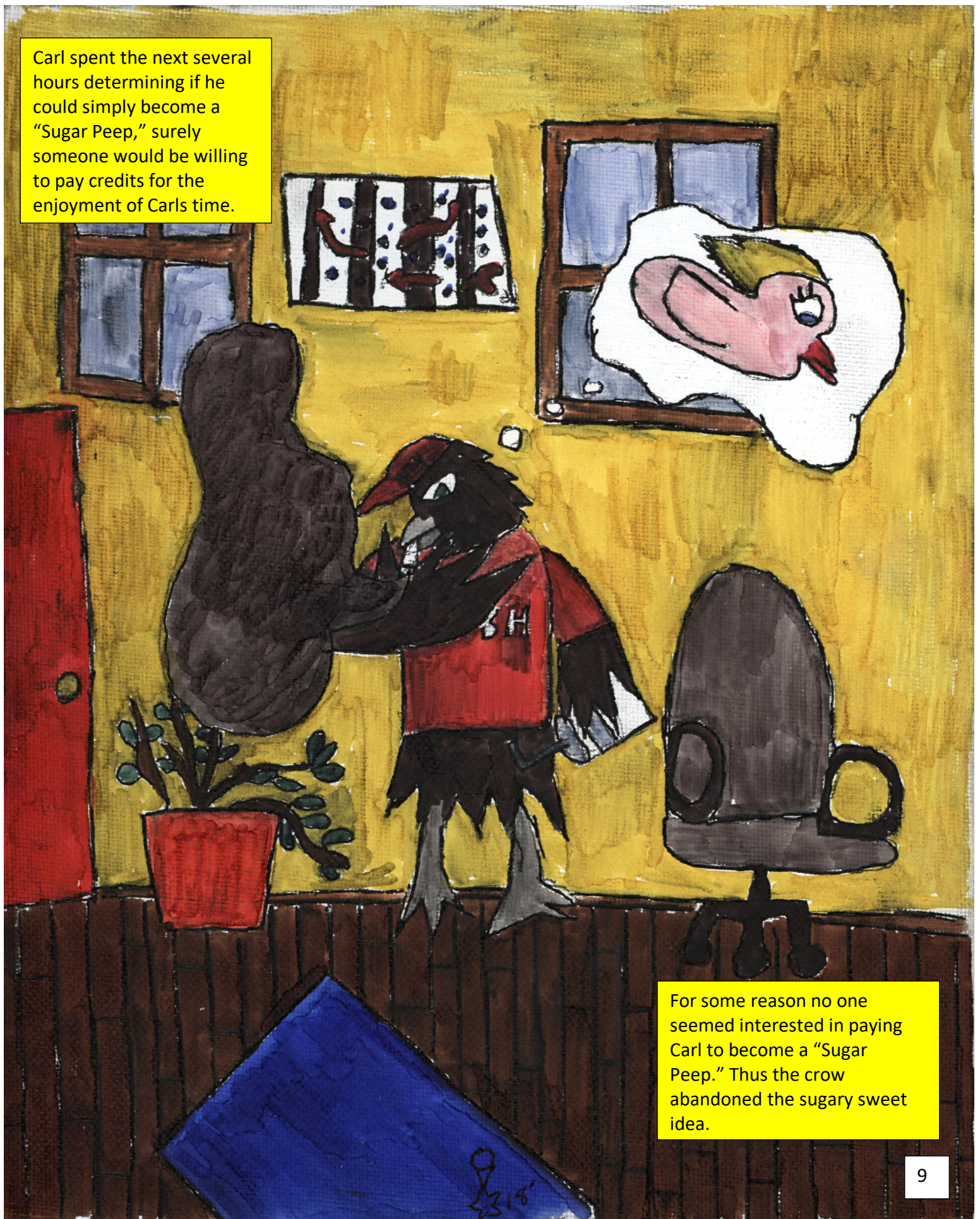
Wow, banks
are a lot nicer
than I thought.

I wonder if
these pens are
free.

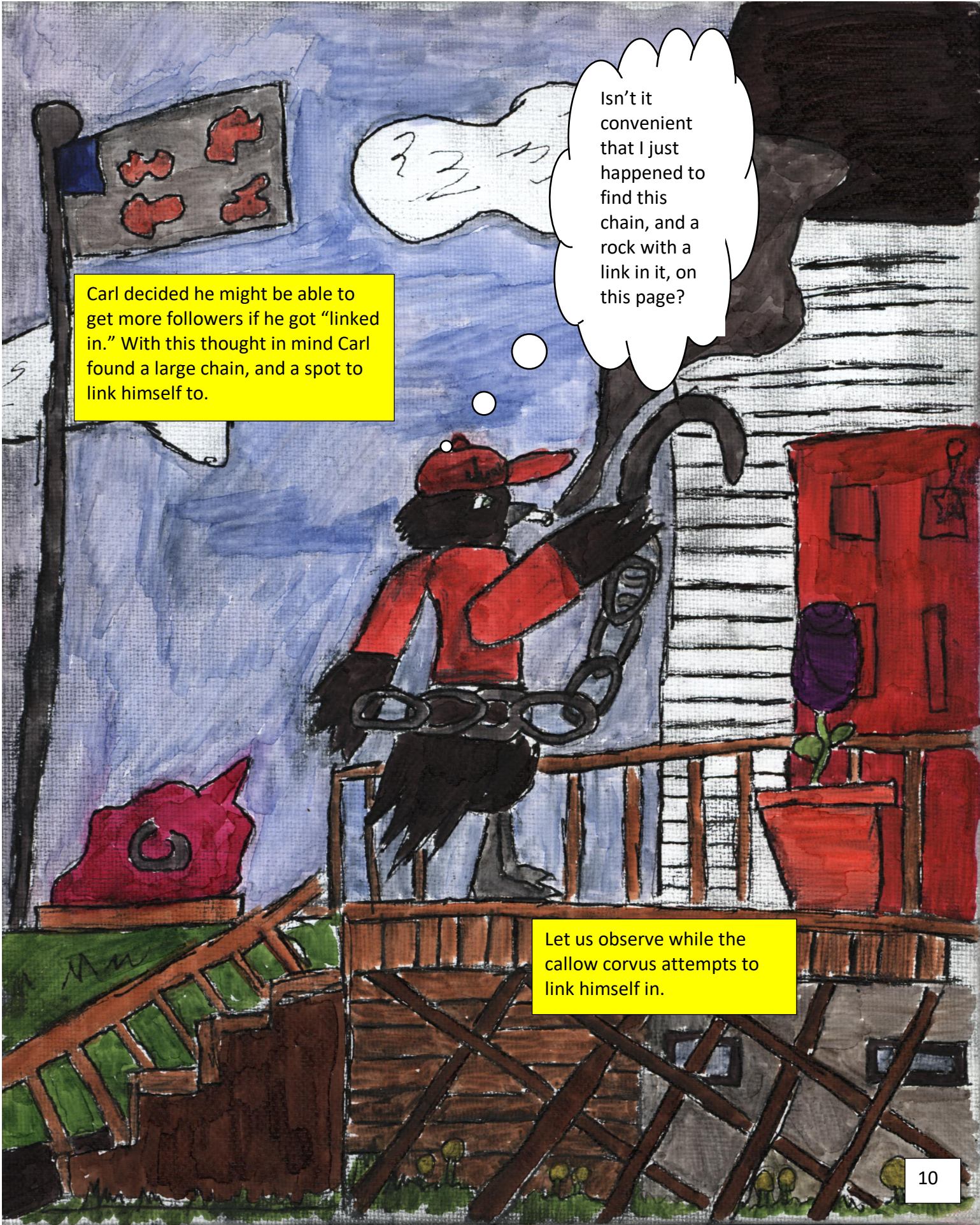
Sir this amount
is less than
necessary to
start an
account. I am
going to have
to ask you to
leave.

When Carl took the "Bit oh Coin" to his local credit union. The clerk told Carl that the "Bit oh Coin" that Carl had found was not the type of "Bit Coin," that was worth money. The clerk then threw up her arms in indifference while Carl headed out to continue his get rich quick scheme.

Carl spent the next several hours determining if he could simply become a "Sugar Peep," surely someone would be willing to pay credits for the enjoyment of Carls time.



For some reason no one seemed interested in paying Carl to become a "Sugar Peep." Thus the crow abandoned the sugary sweet idea.



Carl decided he might be able to get more followers if he got "linked in." With this thought in mind Carl found a large chain, and a spot to link himself to.

Isn't it convenient that I just happened to find this chain, and a rock with a link in it, on this page?

Let us observe while the callow corvus attempts to link himself in.



What's this? Carl while trying to get linked in took a tumble®.

A scene of tragedy. The Glacier Gulp, Carl had purchased only a few pages ago now laid spilled all over the ground.



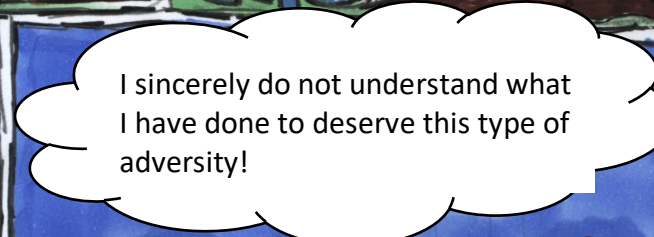
How could Carl's day get any worse?

Literally how could my day get any worse?




That's how!

Wet lung candy! Now Carl knows what it feels like to hit rock bottom.



Against dauntless adversity, the Crow stands tall. Carl has been fighting the law, and bad luck (brought about by bad Karma) for most of his life. While Carl would need another Glacier Gulp, and more lung candy, the Callow Corvus's fight against bureaucracy would continue on the next page. After he purchased these necessities.



Well, I haven't made any money today, and I am working on my second Glacier Gulp. I try not to count how much Lung Candy I have on a day to day basis. I feel bad about myself when I think too hard about that.

I may not have been successful in the last few pages. I am sure however that my next few ideas will be good ones.

After a quick stop at Gas N' Stuff. Carl is ready to continue his quest of becoming Internet famous. Perhaps his next few ideas will be the ones that set Carl apart from all the other internet personalities.

Carl after a bit of traveling finally arrived at his destination. The local bog. What bird brain scheme could Carl be trying now?

Typically writing a bog would be easy. Sadly Carl, has a hard time with his right and lefts. Carl missed that day of school, but that's a different story.

How hard can "righting a bog" be?

Which way is right again?

Is this right?

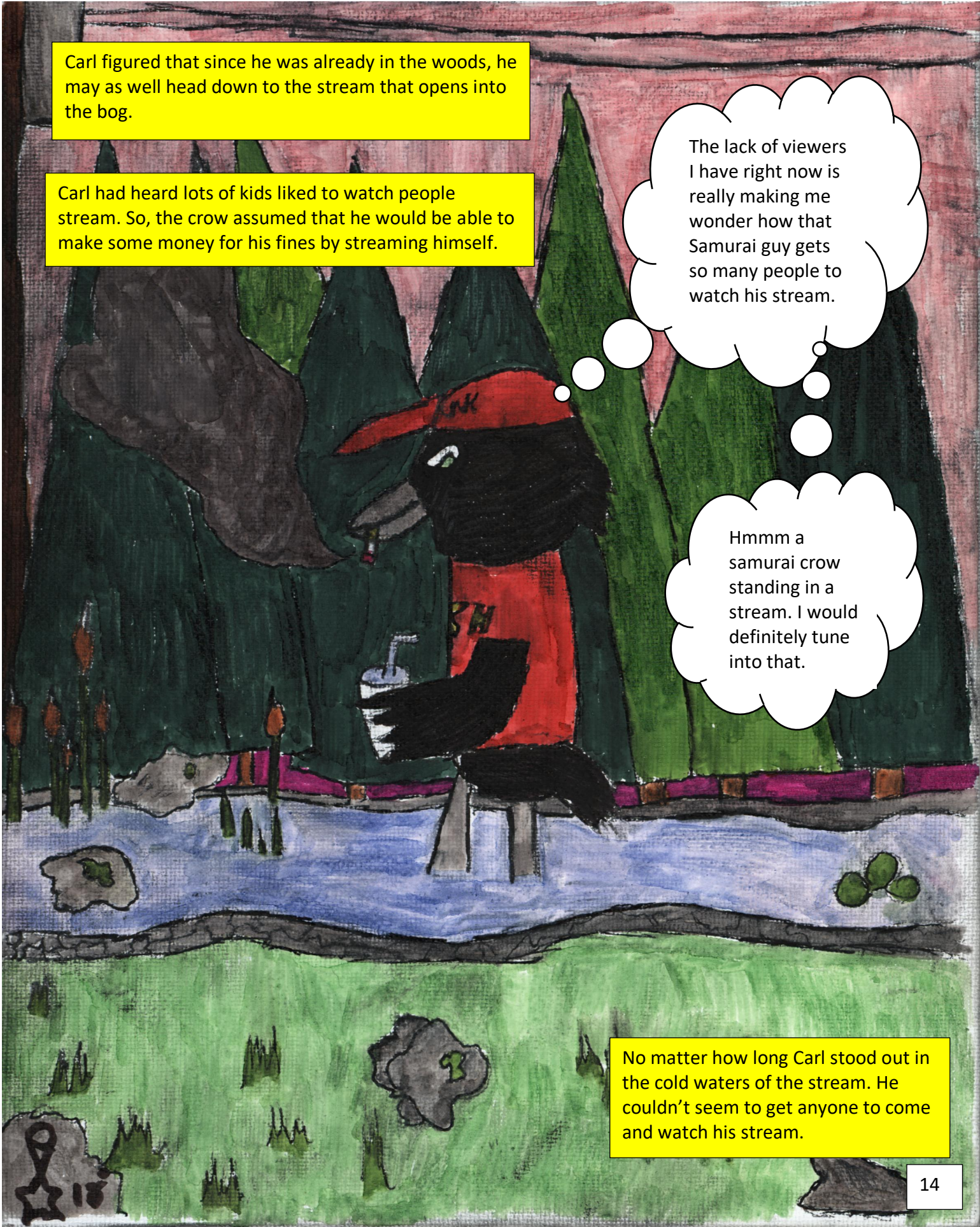
No wait.

No I think this is right.

No one came to the bog that day to witness Carls righting.

I can't believe people get paid to stand around in bogs all day.

Actually, I can. I hate it outside.



Carl figured that since he was already in the woods, he may as well head down to the stream that opens into the bog.

Carl had heard lots of kids liked to watch people stream. So, the crow assumed that he would be able to make some money for his fines by streaming himself.

The lack of viewers I have right now is really making me wonder how that Samurai guy gets so many people to watch his stream.

Hmmm a samurai crow standing in a stream. I would definitely tune into that.

No matter how long Carl stood out in the cold waters of the stream. He couldn't seem to get anyone to come and watch his stream.

Carl after waiting a short time for viewers decided to pitch a tent out in the woods. Carl does not seem to be at his camp site now. Where could he have gone?

Carl seems to have gone out into the woods, and found some tinder.



All of my friends have tinder. Maybe I will meet someone with my tinder that will be able to help me with my fines.

Who am I kidding I don't have friends.

Yuck I hope that Crow doesn't see me.

Carl seems to be having a problem lighting a fire with the tinder.

Then Carl saw something out of the corner of his eye.



Hmm maybe I need to work on my profile.

Could it be?

A very elusive Bumble!

The bumble did not indicate any interest in Carl as she passed his camp site.

Just like that the bumble flew right past our hero. Carl will have to try another plan if he wants to find a rich woman to take care of him.

Maybe I should shower more.

I hope none of my friends see me on the same panel as this creep.

Wait I don't smell as bad as I look like I do.

Or I could smoke less

CAW!

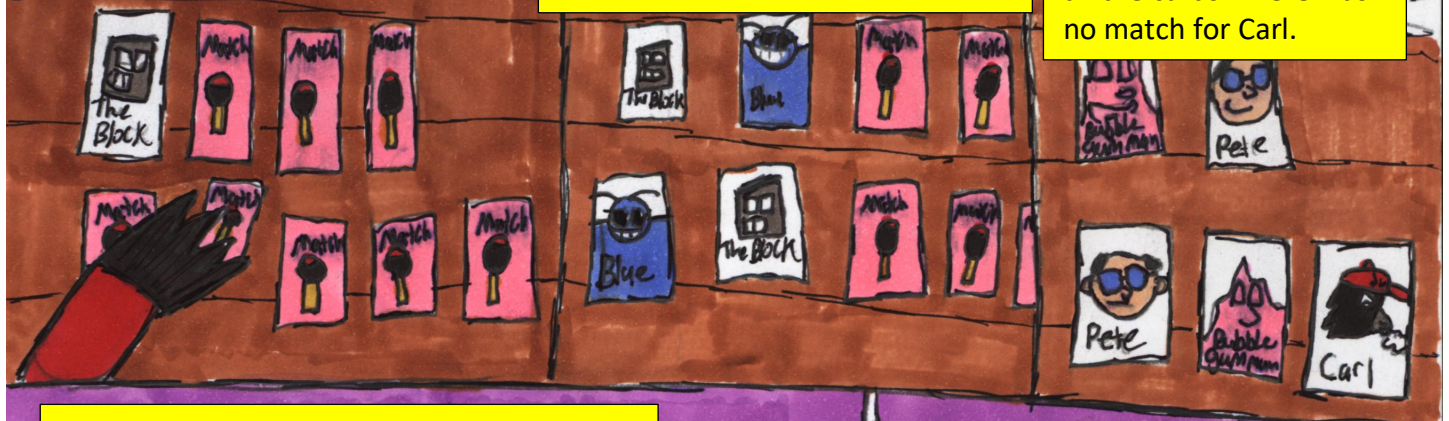


A wood elf who saw Carl's plight decided he would try to help Carl. All Carl had to do was play the wood elf's "match" game.



Carl flips one card while looking for his match.

Eventually Carl found two matches. Carl still did not flip his match over.



Sadly, even after flipping all the cards. There was no match for Carl.

Sadly, there was no match for Carl. Carl then impolitely asked the wood elf to leave. The elf threw up his hands in indifference then headed back into the woods from whence he came.

CAW.

I should have known match was too good to be true!

That bird will never find a match with an attitude like that.

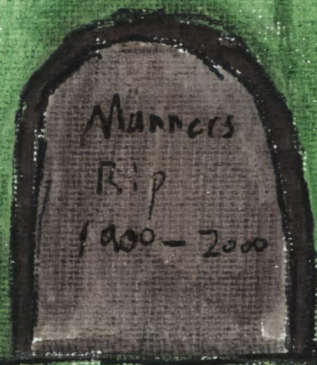


After Carl's very disappointing run in with the wood elf, he decided to try and mine for "crypt-oh-currency," at the local cemetery. Carl with pick-axe in hand, decided not to mine at the graveyard. Carl assumed this infraction would likely increase the amount of money he would have pay to his already large fine.


You know, on second thought mining in a cemetery seems unwise considering the amount of fines I already have to pay.

This seems to be quite an unsavory way to make money.

No wonder, people are getting rich mining in crypts.



Carl hung out "on-line," during his walk home from the cemetery. Carl knew many people who seemed to get great ideas "on-line." Carl has been hanging around on-lines his whole life, and has never really gotten a great idea from hanging up there.



I thought there were supposed to be good ideas pinned around here somewhere.

So far, the only idea I've had is "I should have paid better attention in school."

I think it's a little late for that one.

Carl tried to tweet. Carl is a crow so all that came out was a "Caw."

That little blue bird makes tweeting look so easy.

Everyone seemed to care about Craigs list.

I wish my
illustrator
named me
Craig instead of
Carl.

Then people
would be
more willing
to help me
with this
ridiculously
long list of
chores.

No one cared at all about
Carls list....



Geez how many panels am I going to have to walk to get home.

Carl does not seem to take any notice of the sign under the bridge that warns for trolls.

If I had a dollar for every time I was about to go under a dark alleyway at night I would have like...well I would have enough to not be in this comic at least.

This guy has no idea the kind of issue I have been having.

Wait till I tell this guy a snide comment.


I bet I can hurt his feelings. Hee -hee.

Caw caw caw, caw.

Due to the nature of the insult made against the trolls "Adile," shoes the comment will not be translated at this time.

The real question that arises from the reading of this page is "who was the real troll under the bridge?"

It looks as if Carl has upset the troll...



After a full day of trying to get “inna-net” riches. Carl was still dead broke.

This figures the only time in my life I want people to follow me. Not a single person does. All other times in my life I haven't wanted people to follow me, and I have literally had to beat them away with sticks.

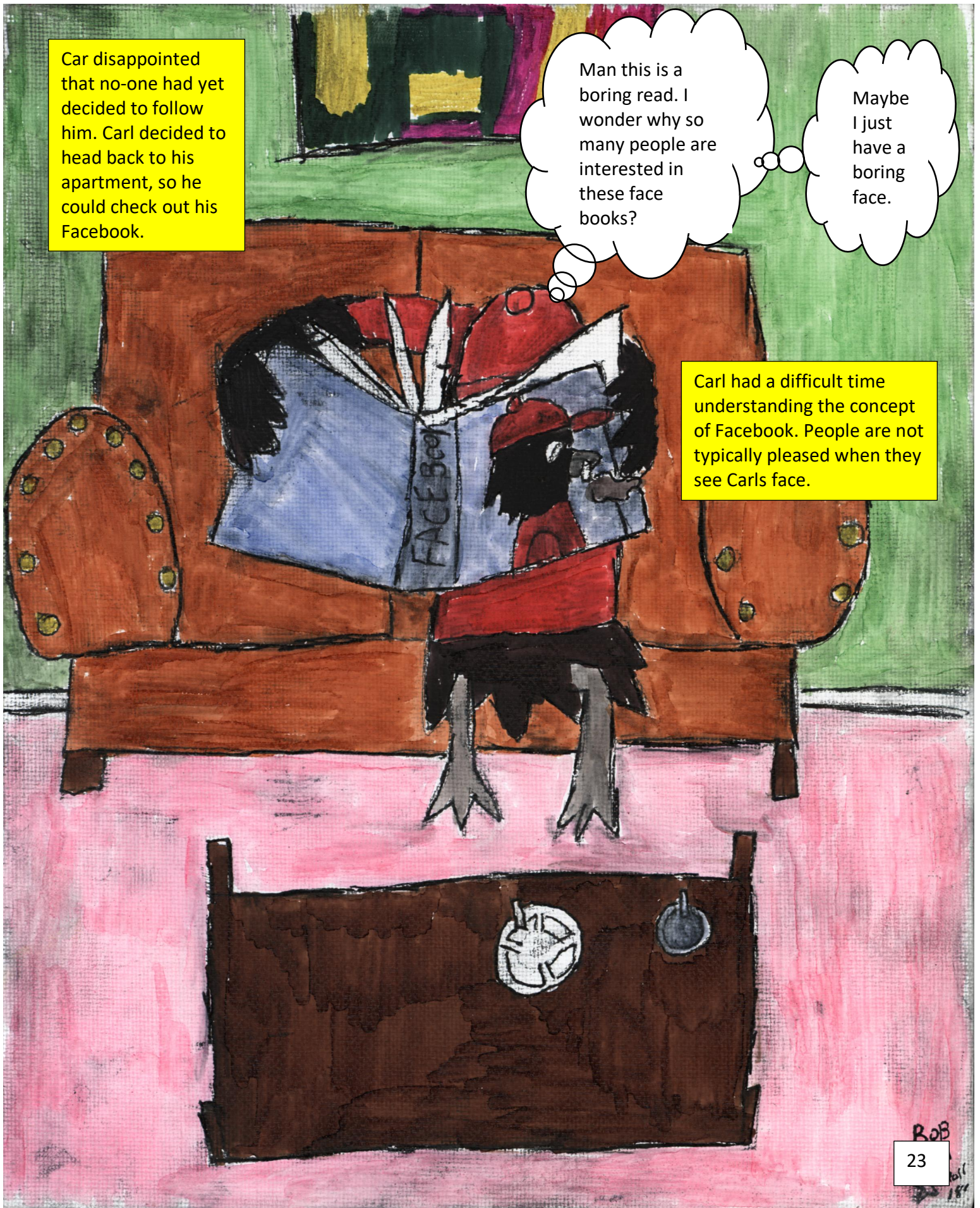
Worse yet still no-one followed Carl....

Carl disappointed that no-one had yet decided to follow him. Carl decided to head back to his apartment, so he could check out his Facebook.

Man this is a boring read. I wonder why so many people are interested in these face books?

Maybe I just have a boring face.

Carl had a difficult time understanding the concept of Facebook. People are not typically pleased when they see Carl's face.



Carl tried out "You-Tube."
Carl spent a lot of time
getting in to the tube. Carl
really did not understand
how people were climbing
into this sort of contraption
"every day bro."

I knew I
should
have lit a
piece of
lung
candy,
before I
tried I
this. I
can't
reach my
beak.

Also, if I
am
going to
be doing
this
every
day, I
am
going to
need to
start
buying
some
longer
straws.



Is this going to happen every time I fall asleep?*

*Yeah probably
-BVS

All of a sudden Carl was falling through a strange place. The place was known as "my space."

Ah look it's the ghost of Tom. Tom seems to be trying to communicate with Carl.

What is this strange snap language?

Ahh, it looks as if the Callow Corvus will try to "snap chat," with the ghost.

This page sucks. My-Space is so 2008.

After wandering away from the snap chatting ghost, Carl came upon a "red it" to lean against while he smoked. Seemingly from out of nowhere a strange and very creepy clown appeared. The clown was interested in knowing if Carl had ever "read it" before?

Clowns really creep me out.



After spending a few more pages in the dream world "My Space," Carl came upon a dark obelisk with the words "Insta Grami" scrawled upon it.

I don't know what this button does but imma press it.

I love pressing buttons.

Typically those button belong to other people. Not machines.

All of a sudden, a great glowing light emerged from the top of the mysterious-black-monolith. A ghostly figure could be faintly seen emerging from the light.

GRAMi?!

Carl's long past grandma suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Grami then motioned to Carl. Carl knew what she wanted immediately.

Carl woke up "twitching." Carl should have known it was a dream. There is no way he would ever read it. I mean they made a movie of it. Carl has a set-in stone rule, that if there's a movie he will not read the book. To be honest Carl's rule is really, just don't read books,

Twenty-six pages later Carl has still not earned any scratch to pay off his hefty fines. Nor has Carl began to work on his large amount of community service hours. Will Carl get rich quick off the internet? Will the black bird finish his community service hours, and keep his freedom? Find out in the next mildly-entertaining issue of Callow Corvus!

Oh my god, I can't believe I am not rich yet. How do these internet celebrities do it?

Also how am I supposed to get rich doing community service?