

MIKE BOCIANOWSKI'S

YETSI!



IN THE TREEWOLD OF CHLEM
The Adventure Begins!



"YETS! 1, The Adventure Begins!" is published by 1 Yet Publishing
1604 Winslow Dr, Erie PA 16509

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First Printing, Winter 2012



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Special Thanks:
Lynda & Ondy

YET, an introduction...

Shelly and I have both been big admirers of Mike Bocianowski's work now for nearly as long as we have been drawing the ducks for Disney.

I know Shelly greatly enjoys Mike's lighthearted and positive writing style, and his ability to create extremely cute characters with a simple, elegant line. His work is very kid friendly, with strong moral values that remind us of earlier, sweeter times.

I like Mike's stuff because his line, sense of design, and color choices remind me of the classic artists I grew up reading and enjoying. His inking is buoyant and loose, and reminds me most of the great Walt Kelly, who I consider the very best inker of the very best covers of Walt Disney's Comics and Stories....as well as creator of the classic strip Pogo.

Mike produces his own comic projects. He doesn't have the benefit of a powerhouse publisher like Dark Horse or DC, and because of this, not enough people have seen his work.



He reminds me a little of the character in that great folk song by Joni Mitchell....the guy playing absolutely fantastic saxophone on the street corner that Joni hears, recognizes as a masterful performance, and wishes to join in with. Others pass him by without thought because he isn't "famous", because they are too busy to listen, and probably because they have crappy taste in art. Joni knows genius when she hears it from a musician.

I've been drawing a long, long time now, and I like to think I know a great cartoonist when I see one.

For goodness sakes, support Mike Bocianowski's work. Stop and really consider his art, and let yourself into his dreamy, beautifully rendered world. You won't be disappointed.

Patrick Block
Donald Duck artist for Disney Comics



IN THE BEGINNING OF THE OMNIVERSE
THE CREATOR HAD MANY WORLDS SIMILAR
TO OUR OWN.

YET, WHEN HE MADE THE WORLD
THAT OUR STORY TAKES PLACE IN,
HE WAS TIRED.

THE CREATOR WAS TIRED OF THE STANDARD WORLD,
WHERE YOU TOOK A LUMP OF CLAY, ADDED AN ATMOSPHERE, AND PLANTED SOME LIFE.
SO HE FORMED A TREE THAT HAPPILY FLOATED IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE.

THIS GREAT TREE'S TRUNK HAD A CIRCUMFERENCE OF FORTY THOUSAND KILOMETERS,
AN EARTH-LIKE ATMOSPHERE AROUND IT,
SOME EARTH-LIKE SOIL BENEATH IT,
...WITH MOUNTAINS, SMALLER FORESTS, DESERTS, EARTH-LIKE CIVILIZATIONS,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC ANIMALS, AND
A NON STANDARD MAGIC FIELD THAT HELD THE WORLD TOGETHER.

THE CREATOR LOOKED AT
THIS NEW WORLD
ON THE SEVENTH DAY
AND DECLARED...

"AHH, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH!"

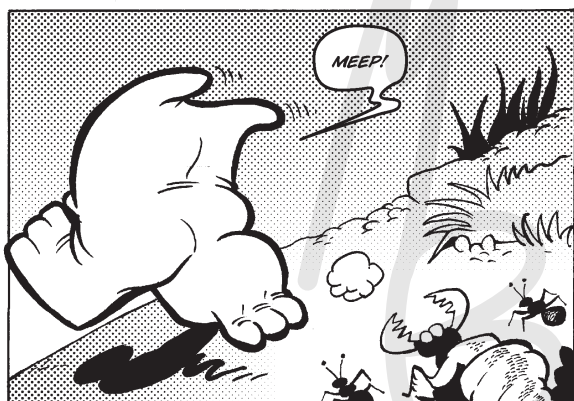
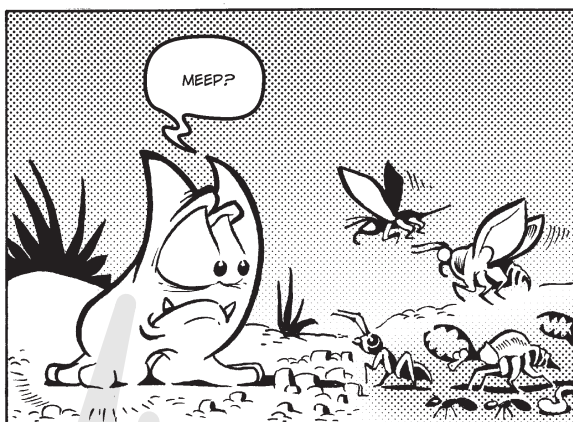
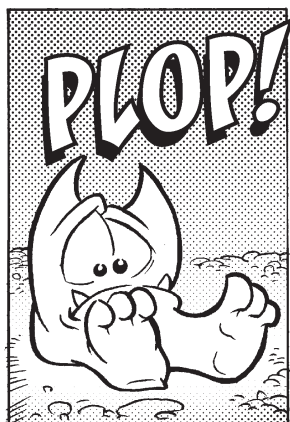
THIS IS THE WORLD YOU ARE NOW VISITING.
THE NAME OF THIS WORLD IS *CHLEM*...

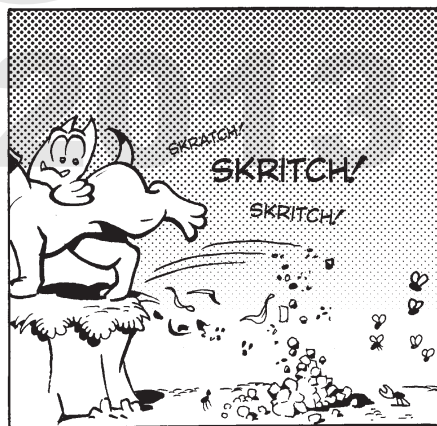
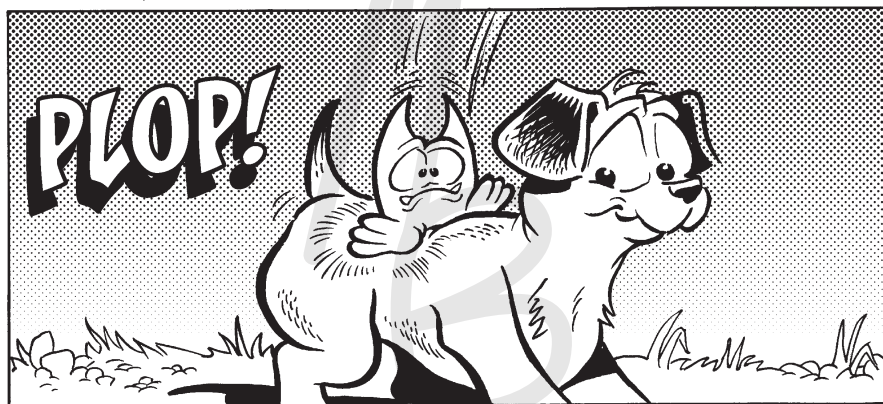
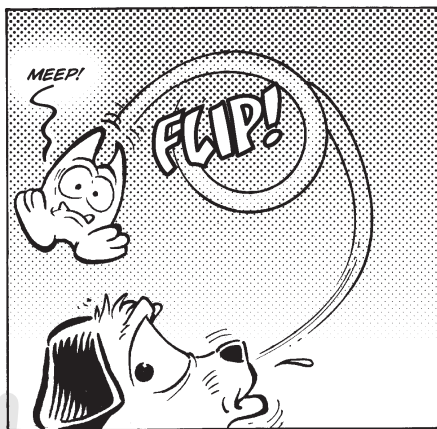
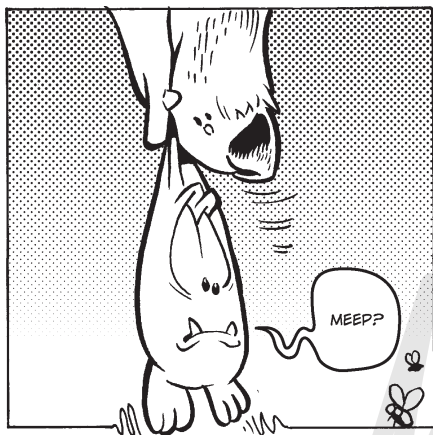


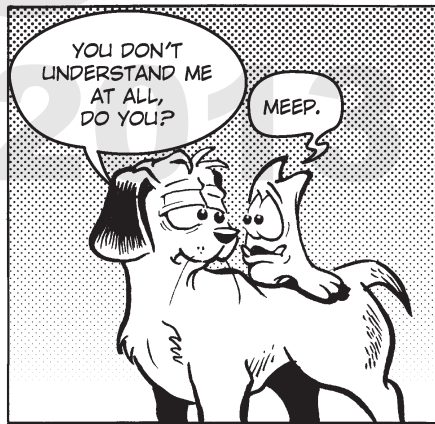
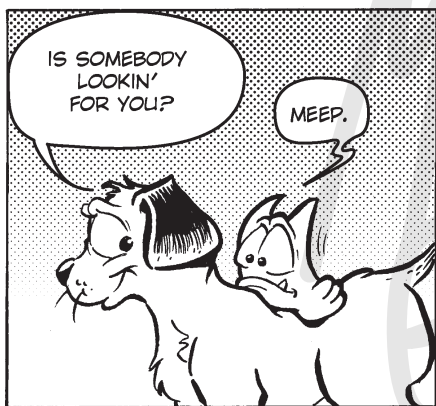
...AND SOMETHING
JUST FELL OFF
OF THE GREAT TREE!

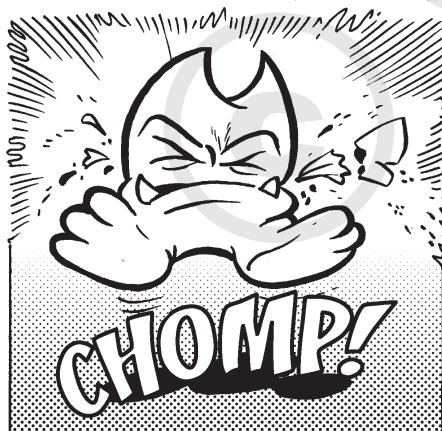
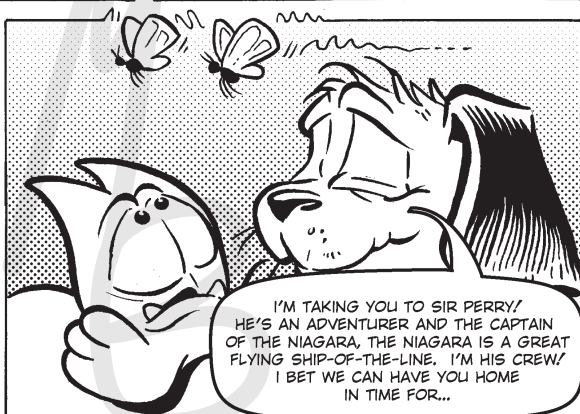


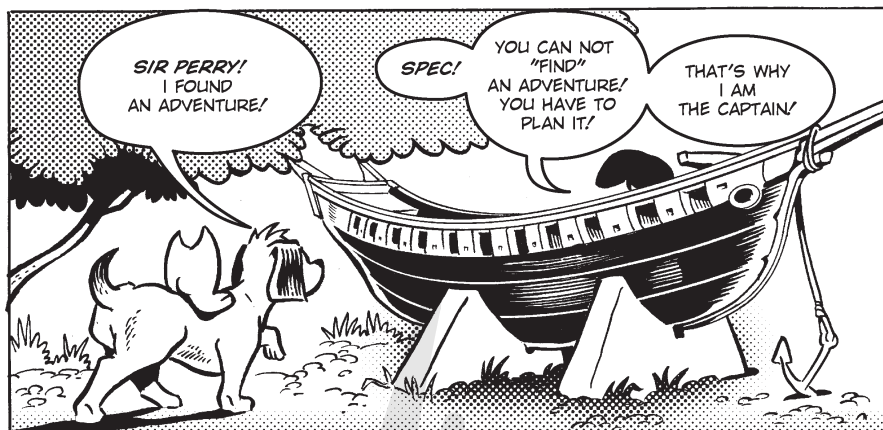
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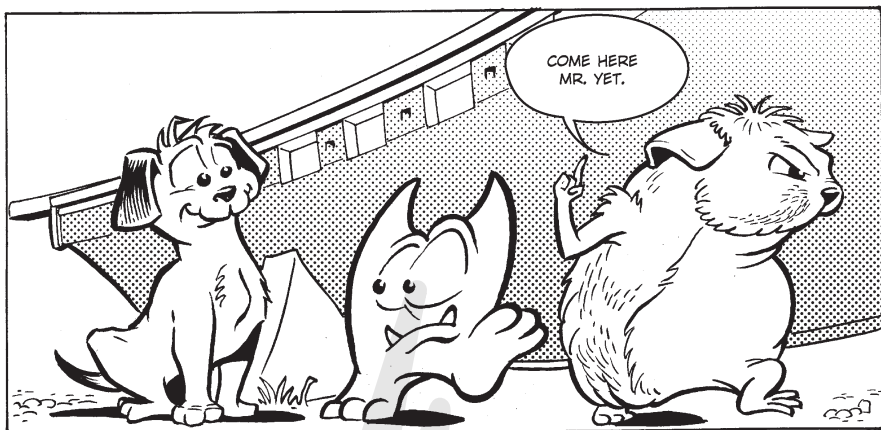










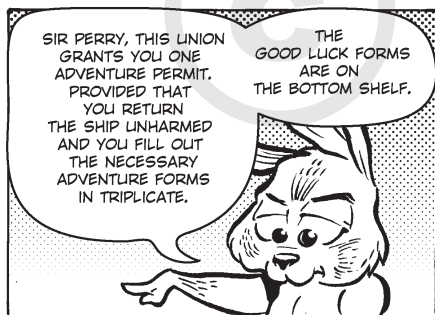
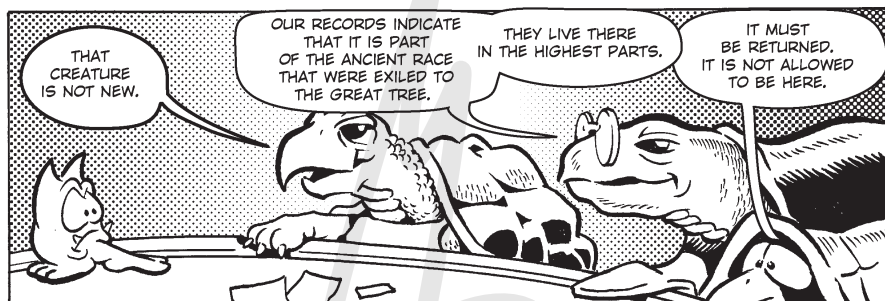
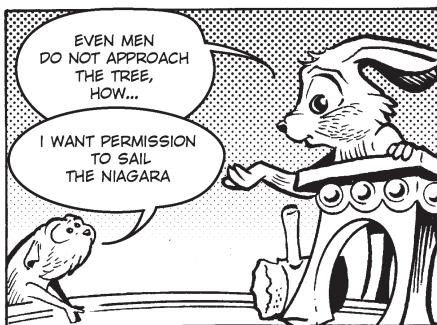


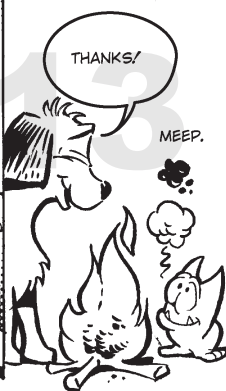
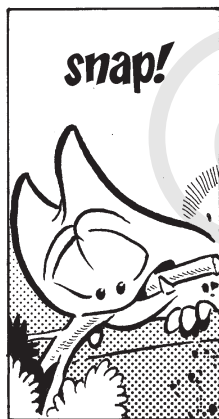
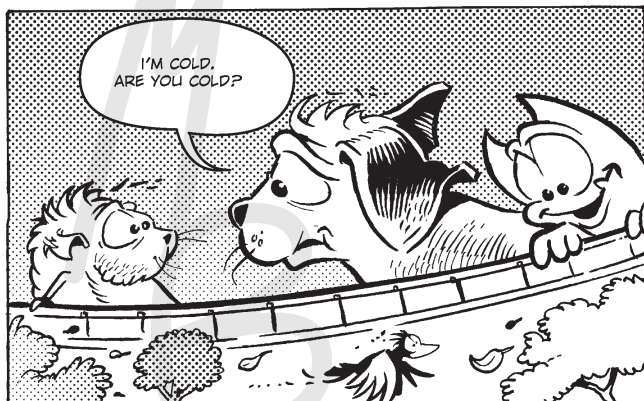
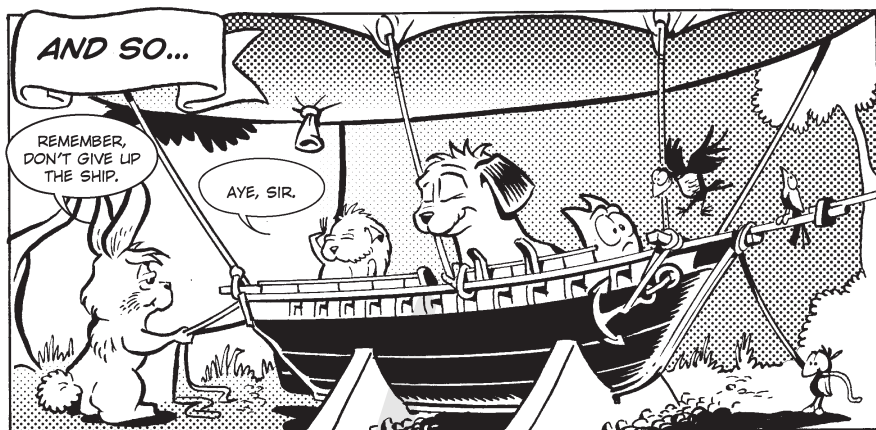


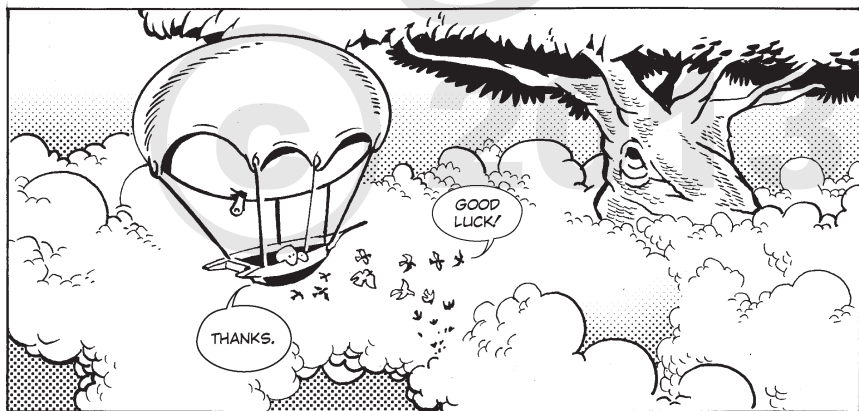
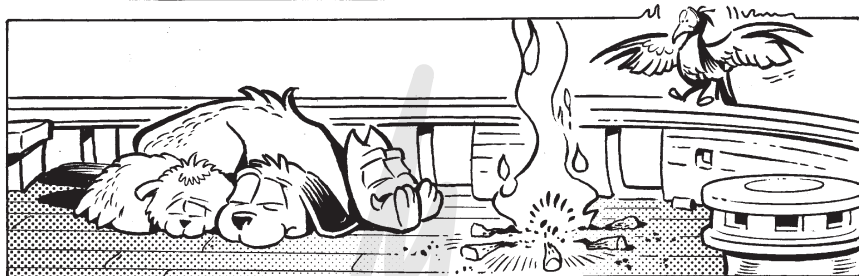
WELCOME
TO THE WEEKLY
MEETING OF
THE **C.C.U.**

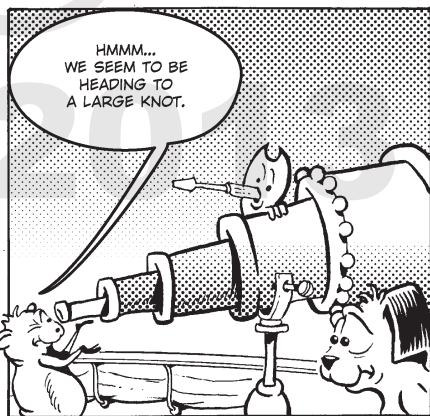
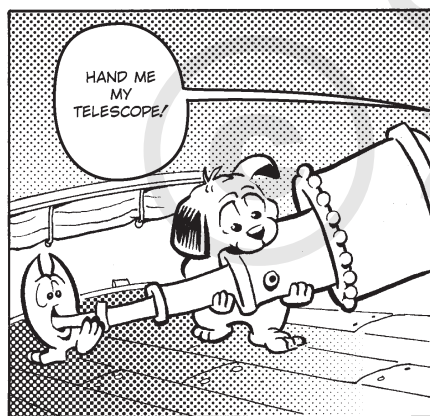
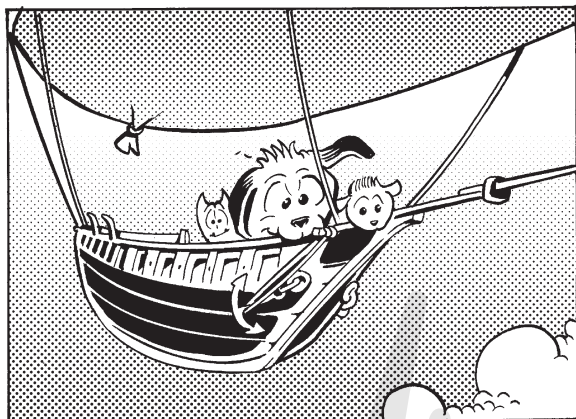
THE CHAIR
RECOGNIZES
SIR PERRY
THE GUINEA PIG.

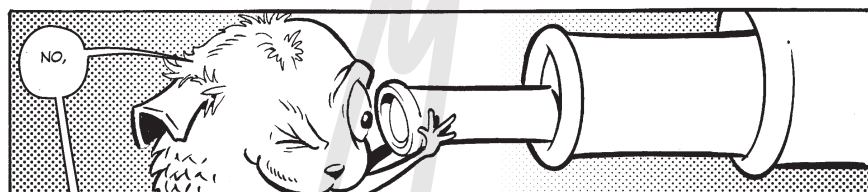
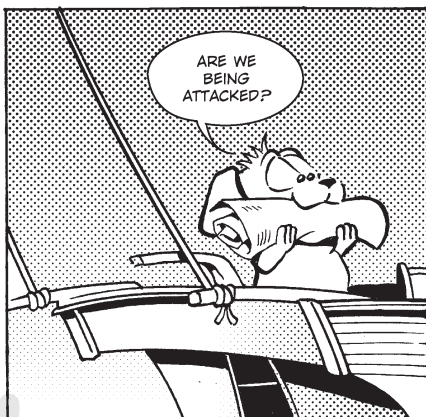
THE **C.C.U.** STANDS FOR THE
CUTE CRITTERS UNION. THIS UNION WAS
STARTED MANY DECADES EARLIER BECAUSE OF
THE WIDESPREAD ABUSE ON CHLEM'S ANIMALS
BY THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMUNITY.
FOR EXAMPLE, BEFORE THE UNION
MICE WERE FORCED TO PERFORM
HAZARDOUS DUTIES LIKE PILOTING STEAMBOATS
AND BIPLANES, WHILE FROGS PERFORMED ON
LATE NIGHT VAUDEVILLE SHOWS FOR LITTLE PAY.

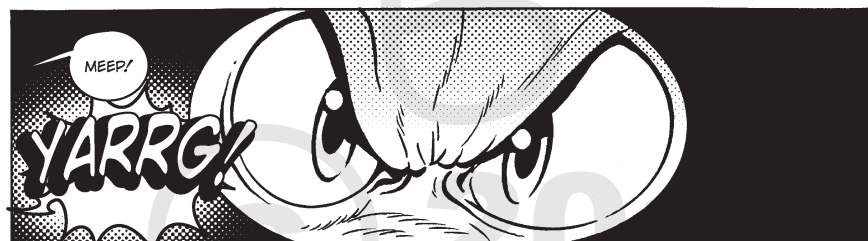
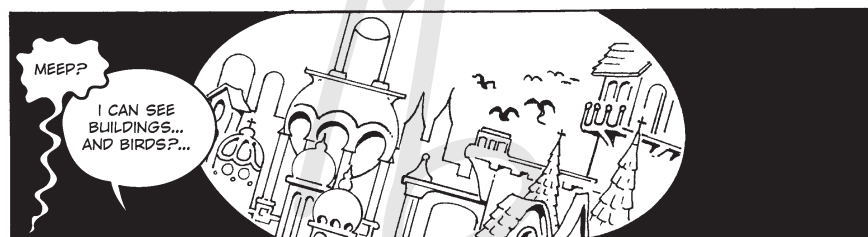
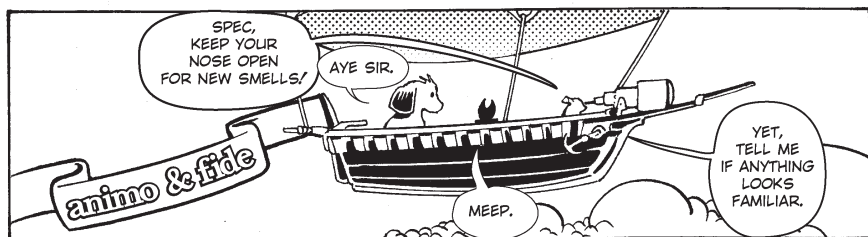


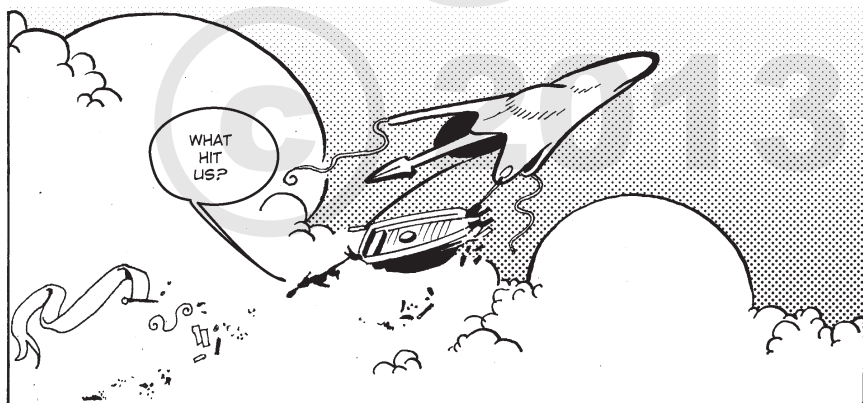
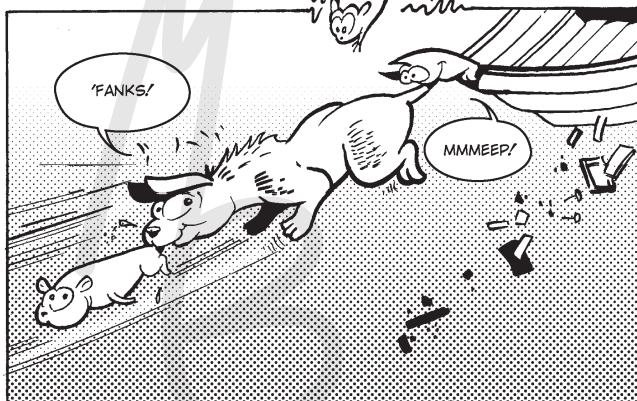
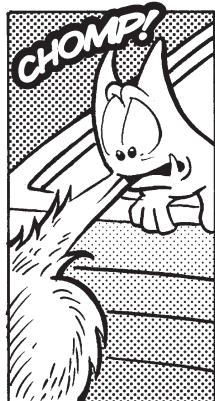
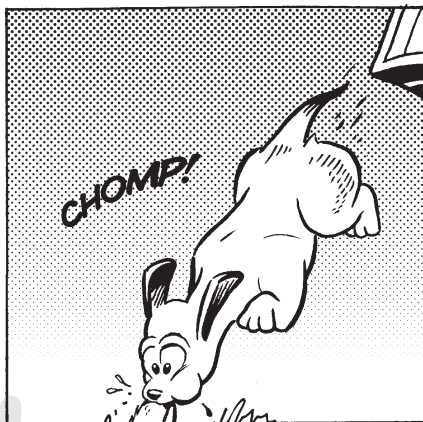
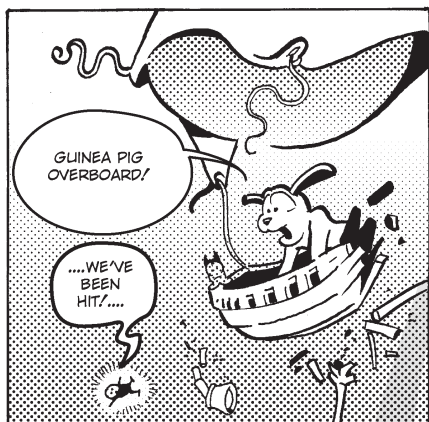


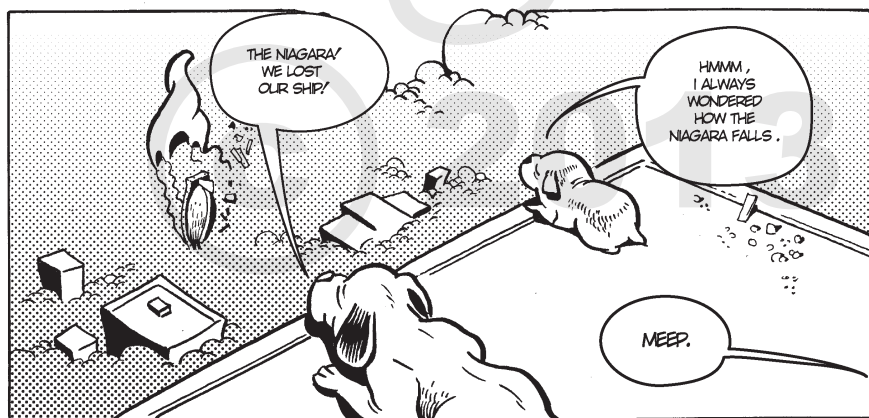
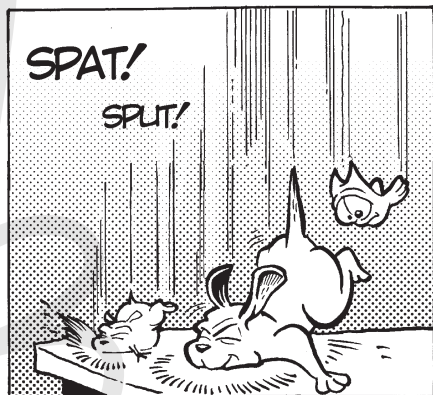
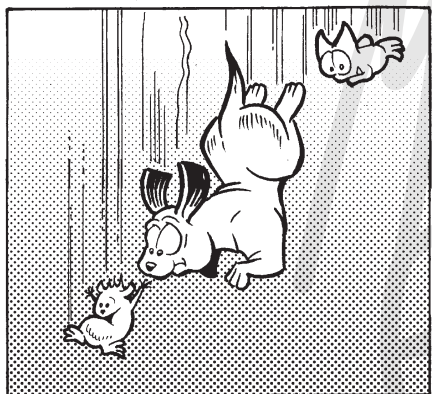
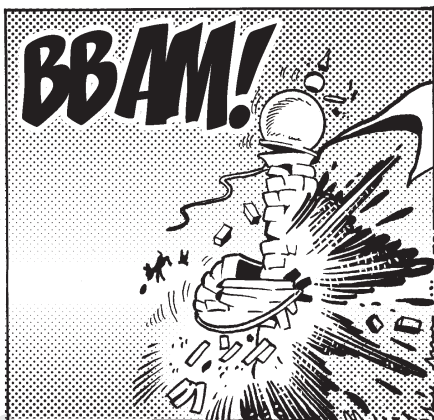
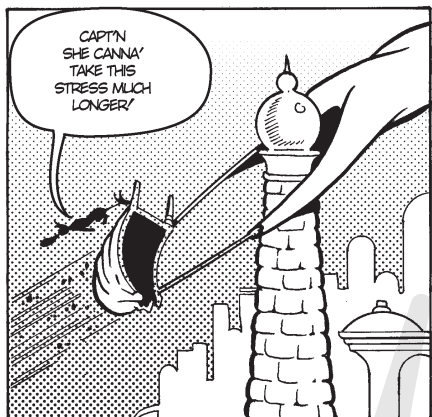


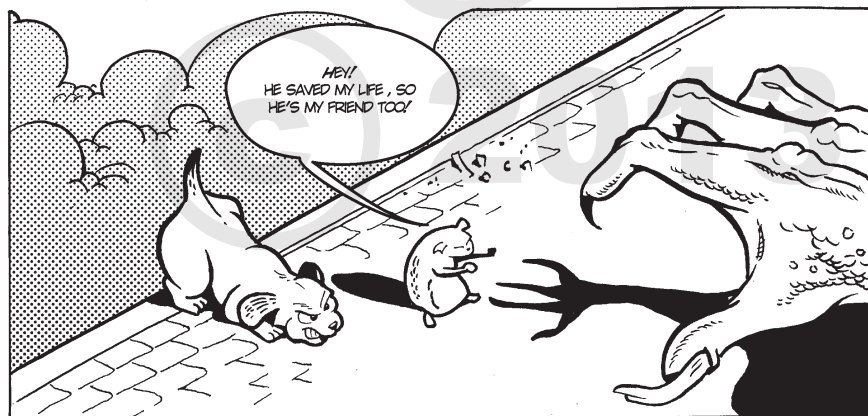


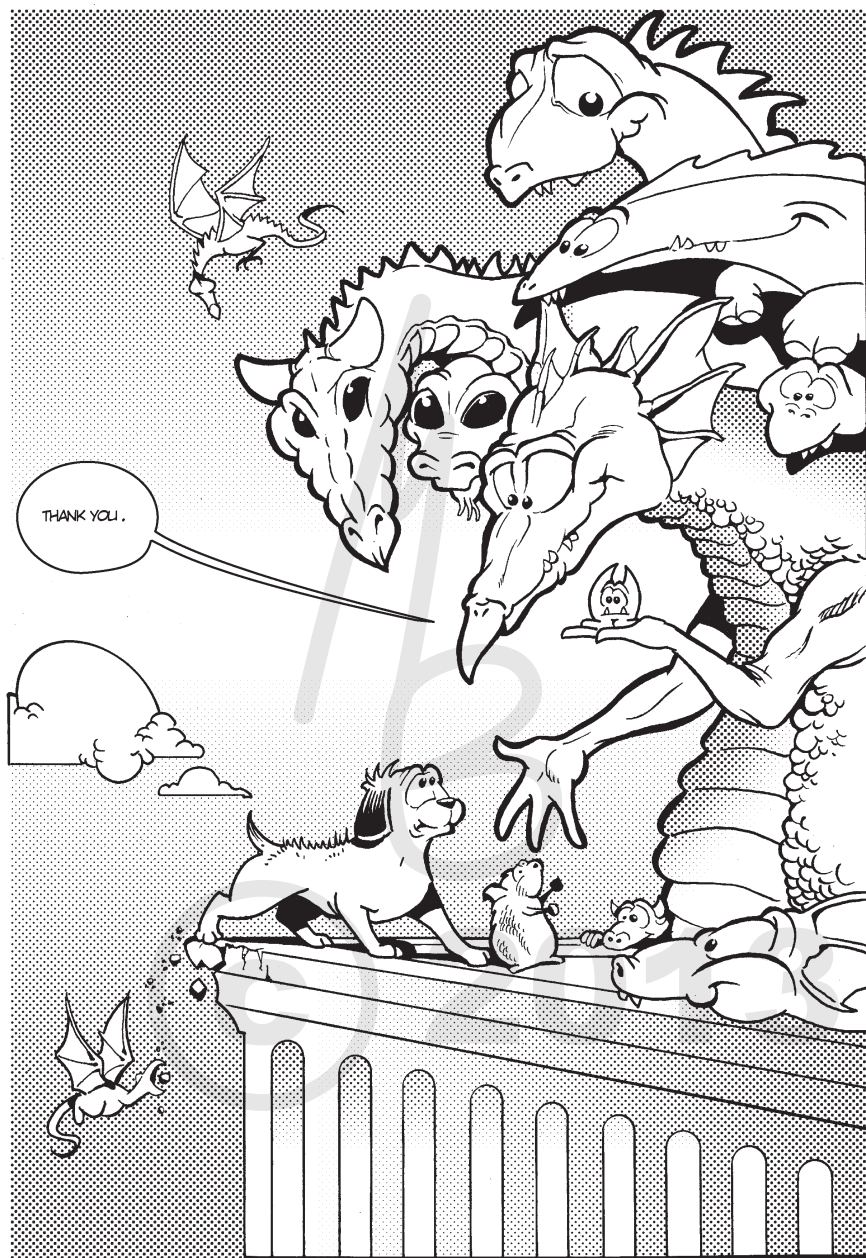


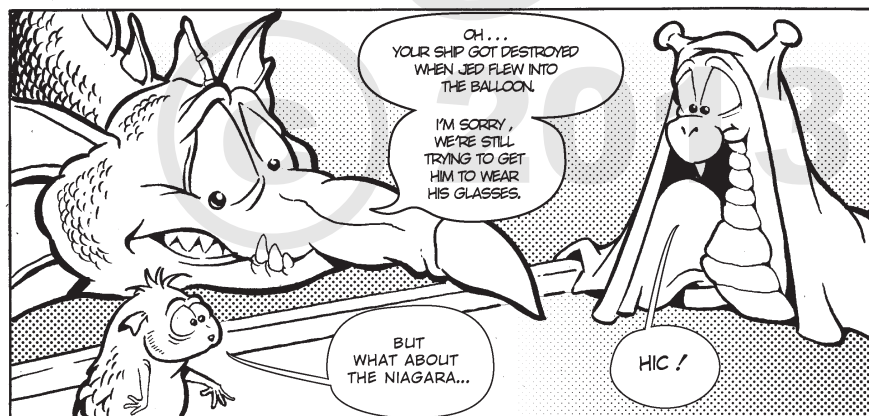
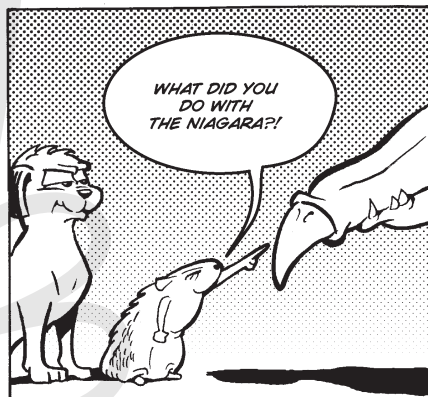
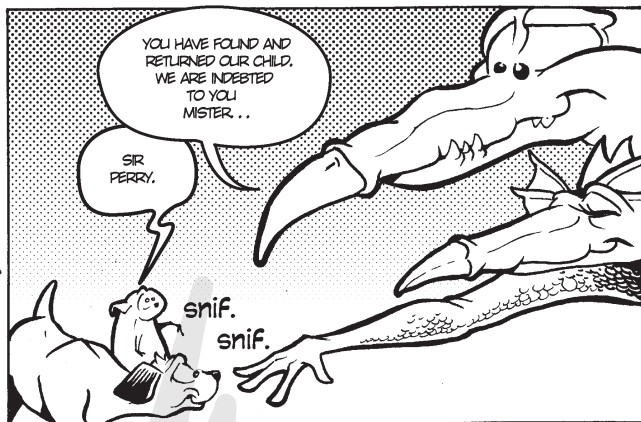


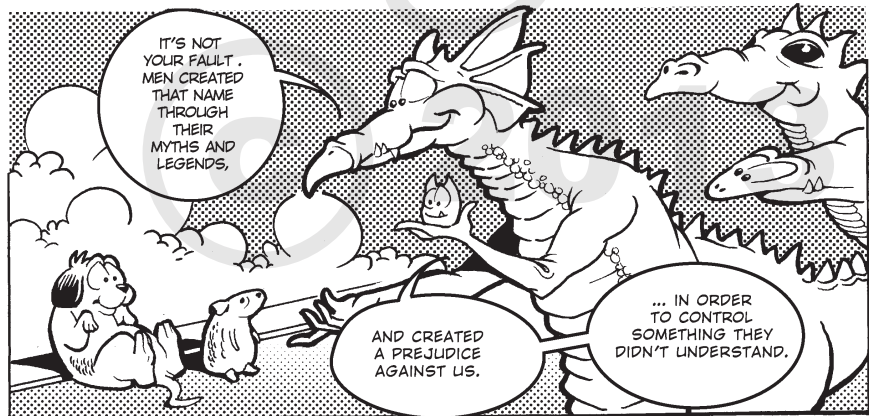
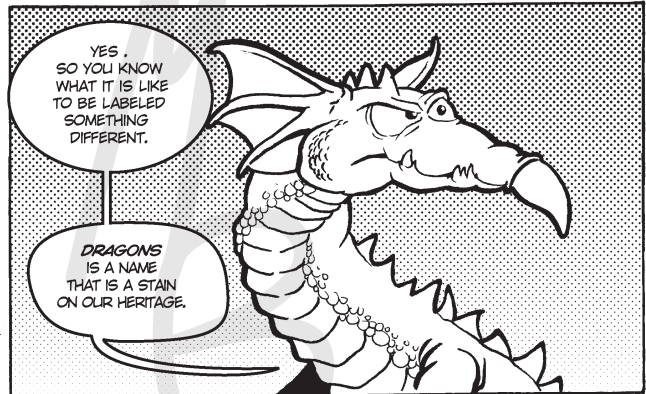














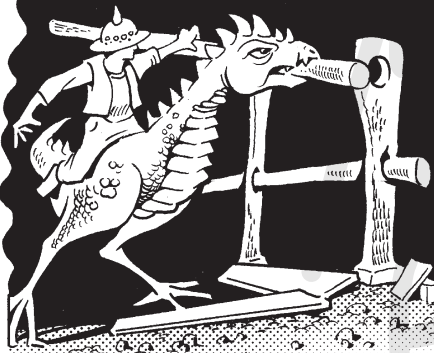
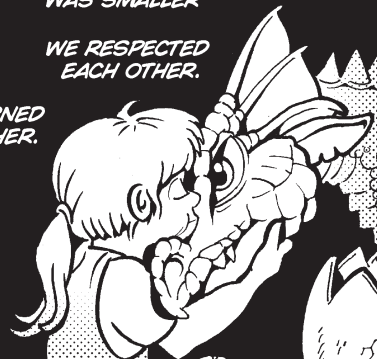
BUT IT WAS NOT ALWAYS LIKE THIS.

WHEN THE WORLD TREE WAS SMALLER

WE RESPECTED EACH OTHER.

WE LEARNED TOGETHER.

WE BUILT TOWNS TOGETHER, AND LIVED IN THE SAME HOMES.



BUT!

A FEW HUMAN LEADERS FOUND THEY COULDN'T CONTROL OUR RACE. THEY WERE AFRAID OF OUR APPEARANCES AND OUR BEHAVIORS.



SO THOSE LEADERS REWROTE HISTORY, AND TURNED US FROM PATRONS OF PRETTY THINGS INTO MONSTERS WHO KIDNAP WOMEN AND HOARD GOLD!

THE LOVE WAS GONE!



FINALLY WE WERE FORCED ONTO THIS RESERVATION. FAR AWAY FROM OUR FRIENDS AND OUR NATURAL WORLD.

HIC!

