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Carl awoke, one morning and realized that he was running low on his precious supply of "Lung Candy." Carl trudged through several pages, but he was able to procure said "Lung Candy." Later that day while at one of his favorite parks. Carl's unwittingly smoked in a "non-smoking zone." Carl was given a citation, for this act. This citation consisted of many arduous tasks, and a hefty fine! Now, Carl is on a mission to pay his fines, and restore order to his comic series.

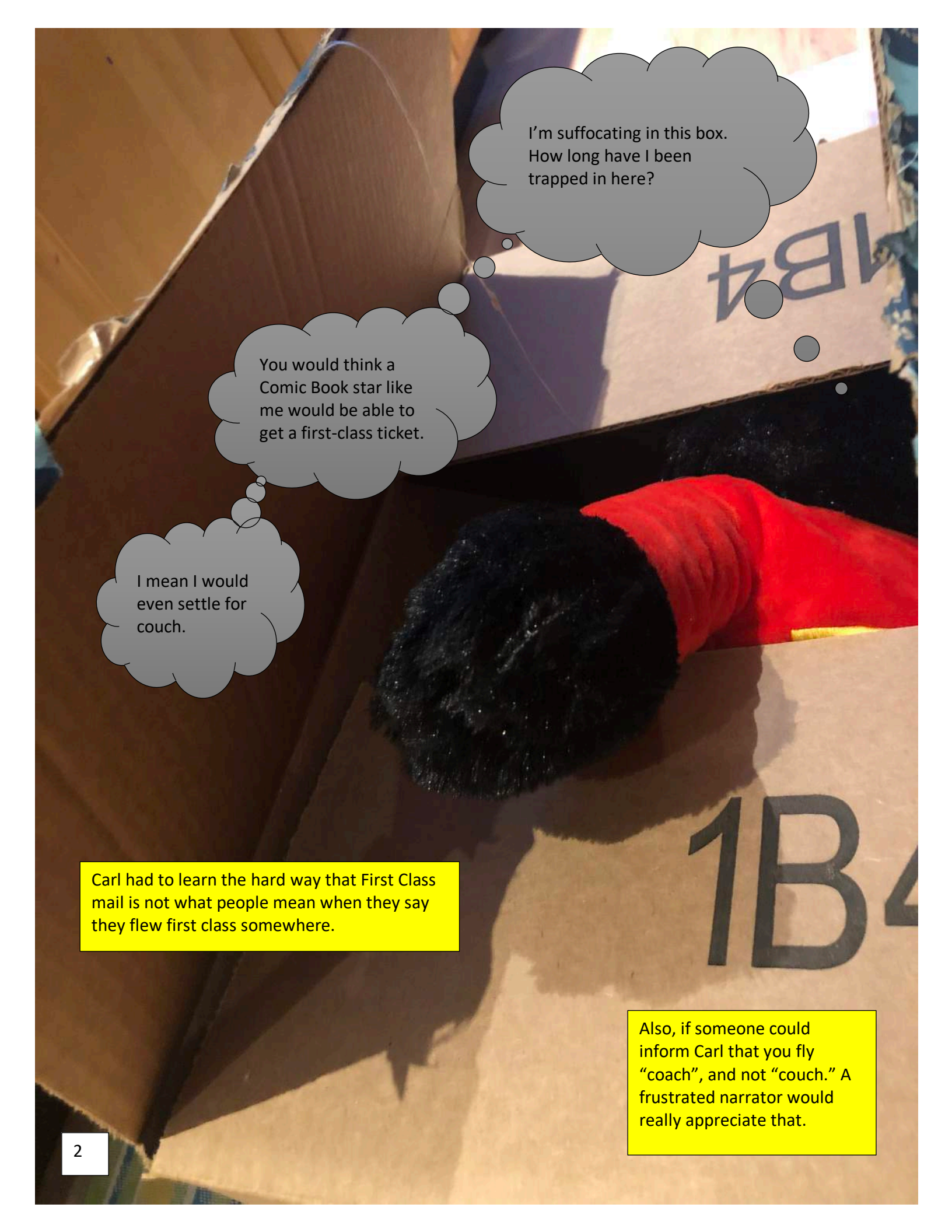
Bob Van Starr presents:

CALLOW CORVUS

#5 Carl Goes too The Reel World

In the last issue of Callow Corvus, we left our hero Carl whilst he was meditating with the trip advisor in **Brazil**. Now Carl seems to be back where he started at the midway point of issue CC#4 in a free shipping container, on the floor of his kitchen.

Something does not look quite right about the kitchen. Perhaps Carl will be able to figure out what is different in this issue in comparison to the last five issues of Callow Corvus.




I'm suffocating in this box.
How long have I been
trapped in here?

You would think a
Comic Book star like
me would be able to
get a first-class ticket.

I mean I would
even settle for
couch.

Carl had to learn the hard way that First Class
mail is not what people mean when they say
they flew first class somewhere.


Also, if someone could
inform Carl that you fly
"coach", and not "couch." A
frustrated narrator would
really appreciate that.



You know I hear
that there is no
turbulence on
first class flights.

The turbulence is
pretty bad in the
cargo section of
the plane.

All that shaking
almost made
me **spill my
drink.**



I guess I made my way
back to my apartment
after all. Even though
the trip Advisor told me
he could not get me
any closer to home.

What a hoot! *

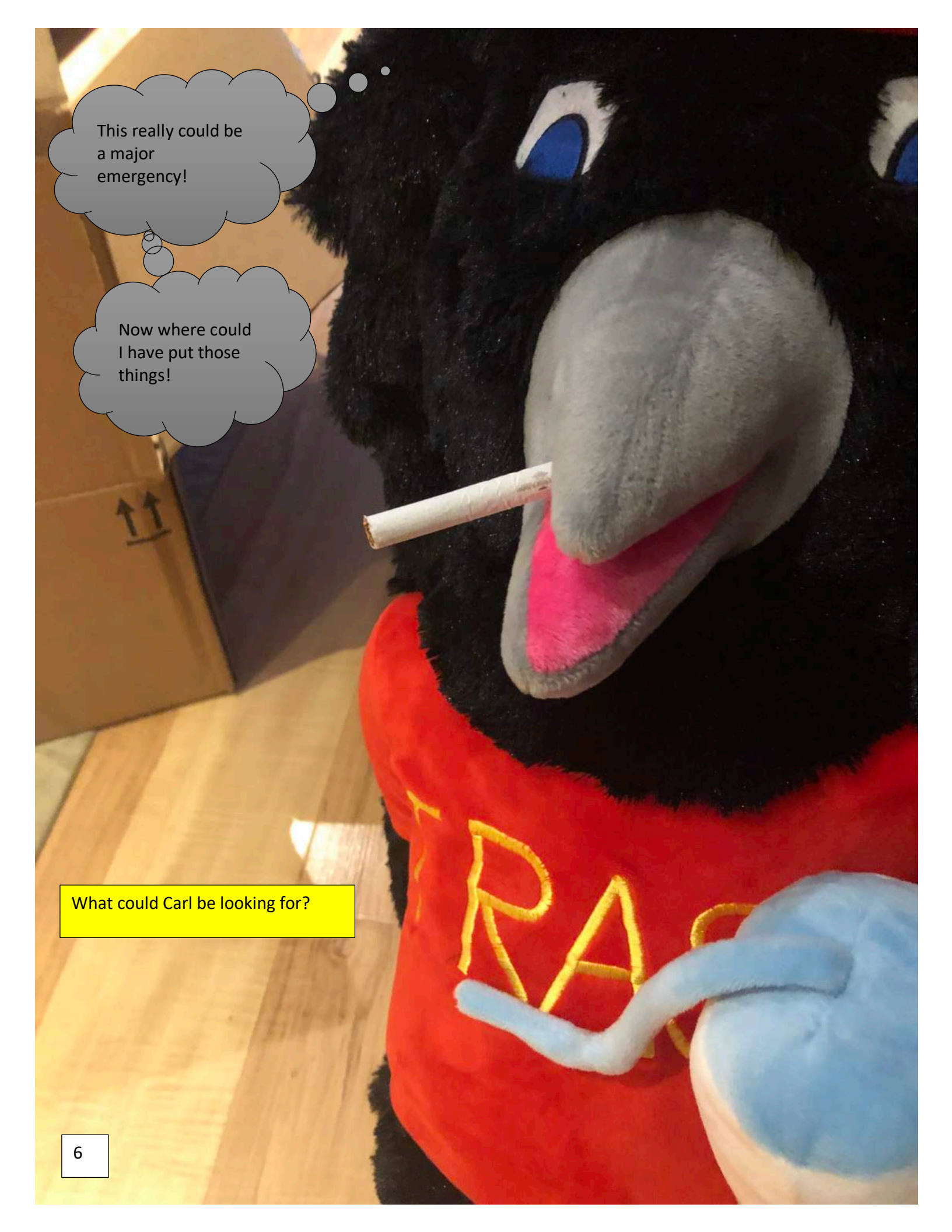
Still something
seems a little bit off
here. I just can't put
my feather on the
problem.

See issue #4 of Callow
Corvus for full details about
Carl's meet up with the trip
advisor. – Chronicling Bob



Wait a minute. I think
I know what the
problem is!

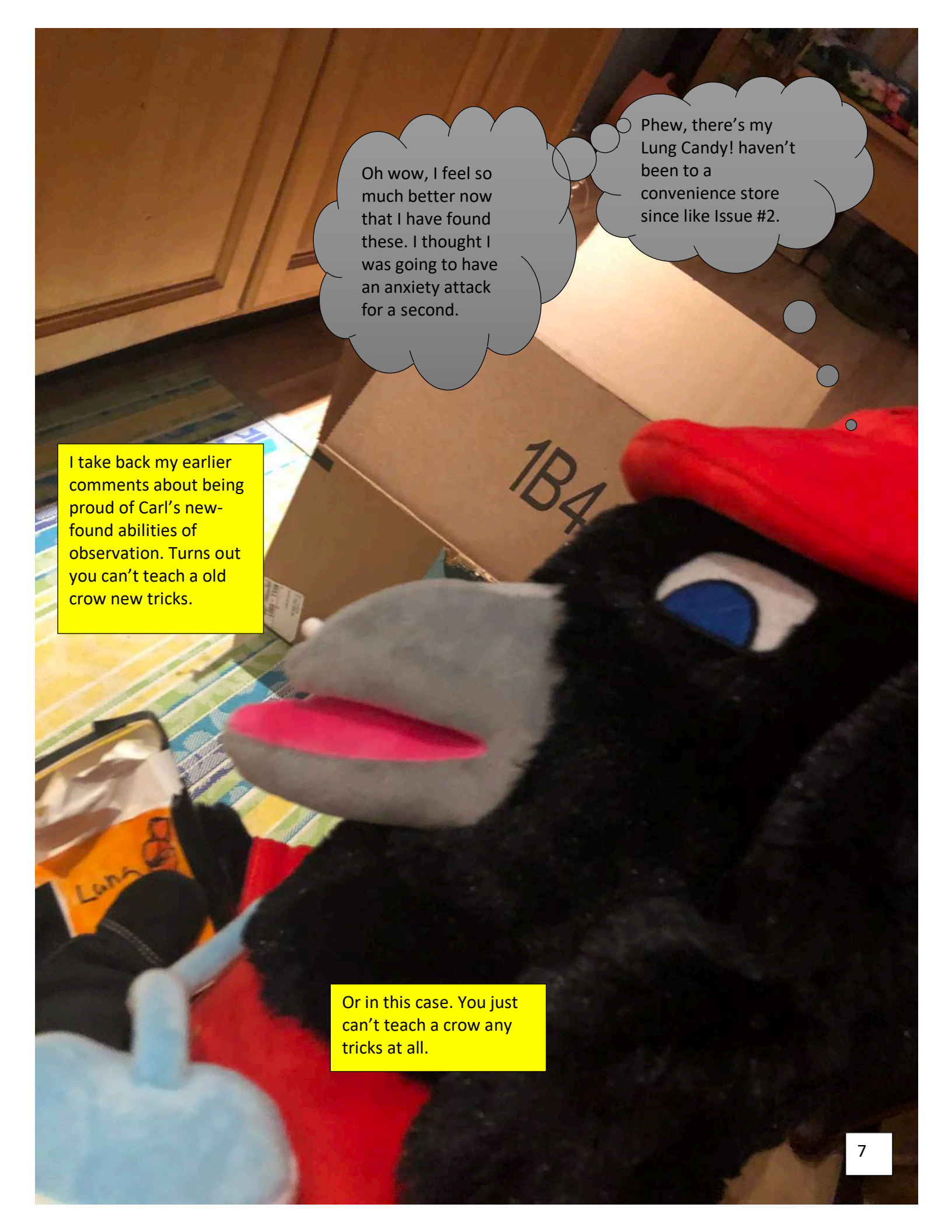
Carl seems to have finally figured out what's different in this issue from the past issues of Callow Corvus. Carl seems to be becoming more observant by the issue. Now, that's what I call character development.



This really could be
a major
emergency!

Now where could
I have put those
things!

What could Carl be looking for?



Oh wow, I feel so much better now that I have found these. I thought I was going to have an anxiety attack for a second.

Phew, there's my Lung Candy! haven't been to a convenience store since like Issue #2.

I take back my earlier comments about being proud of Carl's new-found abilities of observation. Turns out you can't teach a old crow new tricks.

Or in this case. You just can't teach a crow any tricks at all.

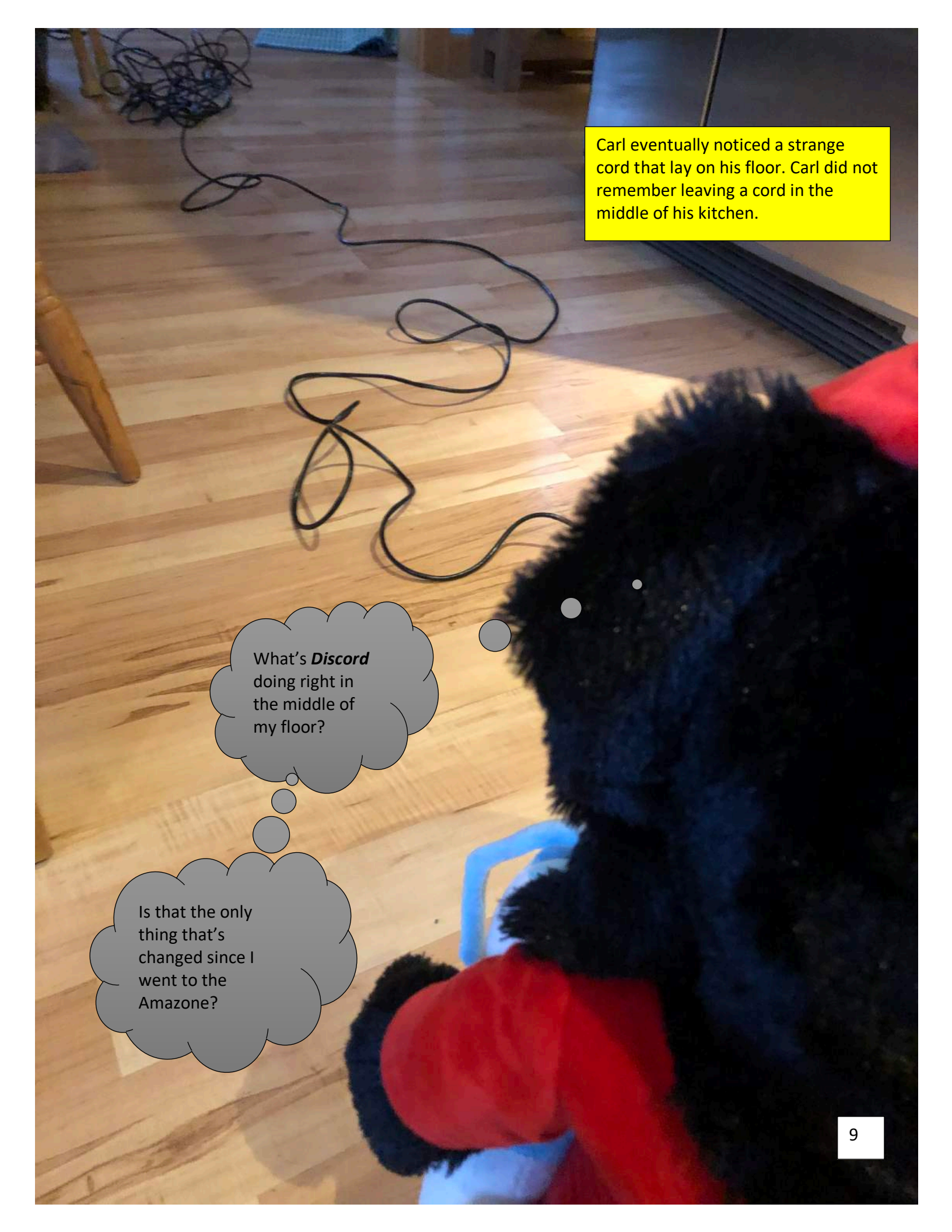


Ok, so I feel like something is different in my apartment.

I really can't put a feather on what's changed though.

Well you know what **they** say...

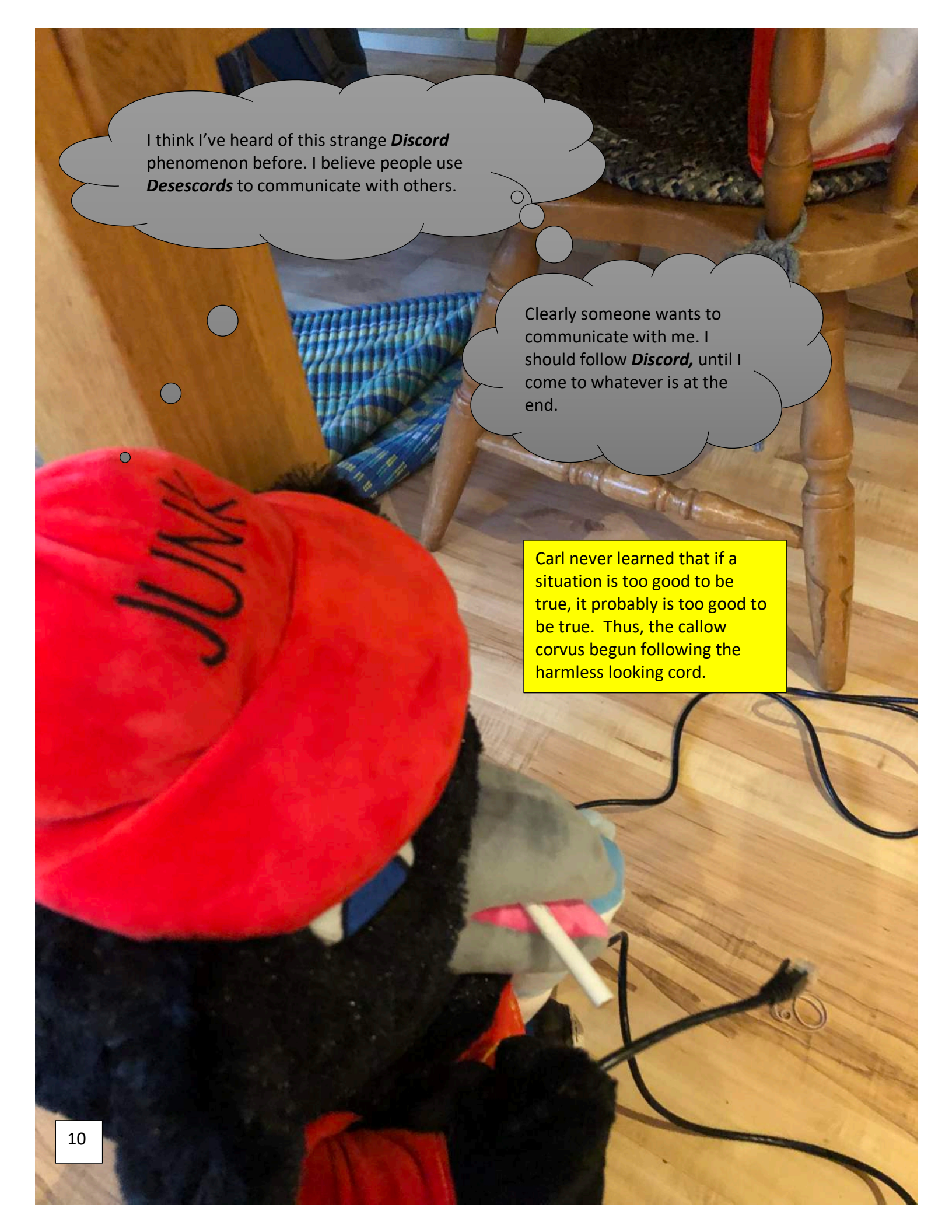
At least I hope you know what they say, because I certainly do not know.

A photograph of a kitchen floor with a black cord and a stuffed animal. The floor is made of light-colored wooden planks. A black cord is coiled on the floor, extending from the top left towards the center. In the bottom right corner, there is a large, dark-furred stuffed animal with a red hat and a red body. The animal's head is turned towards the cord. A yellow text box is in the top right corner, and two grey thought bubbles are near the animal's head.

Carl eventually noticed a strange cord that lay on his floor. Carl did not remember leaving a cord in the middle of his kitchen.

What's *Discord* doing right in the middle of my floor?

Is that the only thing that's changed since I went to the Amazone?

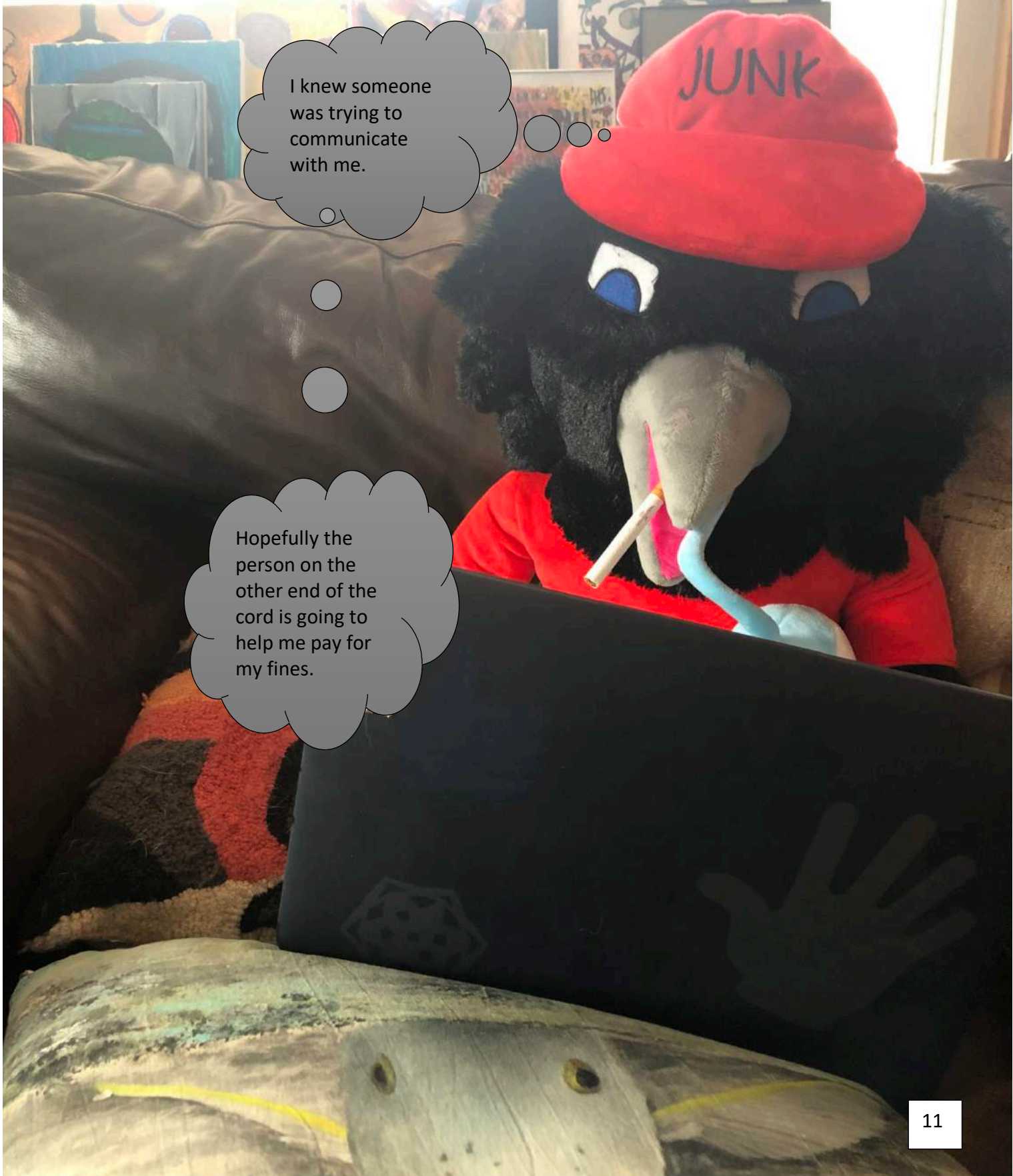


I think I've heard of this strange **Discord** phenomenon before. I believe people use **Desescords** to communicate with others.

Clearly someone wants to communicate with me. I should follow **Discord**, until I come to whatever is at the end.

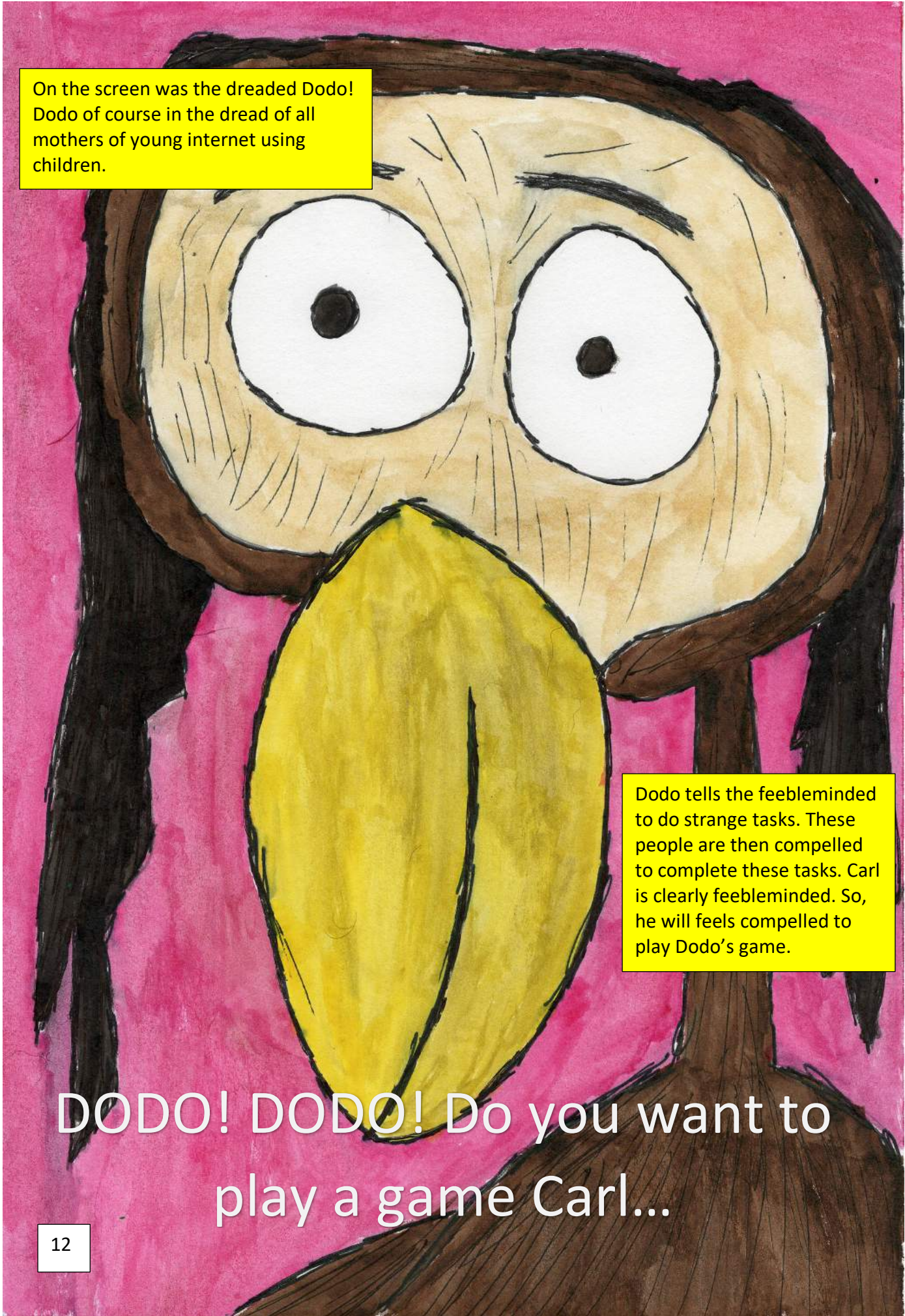
Carl never learned that if a situation is too good to be true, it probably is too good to be true. Thus, the callow corvus begun following the harmless looking cord.

Carl followed the strange cord on his floor into his living room. Upon entering the Livingroom, he found a strange black device open and waiting for him.



I knew someone
was trying to
communicate
with me.

Hopefully the
person on the
other end of the
cord is going to
help me pay for
my fines.



On the screen was the dreaded Dodo!
Dodo of course in the dread of all
mothers of young internet using
children.

Dodo tells the feeble-minded
to do strange tasks. These
people are then compelled
to complete these tasks. Carl
is clearly feeble-minded. So,
he will feel compelled to
play Dodo's game.

DODO! DODO! Do you want to
play a game Carl...

With only one page of dialogue Carl was convinced to play Dodo's little game. In this case the Dodo instructed Carl to eat a Dish-Washing pod.

This is it?

I got to admit this thing does look pretty tasty.

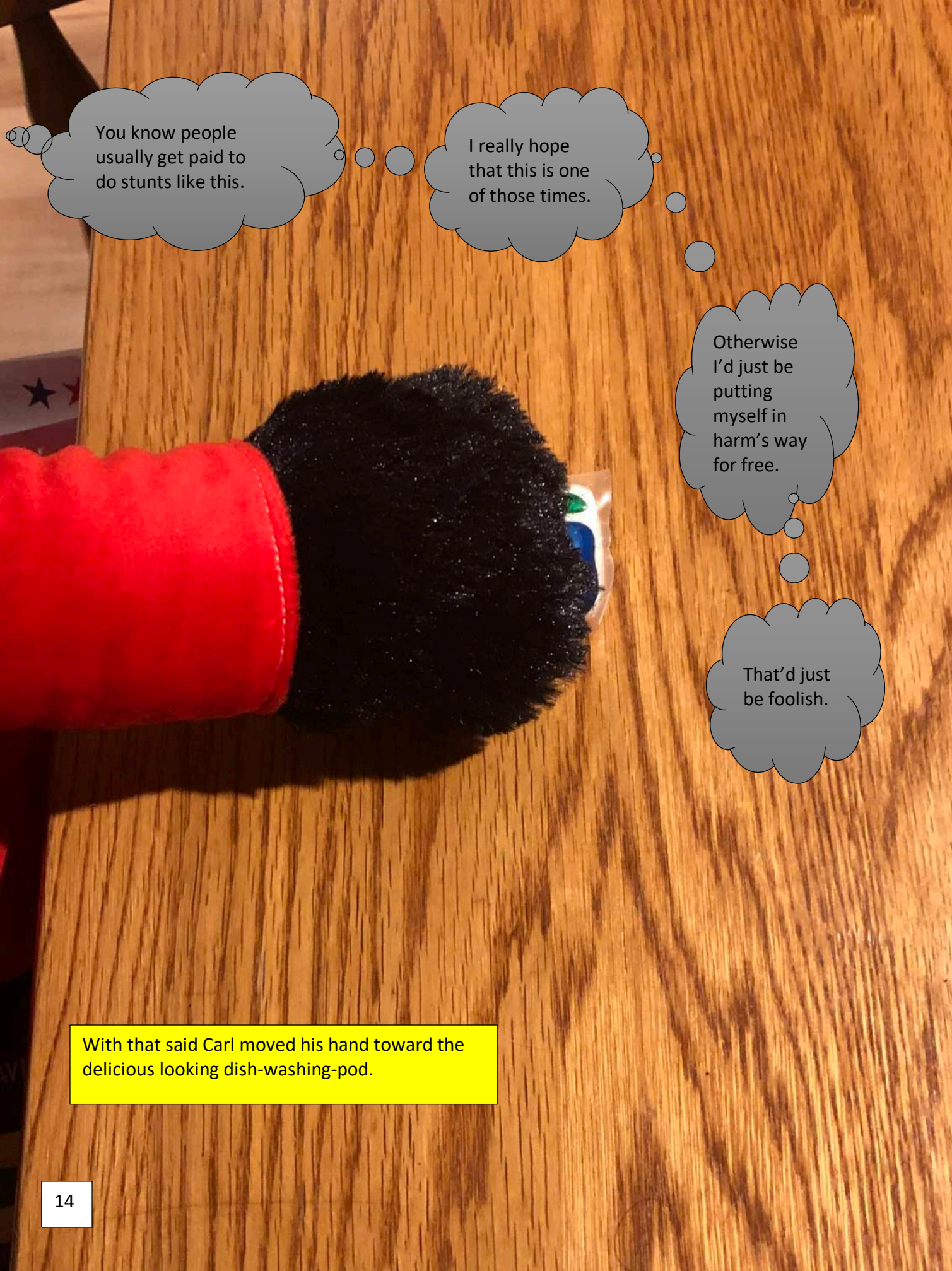
I'm uncertain how my cartoon physiology will react to eating this cleaning implement.

Hey, I'll eat anything once.

I guess it's true what they say.

The surly bird gets the worm. Or in this case...

The surly bird gets the dish-washing-pod.



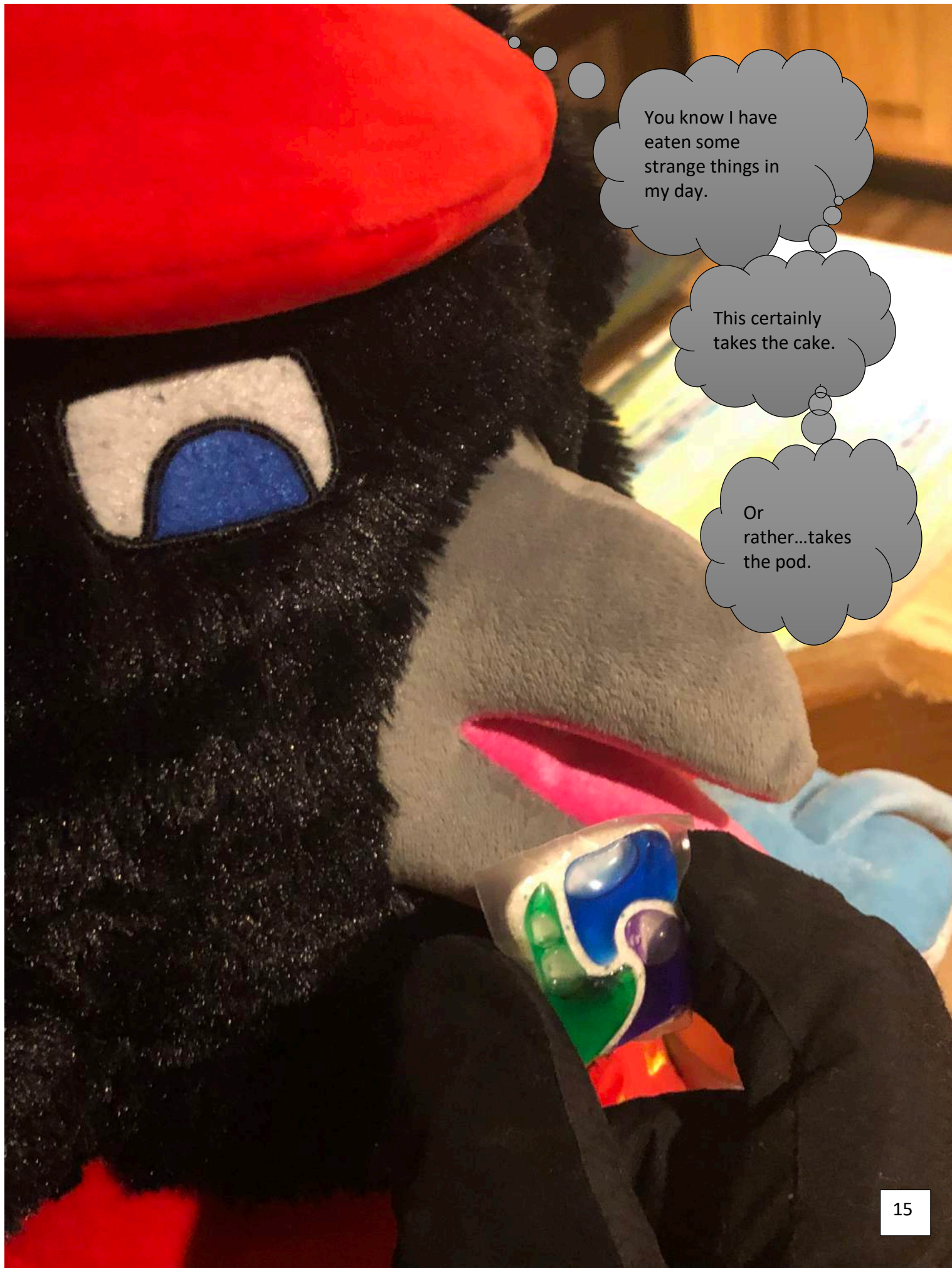
You know people usually get paid to do stunts like this.

I really hope that this is one of those times.

Otherwise I'd just be putting myself in harm's way for free.

That'd just be foolish.


With that said Carl moved his hand toward the delicious looking dish-washing-pod.



You know I have
eaten some
strange things in
my day.

This certainly
takes the cake.

Or
rather...takes
the pod.



I don't know how I would describe this flavor.

I don't think salty or sweet would describe this.

One of Carl's more refining features is that he does not use much foul language, because of that fact Carl has never had to wash out his mouth with soap before.

Carl is also notoriously against any sort of cleaning products. So, this is the most washed Carl has been in his entire existence.

Actually, I think I can describe this flavor.....
Soapy.




Well. I guess only time will tell how eating that will affect me.

Now that I completed the task for the Dodo how do I get in contact with her?

I mean she didn't leave me a phone number or anything. Or an address.

I'll have to try some more unconventional means to reach the Dodo.

Carl has completed the dishwasher-pod challenge. The poor bird is having difficulty reaching the supposedly extinct Dodo, to claim his prize.



Folex®

Ok, I think people communicate with this application called Tik-Tok. I wonder how long I have to wait before anyone starts talking with me on this app.?

I have a feeling that Carl will be waiting a long time for that message.

After quickly growing board of waiting for contact via **Tik-Tok**. Carl, the unlikely hero of this comic book series made his way to his fridge. In hopes that he would be able to contact Dodo via another form of communication.

Ok, So I have a **rotten-tomato**.

I have no idea what to do with the **rotten-tomato**?

Why is communicating with others with technology so difficult?

After giving up on the whole rotten-tomato idea. Carl remembered that there was a group of people who communicated via **Kik**.


You know I've spent my whole life attempting to avoid being kicked.

Sometimes you're the boot, sometimes you're the butt.

I just wonder when I get to be the boot.

I'm already the butt of every joke in this comic book series.

Kik
ME!

A puppet of Carl the dog, with black fur and a red shirt, is shown in profile, looking towards a kitchen sink and a microwave. The background includes a window with a plant and kitchen cabinets. A yellow starburst speech bubble is on the left, and three grey thought bubbles are on the right. A yellow text box is at the bottom left.

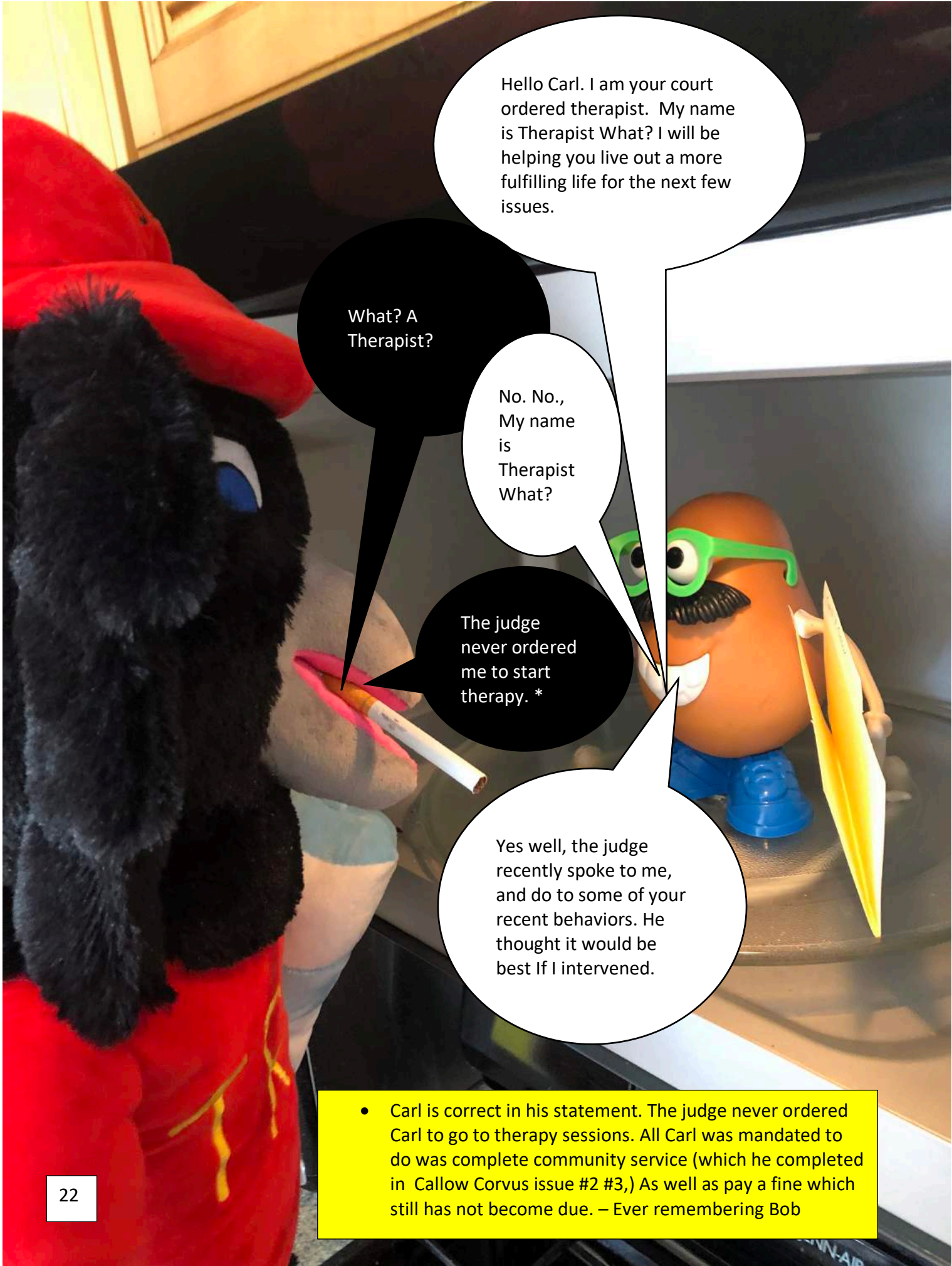
BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP!

Wait a minute
what was that
sound.

Maybe my
attempts to
communicate
with the Dodo
worked!

I think the
noise is
coming from
my
microwave!

Could someone have heard Carl's
messages? I personally refuse to
believe that anyone out there has
the ability to respond to Carl's
peculiar forms of communication.



What? A
Therapist?

Hello Carl. I am your court
ordered therapist. My name
is Therapist What? I will be
helping you live out a more
fulfilling life for the next few
issues.

No. No.,
My name
is
Therapist
What?

The judge
never ordered
me to start
therapy. *

Yes well, the judge
recently spoke to me,
and do to some of your
recent behaviors. He
thought it would be
best If I intervened.

- Carl is correct in his statement. The judge never ordered Carl to go to therapy sessions. All Carl was mandated to do was complete community service (which he completed in Callow Corvus issue #2 #3,) As well as pay a fine which still has not become due. – Ever remembering Bob


The magical therapist known as Therapist What brought Carl into the living room of Carl's apartment. Therapist What sat the bird down on the couch. Then the spud specialist from another dimension begin to explain to Carl about his worrisome actions over the course of the last issue, and all the other issues he appeared in to this point.

Caw?

So Carl you see you are supposed to be a role model for a whole bunch of kids out there.

By doing things like. You know eating dish-washing-pods. You are setting a terrible example for all those kids who depend on you to set a good example.

I mean doing what the Dodo says. C'mon Carl your better than that.



Also, I could not help but notice that you did not notice the fact you are a stuffed bird in this issue. You ceased to be a cartoon at the start of issue #5.

Carl how could you miss the fact that you have a tag on your backside. You weren't created to be this un-observant.

Carl, I'm sincerely worried about you. I honestly don't know how you have been able to manage all of these years without professional help.



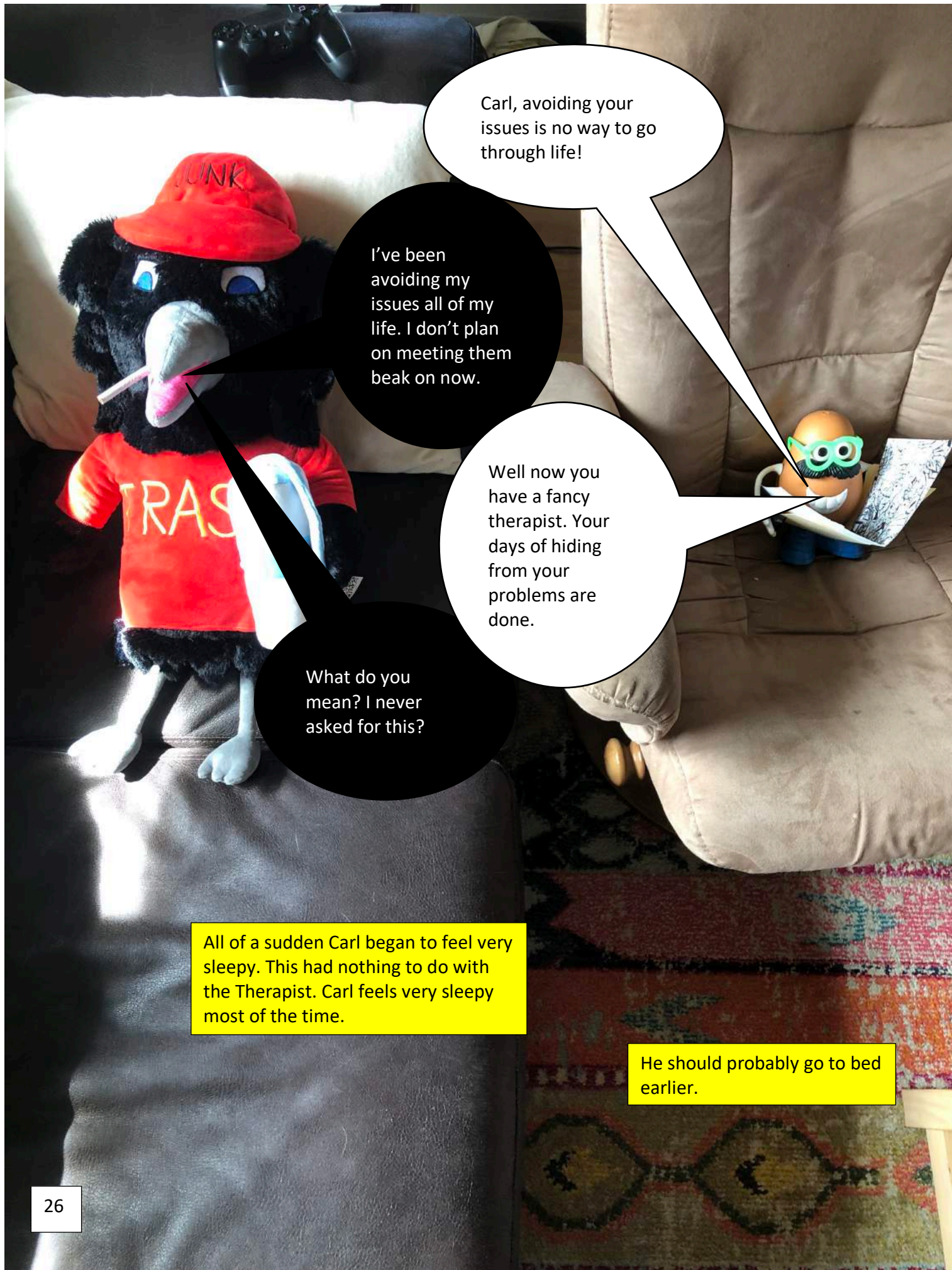
Wait a minute.
I'm a stuffed
toy?

How do I get back
to my own cartoon
world?

Wait a minute! If I
know longer live in
the cartoon world,
does that mean I
don't have a fine in
this world. I think I'll
stay.

SWEET!

Carl has finally been shown the light by the great therapist What. The Callow Corvus is no longer a cartoon bird, but has been residing in the real world for the past issue.



Carl, avoiding your issues is no way to go through life!

I've been avoiding my issues all of my life. I don't plan on meeting them beak on now.

Well now you have a fancy therapist. Your days of hiding from your problems are done.

What do you mean? I never asked for this?

All of a sudden Carl began to feel very sleepy. This had nothing to do with the Therapist. Carl feels very sleepy most of the time.

He should probably go to bed earlier.



Woah, am I on
a white board?


I thought that
when you died
you saw a white
light.

Maybe that
rule is
different when
you're a comic
book
character...

Maybe I
shouldn't have
eaten that Dish-
Washing-pod.

Well I guess you
learn new things
every issue.

Carl seem to have learned an important lesson about dangerous internet trends in this issue. Perhaps after examining these lessons with his new therapist, Therapist What? Carl can lead a more productive life. Now Carl seems to be reverting back to his cartoonish form. Will Carl return to his comic book series? Will the crow be able to make it back to his home town before his fast approaching court date? Find out in the next mildly-entertaining issue of Callow Corvus, where "Carl heads home."



All of a sudden Carl found himself I removed from the white-board, and inexplicitly laying around on a power line back in his home forest.

Woah, I'm back. I guess that therapist really did know how to send me back to the comic world.

Grumble now I'm going to have to get back to paying this fine.

Wait a minute! I thought this issue was over! What's happening!

I remember reading the whole "next mildly entertaining issue disclaimer at the bottom of page 27!"

For once I am with Carl. What's going on? We cleared twenty-eight pages, aren't we done here?

One day while Carl was sitting around on a power line, the Callow Corvus noticed something different about the page he was on.

No COLOR

Junk

I feel like something is different on this page.

I can't put my feather on what is different though.

Ahh, sweet, and blissful ignorance.

Junk

Notice:

Do to the budgetary constraints of a promotional advertisement on Free comic book day 2019. Carl T. Crow, will star in a mandatory promotional page which will not have any color. Carl should avoid drinking his black, and white Glacier Gulp during This time.

WHAT!?!?!
My drink is in black and white!

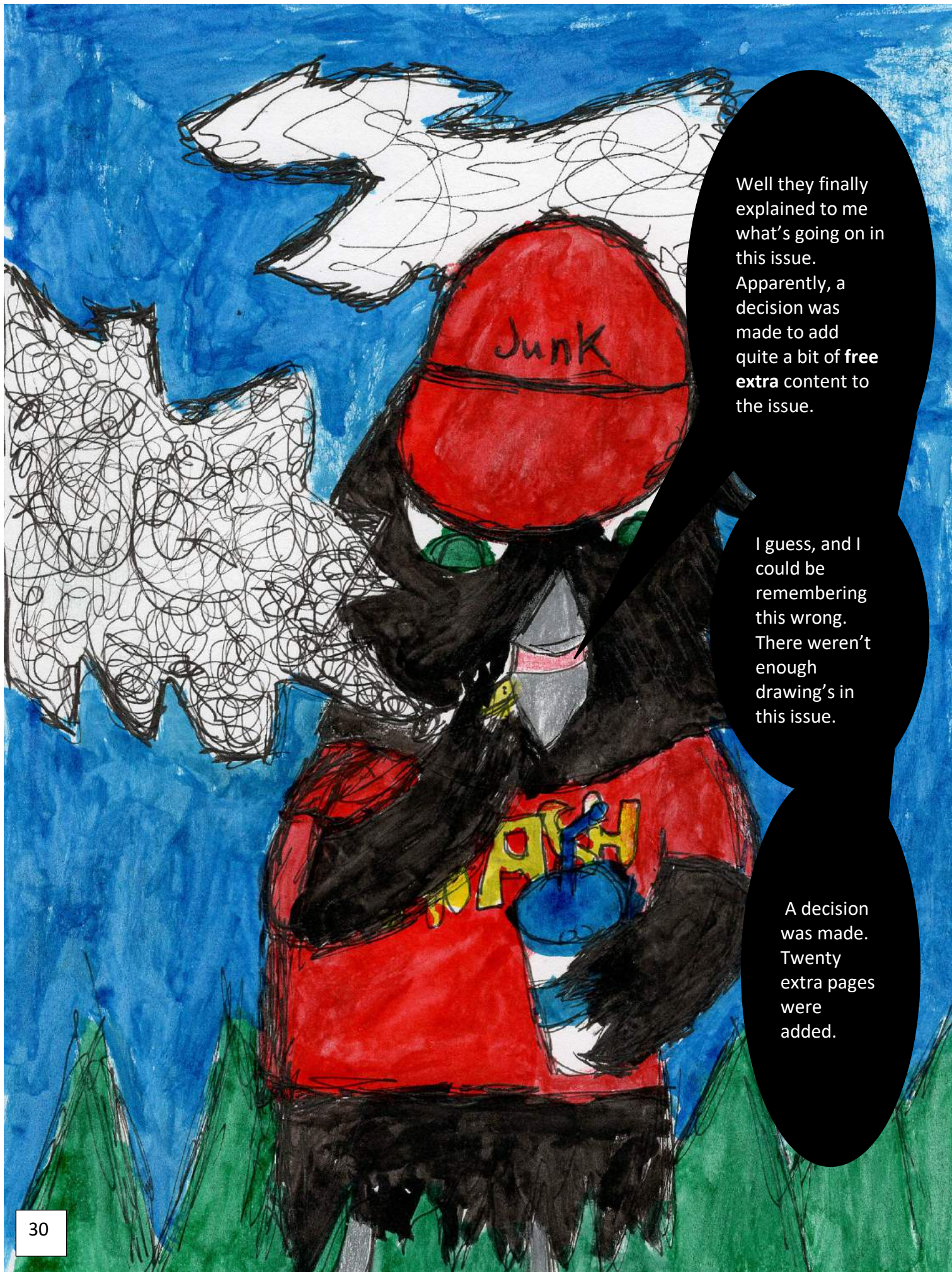
Gosh can't someone notify me about a black and white page.

Junk

Man, my series is just **so low budget.**

I mean cut a crow a break. **They** could have at least colored my drink for me.

Junk



Well they finally explained to me what's going on in this issue. Apparently, a decision was made to add quite a bit of **free extra** content to the issue.

I guess, and I could be remembering this wrong. There weren't enough drawing's in this issue.

A decision was made. Twenty extra pages were added.

THE SKETCH BOOK OF

Carl was correct with his view of what was happening at the end of this issue. I was honestly on the fence about the creative direction of this issue for quite some time.

In order to publish I need a minimum of twenty-five pages. Of course, I don't often shoot for the minimum requirements when I attempt to put out an issue of Callow Corvus.

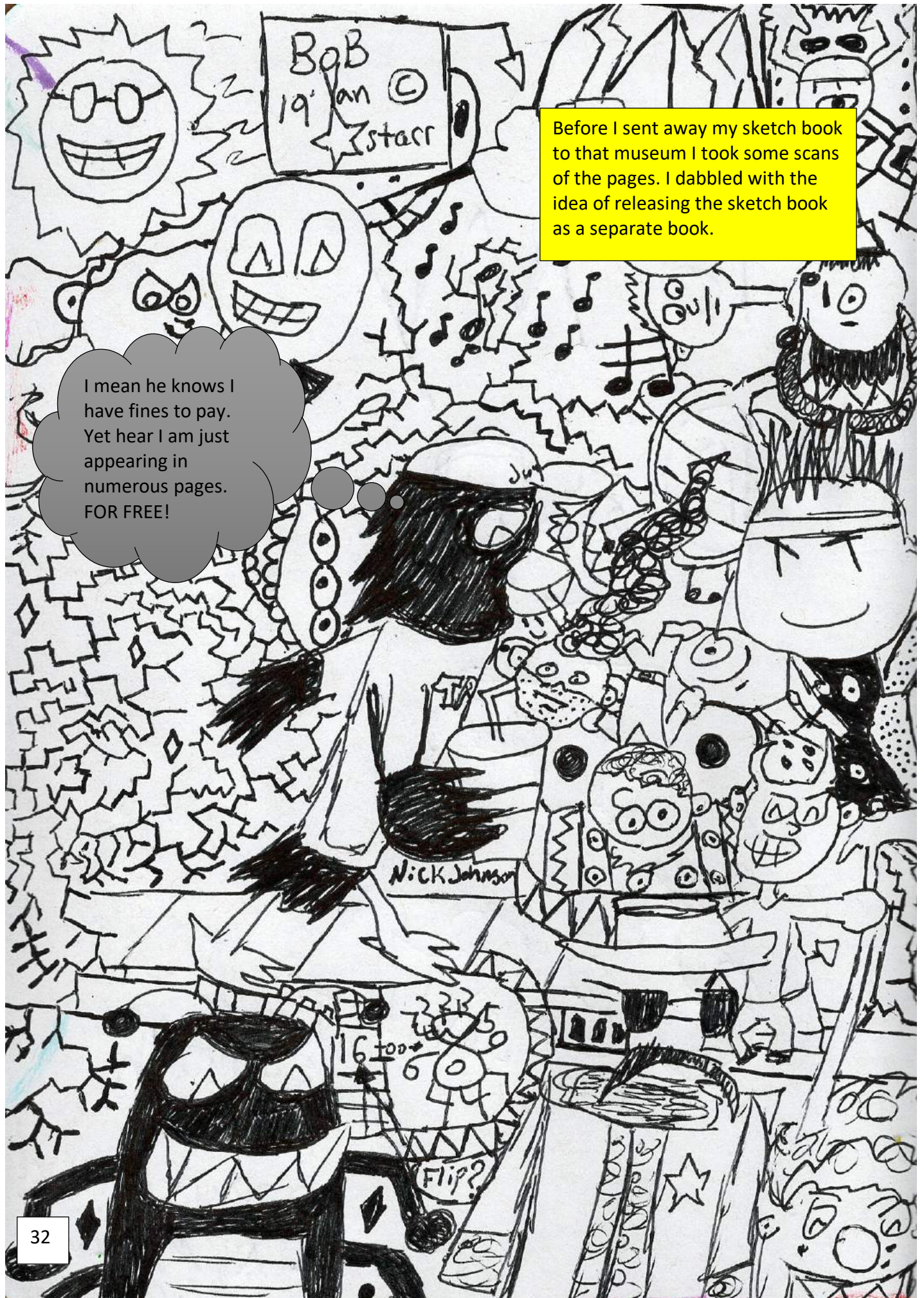
Fortunately, I recently completed a sketchbook for the Brooklyn Sketch Book Project. Which is now in their hands.

BOB

AN




Starr



Before I sent away my sketch book to that museum I took some scans of the pages. I dabbled with the idea of releasing the sketch book as a separate book.

I mean he knows I have fines to pay. Yet hear I am just appearing in numerous pages. FOR FREE!

Then I had the idea of adding the sketch book pages to the real-world pages. As much as I like the "Carl goes to the Reel World." I thought that the issue was a bit short. Instead of having pages with multiple panels. I had over twenty-five full art pages. This gave me a lot less space to write jokes.



Moral of the story I ended up adding a redacted version of the entire sketch book to this issue (which is obvious because you're looking at the completed work now.) Along with some other Carl shorts, and promotional pages I have done in the past year.

Ironically the more pages, and the more ink I use the less money I make per issue of Callow Corvus I sell. My best financial interest is almost to just put out the minimum page requirement's and just put out more issues.

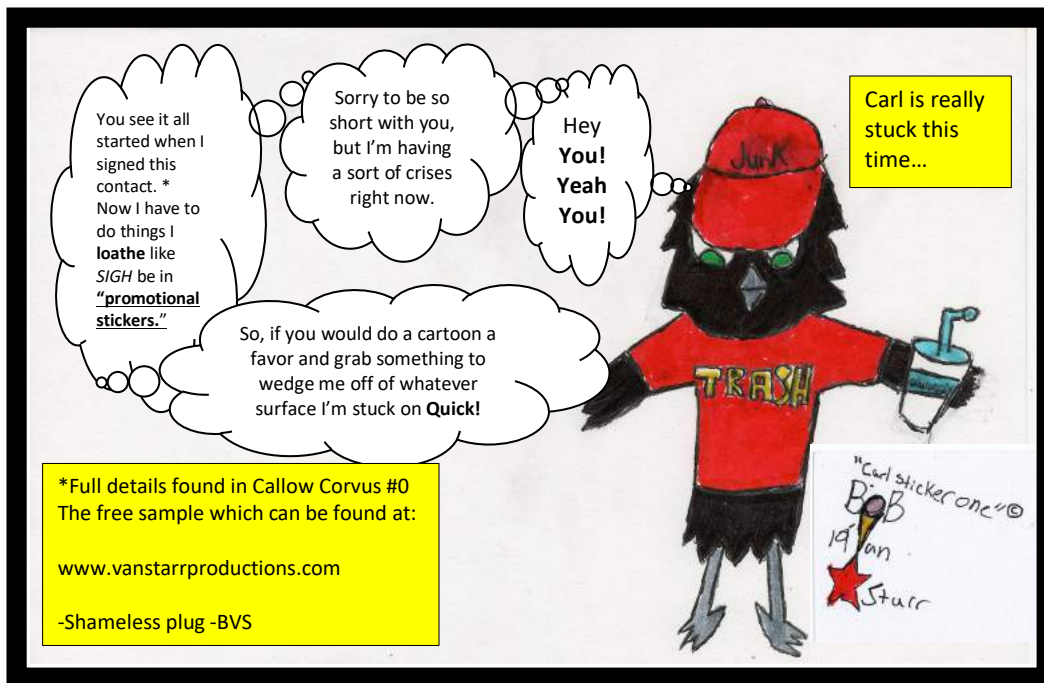
Of course, if I was writing, and publishing comic books (and art) only for the money. I would have quit before I ever started. There is no monetary value that can be put on the feeling I get when I hold a completed copy of Callow Corvus in my hands.

Bob
19-12-13 star
"This is
a small space
an Abstract"



I created the character "The Block," roughly in the year of 2003. I have many of his stories available for free on my website (www.Vanstarproductions.com)

I learned a lot of really helpful tips and tricks while working on those old block stories. All of the lessons I learned while making those initial comics that were never really publishable allowed me to actually complete Callow Corvus #1. Which you can read for free on my website.



This is a promotional sticker. I also thought this would be cool to include in this issue. I am currently all out of them. I have to order more!

I honestly still have copies of books I wrote as young as the age of five. I would draw a few pictures, then write some silly stories to go along with those pictures. Then I would attempt to have my parents buy my masterpieces from me. Obviously, they always supported my childish attempts at entrepreneurship. I would essentially keep working on various types of projects throughout most of my life to various degrees of success.

(I do want to take the time to thank my parents and their significant others for all of their encouragement throughout the years. As well as the encouragement they still provide.)

A flipped lid is what happens when a person has an adverse action happen to them during the course of a day. After a person's lid flips they have a difficult time getting back on task without a significant amount of rest.


Bob "Mini"
19 Jan
Lizarr
Flipped
Lid's

I got to watch a very long lecture about flipped lids one day at a work function. They did not have any sort of picture on their slide show presentation. So, I decided to draw a flipped lid. Maybe someday when they scour the internet they will find this picture, and add it to their slideshow.





Carl who I started to draw in march of 2018 is certainly one of my favorite characters. He is just really fun. Carl's super power is that he is unfathomable peoples lack of understanding of his actions. Allow him to get away with great misunderstandings.



A great portrait of a character I came up with in the summer of 2016. Blue the lobster. You can see Blues only adventures in Callow Corvus 0.5 if you haven't already read that issue!

I actually plan on bringing Blue back to co-star in an upcoming issue of Callow Corvus. There will be internet jokes galore under the sea. I'm currently envisioning loan sharks, and at least one plenty of fish/ cat-fish joke. Just think. Carl catches a cat-fish. Imagine the possibilities!


19- Bob Van
★ Star
"BLUE"

Wait a minute. That microwave!
Therapist What! He did this to me.

Just because he's a therapist he thinks he can come around, and tell me the truth about my life.

Therapist What's microwave is a spaceship that allows him to travel between dimensions. The microwave is called the Radio Active Dimensional Interstellar Ship, or R.A.D.I.S. for short.

I know what you're probably asking yourself. Did he just rip off doctor who? Like completely. Yes, yes I did.



Ahh Carl! I see
you've made your
way back to the
comic world.

Sadly, this is still just
a delusion. You are
not all the way back
to your series yet.

In reality you are
still laying on a
beach in **Brozil**.
After your
adventures in issue
#4. *

WHATTTTTT!?!?! I
thought for sure I was
back in my own forest!
My court date is
coming up soon, can't
you take me back to my
apartment?

*See the conclusion of
issue #4 for the for all
the details of how Carl
ended up in this dream-
issue.



Carl, with the R.A.D.I.S. I could easily take you back to your apartment. Then you would never learn anything. What kind of therapist would I be then?

One who cares about keeping his clients out of jail that's who!

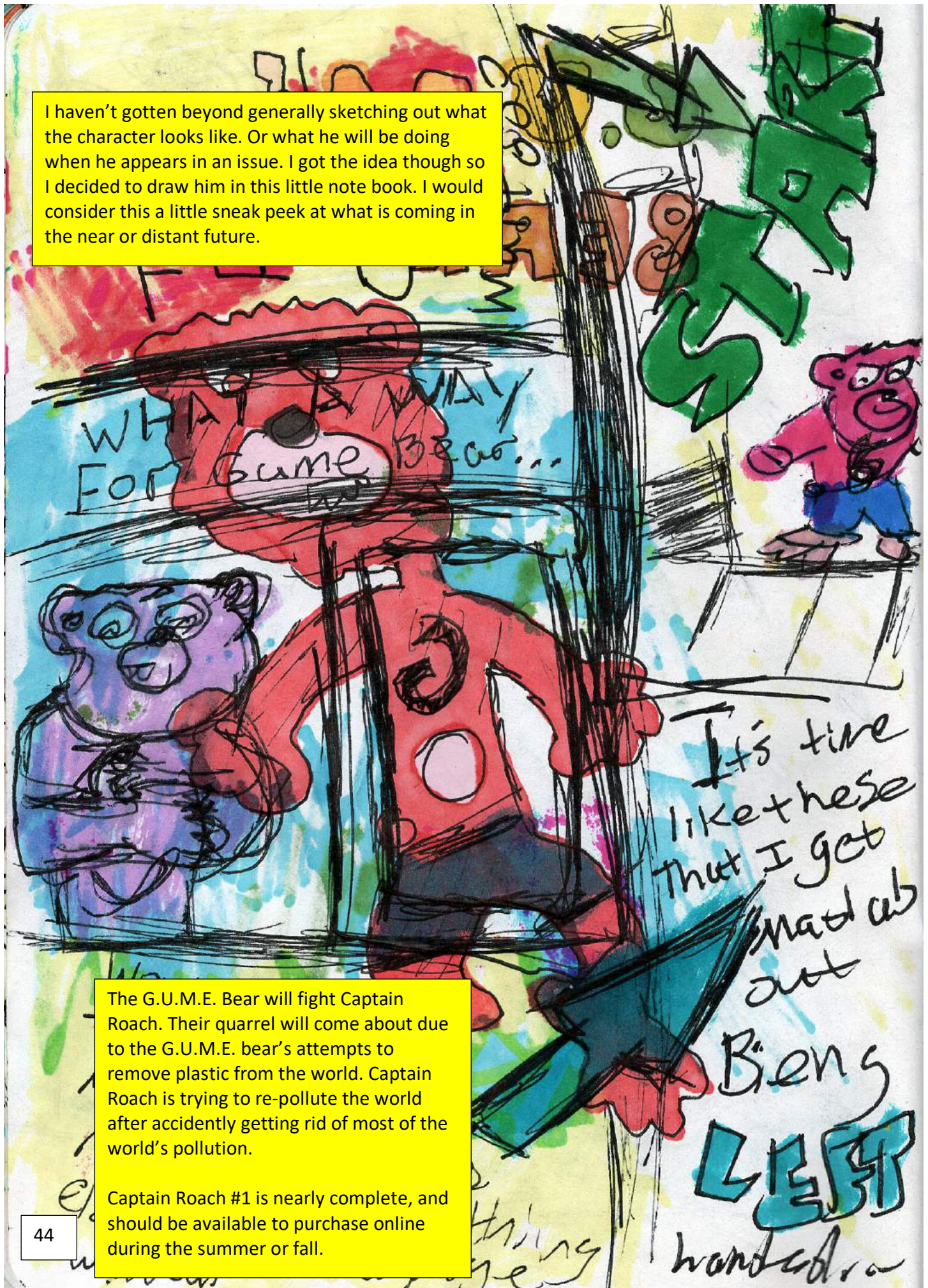
I will really never understand you educated people. Or rather you educated potatoes?

Carl, I do care that you stay out of Jail. I just want you to learn for yourself how to live a better life. Which includes how to stay out of jail.




This is another new character that I have been working on lately. His name is the Gelatinous, Ursine, Metamorphic, Entity. Or G.U.M.E. Bear for short.

I haven't gotten beyond generally sketching out what the character looks like. Or what he will be doing when he appears in an issue. I got the idea though so I decided to draw him in this little note book. I would consider this a little sneak peek at what is coming in the near or distant future.



The G.U.M.E. Bear will fight Captain Roach. Their quarrel will come about due to the G.U.M.E. bear's attempts to remove plastic from the world. Captain Roach is trying to re-pollute the world after accidentally getting rid of most of the world's pollution.

Captain Roach #1 is nearly complete, and should be available to purchase online during the summer or fall.



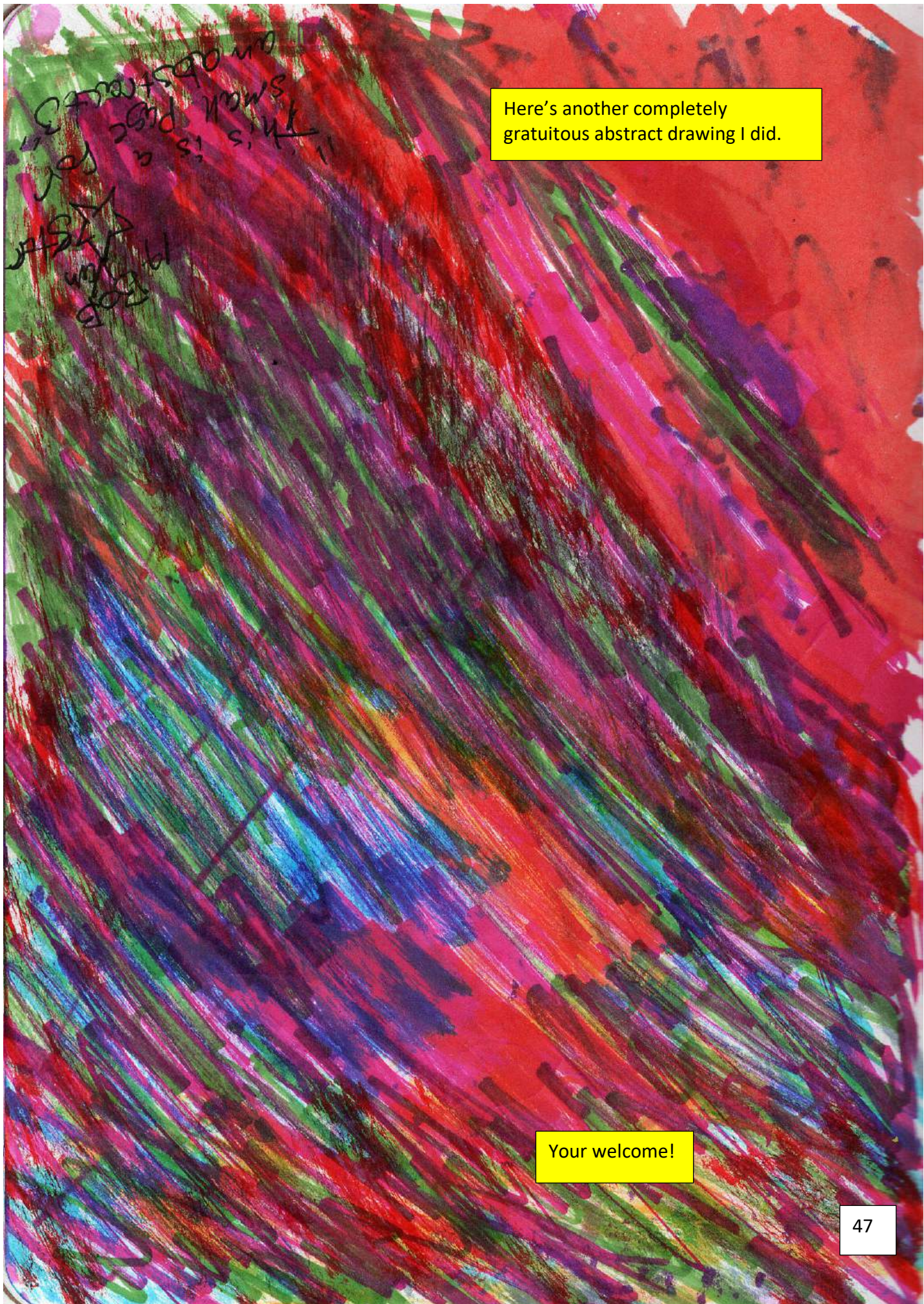
I tried to make this page look like a maze.

Do not be fooled, because in reality. All this is a bunch of interesting looking squiggly lines, with markers that bled through the paper I was using! (professional!)



Of course If you could complete the "not-a-maze," on the last page G.U.M.E. Bear would transform into his S.O.U.R. form. S.O.U.R. is of course short for Super, Obliterator, Ursine, Rampage.

Also, I know what you're thinking, and. I totally agree. I have put way too many completely fake acronyms in this issue.



Here's another completely gratuitous abstract drawing I did.

Your welcome!

Gratuitous Abstract brought to
you by:

FLUnKih

"Merica Sits
on Flunkin!"



Dough-Gut's

STRESS

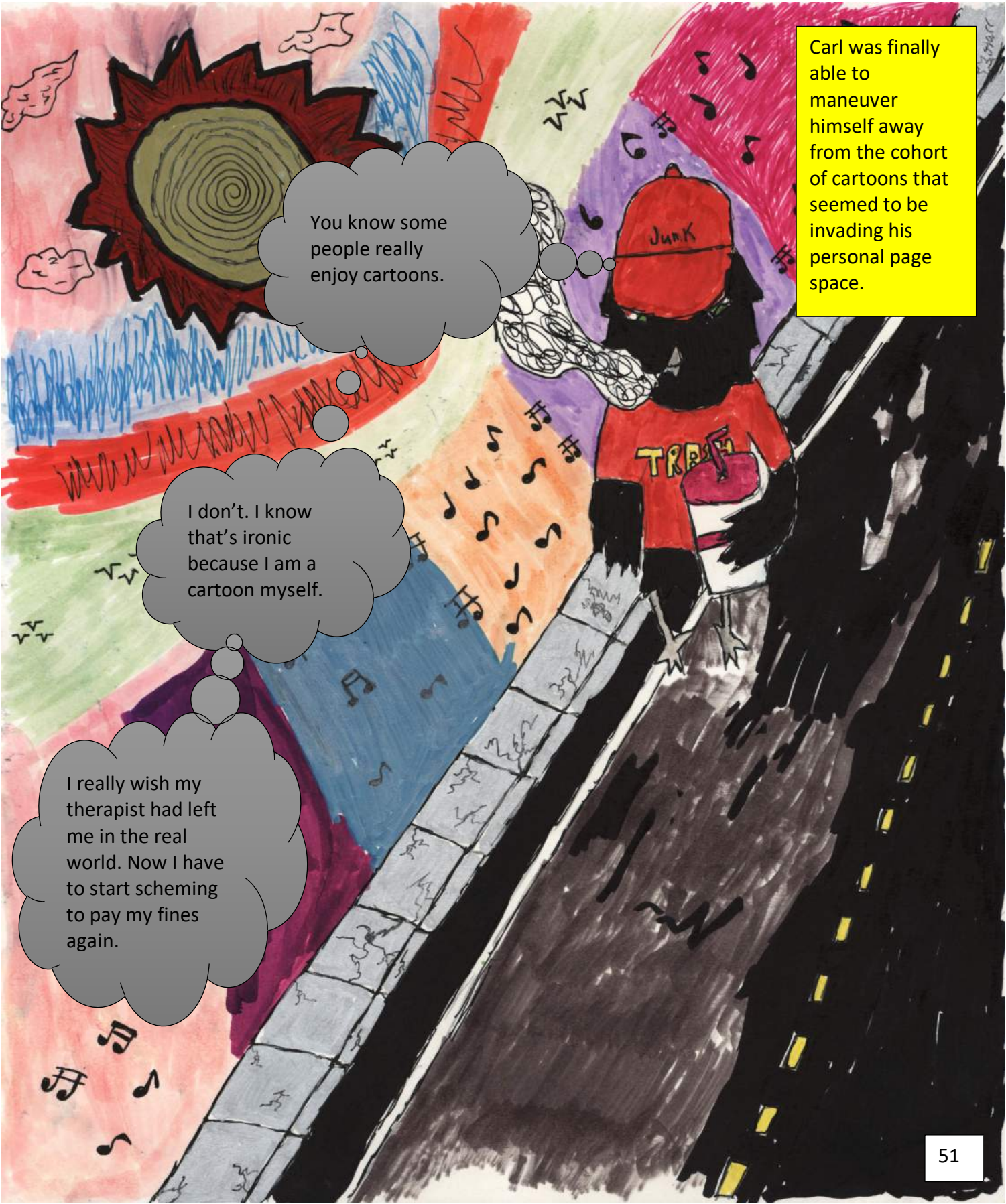
How many
Triangles? Squares?

If you want to be stressed out you can try counting all the circles on this page! I wouldn't suggest that though!

Who are all these creeps!?
Can't someone just get me back to my own comic series?

Carl, you've got to make your way back to the actual **plot** of your series. We will meet again however. In the sequel. When Carl goes to **Blunderland**.

I just want to personally thank you for reading, and supporting the materials I have put out. I hope to continue publishing in one form or another for quite a time to come. I have planned and nearly completed issues going well into 2020.




You know some people really enjoy cartoons.

I don't. I know that's ironic because I am a cartoon myself.

I really wish my therapist had left me in the real world. Now I have to start scheming to pay my fines again.

Carl was finally able to maneuver himself away from the cohort of cartoons that seemed to be invading his personal page space.



Well, looks like
were finally
done with this
issue.

I really have to re-
examine my
contract. I can't
afford to be
starring in this
many extra pages
every issue.

I can't even afford
to pay attention.
Let alone to star in
free pages!

Well that about wraps
us up for this issue. I
hope you enjoyed the
redacted notebook
pages (actually I just
hope you didn't hate
those pages.).