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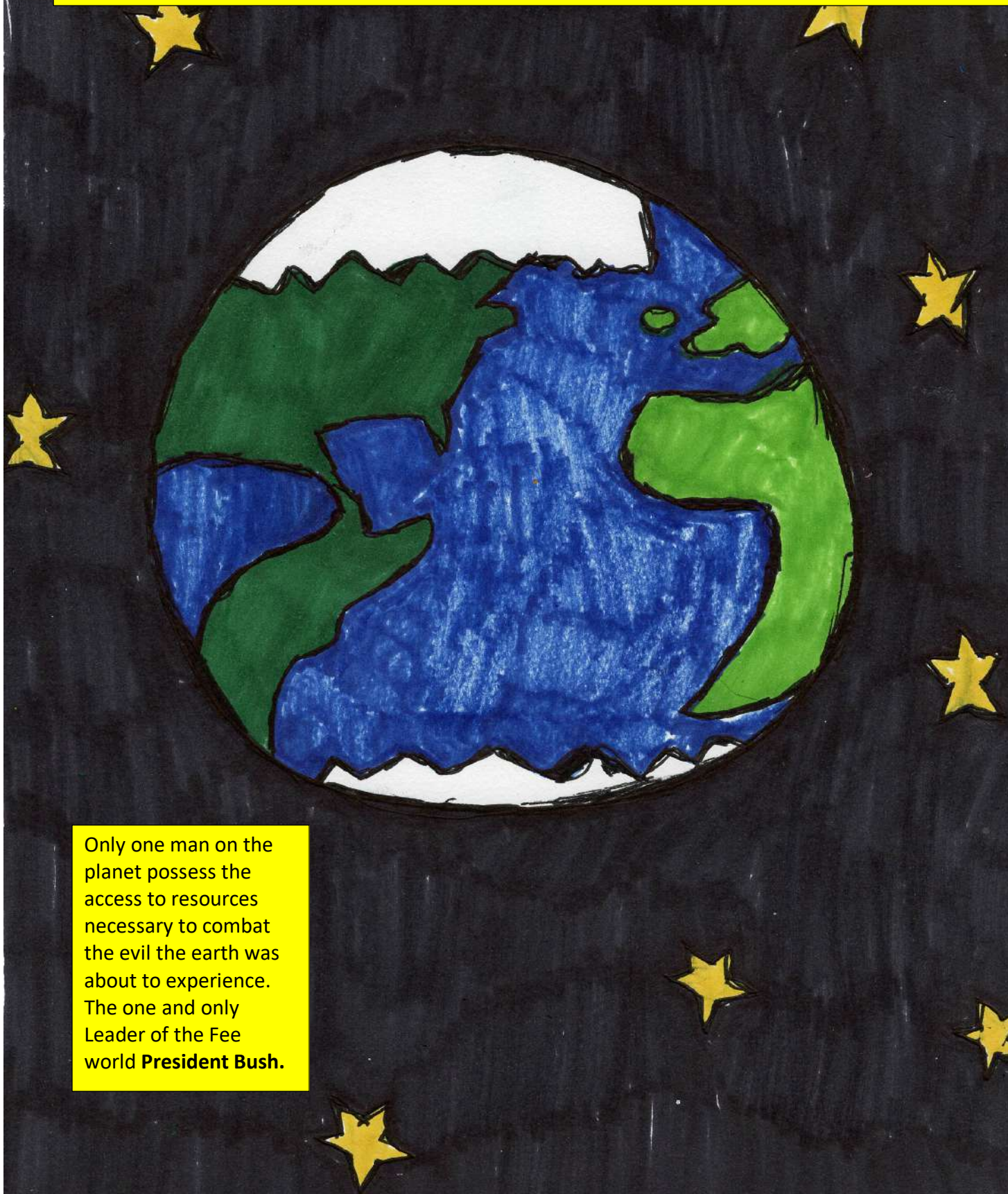
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The gleaming planet Earth. Which as of recently has been dealing with numerous problems. One of these problems Lobzilah: The King of The Lobster's recently left his mark upon the small planet. While the inhabitants of Earth try to prepare themselves for another Lobzilah attack, another enemy was quietly lurking in the shadows.



Only one man on the planet possess the access to resources necessary to combat the evil the earth was about to experience. The one and only Leader of the Free world **President Bush**.



In the office of President Bush.

I can't believe I did it.

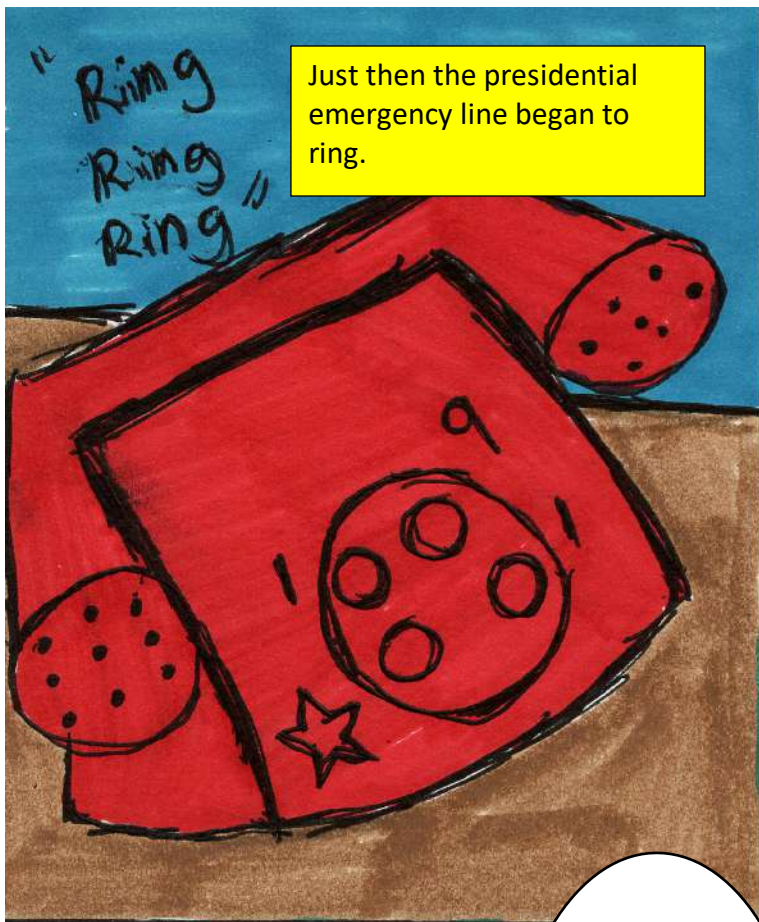
I hand signed every single Lobzilah relief check.

LOBZILAH RELIEF  
1204 — One Million and  
Twenty cents  
Backed by ~~no~~ XPRES Bush

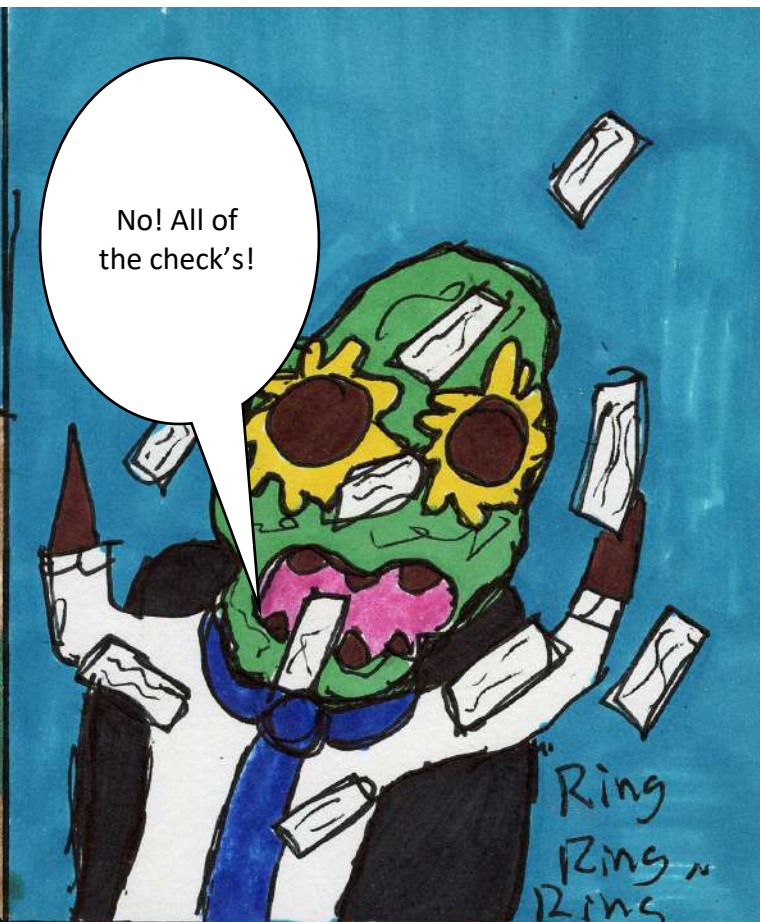
But, that was the last one. To think people thought me signing all of these was a waste of time.

Let's be honest I think my autograph may be worth more than the check. Someday...



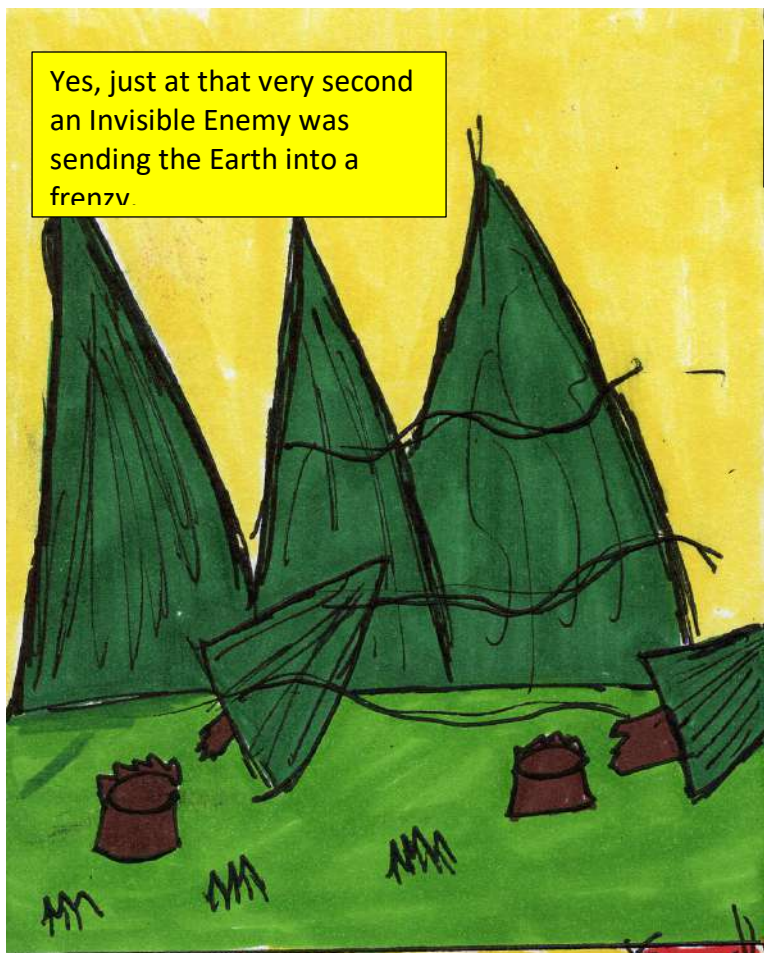


Just then the presidential  
emergency line began to  
ring.

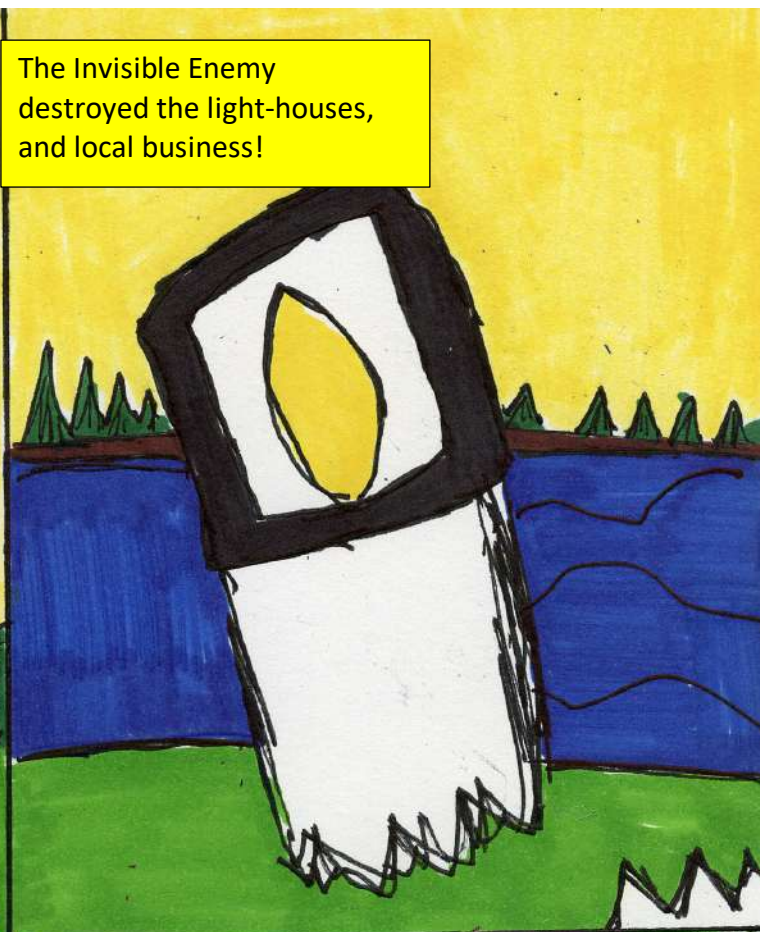




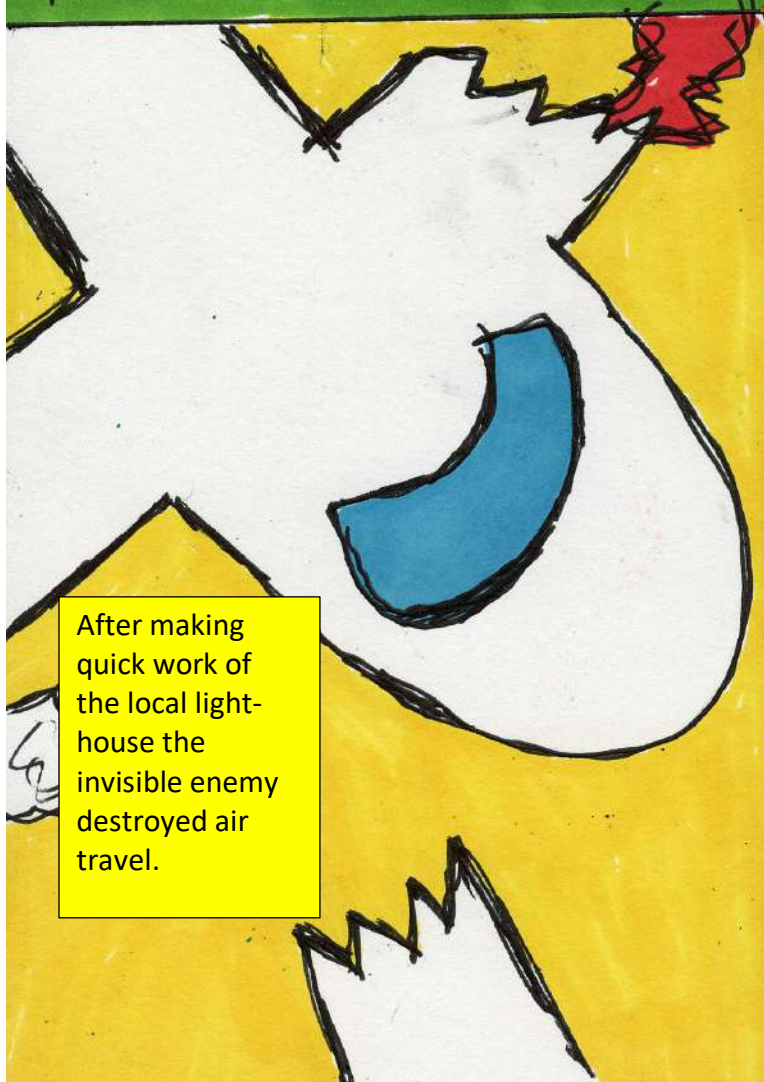
Yes, just at that very second  
an Invisible Enemy was  
sending the Earth into a  
frenzy



The Invisible Enemy  
destroyed the light-houses,  
and local business!

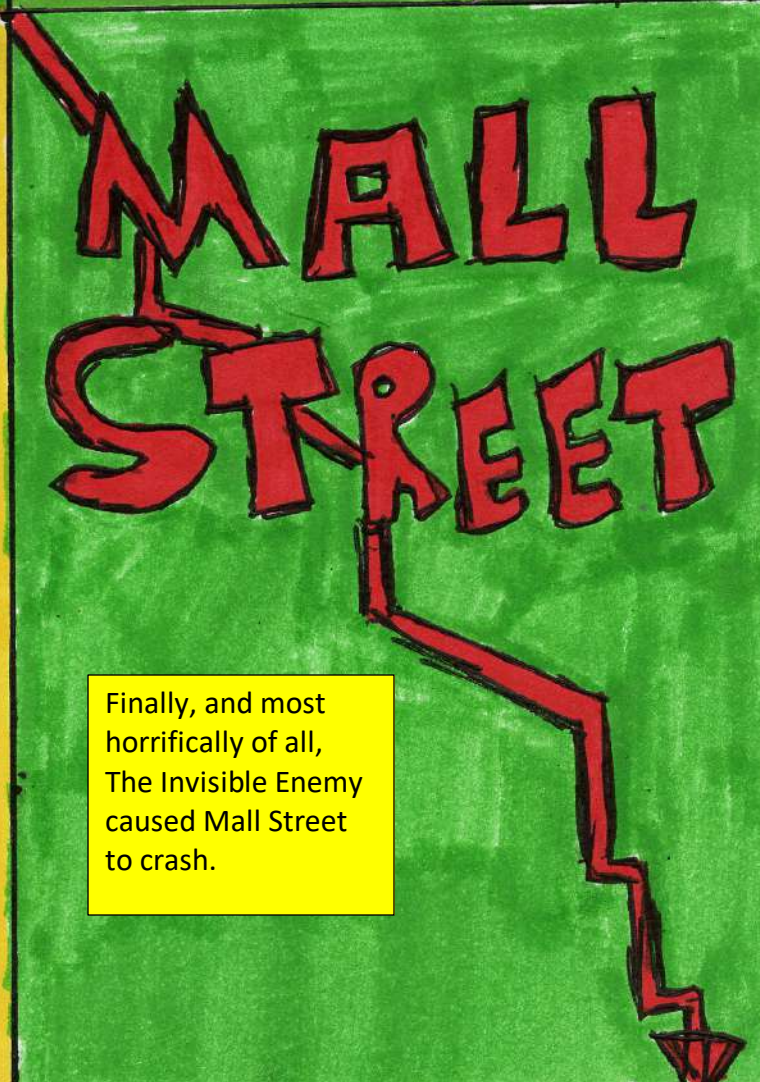


After making  
quick work of  
the local light-  
house the  
invisible enemy  
destroyed air  
travel.



**MALL  
STREET**

Finally, and most  
horribly of all,  
The Invisible Enemy  
caused Mall Street  
to crash.





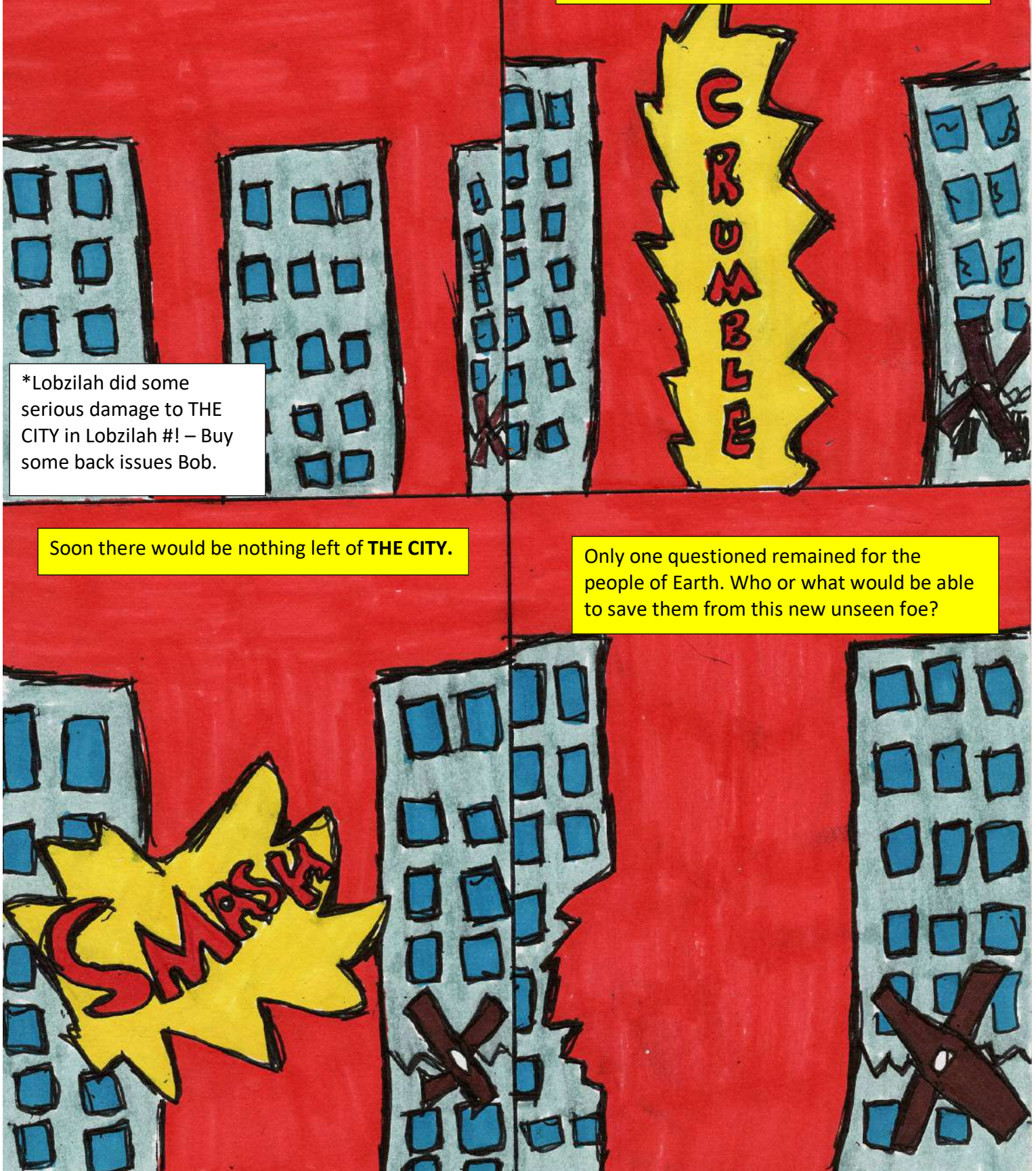
Finally the invisible enemy made his way to the already heavily damaged **THE CITY**.\*

As if the first bout of destruction brought about by **Lobzilah** was not enough, the **Invisible Enemy** began to destroy even more of the city's limited infrastructure.

\*Lobzilah did some serious damage to **THE CITY** in Lobzilah #! – Buy some back issues Bob.

Soon there would be nothing left of **THE CITY**.

Only one question remained for the people of Earth. Who or what would be able to save them from this new unseen foe?





Deep in the waters off of the Maine coast, the monster known as **Lobzilah** sensed something was wrong on the land above.

The lumbering, lobstrocity then made his way out of the ocean.

SNicksnick!

The briny behemoth was baffled by the destruction done to his local town.

If anyone was going to destroy **The City**, it was going to be him. With this in mind the lumbering lobster made his way toward the heart of the path of destruction.

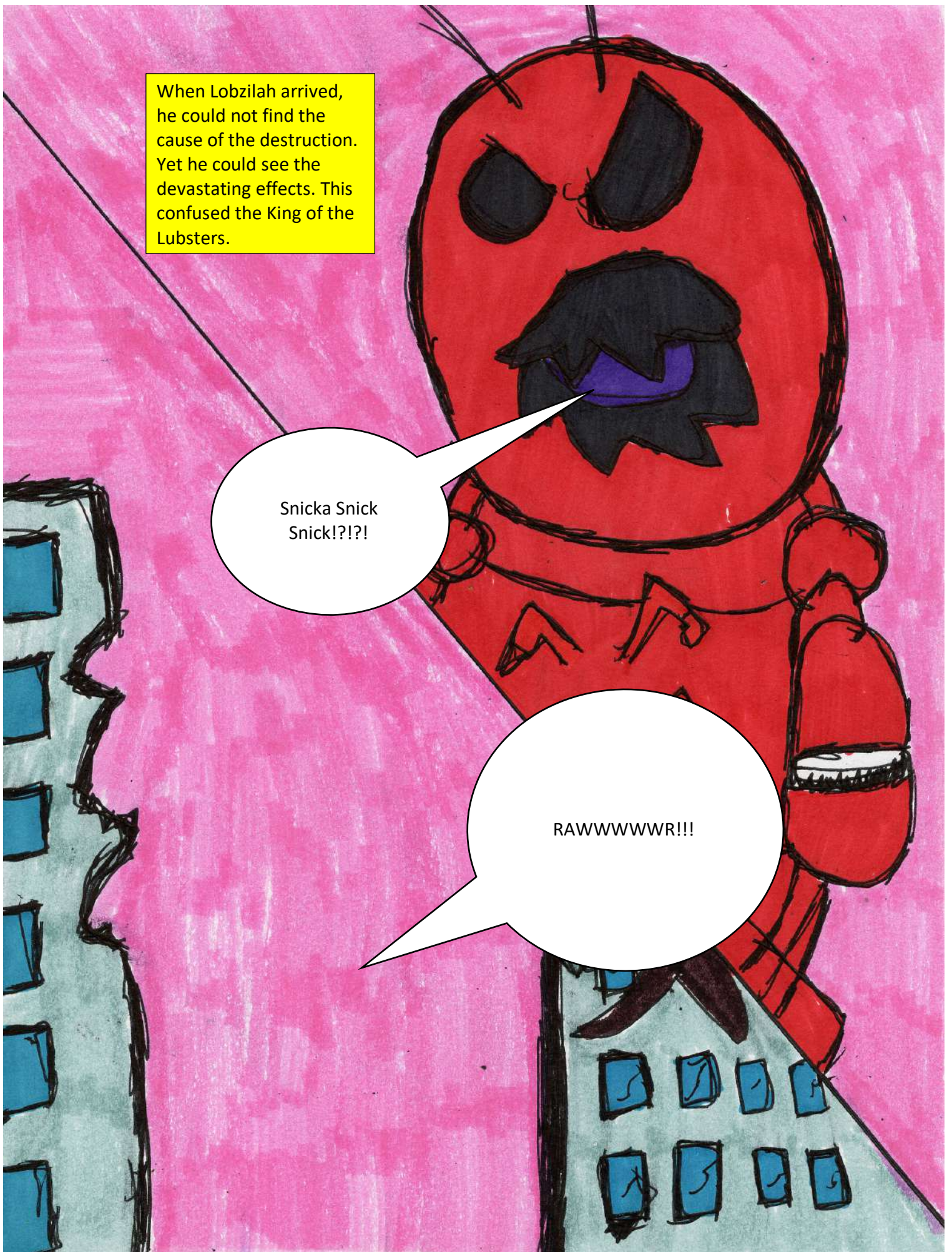
Snick?



When Lobzilah arrived,  
he could not find the  
cause of the destruction.  
Yet he could see the  
devastating effects. This  
confused the King of the  
Lubsters.

Snicka Snick  
Snick!?!?!

RAWWWWWR!!!





Strange sounds. Destruction  
not caused by his claws.  
None of this was adding up  
for **Lobzilah**.

Snick?

The anticipation for what was about to  
come hung like a strong and salty  
stench in the air.



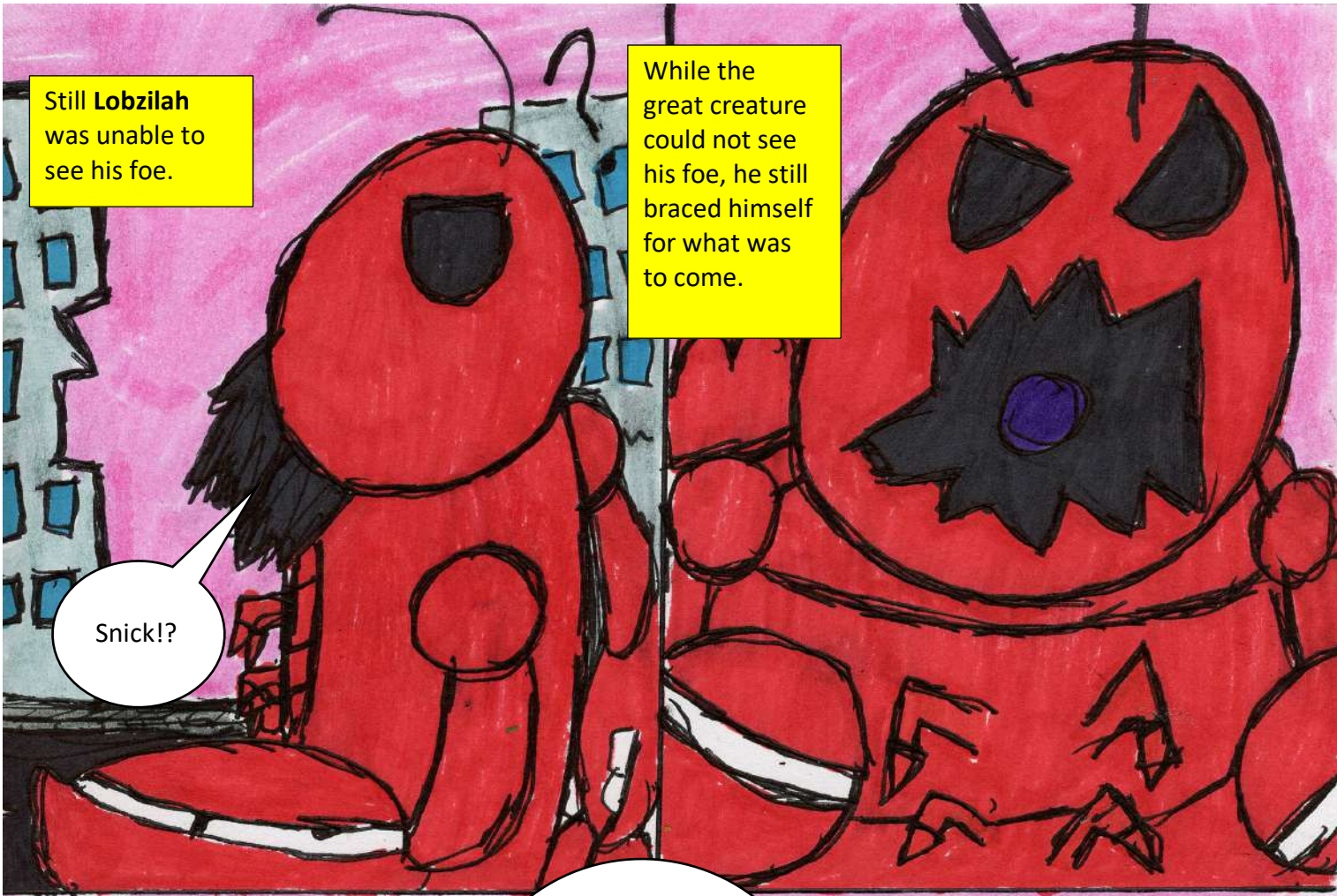


Until finally the first move was made  
by the Invisible Enemy!



The first blow of many that  
would be transferred  
between the two terrible  
titans.






Still Lobzilah  
was unable to  
see his foe.

While the  
great creature  
could not see  
his foe, he still  
braced himself  
for what was  
to come.

Snick!?



The colossal  
crustacean  
was pushed  
again, this  
time right  
into a  
recently  
repaired  
building.

SNICCKKKCKCKC!!!

Bewildered by the  
unseen assailant,  
**Lobzilah** tumbled  
through the already  
broken building.

PUSH



This attack only further enraged the great **Lobzilah**. This was getting personal now.

**Lobzilah**, being at a severe disadvantage not being able to see his enemy. Realized he needed to develop a new

SNICKKCKCK!!!!

Snick?

With his rage renewed! **Lobzilah** threw his claw's into the air to tempt the **Invisible Enemy** to strike again!

**Lobzilah** began to reason, though he could not see his enemy. He may still be able to get a claw to connect!

SNIIICKKKCK!

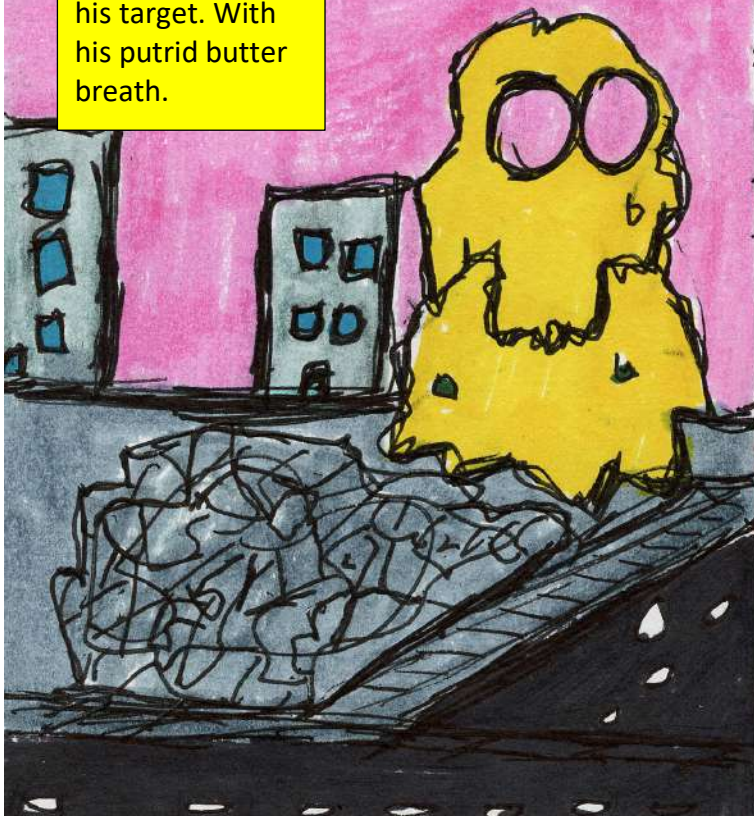


Annoyed by his abhorrent agitator. The beast from the bottom of the ocean unleashed his mightiest attack. ...



GARLIC  
BUTTER  
BREATH

**Lobzilah** managed to hit his target. With his putrid butter breath.



The Garlic Butter Breath illuminated **Lobzilah** previously **invisible Enemy**.



Which gave our royal red rebel the line of sight he needed in order to strike his enemy!



At a disadvantage no more, now that he could see his enemy there was no reason why he could not also put a claw on him.

SNICK!

CLAW'D

OOOF!



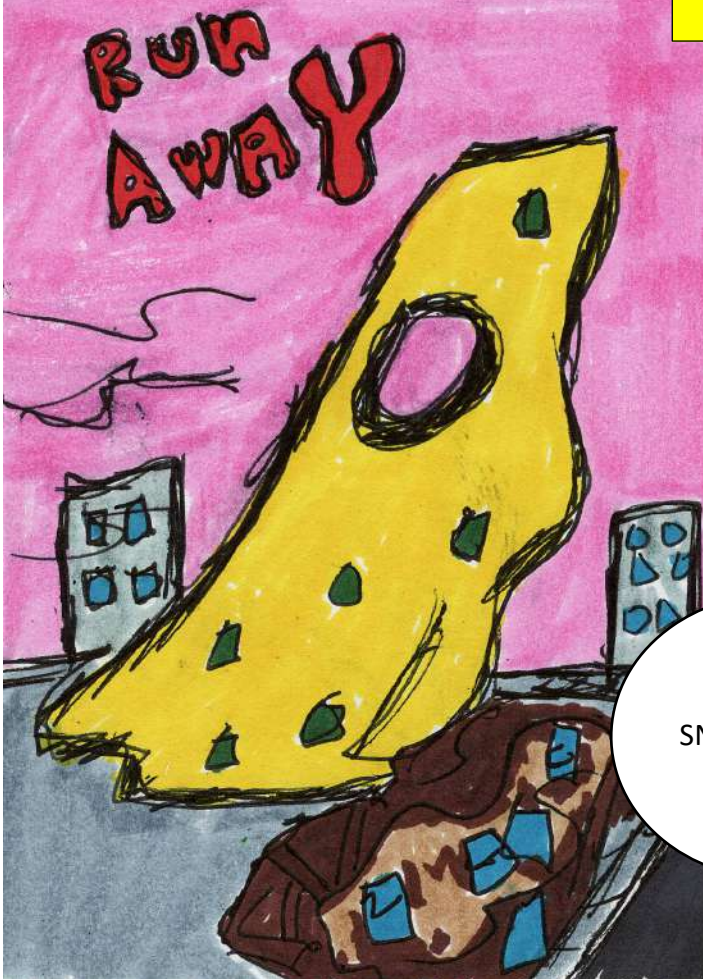


The Invisible Enemy who saw that he now had lost the element of surprise had a very serious choice to make.

To fight the terrible King of Lobsters on fair terms. Or too...



After defeating his enemy the giant crustacean threw his massive claws into the air in a brutal celebration of victory!



SNICKCKCKCK!




Meanwhile in the office of **president**  
**Bush.**



What do you mean  
Lobzilah is on the  
ropes!!

This could be our  
chance! Send in  
the **Mecha-**  
**Lobzilah!**





Somewhere in a top secret military base the greatest scientific minds were building a top secret mechanical reproduction of the great Lobzilah.

Will this robotic recreation be enough to destroy the legendary lobster of the deep?





Special thanks to  
Morgan Gleave  
for this excellent  
Rendering of  
Mecca-Lobzilah.



Ass Mecha-Lobzilah made his way to The City, he completely surprised the Organic, overly Large Lobster.

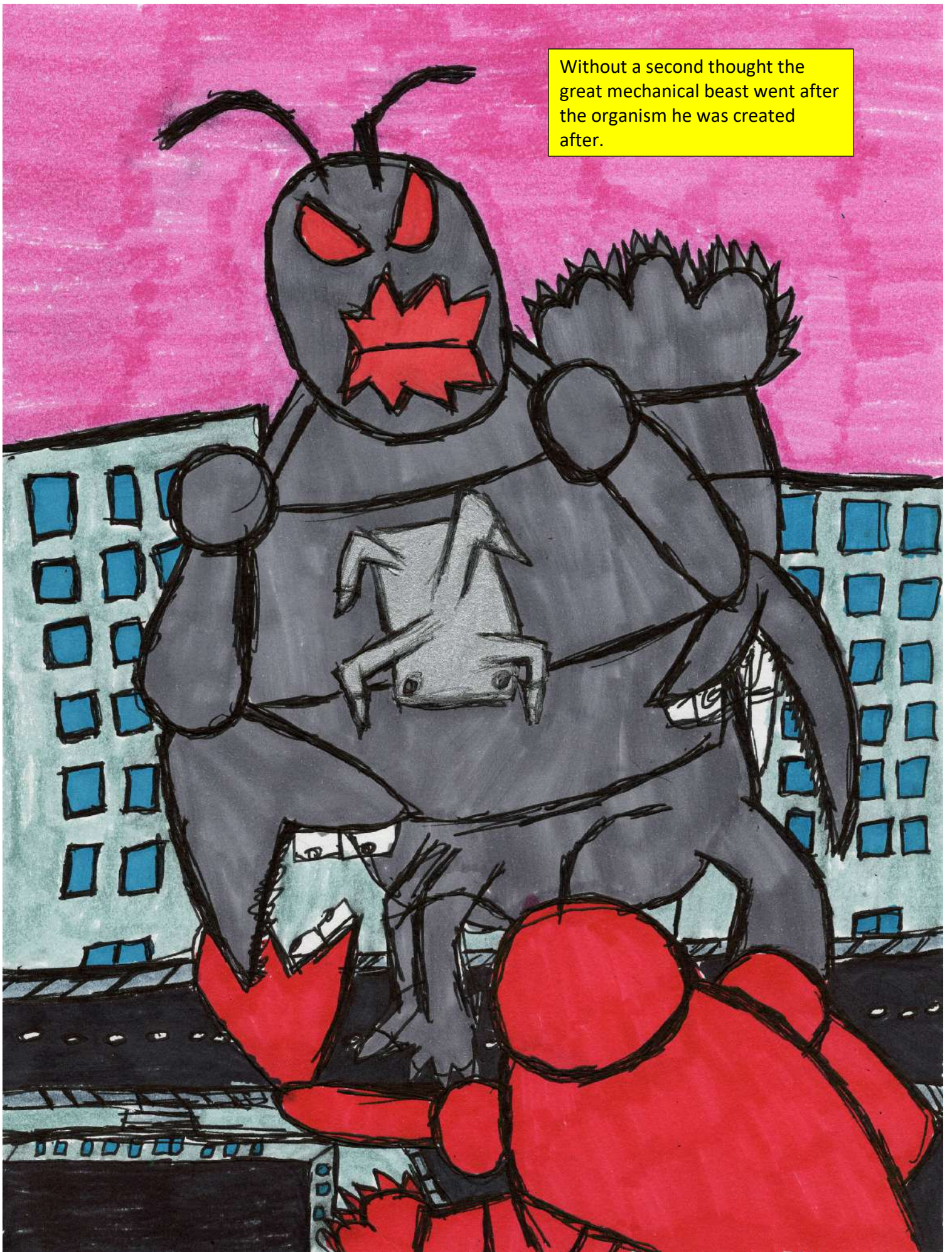
ZNNNKKK!

SNICKCI!?!?





Without a second thought the great mechanical beast went after the organism he was created after.








The Great mechanical Lobsters strength was great. Mecha Lobzilah had been crafted by the finest engineers on the planet Earth.

His Artificial intelligence programmed to do one thing. Destroy Lobzilah!





Mecha-Lobzilah easily threw Lobzilah into the air with his vast mechanical strength.

With all the hopes of the world resting upon his mechanical back. Would the Earth best defeat his bitter foe Lobzilah?



CHANNEL 58


BREAKING



NEWS

SPECIAL NEWS BULLITEN






This is a special  
news bulletin  
from Channel 58  
news!

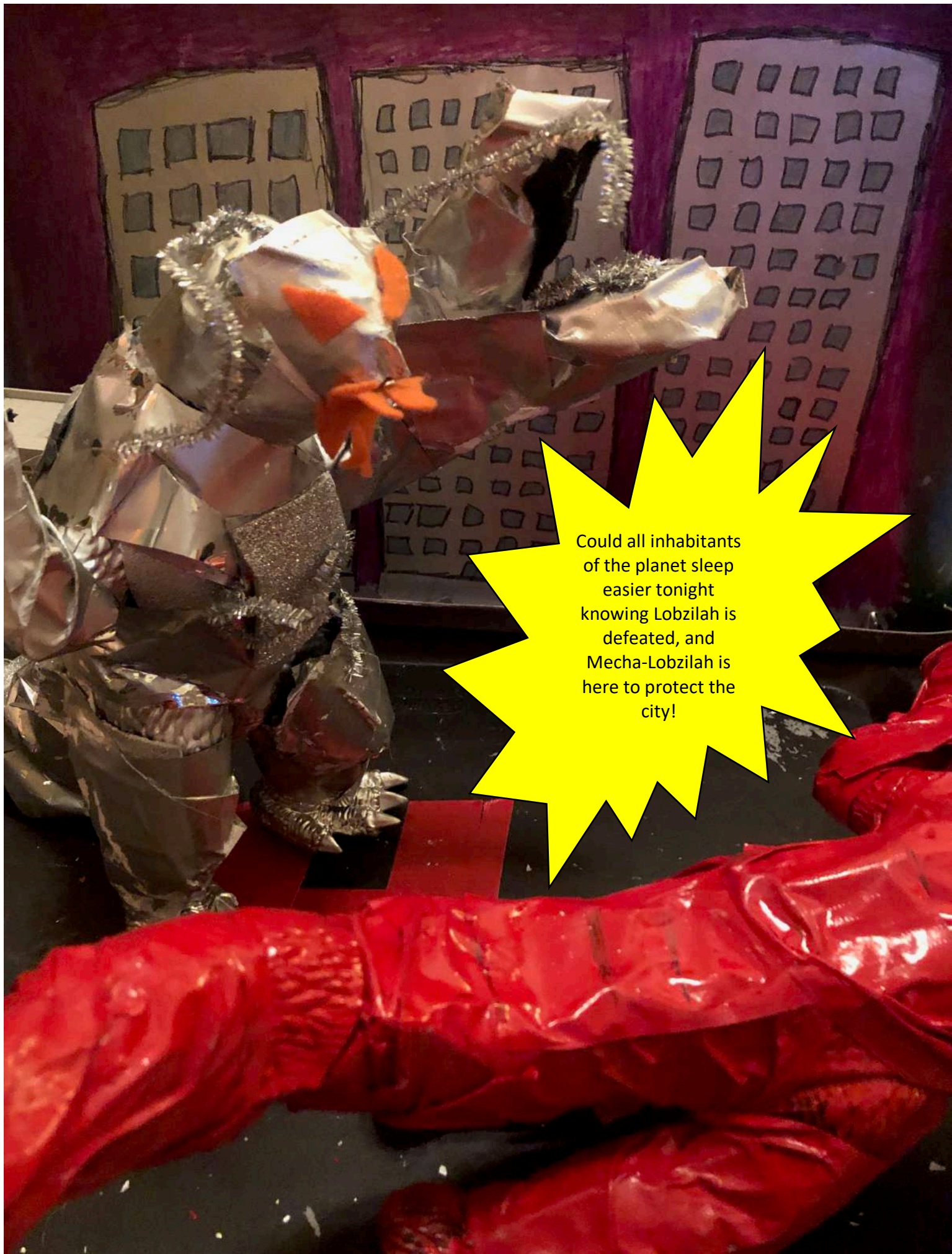
After defeating the  
Invisible enemy for The  
City, President Bush, as  
sent in special weapon  
Mecha-Lobzilah to stop  
Lobzilah in his tracks.





Lobzilah seems to be no match  
for the mechanized version of  
himself. The engineers who  
designed Mecha-Lobzilah did an  
incredible Job.





Could all inhabitants  
of the planet sleep  
easier tonight  
knowing Lobzilah is  
defeated, and  
Mecha-Lobzilah is  
here to protect the  
city!






Whats this! Lobzilah got back  
up, it seems The King of the  
Lobster's energy has been  
renewed.





The two titans claws  
are making horrible  
noises that can be  
heard all over the  
city.






Lobzilah seems to have found his second wind.


Mecha-Lobzxilah does not seem to be able to keep up with the renewed vigor of Lobzilah.






What's this did Lobzilah  
just strike a blow to  
Mecha-Lobzilah's  
processing center.



A stop-motion scene featuring a red, multi-limbed figure with black joints and a silver, scaly figure. The red figure is in the foreground, reaching out. The silver figure is behind it, partially obscured. In the background, there are three tall, grey buildings with many windows, set against a dark, reddish-purple sky. A yellow starburst speech bubble is overlaid on the scene.

I hate to be the one who has to  
report this, but the tides of  
Battle has turned in the favor  
of Lobnzilah.






Will the world ever be safe from  
Lobzilah the Demon of the  
Deep.

Something is  
happening to the  
power at the stati....









The people could almost see the smirk on the face of Lobzilah, as he left The City triumphantly.

After defeating his enemies Lobzilah began to make his way toward his home the Ocean.



By Morgan Gleave!

# LOBZILAH vs PORCASAU



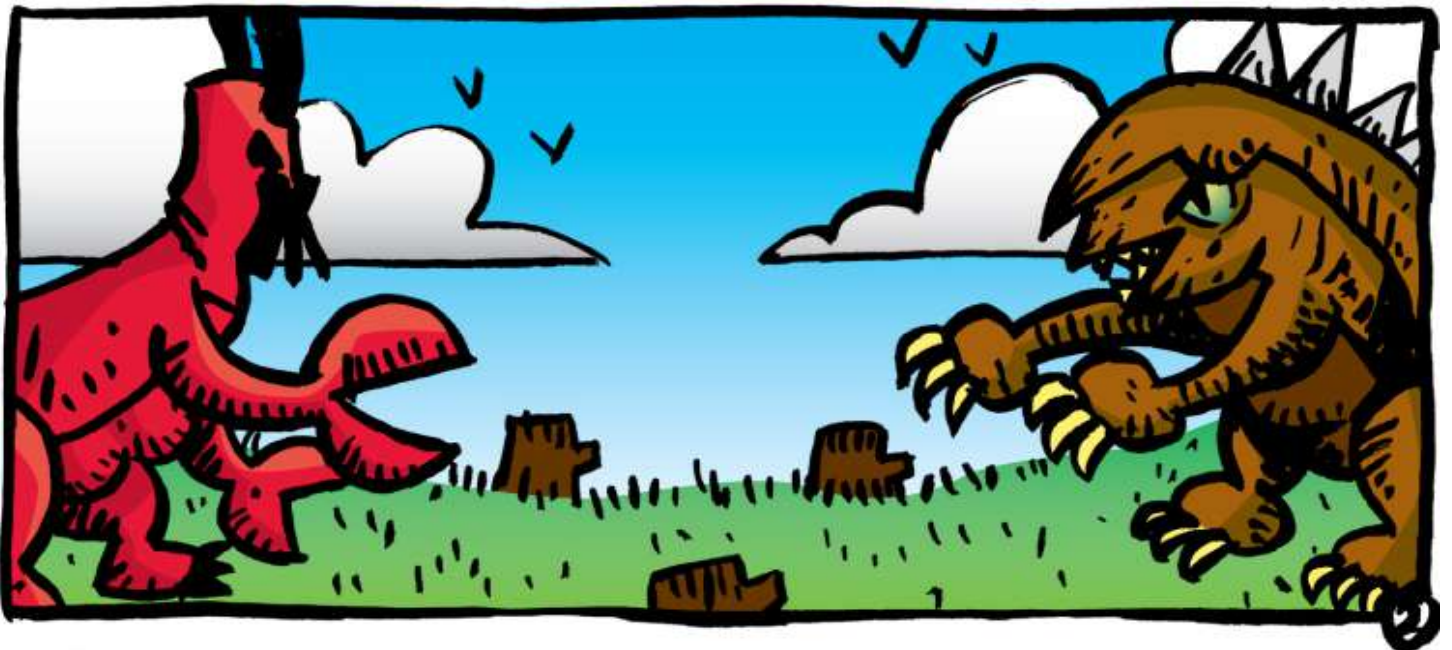




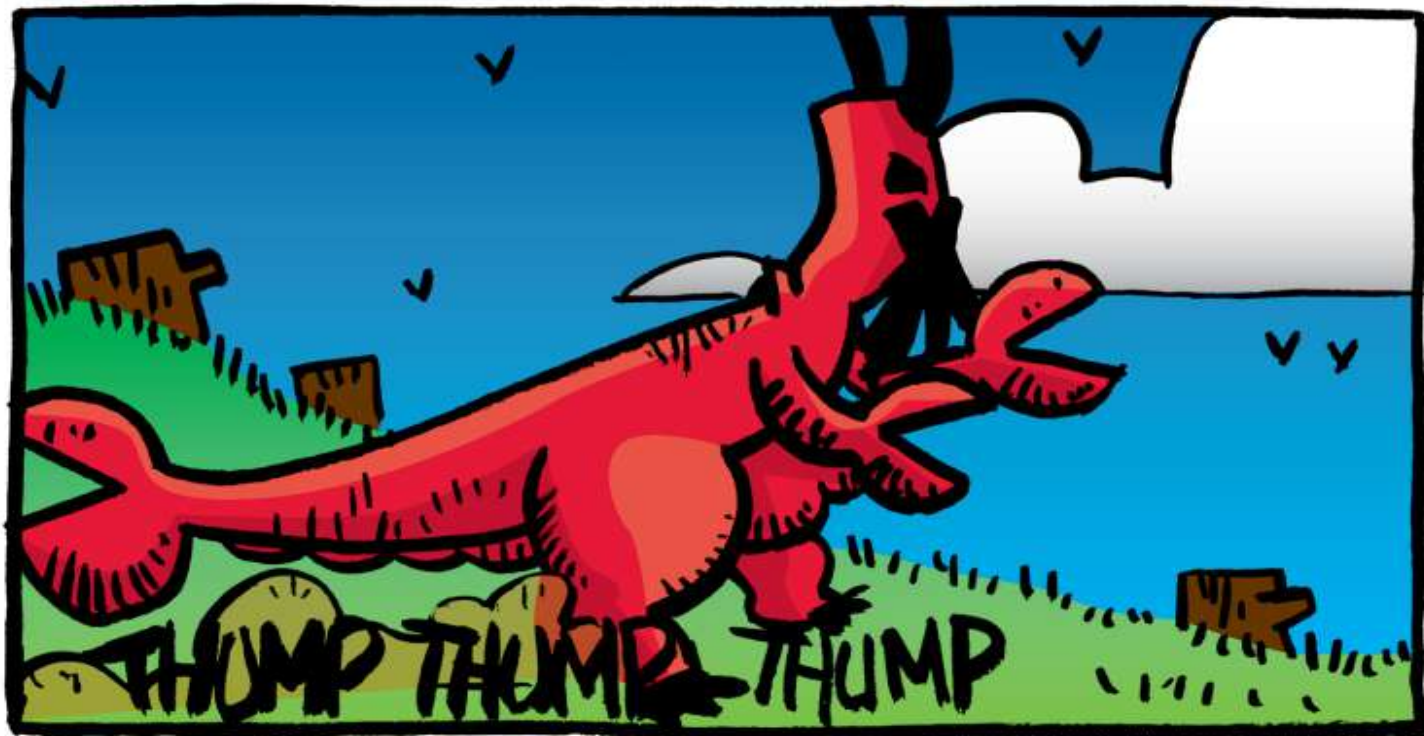
MG  
2020

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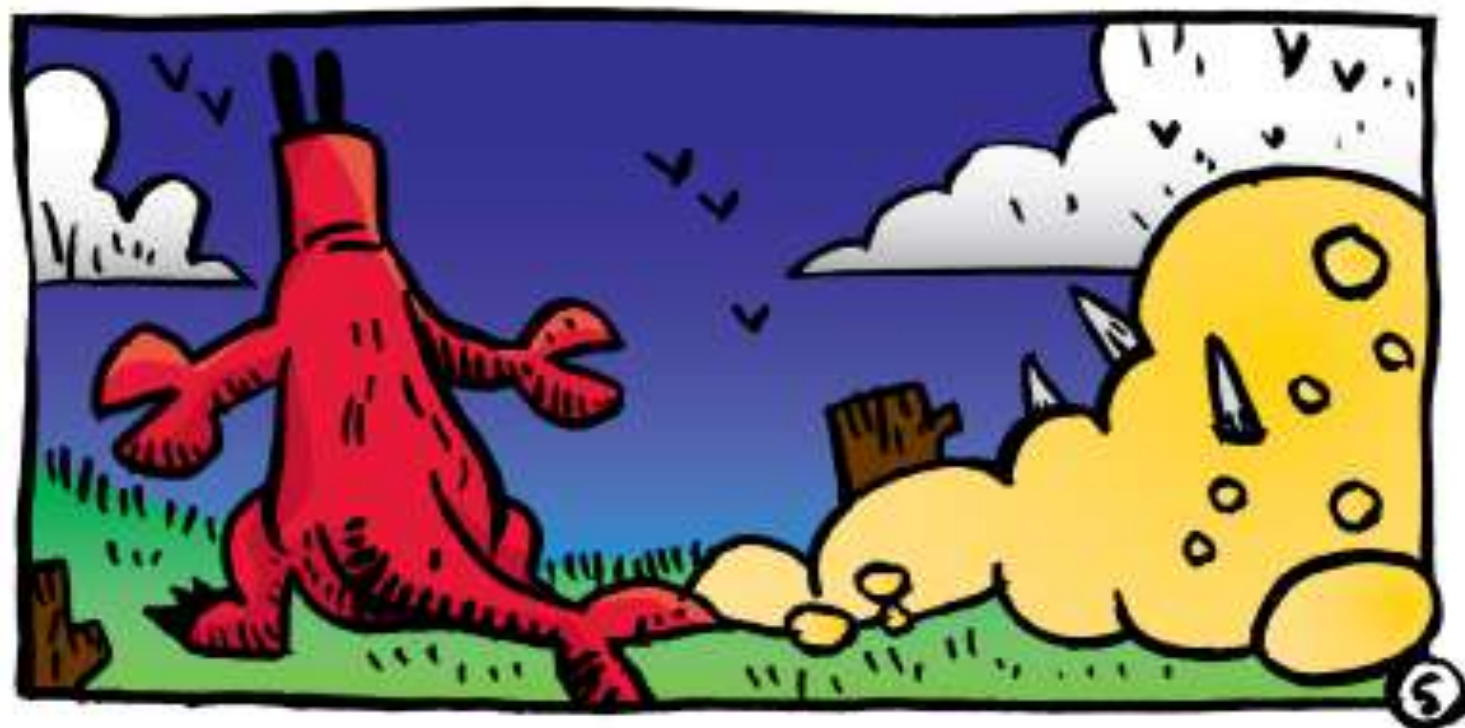




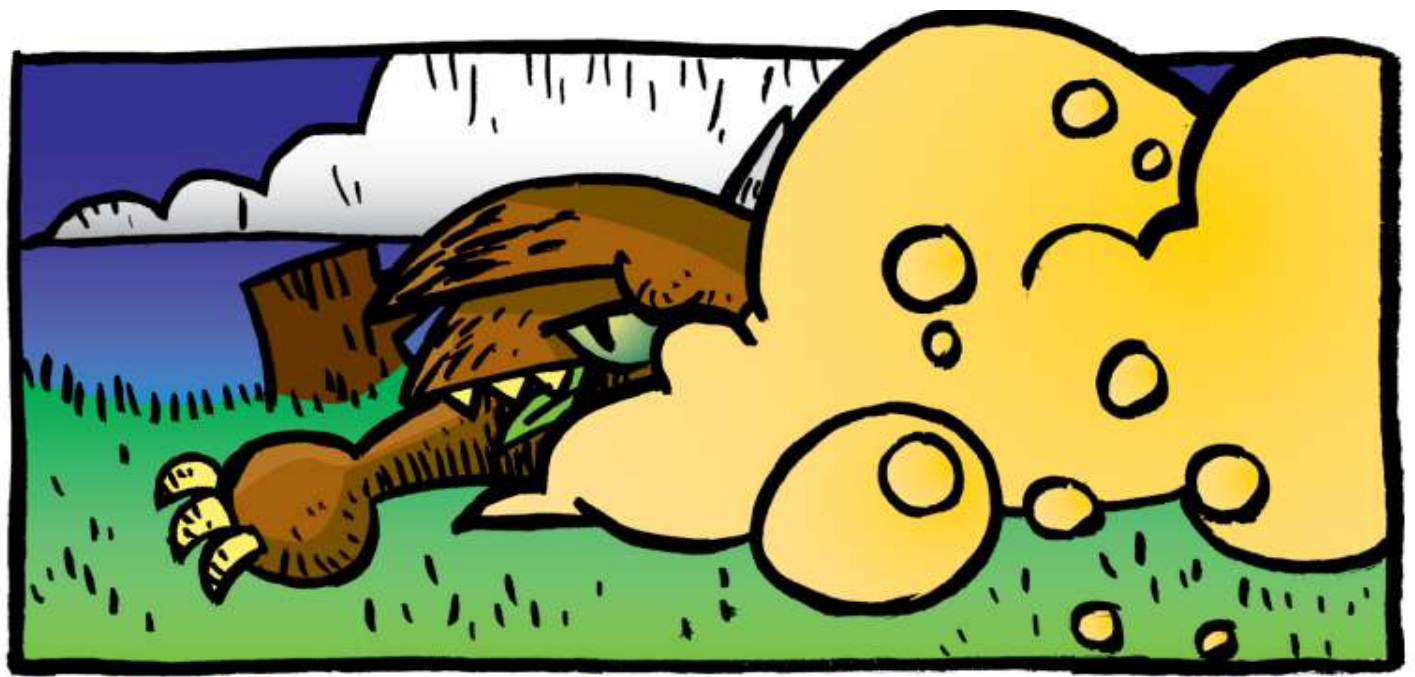














A Presidential Therapy Session





## A Presidential Therapy Session:

The first out of sight entity in the office is a wailing humanoid, scrub- bush with large golden-yellow flowers for eyes. This scrub-bush had clearly been bawling like a baby on the large mahogany-brown-leather couch. The scrub-bush was wearing one of the nicest suit's anyone had ever seen on a scrub-bush. Or rather, the only suit anyone has ever seen on a humanoid scrub-bush...This sentient fauna also happens to be the leader of the **Fee-world**. The scrub-bush who beat his competitor in the presidential race by a leaf, the fearless leader of the **Fee World, President Bush**. (First introduced in Lobzilah Vs Empress Angler: The Battle for Earth.)

On the other side of the room sat another very odd figure. This entity was a giant sentient Baked-Potato. The Potato wore giant black scholarly glasses, he was apparently balding which could be inferred from the hair he did have at the top of his head. The Potato had giant feet, and was wearing a pair of very comfortable looking bright blue sneakers. While this Potato had no nose, he did have an oddly placed, and very thick mustache, just below his thick rimmed glasses. This of course is the most sought out, mental health professional in all of the cosmos **Therapist What!?** (First introduced in Callow Corvus #5 The Reel World.)

Therapist What looked somewhat dethatched from the session, but this was his typical approach to an especially difficult patient. The therapist liked to remain very calm to give these patients the emotional stability they lack. President Bush fit nicely into this category. "Why did this have to happen in an election year!?!?" President Bush was presently screaming on the couch.



“Now Mr. President, I’m going to have to ask you to settle down. We don’t want you to start hyperventilating again now do we? I’m running out of paper bags.” The Therapist said un-ironically. As he began to scribble away notes in the folder that was in his hands.

President Bush, who was seeming to settle down, and beginning to listening to reason, sat back down on the mahogany- brown-leather-sofa. The president continued this phase of the therapy session by using his very expensive suit, as a common paper tissue quickly drying his nose, mouth, and eyes. He then let out an incredibly long sigh, then continued his lamentation.

“I just ddd-don’t know why this had to happen during my presidency.” He said in a defeated tone while looking down at his designer shoes.

“Now, now, what have we talked about Mr. President? There is no point in blaming external circumstances for how your feeling now.” The Therapist words were sharp and to the point, yet still friendly in tone. A true therapeutic genius at work.

“I know, bbb-but why did a giant Lobster-Monster have to attack **The City**, right before the re-election campaign?” While the President continued to speak his voice started to croak again as if he was going to continue to sob, but he stopped took an exceedingly long deep breath, and held himself together. The scrub-bush then continued to speak.

“If a **Lobzilah** attack wasn’t enough, that creature from outer space the news outlets are calling **The Empress Angler** also did a number on **The City**. I think the National guard is completely out of tanks! Then that giant Ape from **Party**



**Island** known as **Neon Bling Kong** destroyed seven airplanes. I don't know if the country will ever recover from these giant monster attacks."

Seeing a rare opening in the conversation with the President, Therapist What jumped into the conversation. "Now, Mr. President I think everyone can agree that you've had a pretty rough couple of months, now's the time to take control of the situation! When Life gives you lemons you have to make lemonade!"

As the giant bald potato mental health official finished his sentence the look on the face of President Bush began to change. He slowly began to smile, and then he laughed out loud.

"You are a genius! If life gives you giant monsters, then by George you...you....you..... have to make giant monsters!" By this point in time in the session the president was jumping up, and down on the therapist's couch.

"You know you really don't get paid enough!" The enigmatic Bush remarked to the greatest Therapist in the cosmos.

"Well actually I don't get paid at all. You see I actually care what happens to the universe. So, a very qualified mental health professional is exactly what the president of the **Fee World** needs." As the Therapist looked up over his notes while he was making his statement, he saw that **President Bush** was on his mobile phone, and having quite an animated conversation with some assistant or aid.

"That's Right. I don't care how much it costs. No not an exact clone. A Super Clone. I already told you I don't care how much it costs. I want him to be super. Two Years. That won't work, I'm thinking like Tuesday? If I have to tell you I don't care how much it cost's again I'll fire you... Worrying about your job is the last of your concerns. I mean I'm going to fire you out of a cannon. Just Get it done."



With a quick click of the button President Bush was re-engaged with his therapy session.

“Sorry about that, I’m taking your advice seriously, and making my own giant monsters.” The President looked giddy, giddier than Therapist What had ever seen him. This made the Therapist very nervous.

“Now Mr. President I think you need to be careful. The expression I used earlier in this conversation was used in order to show you that even in bad times, you have to have a good outlook. Not that you should create your very own, and rather volatile monsters.” The Baked Potato seemed to steam a bit from the top of his head, as he tried to calmly express to the president the nature of the situation.

“No need to worry, this monster will be controlled by me, and my top scientists of course. Nothing could possibly go wrong. When they nominate me for my **No Bell Piece prize** I’ll be sure to mention you in my speech.” President Bush then stood up, and began to walk towards the door. He then turned and spoke with his yellow flower eyes glinting in the sunlight of the room.

“I must be your worst client. I am really sorry about everything you have to hear in these sessions.” President Bush said as he surveyed the floor of the room, which was now covered with inflated paper bags, and used tissues.

The spudly therapist let out a small chuckle at this remark “Oh not to worry Mr. President you are nowhere near the worst client I have. No, that honor rests with a certain **Callow Corvus**, who shall remain unnamed for confidentiality reasons. He is completely hopeless. I honestly don’t understand how he manages to get along day-to-day, but somehow he survives.”

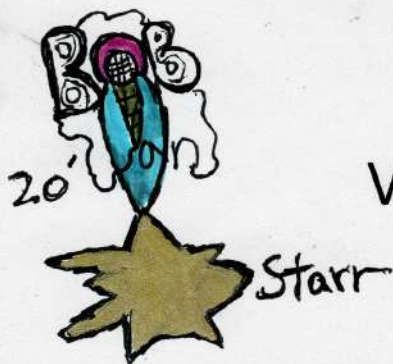


“Well it’s good to know that I’m not the most hopeless client. I’d really hate to see what that guy is like if he’s more hopeless than I am. Well thanks Doc. This session was really helpful. I’ll see you next Thursday for our follow up?” With this remark the President began to open the door to the office.

“That sounds fine Mr. President. Also, please don’t hesitate to reach out, if anything else unexpected comes up over the next few weeks. I hate to worry about your mental health in a time of crises like this.” Therapist What remarked coolly as he seemingly reviewed his notes.

“Will do Doc. See you next time. Be sure to check the news in the coming weeks to see what I mean by making Lemonade.” With that The President let out a large laugh, and exited the office.





# VAN STARR PRODUCTIONS

## CHECKLIST

Callow Corvus:

# 0.5: The Sample Man ☐

# 1: Inna-Net Riches ☐

#2: Community Serve-Ice Part one ☐

#3: Community Serve-Ice Part two ☐

#4: The Green Issue ☐

#5: Carl goes to the Reel World ☐

#6: The Beach Bird ☐

#7: The Clip Issue ☐

#1: The Litter Critter ☐

#1: The Kid Learns about Recycling ☐

Vocabulary Vice ☐

#1: Captain Cockroach ☐

#1 LOBZILAH: KING OF THE LOBSTERS ☐

#2 LOBZILAH: KING OF THE LOBSTERS ☐

