


Cheer





SO, YOU'VE
DECIDED YOU
WANT TO STAY A
GIRL? ARE YOU
SURE?

TOTALLY. NO
DOUBT. IT'S GIRL
LIFE 4EVER.

COFFEE
Time

YOU MAKE AN
AMAZING GIRL.

OH,
THAT'S SO
SWEET. NOT
THAT YOU
DIDN'T HAVE A
LITTLE
SOMETHING
TO DO WITH
IT.

IF YOU WENT
BACK TO BEING
A BOY YOU'D GET
TO BE SO TALL
AND STRONG.
YOU'D HAVE SO
MUCH
MUSCLE.

BUT AS A
GIRL, I GET TO
BE THIS CUTE, SO
IT'S A FAIR TRADE.
BESIDES. UGH.
BEING A BOY IS SO
BORING. HERE'S
MY IMPRESSION
OF ME AS A
BOY.



HEY,
BRO. DUH.
WANNA LIFT
SOME
WEIGHTS?
DUH.

DUH. ALL I DO
IS WEAR BAGGY
SHORTS AND DRINK
ENERGY DRINKS.
DUH. CHEERLEADING
IS DUMB. IT'S NOT
EVEN A REAL
SPORT. DUH.

SIX MONTHS AGO...

IT'S NOT
A REAL
SPORT. YOU
JUST DANCE
AROUND IN YOUR
LITTLE SKIRTS
AND CHEER FOR
THE REAL
ATHLETES.

I CURSE YOU! FROM
THIS DAY FORTH, WHEN YOU
SPEAK, YOUR VOICE SHALL BE A
PIXIE SQUEAK.



YOUR LITTLE CURSE STRUCK TOWARD
THE END OF THE FIRST QUARTER. WE
WERE IN THE HUDDLE WHEN---

OKAY, MEN,
LET'S--
(CRACK) HIT
'EM-- WHAT? MY
VOICE?

DUDE,
YOUR FACE.



COACH CALLED
TIMEOUT. I RAN OVER
TO THE SIDELINES AND
TOOK MY HELMET OFF.

COACH,
SOMETHING
HAPPENED TO MY
VOICE.

WHAT
THE--? HIT
THE BENCH.

YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I'D
CHANGED YOUR FACE.

I HAD NO IDEA. EVERYONE
WAS GIVING ME WEIRD
LOOKS, THOUGH. THEN,
AFTER THE GAME, YOU
SHOWED ME.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?

MADE YOU PRETTY. I CAN'T WAIT TO POST THIS TO SOCIAL MEDIA. YOU'RE SUCH A CUTEY.





TURN ME BACK.
NOW.

IF YOU WANT
ME TO TURN YOU
BACK, YOU HAVE TO
BECOME A REAL
GIRL AND MAKE
THE
CHEERLEADING
SQUAD.



BECOME A
GIRL? NEVER.

SUIT
YOURSELF.
GOOD LUCK
GETTING ANYONE
TO TAKE YOU
SERIOUSLY
WITH THAT
VOICE.

I MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LIVE WITH THE FACE, THE VOICE, BUT THEN WHEN I GOT TO THE LOCKER ROOM, MY CHEST STARTED ACHING AND...



BOING

YOU WERE ALWAYS MAKING FUN OF TIMMY FAULKE FOR HAVING WHAT YOU CALLED BITCH TITS, REMEMBER?

YEAH. I KNOW. NOT COOL.

THE DOORS BANGED OPEN, AND THE REST OF THE TEAM STARTED TO FILE INTO THE LOCKER ROOM. I HUNCHED OVER, CROSSED MY ARMS OVER MY CHEST AND RAN TO MY CAR. I COULDN'T LET ANYONE KNOW I HAD BREASTS LIKE A FREAKING GIRL.



THE NEXT MORNING, I STRAPPED THEM DOWN, BUT AS I WAS WALKING DOWN THE HALL----


OH, NO. THE
BANDAGE
POPPED OFF.

CARL HAS
BOOBIES!
HAHAHAHA!

BOING

THAT WAS THE SPELL.
IT MADE SURE YOU
COULDN'T HIDE YOUR
PUPPIES.

THAT WAS, LIKE, SO MEAN. I USED TO BE PROUD OF MY BODY. NOW I WAS ASHAMED. GIRLS WHO USED TO DROOL OVER ME MADE FUN OF ME GUYS CALLED ME SQUEAKY. I WORE BAGGY, BUTTON DOWN SHIRTS, STARTED DRIVING OVER TO SHELBYVILLE, WHERE NO ONE KNEW ME, BUT EVERYONE THOUGHT I WAS A GIRL. THIS OLD DUDE, I GUESS TRYING TO BE GENTLEMANLY, EVEN CALLED ME YOUNG LADY.



WELL, WHAT CAN I GET FOR YOU TODAY, YOUNG LADY? LET ME GUESS. A UNICORN LATTE?

OLD GUYS ARE ALL SEXIST, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER.

AS MUCH AS LIFE SUCKED, THERE WAS NO WAY I WAS GOING TO BECOME AN ACTUAL GIRL, BUT THEN ONE DAY I HAD TO GIVE A SPEECH. THE ROOM WAS SUPER COLD, AND MY NIPPLES GOT HARD.

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT, SISTER.

I WAS JUST STARTING MY SPEECH ON THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE WHEN KEVIN PLUMBER CALLED OUT...

MORE LIKE BATTLE OF THE BUMPS. HEH. HEH.

HA.

HA. HA.

HA.

HA. HA.

THE WHOLE CLASS LAUGHED AT ME. MRS. KELLY MADE THEM STOP, BUT THAT WAS IT. I FINALLY DECIDED BETTER TO SPEND A LITTLE TIME AS A REAL GIRL AND GET BACK TO BEING ME THAN PUT UP WITH THAT.

YOU TRIED TO GET OUT
OF IT FIRST, THOUGH.


CAN YOU BLAME ME?

NO

CHEERLEADING'S A
REAL SPORT. I'M
SORRY I SAID IT
WASN'T. CAN YOU JUST
CHANGE ME BACK
NOW? I'VE LEARNED
MY LESSON.

I DON'T
BELIEVE YOU. I
THINK YOU STILL
HAVE A LOT TO
LEARN, SQUEAKY. IF
YOU WANT ME TO
TURN YOU BACK,
YOU KNOW THE
DEAL.





FINE. TURN ME
INTO A-- TURN
ME INTO A GIRL,
THEN.

I'LL GIVE YOU A
POTION. DRINK IT
TONIGHT, AND IN THE
MORNING YOU'LL BE
A PRETTY GIRL. DON'T
FORGET, YOU ALSO
HAVE TO BECOME A
CHEERLEADER.

I ALMOST LOST MY NERVE,
FLUSHED THE POTION DOWN THE
DRAIN, BUT I DRANK IT.



YOU DIDN'T WARN ME
MY WHOLE REALITY
WOULD CHANGE.



I FORGOT.

SURE.



I WOKE UP TO DISCOVER I WAS NOT
ONLY A GIRL, BUT I HAD A GIRL'S ROOM
A GIRL'S CLOTHES, A GIRL'S NAME.



OH, YEAH, AND A TRAMP
STAMP. THAT WASN'T
COOL.



TRUE. I MAY HAVE GONE
A LITTLE OVERBOARD.

A LITTLE?

OKAY. A LOT.

THEN, OF COURSE, I
WENT TO
CHEERLEADING
TRYOUTS AND DIDN'T
EVEN MAKE THE TEAM.

YOU WERE TERRIBLE.
YOU DRESSED LIKE A
SLOB WITH THAT DUMB
SKULL SHIRT, AND YOU
NEVER EVEN SMILED.

RAH- RAH- GO TEAM- YAY.

THANK YOU,
CANDACE- WE'VE
SEEN ENOUGH.

I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT CHEERLEADING.
PLUS-- WELL--

YOU THOUGHT
CHEERLEADING WAS EASY.

YES. THAT, AND I JUST ASSUMED YOU'D
PUT ME ON THE TEAM AS PART OF YOUR
TEACHING ME A LESSON THING. THE
NEXT TRYOUTS WEREN'T FOR THREE
MONTHS. I WAS STUCK AS A GIRL.

AT LEAST YOU WERE
SMART ENOUGH TO
AGREE TO LET ME
TRAIN YOU.



I PROBABLY WOULDN'T
HAVE IF I'D KNOWN
WHAT A HARDASS YOU
ARE.

DON'T
EVEN THINK
ABOUT QUITTING,
MISSY. GIVE ME
FIFTY MORE.

MY GLUTES
ARE BURNING!

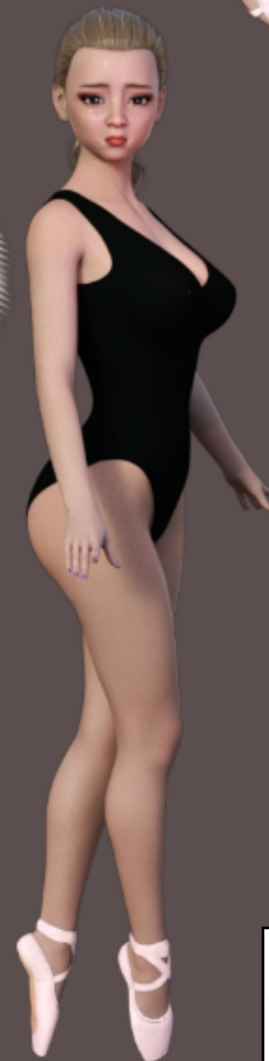
CHEERLEADING IS NOT FOR
THE FAINT OF HEART.

YOGA WAS TOUGH, THE AEROBICS WERE BRUTAL, BUT BALLET ALMOST BROKE ME.

YOU LOOKED SO ADORABLE IN YOUR TUTU AT THE RECITAL! OF COURSE, I GOT THE WHOLE FOOTBALL TEAM TO COME AND WATCH.

I KNOW. I WAS THERE, REMEMBER?

I HATED YOU FOR MAKING ME TAKE BALLET, BUT YOU WERE RIGHT. IT MADE ME A BETTER CHEERLEADER.



RUNNING WAS TOTALLY DIFFERENT. I COULDN'T GET USED TO THE WAY MY BREASTS BOUNCED, EVEN WHEN I WORE A HIGH-IMPACT BRA. AND, OF COURSE, SINCE YOU MADE ME WEAR THOSE SKIMPY LITTLE OUTFITS, STUPID BOYS WERE ALWAYS CATCALLING ME.



HEY, GORGEOUS!


POOR BABY.

AND IN THE END, YOU
CRUSHED IT.



GO TEAM!

I WAS SO PROUD OF MYSELF, ESPECIALLY WHEN I
NAILED THE SPLITS. I'D WORKED SO HARD TO MAKE
THE TEAM. IT WAS, LIKE, AMAZING TO FINALLY BE
ABLE TO SAY, "I'M A CHEERLEADER."



YOU WERE A
CHEERLEADER, BUT
YOU HADN'T YET
MADE THE SQUAD AS A
FULL MEMBER. NEW
GIRLS ARE ALWAYS
PROVISIONAL
MEMBERS OF THE
TEAM.

HMPF. I STILL THINK
THAT WAS A TOTALLY
UNFAIR TECHNICALITY, BUT
WHAT COULD I DO BUT HIKE UP
MY PANTIES AND TAKE IT LIKE A
MAN? NOW, I HAD THREE MORE
MONTHS CHEERING AND LIVING
AS A GIRL BEFORE I COULD
BECOME A FULL
MEMBER.

THE NIGHT I SUITED UP FOR THE FIRST TIME, I WAS SO FOCUSED. THE BOYS WERE PLAYING SHELBYVILLE, AND THE SHELBY GIRLS ARE SO STUCK UP. I COULDN'T WAIT TO CRUSH THEM.



YOU USED TO TELL ME IT WAS ALL ABOUT COMPETING WITH THE RIVAL CHEERLEADERS, AND I NEVER BELIEVED YOU, BUT NOW I UNDERSTOOD. I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT THE BOYS AND THEIR STUPID GAME. IT WAS ALL ABOUT CHEER AND DOMINATING THOSE SHELBY SLUTS.

CHEERLEADING
BROUGHT OUT THE
BITCH IN YOU.

HA HA


I KNOW,
RIGHT? ONCE
YOU TURNED ME
INTO A GIRL, I HATED
OTHER GIRLS. I
MEAN, NOT YOU OR
OUR SQUAD, BUT
ALL THE REST
OF THEM.

HA

HA

HA





I'M JUST
CURIOUS, WHY
DO YOU WANT
TO STAY A
GIRL?

MY WHOLE LIFE IS
CHEER. ALL MY
FRIENDS ARE GIRLS
FROM THE TEAM, PLUS
NATIONALS ARE COMING
UP. HOW COULD I LET
YOU GUYS DOWN AND
LEAVE THE TEAM
RIGHT BEFORE A BIG
COMPETITION?

GIGGLE

OH, AND ARE YOU SURE ONE OF THE REASONS ISN'T A CERTAIN HUNK NAMED ADAM?

GIGGLE

GIGGLE

GIGGLE

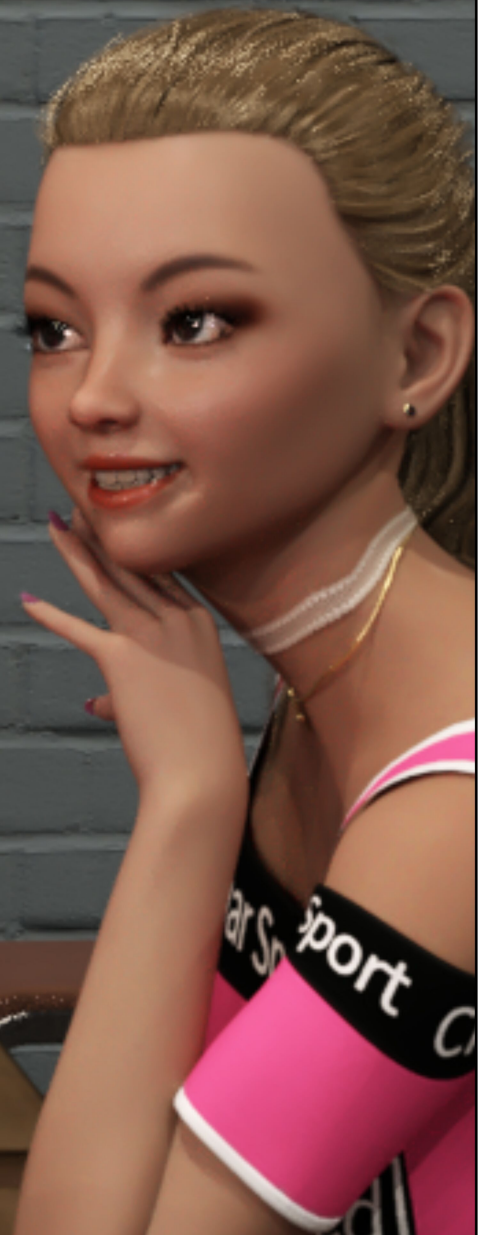
GIGGLE

HE'S SUCH A GOOD KISSER.

OH, HERE COME THE BOYS NOW.

GIGGLE

GIGGLE



HI,
GUYS!



GIRL LIFE
4EVER!



The End