

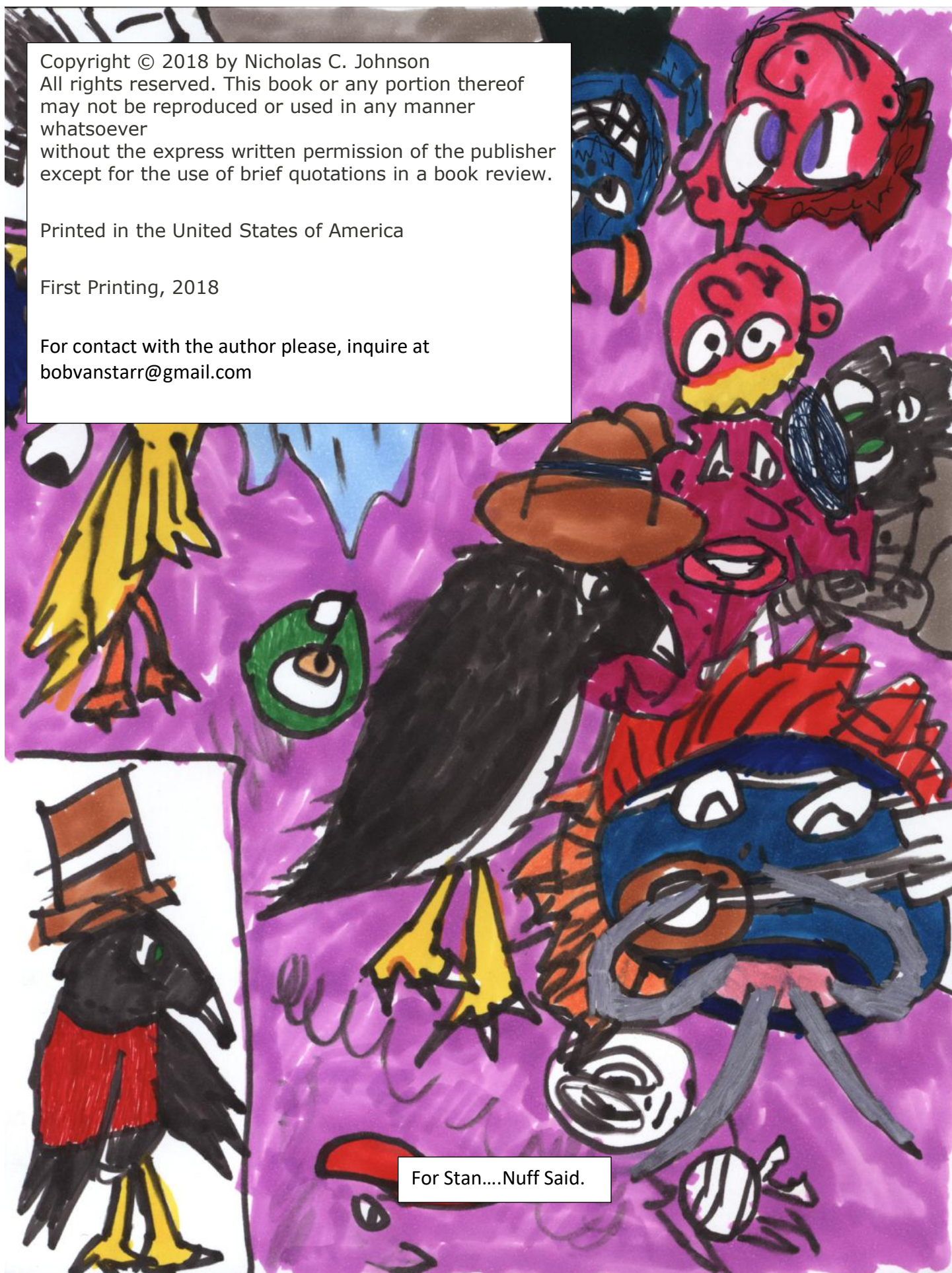


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Somewhere in the dessert near the town of Grave Rock saunters an invisible man, with a magnificent mustache.

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.

I wonder if there are any bounties worth my time.

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

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.

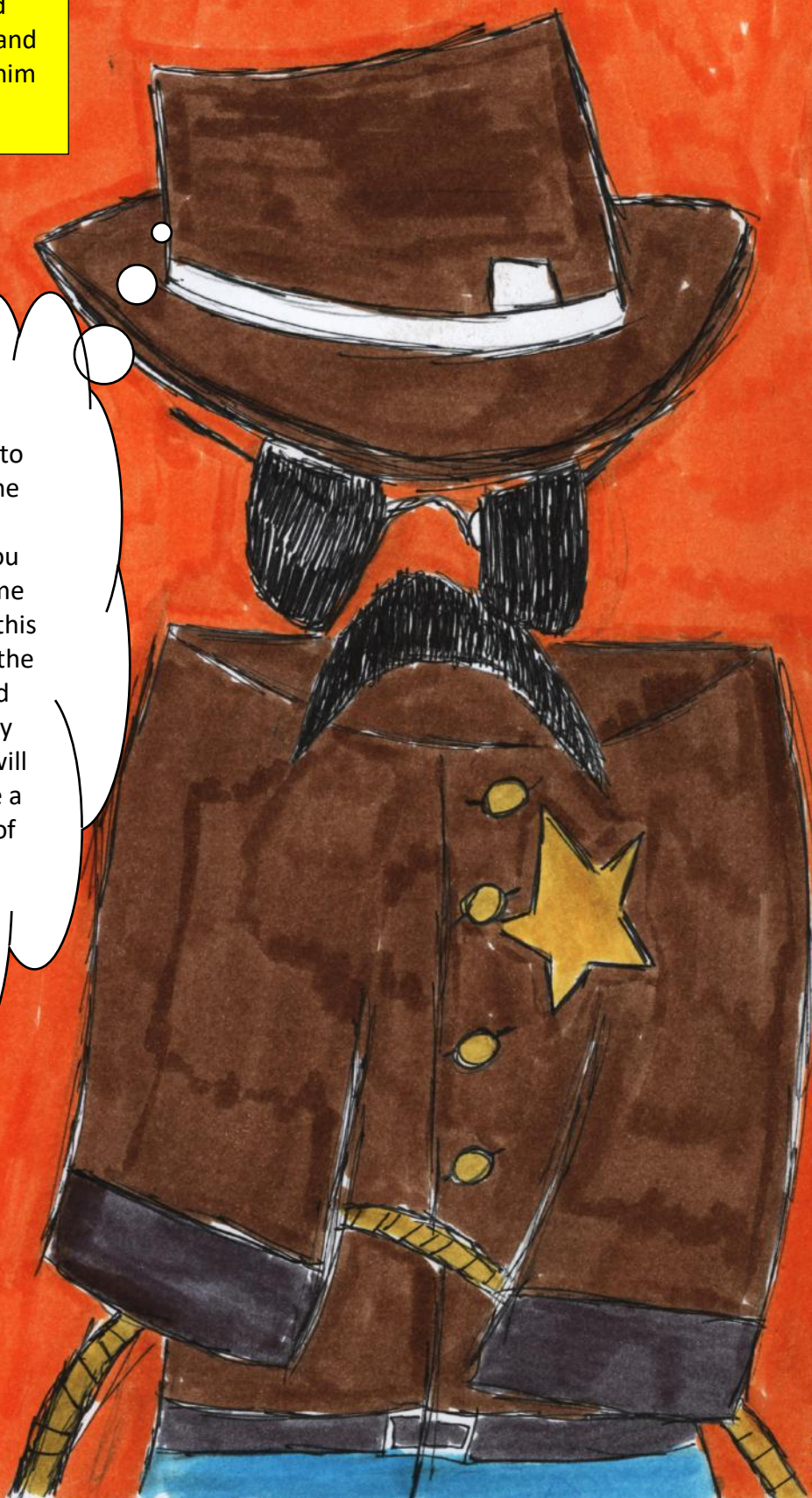
I think Grave Rock is only a few page ride from here.

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.

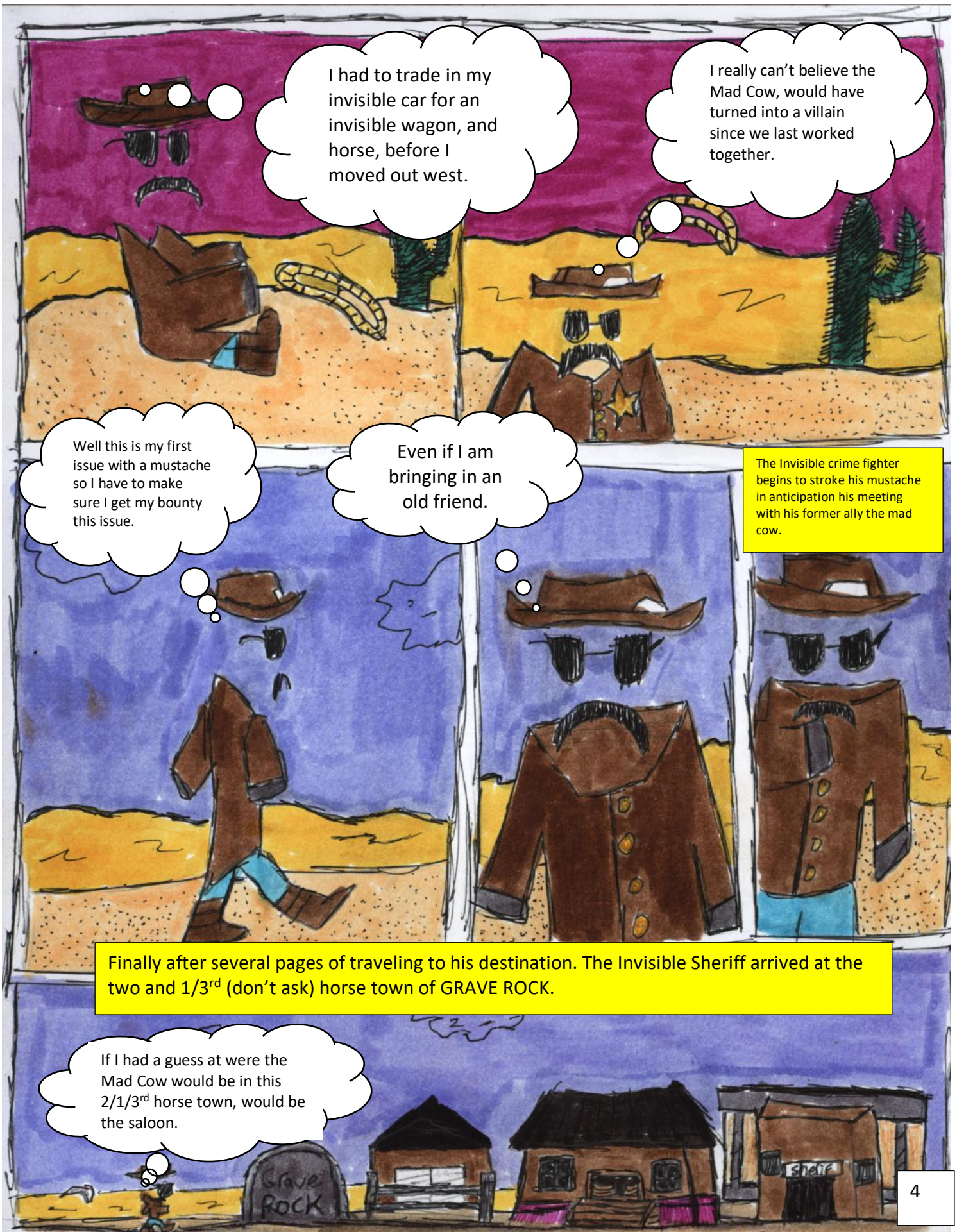
Later on, I would join the Super P.A.C for both the 2011 "Day of the walking bread," and the 2017 mag "Neon Space Cats from Neptune."

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





I had to trade in my invisible car for an invisible wagon, and horse, before I moved out west.

I really can't believe the Mad Cow, would have turned into a villain since we last worked together.

Well this is my first issue with a mustache so I have to make sure I get my bounty this issue.

Even if I am bringing in an old friend.

The Invisible crime fighter begins to stroke his mustache in anticipation his meeting with his former ally the mad cow.

Finally after several pages of traveling to his destination. The Invisible Sheriff arrived at the two and 1/3<sup>rd</sup> (don't ask) horse town of GRAVE ROCK.

If I had a guess at were the Mad Cow would be in this 2/1/3<sup>rd</sup> horse town, would be the saloon.



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.

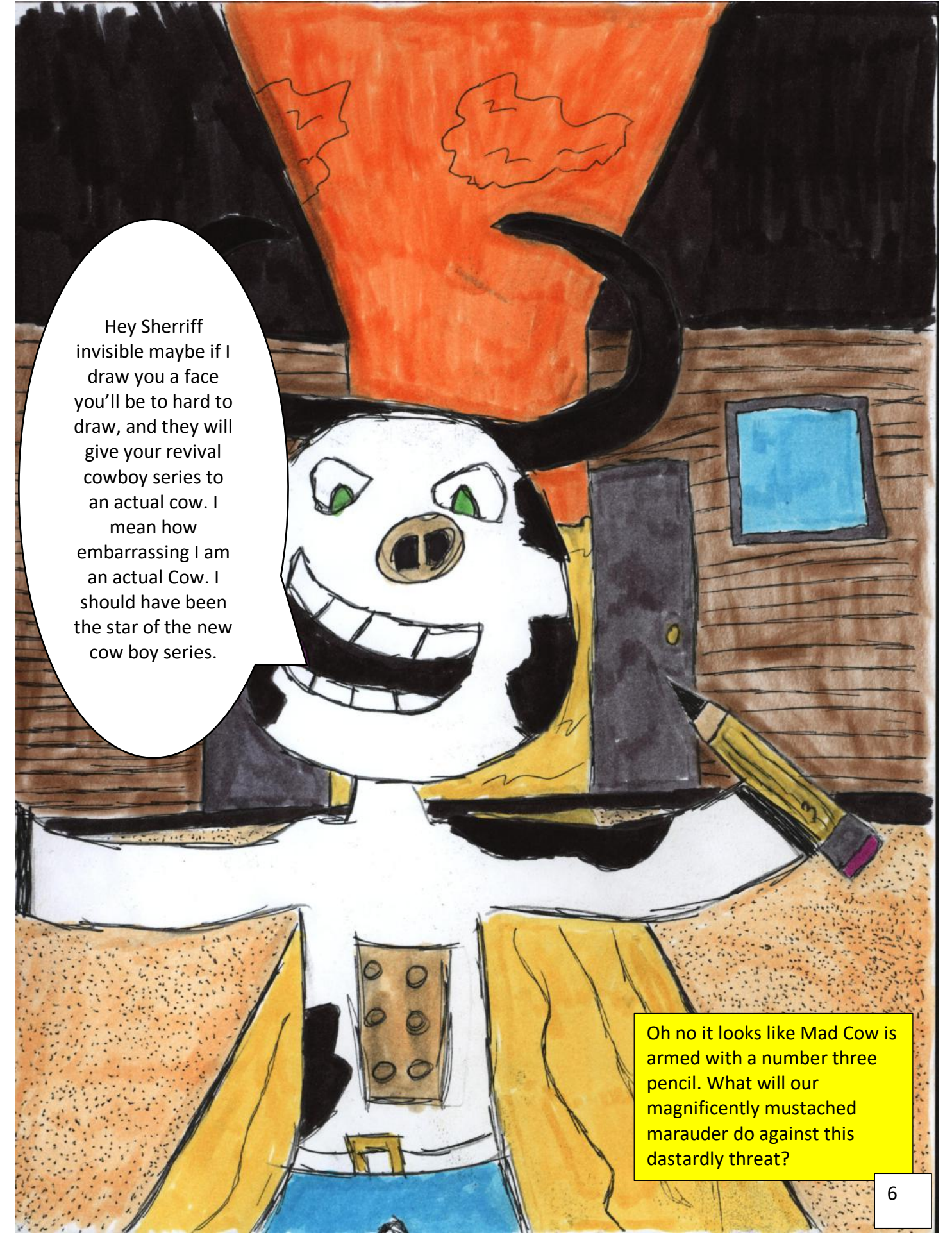
Ah Captain Invisible I thought you would come for me sooner or later.

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 mustached  
marauder do against this  
dastardly threat?



The Mad Cow after making his threat to Sheriff Invisible hastily lunged toward Sheriff Invisible. Fortunately the Sheriff moved with haste out of the way of the ghastly graphite.

I am gonna draw you a real pretty face.

I was hoping it wouldn't come to this, but be sure that I will get my bounty.

Then with another flick the lasso quickly wrapped around its target.

with one flick of his wrist Sheriff Invisible was able to knock Mad Cows jab away from his mustache.





WHAAA....WH  
AAAA did you  
do to me?

I'm confiscating  
this no. 3, and  
you are coming  
with me Mad  
Cow.

Times like  
these are  
when I am  
glad about  
trading in  
my  
invisible  
car.

I think this is the  
first time I have  
ever stared in a  
feature without  
taking  
advantage of the  
fact I am  
invisible and can  
completely  
disappear by  
only taking off  
my wardrobe.

Just like that the day was saved by Sheriff  
Invisible. Like any cowboy worth his snuff  
the mustached man of the law rode into the  
sunset with his mark on the back of his  
invisible wagon.



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



GOT

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



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.

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.

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.

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.



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

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

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.

CROWS

Bob  
18 Jan  
1988



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.

... "BOB  
can I get  
a star 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.

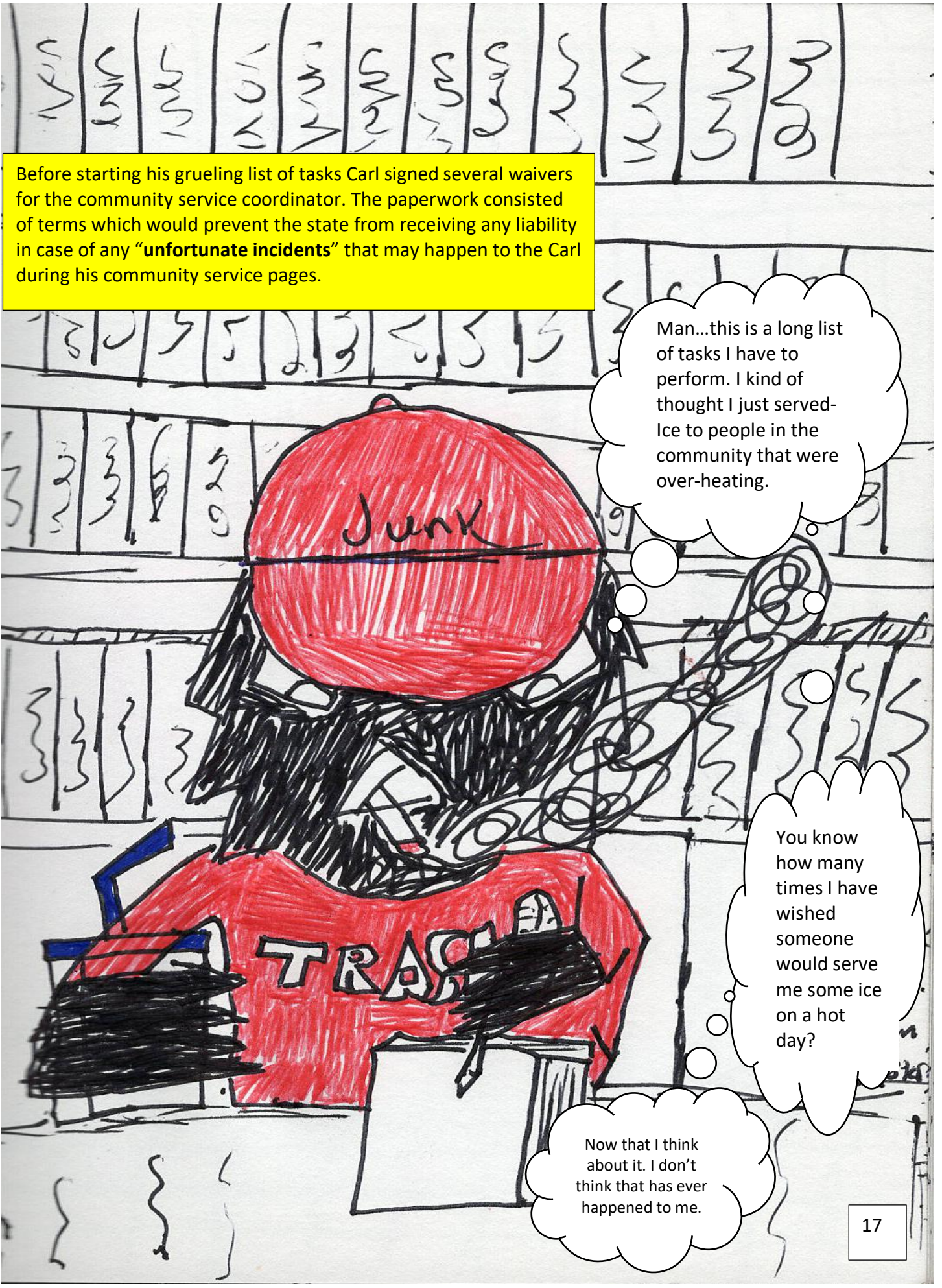
Lady I have not yet even began to act like a "Spoiled-Rotten-Hatchling."

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?

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

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





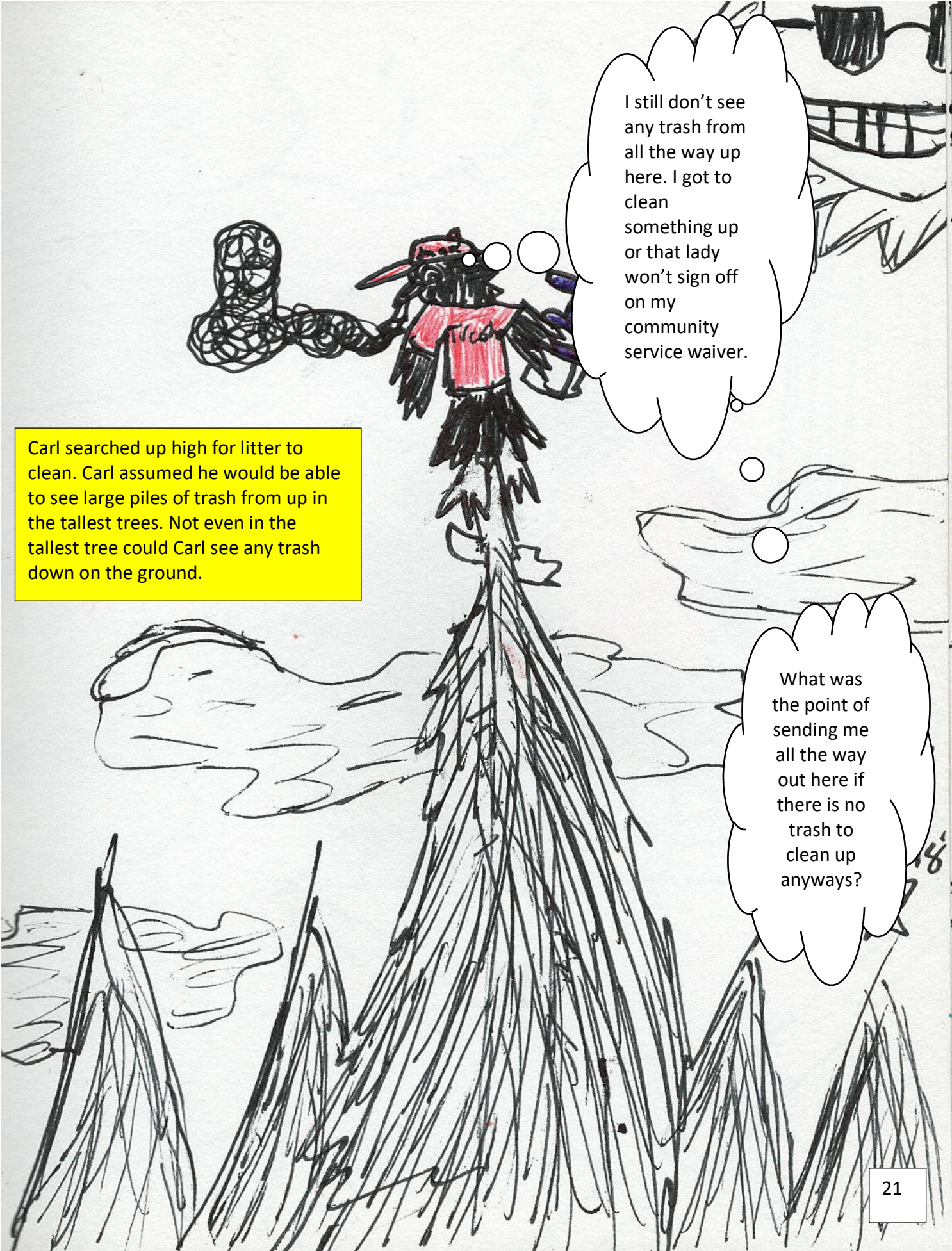
Carl begun to ponder the job he found himself performing. He found that community service wasn't really as bad as he had initially thought it would be.

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  
★ Starr





2  
5

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?





Who could have made this big of a mess in just a few pages!?!\*

What! This place was clean when I walked through just a few pages ago.



\*Who indeed -BVS



Carl, after finally finding some litter to clean procured a trash picker, and some garbage bags. Then the clueless crow began to clean the mess which was left by some unknown entity.

When I find out who made this giant mess I am going to give him a piece of my mind.

The piece I give him won't be very big. You know since my mind is so small.

I really can't afford to be giving to many pieces away.

Whoever made this mess clearly has great taste. These butts of lung candy is the same brand I smoke.



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.

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.

Carl has cleaned the river walkway, 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 by  
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.