



Youth is Wasted A collection of comics by Noah Van Sciver



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AdHouse Books LLC
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Hello, I'm Ethan. I'm a superhero artist for DC Comics. May I introduce you to my little brother Noah Van Sciver? He's not my youngest brother. There's another Biblically-named fellow a year or two younger than him, and we have four brothers in all.

But here's Noah. And this is a collection of his cartoons.

There's a decade's distance between us, age-wise, and so while we experienced the same tough childhood, we both experienced it quite differently. Noah was a small guy who laughed a lot, but said very little. He had a large, curly head of hair, for which we nicknamed him "Froah", and my immediate image of him from my teen years is a blip that I'd catch as I might be coming home from school: Noah with a Kool-Aid stained mouth and dirty clothes, crouched by a patch of earth near the driveway, scratching god-knows-what into the ground with a stick. A good way to pass some time.

Before too long, he began to show some interest in the comic books I'd bring home. I loved comics of all kinds, and sampled everything, from HATE to X-MEN. He was attracted to the cartoons. He loved REN & STIMPY. He loved RALPH SMART. He loved silly, over the top caricatured artwork. And he began to draw chickens. Lots and lots of chickens saying incomprehensible things to each other. Committing wanton acts of violence on each other. Doodles that might worry less imaginative and understanding parents. But our parents, although they had some trouble feeding us all, never starved us for creative encouragement. Noah was well fed in that regard.

Life was difficult for him as a teenager and a young man, and I'll let you discover that for yourself through his cartoons. Because thank God, Noah is an extremely gifted cartoonist and a wonderful storyteller. I understand why he was so quiet as a child now. He was saving it. He was saving everything he had to say about his world for this, his life's work. And he has so much to say.

His comic book BLAMMO has been a delicious sampler of whatever Noah was pondering or obsessing over that month. I would read each issue cover to cover, and wish there was more. Fortunately for you, if this is your first exposure to Noah's work, this is a very large helping of it. But you'll probably still feel it hasn't been enough.

Enjoy this collection, and hope for many to come. The world is a sweeter place because of the cartoons that my little brother draws.

- Ethan Van Sciver

Noah van Sciver

THE EASY LIFE.

Man, wouldn't it be so much easier to just give up?
Who wants to work hard everyday??

If I continue lifting all of this heavy stuff everyday, I can afford my studio apartment.

You could just go live under a bridge somewhere.

welcome home!

you could challenge mother Nature to provide everything you need to live.

I'd better keep this puddle a secret. otherwise every body will want some of it...

It would be tough at times, but think about it: wouldn't it beat waking up everyday and doing **HARD LABOR** For mere chump change, while your fat cat boss got rich on your sweat?! you could even track down your old Boss and **KILL** him!

Yeah/I could!

That guy made me work on my day off one time!

The cops would never find you! they're too busy with drug dealers to go looking for murdering homeless gentlemen like yourself! And if they do catch you, just say "God made me do it." they'll understand!

wow/I'm sorry! please forgive me for bothering you!

I - IF you talk to god again, please remind him of my sick son...

Be smart about the killing. Remember that every body in America is a christian. If you hang your victim in a crucifixion pose, the people will be reminded of the **HUGE** Sacrifice Jesus christ made for us and they'll most likely thank you!

what kind of person would do this?!

A saint. :sniff: a saint.

You know what? I'll bet that the president would be so touched by you reminding this great nation of christ's sacrifice that he would step down and make you the new president of the United States of America! wouldn't that be neat?!

Can we get you anything, sir?

I want Heath Ledger's skull.


PRESIDENT

No more heavy lifting for you! You'd call the shots! Think about it! No - Don't think about it. **DO IT!** You'll thank me.

I'm thinking about quitting this job.

END





ABBY was 17 when I first met her. I was 21. MY first roommate was dating her older sister at the time, and I was introduced to abby at a grocery store.

This was in 1999, I think. These are really stupid details, really. None of it matters. This is not a love story.

ABBY was a Stupid Bitch.

ABBY'S ROAD

Noah van Sciver 2010

Early on, I called her house, and her mom answered the phone. When I asked for ABBY her mom was like "How old are you?" I said "21." She told me I was too old.



That really shook me up, man. I don't know why.

This is what I looked like around that time. My name is Anthony.



Man, those early days in the relationship were the shit! I remember that on some days after school, ABBY worked at this chicken restaurant and I'd go down there and get free food.

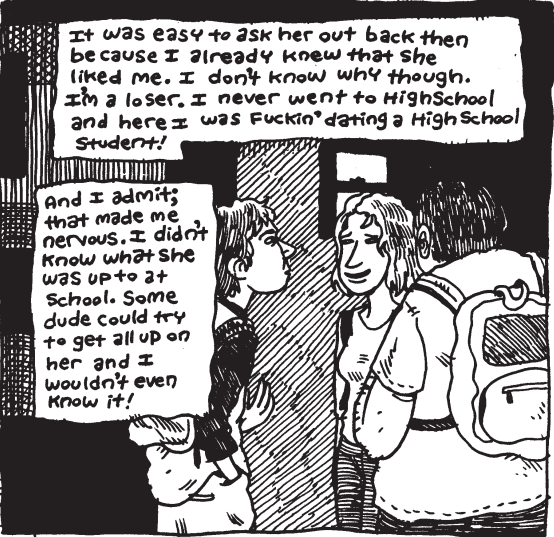


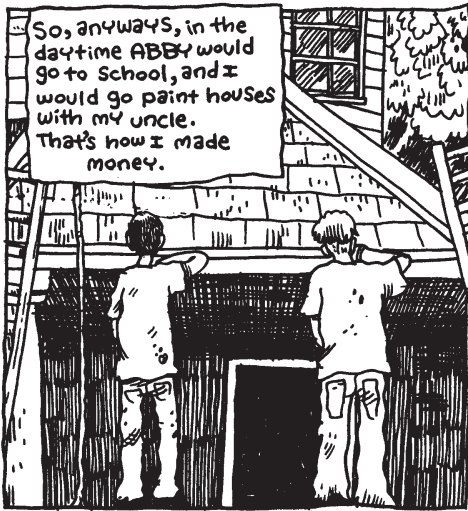
Hey...

That's where I asked her out. At that chicken place.

It was easy to ask her out back then because I already knew that she liked me. I don't know why though. I'm a loser. I never went to high school and here I was fuckin' dating a high school student!

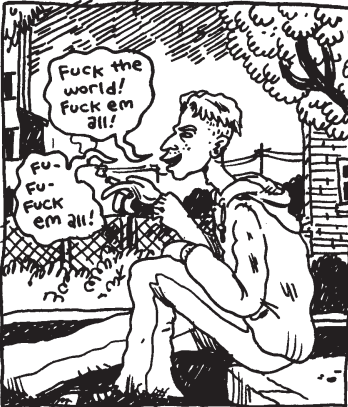
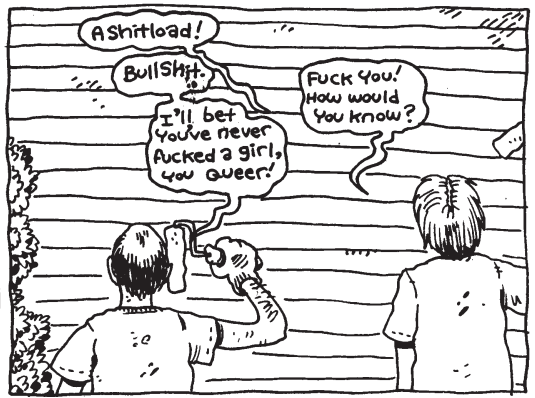
And I admit; that made me nervous. I didn't know what she was up to at school. Some dude could try to get all up on her and I wouldn't even know it!

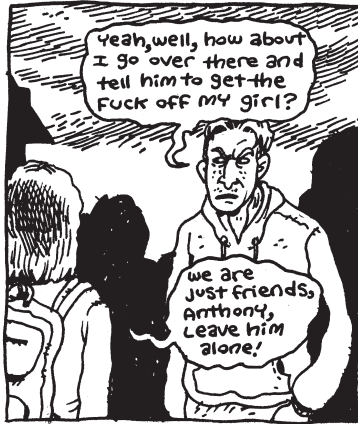






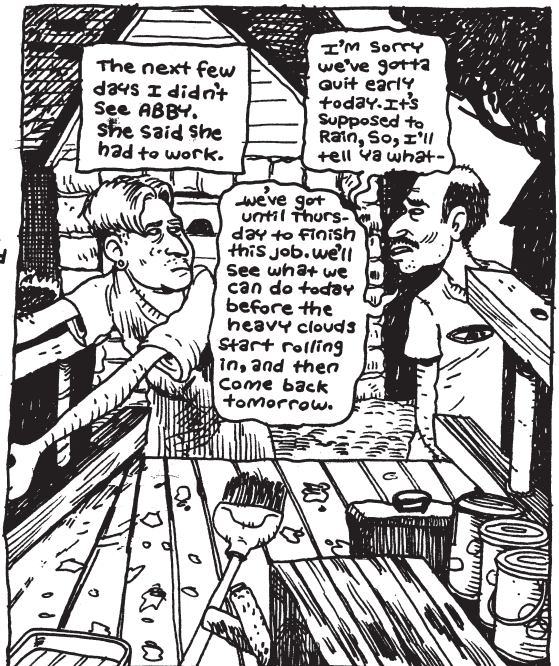






No shit, man! I was scared. I'm not gonna lie. We did it that night. I'd never slept with a virgin before, but I'd heard that they bleed and make you go slow and all that.

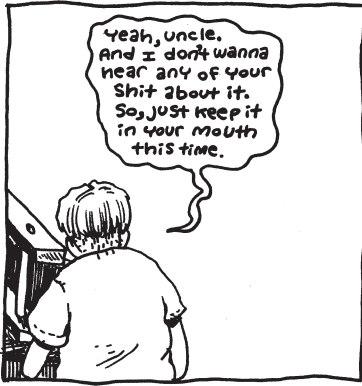
ABBY didn't do any of that stuff. But, I was too high to notice at the time.



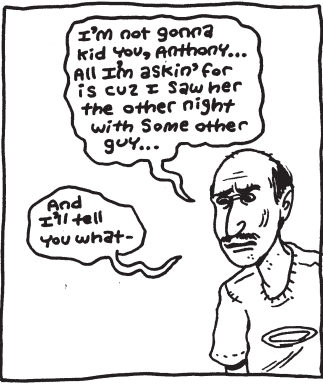


Hey Bud - Lemme ask you -

Are you still dating that High-School chick?

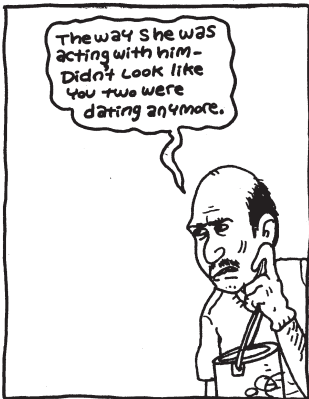


Yeah, uncle. And I don't wanna hear any of your shit about it. So, just keep it in your mouth this time.



I'm not gonna kid you, Anthony... All I'm asking for is cuz I saw her the other night with some other guy...

And I'll tell you what -



The way she was acting with him - Didn't look like you two were dating anymore.



Huh? what the fuck? It was ABBY? you don't even know what she looks like!

But, I know where she works.

And that's where she was. It was her alright.

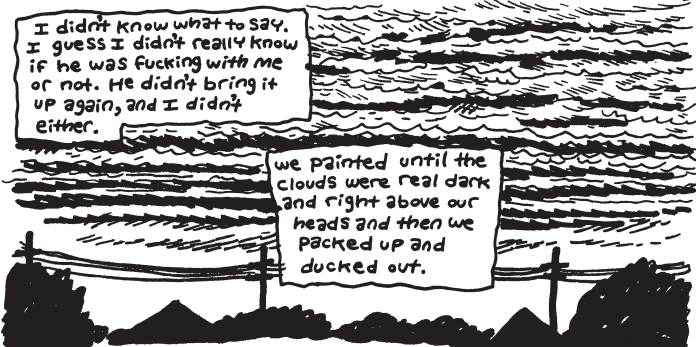


with some preppy little fucker. I mean, listen, I just saw them talking but when he left he kissed her.



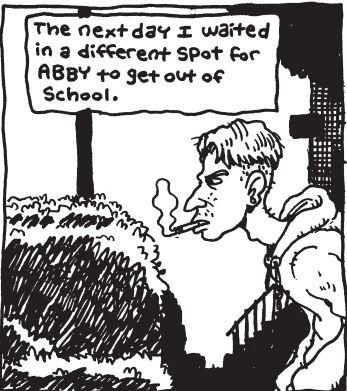
Fuck off.

Anthony...



I didn't know what to say, I guess I didn't really know if he was fucking with me or not. He didn't bring it up again, and I didn't either.

we painted until the clouds were real dark and right above our heads and then we packed up and ducked out.

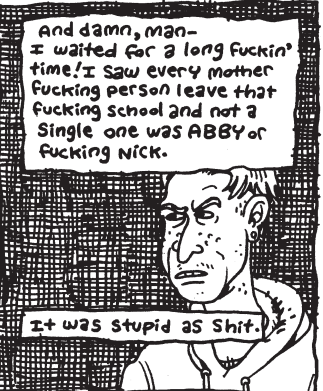


The next day I waited in a different spot for ABBY to get out of school.



I guess I was really looking for that guy Nick.

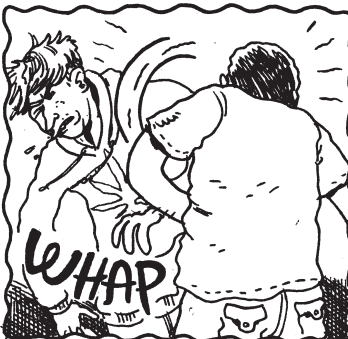
That preppy fucker.



And damn, man - I waited for a long fuckin' time! I saw every mother fucking person leave that fucking school and not a single one was ABBY or fucking Nick.

It was stupid as shit.







And that was it, man. I didn't call ABBY again. And she didn't call me.



She might've seen me that night. Lying on her road. I would've looked like a pussy. Girls don't like pussies.



I walked back home that night and my face hurt like hell.



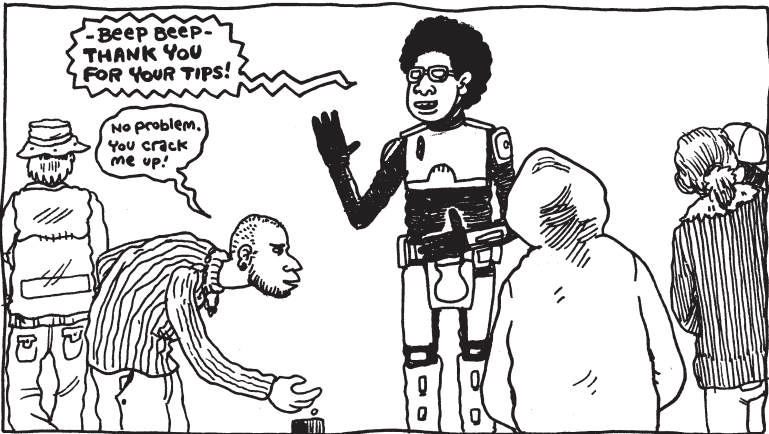
ABBY and my time with her was over pretty quick. I guess it didn't take her too long to want somebody else.



I was never any good with bitches anyway though, man. Shit, I still ain't!



cause I don't trust nobody.



-BEEP BEEP- THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIPS!

No problem. You crack me up!



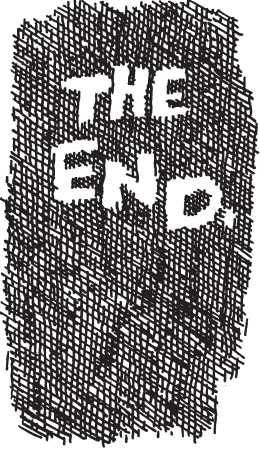
I AM THE FUNKY ROBOT



UH-OH! STONER ALERT!



WHAP



THE END.

BURIED ALIVE!

Noah van Sciver 2011

Martha and I had been married for over 50 years.

She was a fine woman, she loved me. We knew EVERYTHING about each other.

We even heard what each other was thinking. We were that close.

The doctors were quick to announce my Martha's death. I insisted she was not. I clung to her body.

One morning she didn't wake up.

Martha was placed in a cheap coffin and buried in a backyard lot, without embalming or anything complicated.

I knew she was not dead. Nobody would listen to me. Nobody believed me!

STOP IT YOU FOOLS!

Dad! She's gone! She's gone!

That night I had a vision.

LET ME OUT!

Martha!

I phoned the doctor immediately and begged him to have her body exhumed!

Please! God dammit! She's alive!

He refused.

Finally, perhaps just to calm my nerves, the doctor agreed. The local authorities removed the coffin from the ground.

And my Martha... my poor Martha...

she had been buried alive!