

Not your father's *Bloom County*. Digital and weekly. Arguably, not a comic strip in any conventional sense. Without a daily conversation, a comic strip becomes an occasional glimpse into your character's life, not a regular intervention. This is something less than the whole. But better than the vacuum, I would argue. Opus would have five colorful years more to live.—BB.

DOWN...DOWN WE GO TO THE WASTELAND OF OUR CHILLY WHITE BOTTOM...

# OPUS™

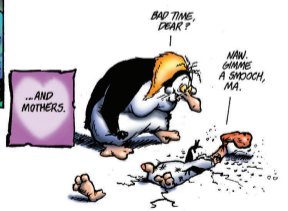
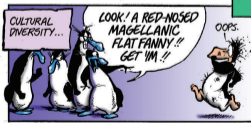
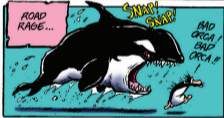
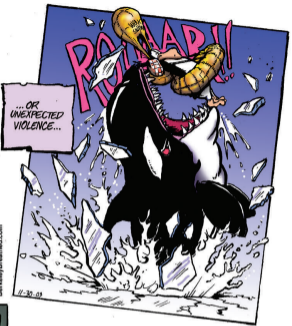
BERRILEY BREATHED

HERE FISHY FISHY...

...WHERE WE FIND AN OLD FRIEND - EIGHT YEARS LATER - STILL ADJUSTING TO THE SAVAGE CHALLENGES OF MODERN LIFE WE ALL FACE.  
...LIKE GOING FOR TAKE-OUT...

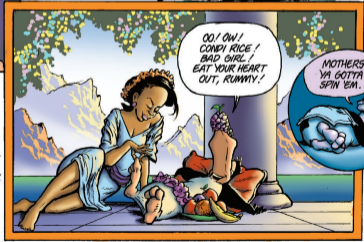
FLIP OVER IT  
THAT ONE'S HOT  
WEEK SWIMMER  
STAY BACK

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THE DREADFUL  
SAGA BEGINS...

DEAR, THE  
OTHERS FEEL  
YOU'RE NOT FIT-  
TING BACK INTO  
PENGUIN LIFE  
WELL.



12-14-03

DEY SAID  
PAT?

YES. SO I FOUND YOU  
A MATE-FOR-LIFE.

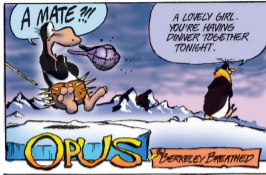
POLAR FLEECE  
HONKER  
MITT

ANTI-  
SEAL-BITE  
BRIEFS



A MATE!!!

A LOVELY GIRL.  
YOU'RE HAVING  
DINNER TOGETHER  
TONIGHT.



OPUS BERRY BREATHED

HOBBLED!

MOTHER  
KNOWS I'LL  
NEVER LEAVE...  
WITH A  
WIFE.!



A WIFE.  
HMMM...  
A WIFE.

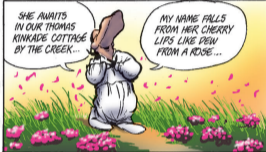
LONG WALK'S HAND  
IN HAND THROUGH  
THE GERANIUMS...

DRESSED IN ELEGANT  
WHITE LINEN FOR DINNER...



SHE AWAITS  
IN OUR THOMAS  
KINKADE COTTAGE  
BY THE CREEK...

MY NAME FALLS  
FROM HER CHERRY  
LIPS LIKE DEW  
FROM A ROSE...



OPUS! HASTEN  
BACK, MY SWEET  
DUMPLING-FOR-LIFE!

LIKE A  
FLEET  
ALBATROSS,  
MY LOVE!



MAYBE I'M  
BEING NAIVE  
ABOUT MARRIAGE.

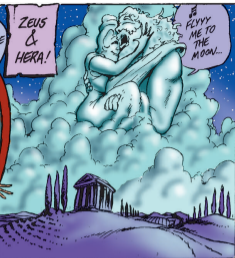


SO, EUNICE...

WHOOO WELLY-  
SHELT MAKES  
ME TOOT.



JUST BECAUSE  
THE  
WEDDING NEST  
OF HORRORS



# OPUS

BERKELEY BREATHED

