

Bloom County

by Berke Breathed



HELP! I... I NEED LIQUID REFRESHMENT! I-I-HEY! THERE'S SOMEBODY!



SAY... WOULD YOU, BY CHANCE, HAVE A COLD LEMONADE? SORRY, NO, WOULD YOU, BY CHANCE, HAVE \$50 MILLION?



SORRY, NO. OH WELL.



TRY THAT. NEXT TIME YOU THINK YOU GOT PROBLEMS, IMAGINE MEETING JOHN CONNALLY. I FEEL MUCH BETTER.

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JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT! WHO ARE YOU?!



I'M THE TOMATO FROM THE COVER OF THE 'SPORTS ILLUSTRATED' SWIMSUIT ISSUE.



MADAM... YOU ARE A DELUSION... A MERE MIRAGE IN MY HEAT-CRAZED MIND. SO WHAT? C'MON. I'LL GIVE YOU AN ICED-TEA SHAMPOO.



KNOWING MY PSYCHE, IN A FEW SECONDS I'LL BE KNEE-DEEP IN PIRANHAS AND SHE'LL TURN INTO 'MARTHA RAYE: PENTURE WEARER.' BUT LIVE FOR THE MOMENT, I ALWAYS SAY!

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I'M THROUGH, DUSTED. HISTORY. OH, I'M A GONNA DIE.



BUT BEFORE I DO, I WISH I COULD HAVE JUST ONE MORE GENTLE, LOVELY DELUSION... JUST ONE... MORE.



HELLO, DEAR.



YOU EXPECTED A TOMATO FROM THE 'SPORTS ILLUSTRATED' SWIMSUIT ISSUE, MAYBE? MOM!

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

harvey

by dorkak



GONE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE BODY'S GONE?



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE MED STUDENTS, SIR. AS YOU KNOW, THERE'S STILL A CADAVER SHORTAGE. OR IT COULD HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY LOCAL VODOO-ISTS FOR THE BONES!



BUT I NEED FRANKLY, SIR, I THINK THE BIGGER PROBLEM NOW IS ALL THE EXPENSES YOU'VE RUN UP.



YOU'RE RIGHT. THE CORPSE IS SPILT MILK. ELEGANTLY PUT, SIR.



KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

WHO IS IT?



IT'S MRS. GORT, YOUR LANDLADY! MR. KINSKI, HOW LONG DO YOU PLAN ON HOLDING OUT?!



IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS - THE NEIGHBORS ARE STARTING TO COMPLAIN!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE! NEVER!

WE DON'T WANT TO TAKE YOU ALIVE. WE WANT YOU TO DO YOUR LAUNDRY!

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



TWO MINUTES! ALL THAT OLD DIRTBAG HAD TO DO WAS HOLD ON FOR TWO MORE LOUSY MINUTES!



INSTEAD, I'M LEFT WITH AN UNSIGNED BANK AUTHORIZATION CARD AND \$230,000 IN UNRECOVERABLE CAPITAL OUTLAYS!



SIR, IF I MAY ASK, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT KIND OF FINANCING? I THOUGHT THE COMPANY WAS STILL IN THE RED.



MR. GOTTI'S PEOPLE ON THEIR WAY UP, SIR. WE'LL USE THE BALCONY! GET THE WET SUITS!

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



THE MOB? YOU BORROWED FROM THE MOB? HONEY, THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE MOB AND THE BANKS IS YOU DON'T HAVE TO FILL OUT ANY FORMS. THEY BOTH ROB YOU BLIND!

SIR, DO YOU REALIZE THAT SINCE I MET YOU, THIS IS THE FIFTH TIME I'VE JOINED YOU ON THE LAM?

SO WHAT? IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR LOVE!



SIR, I WANT A RAISE. WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT WHEN WE GET TO THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.



BEAN WHILE ON THE GROUND... DIRECTLY BELOW THE BUMPERCAFT, THINGS ARE GETTING HOT!

BEE! HOW GOOD IF YOU TO COME!