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For Stan....Nuff Said.

Somewhere in the dessert near the town of Grave Rock saunters an invisible man, with a magnificent mustache.



Hi I am Sheriff Invisible. I've been sent to the dessert to search for bounties do you have any good leads.

Yeah the cork board is right back there. Go ahead and pick any bounty you want.

*Captain invisible, and Mad Cow were on the original Van Starr Productions hero team together. These comics were never officially published - BVS

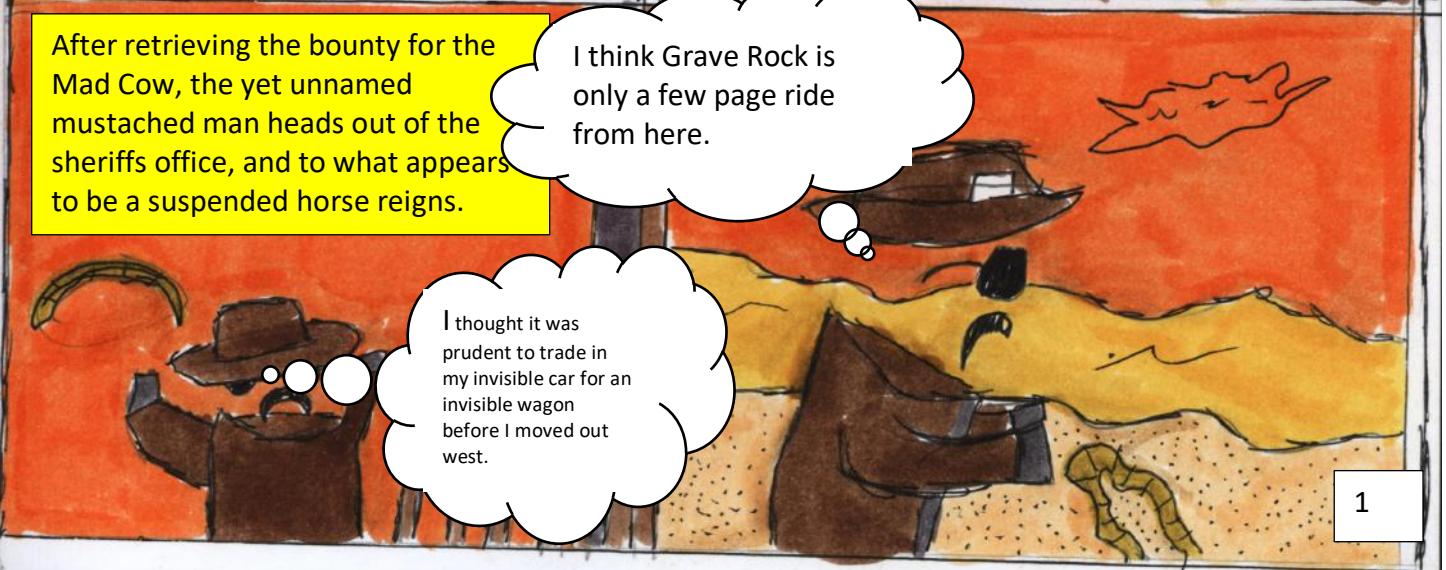
I wonder if there are any bounties worth my time.



Mad Cow is wanted huh? The two of us used to be on a team together.

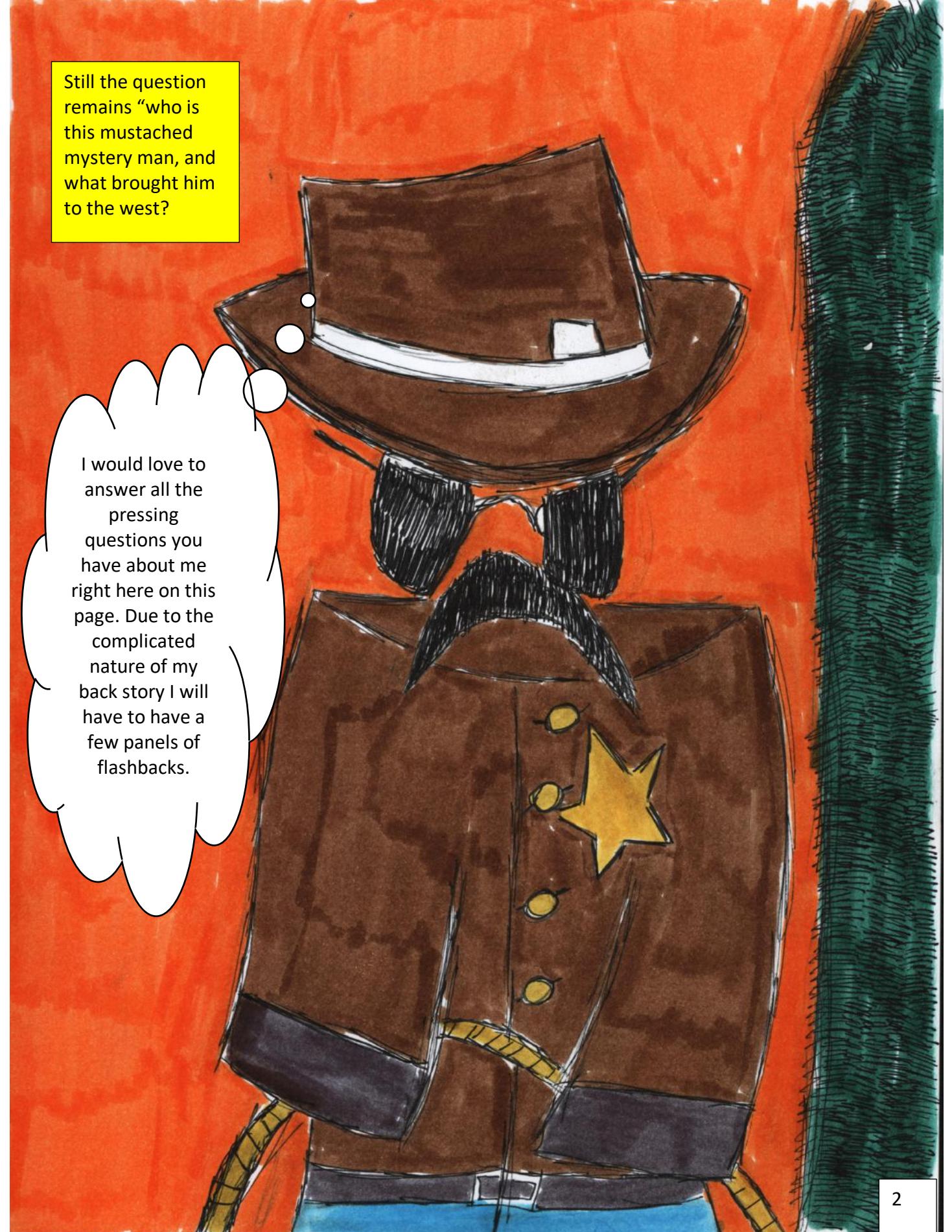
After retrieving the bounty for the Mad Cow, the yet unnamed mustached man heads out of the sheriffs office, and to what appears to be a suspended horse reigns.

I think Grave Rock is only a few page ride from here.



I thought it was prudent to trade in my invisible car for an invisible wagon before I moved out west.

Still the question remains "who is this mustached mystery man, and what brought him to the west?



I would love to answer all the pressing questions you have about me right here on this page. Due to the complicated nature of my back story I will have to have a few panels of flashbacks.

When I was originally drawn it was with invisible ink. This made my life complicated...



I was such a trouble maker that I was eventually sent to military school.

After military school I got a manager he got me a job as a villain in an early Block comic

As you can probably guess being invisible leads a young cartoon to cause quite a bit of trouble.

After my feature as a villain someone decided an invisible hero was one that was easy to draw. So I was given a name change, and my own feature comic during this time I was known as CAPTAIN INVISIBLE.



Super P.A.C



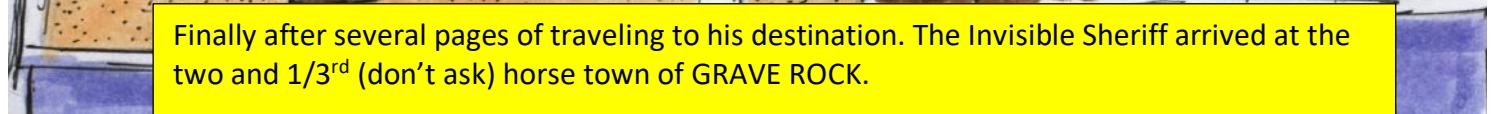
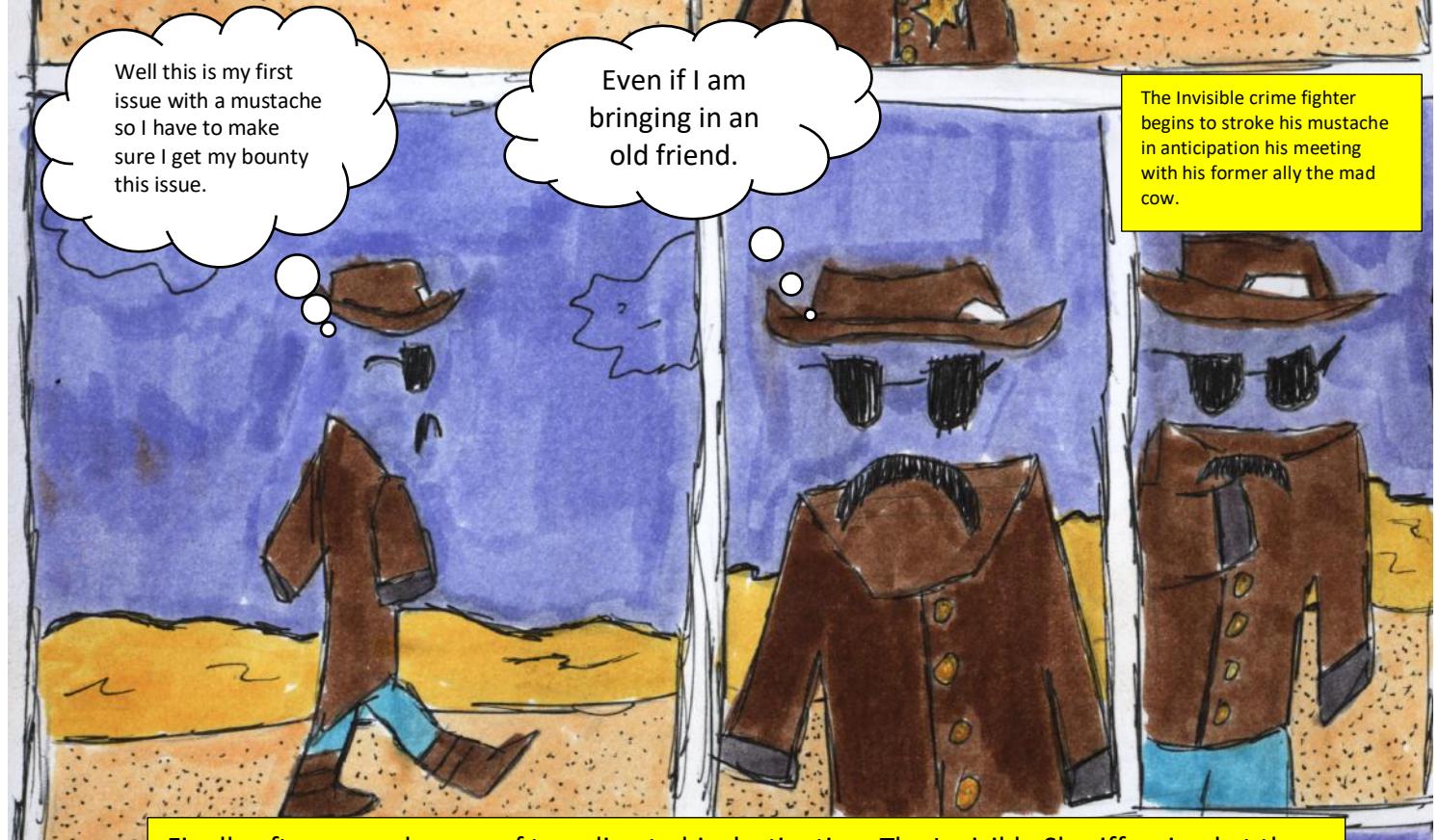
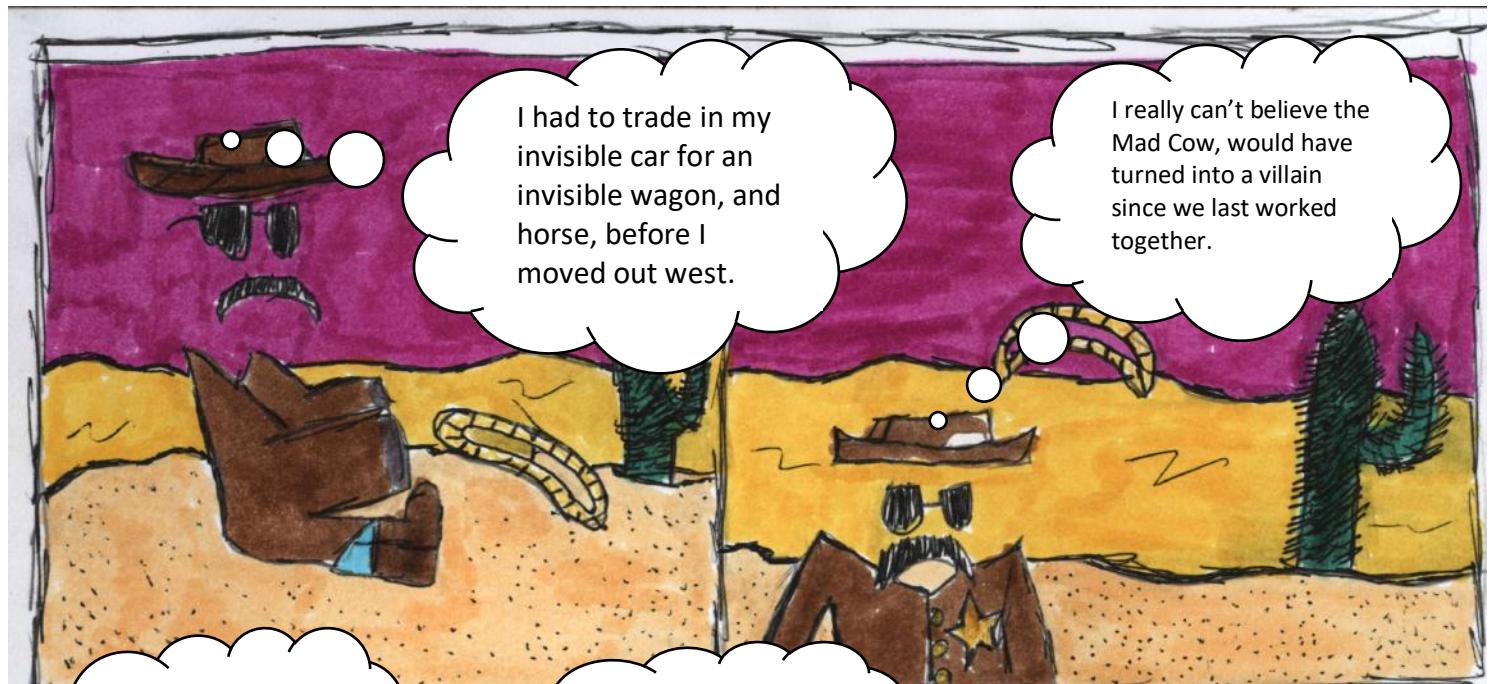
Later on, I would join the Super P.A.C for both the 2011 "Day of the walking bread," and the 2017 mag "Neon Space Cats from Neptune."



Shortly After Neon Space Cats from Neptune Super P.A.C. disbanded. I was not sure what to do with myself. So, I grew a mustache, and moved out west.

I have shed the mantle of Captain Invisible. I am now SHERIFF INVISIBLE

All of the above mentioned back story happened in unpublished materials. Which all featured the character Captain Invisible- BVS



Sure enough the Invisible Sheriff found his bounty in the saloon just as he assumed he would.

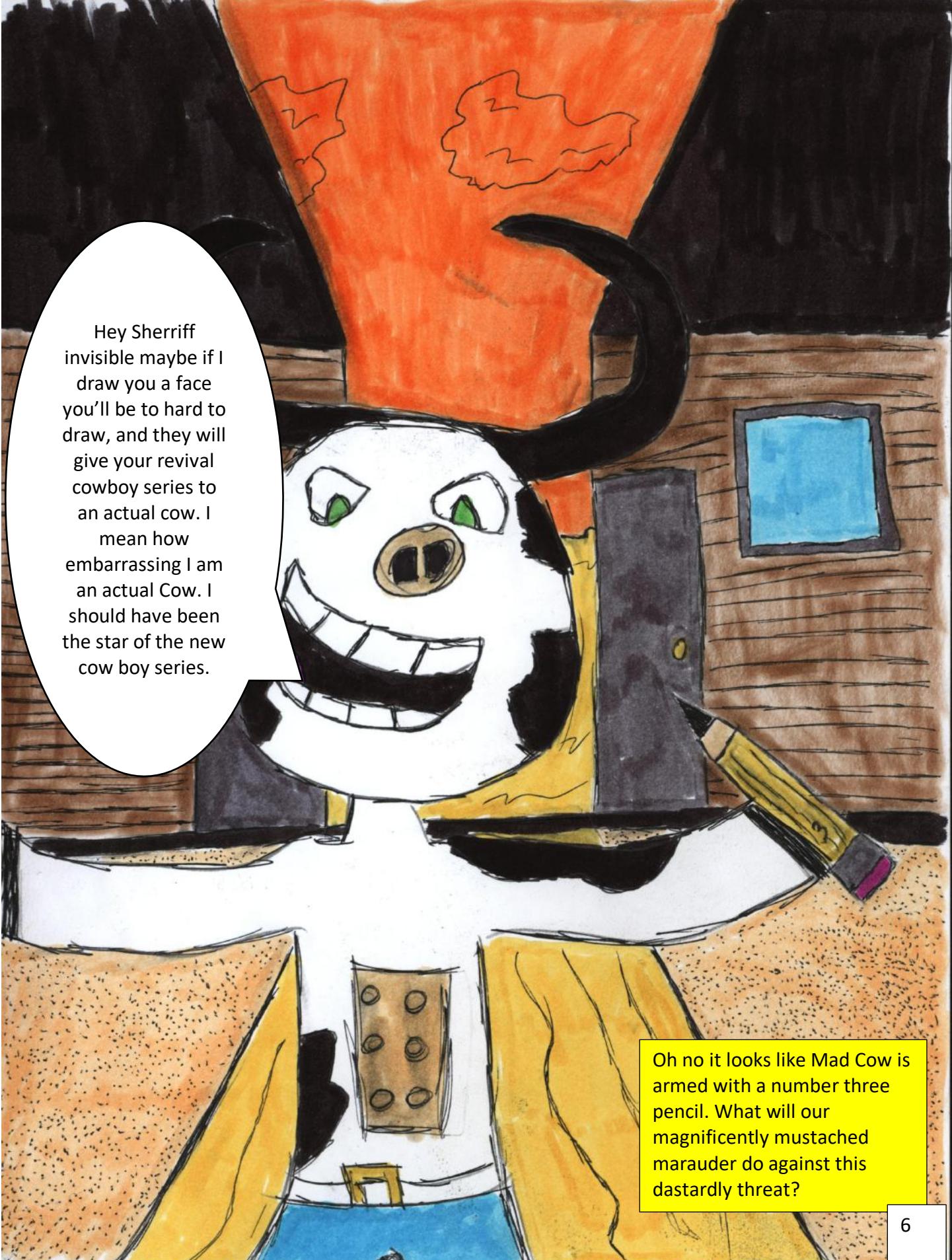
Mad Cow I got a warrant here for your arrest.

Ah Captain Invisible I thought you would come for me sooner or later.

Its Sheriff Invisible now Mad Cow. Now are you going to come willingly, or are we gonna have to duke it out,

I don't care what your called now You know that I am not going to just come away with you..

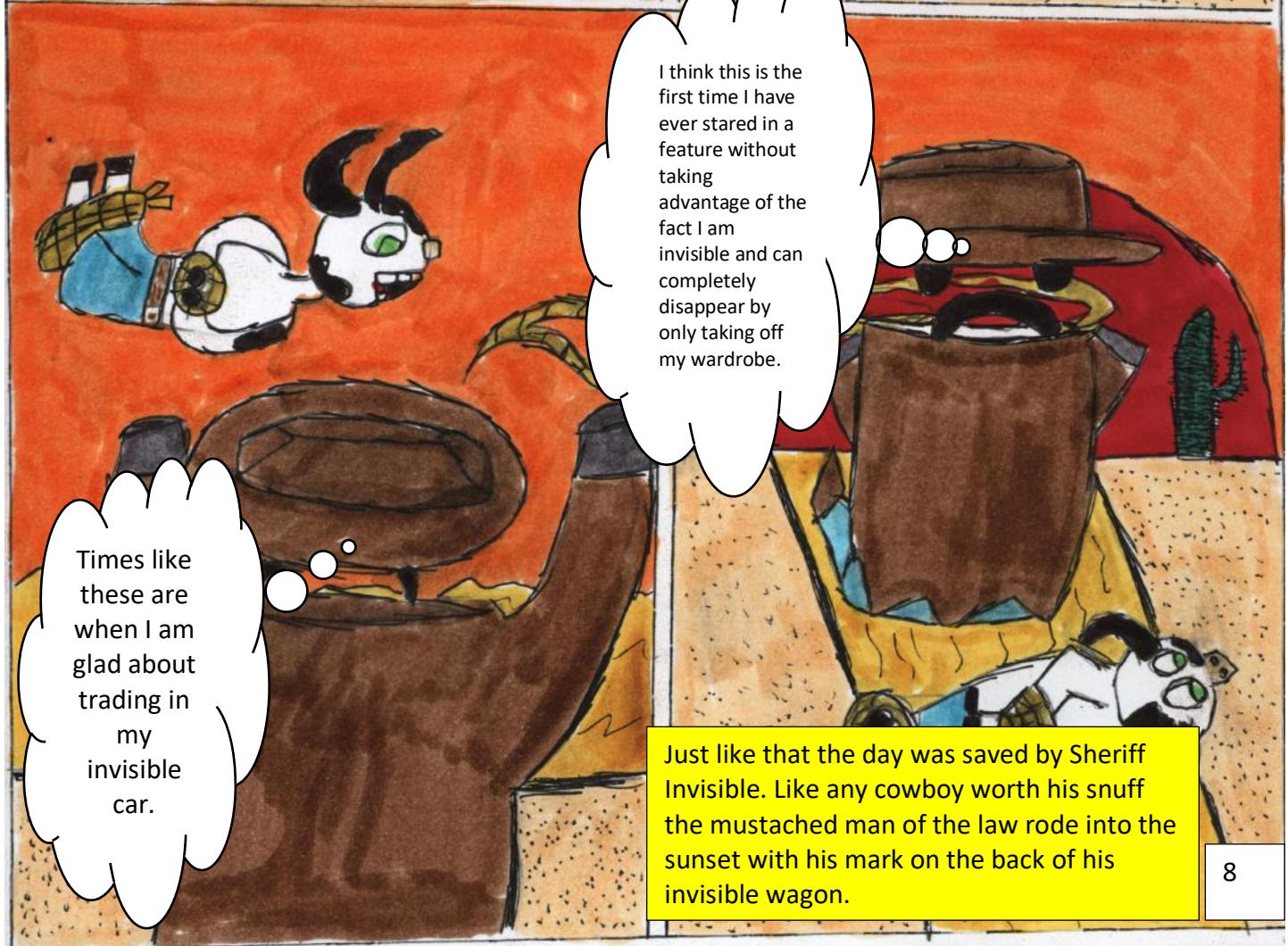
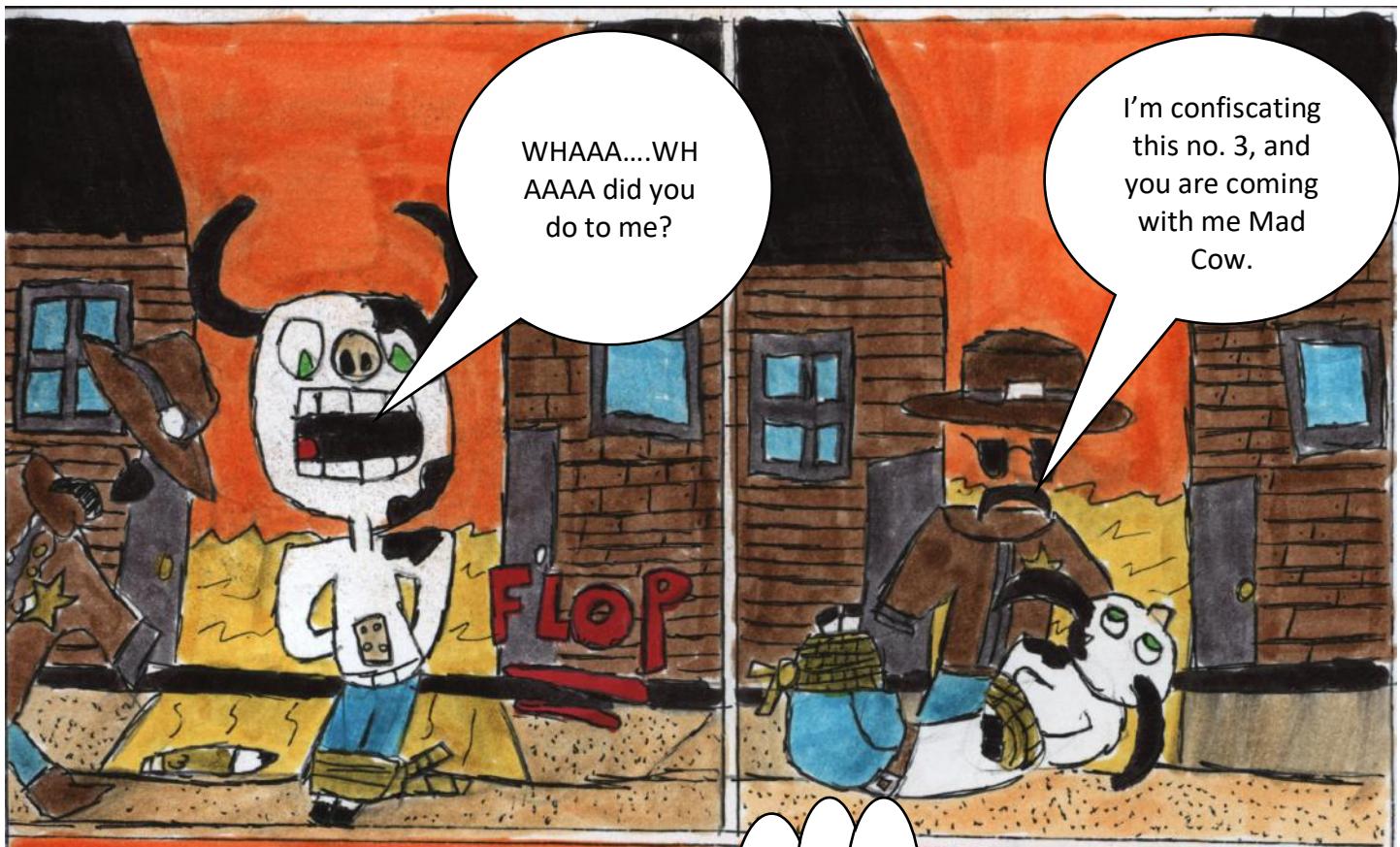
It looks like we are gonna have to do this the hard way.



Hey Sherriff
invisible maybe if I
draw you a face
you'll be to hard to
draw, and they will
give your revival
cowboy series to
an actual cow. I
mean how
embarrassing I am
an actual Cow. I
should have been
the star of the new
cow boy series.

Oh no it looks like Mad Cow is
armed with a number three
pencil. What will our
magnificently mustashed
marauder do against this
dastardly threat?





Oh Carl, after reading that exciting eleven pages featuring the newly minted Sheriff Invisible.,

Oh man that new cowboy game is too much fun!

Making games this fun should be against the law. How is an average crow like me supposed to get anything done with this excellent entertainment?

SHOOT!!! what page is it?!? I have to start my community service hours in this issue.

Carl seems to have been playing some new cowboy game for the past ten pages. Carl should have known that his community service pages started this issue. Will the Callow Corvus be able to meet with his community service advisor in time?

Carl did not even get one page of restful sleep. What a day to stay up too late playing video games Carl has to spend the rest of the issue starting his community service. (that's what happens when you stay up too late playing video games kids!)



The only time I like to be up this early is when I am about to go to bed for the day.

They told me when I was a hatchling that waking up at the crack of dawn would get easier, as I got older.

They clearly lied....

Carl, eventually roused himself from bed. The crass crow then began to trudge toward his local convenience store, to pick up some provisions before his appointment with the community service coordinator.

I heard in the 90s you could smoke inside.

How could I have been so dumb as to get caught smoking in public. *

How has society declined so much since then?

Carl Crow...
The

*See Callow Corvus #1 for more exciting details. -BVS

GO

I guess I still smoke inside,
so things aren't all that bad.



I am an
Outsider
though. I
don't follow
societal
norms.

Maybe I
would get
in less
trouble if I
was more
"Normal."

Bah what does
being "normal"
really mean
anyways?

Bob
Man
1870

Carl saw that his favorite attendant Marky was working the cash register on this page. This stroke of luck made Carl feel as though he may be able to get lucky again, thus the black bird bought a "Scratchy" while he was picking up another pack of Lung Candy for the remaining pages of the issue.

You know Carl you would probably be able to pay your fine if you didn't spend all your money on Lung Candy, Glacier Gulps, and Scratchy's.

This would be a hell of a day to win the golden scratchy. I could win any amount of money really. Then I wouldn't have to worry about how I was going to pay my fine.

Doesn't Marky see I am a smoking cartoon bird. Buying scratch off tickets is the only logical way I will be able to pay off all of my fines in issue seven or eight.

Quiet Marky. I don't have time for the truth today.

Or any day for that matter.

The "Golden Scratchy," is a lottery ticket that would give Carl enough money to pay off his fine. If he was lucky enough to win the one/ten-thousand chance lottery ticket.

I really hope these flowers show the community service coordinator how sorry I am for breaking the rules.

After ringing the doorbell to the community service coordinator Carl waited patiently with a dead bouquet of flowers for the coordinator.

I mean how awesome would it be if she was just like "oh my god Carl thanks for the flowers! You know what why don't we just forget about this whole community service thing."

These things never really go as well as I would hope they would.

BB
15 Jan 2011

The secretary took the dead flowers, and directed Carl toward a well decorated waiting room. The Crow would have to wait patiently for his meeting with the community service coordinator. Patience is not one of Carl's strengths.

... "B
B
an 18'
2 stall



After a short wait, Carl was brought into the office of the community service coordinator. To receive his punishment for smoking in public.

Well-Well-Well, Carl the Crow. I have heard many stories of your misbehavior. I think your actions have finally caught up to you. If you thought I was going to take it easy on you, you are surely mistaken. In fact, I plan on making an example out of you. So that the youth of this town won't throw their lives away acting like a spoiled-rotten-hatchling. Like you spent your life doing.

For Starters you will clean the river walkway. I will then be examining the walkway, if I find one single solitary piece of trash I will not sign your community service waiver. After that I have you scheduled to do some community service hours at a school. You will be giving a speech about how **NOT** to act, when they are grown-ups.

Lady I have not yet even began to act like a "Spoiled-Rotten-Hatchling."

If she doesn't change her attitude I may **NOT** sign her community service waiver.

Plus how am I supposed to see who I am working for past this massive wall of word bubble.

Before starting his grueling list of tasks Carl signed several waivers for the community service coordinator. The paperwork consisted of terms which would prevent the state from receiving any liability in case of any “**unfortunate incidents**” that may happen to the Carl during his community service pages.

Man...this is a long list of tasks I have to perform. I kind of thought I just served-Ice to people in the community that were over-heating.

You know how many times I have wished someone would serve me some ice on a hot day?

Now that I think about it. I don't think that has ever happened to me.

After receiving his beratement from the community service coordinator, and signing his name on the dotted line next, Carl made his way toward the scenic river-walkway. So, he could begin his community service.

Well this page is a cheap way to move the story from scene to scene. I couldn't have been draw getting a cab to the riverfront walkway. I mean could this issue get any more low budget than this?.

Also I don't think that the city would have asked me to clean if they had seen my apartment way back on page 13.

I really don't have a lot of pages to finish up all of this community service. I still haven't seen a dime from all that work I put in trying to get inna-net-rich*. I will have to come up with some way to pay that huge fine.

*Again see Callow Corvus #1 for more details about those exploits - BVS

After Carl arrived at the river-front walkway he diligently began looking for trash to pick up, so he could complete his community service obligation.

This place isn't even dirty. Not even a single piece of litter. How am I supposed to clean where there is no mess!?!?!

My real question is can they make me work outside considering I have a dreadful pollen allergy?

I know my allergies are ironic considering the fact that I am a woodland creature.

Life is full of little ironies....at least mine is.

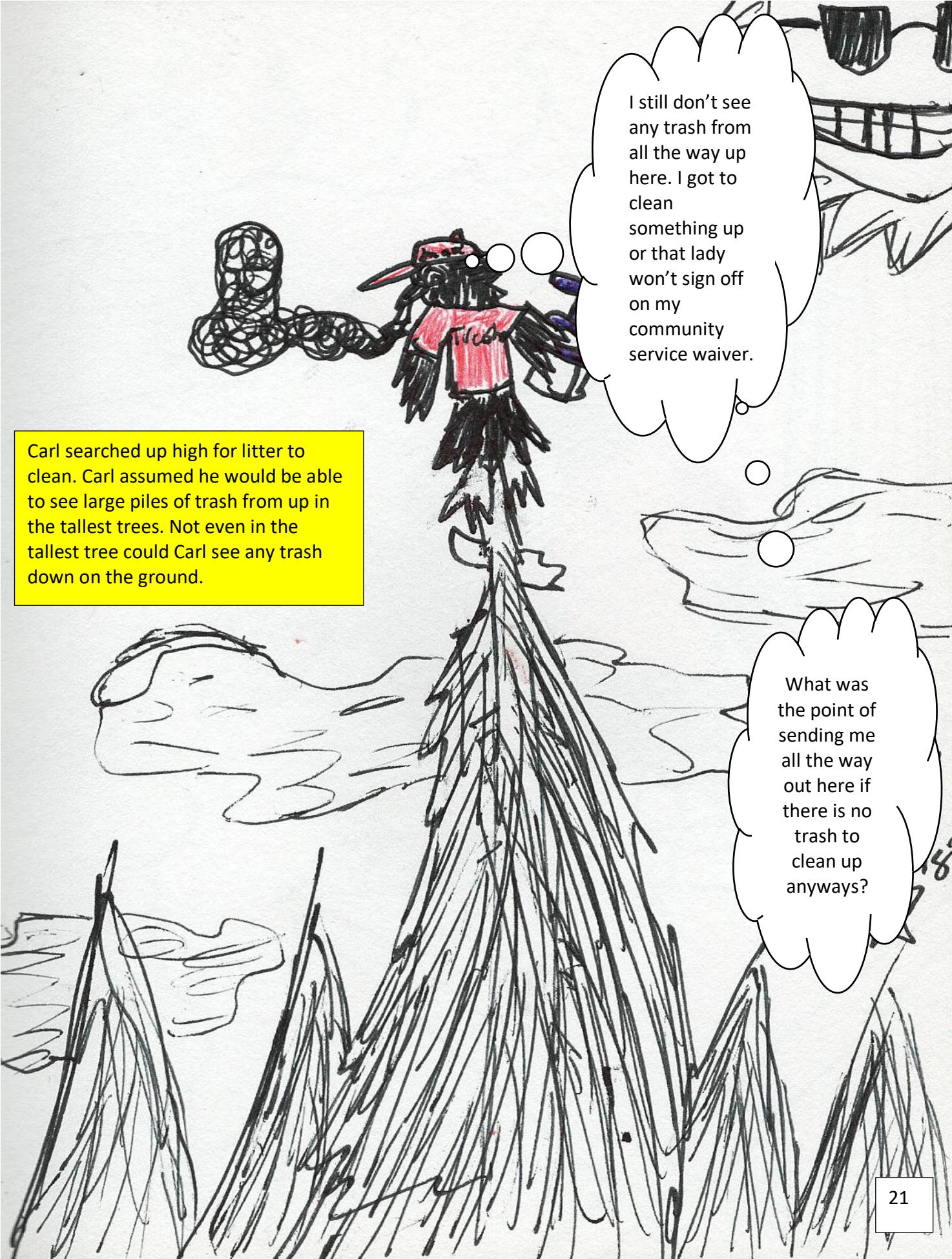
Rope

Carl began to ponder the job he found himself performing. He found that community service wasn't really as bad as he had initially thought it would be.

I know I have been griping about this whole community service thing. So far all I've done is just stand around. Maybe I could get used to this after all.

I think this feeling is called "job satisfaction."

Or it could just be gas. Hard telling not knowing.



I still don't see any trash from all the way up here. I got to clean something up or that lady won't sign off on my community service waiver.

Carl searched up high for litter to clean. Carl assumed he would be able to see large piles of trash from up in the tallest trees. Not even in the tallest tree could Carl see any trash down on the ground.

What was the point of sending me all the way out here if there is no trash to clean up anyways?

After searching for litter from the tree-tops Carl decided he would have to get closer to the river walk way if he were ever going to be able to clean up any trash during this issue.

Hmm it really is sort of pretty down here.

I mean if you're into that kind of thing.

I am definitely not into this kind of thing.

Bob
Ryan
2 stars



Hmm this plant looks thirsty. Maybe I should give it a drink of my Kola.

I think I read somewhere that plants like soda.

Okay, okay so I didn't read it anywhere.

Carl does not understand the concept of "watering the plants." This plant will not appreciate the sharing of Carl's Glacier Gulp as much as he thinks it will...

I don't know why people
are so upset about
global warming.

I mean the
way I see it, I
am just
getting closer
and closer to
the beach.

I guess I was
under the
impression that
everyone loved
the beach?

Am I wrong?







Carl cleaned, and cleaned, and cleaned. No matter how hard the callow corvus seemed to work he could not put a dent in the seemingly never-ending supply of litter.

Junk

Do you remember a few pages ago, when I said this whole community service thing wasn't so bad?

I'm pretty sure it was just gas after all.

Carl, stepped over a hill and looked out upon another seemingly endless wave of litter. The crow still wondered who could have possibly made this large of a mess.

This is ridiculous!
Did a bunch of kids have a party hear right after I walked by?

No, that can't be true
I would have been invited to any party happening around here.

I don't know who I am trying to fool I definitely don't get invited to parties.

Wow it looks like with a little elbow grease
Carl really did start to clean up the
walkway.

Well, I think this is
the last of the litter.
This place really
does look a lot
better now that all
the trash has been
cleared.

Now that I
am done
here I think
I have to
give a
speech to
some kids
about how
not to act.

Junk

TRASH

Carl has cleaned
the river walk-
way, but he still
has another
issue of
community
service pages to
finish up before
he completes
his community
service
obligation Will
Carl be able to
finish up his
pages without
incident? Can
Carl find a get
rich scheme to
pay off his fine ?
Find out in the
next mildly-
entertaining
issue of Callow
Corvus!

The Block in:
Mispronunciation

My first
class. I
hope this
goes well.

Today we
will be
reading an
excerpt
from the
great
Gatsby any
volunteers?

Great Job! Except I
believe you
mispronounced
Debauchee.

I remember the portrait of him up
in Gatsby's bedroom, a gray, florid
man with a hard, empty face — the
pioneer **Douchebag** who during one
phase of American life brought back
to the Eastern seaboard the savage
violence of the frontier brothel and
saloon.