



SEE? DIDN'T HURT

OU'LL GET USED TO IT

BY THE WAY, WHY WERE YOU READING ONE OF MY ANATOMY BOOKS?

IT'S JUST... WEIRD

LET ME PUT ON A BRA

SO...
I'M THINKING
ABOUT GOING
BACK TO
COLLEGE. MAYBE
STUDYING
PHYSICAL
EDUCATION

YEAH. ALL THE
TRAINING WITH JACOB,
THE YOGA SESSIONS...
IT'S KINDA MADE ME
REALIZE HOW MUCH I
ENJOY IT

I ALSO
WANT TO
SPECIALIZE IN TRANS
BODIES, SINCE IT FEELS
LIKE EVERYTHING I'M
DOING IS KIND OF
UNCHARTED
TERRITORY

I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW BRAS NEEDED
THEIR OWN SPECIFIC
DRAWER

WAIT, WHAT?
YOU'RE
SERIOUS?

OH MY GOD, ANDREA,
THAT'S AMAZING! YOU'D BE AN
INCREDIBLE PERSONAL TRAINER.
I'D LOVE TO HAVE A FITNESS
GURU IN THE FAMILY!

WHY DO YOU KEEP YOUR
BRAS WHERE THE BED LINENS
ARE SUPPOSED TO GO?

OF COURSE THEY DO!
ALONG WITH YOUR PANTIES,
ESPECIALLY YOUR MATCHING
SETS!



JACOB'S BEEN PUSHING ME HARD, BUT I'VE BEEN GETTING BETTER EVERY WEEK. EVEN THE YOGA'S STARTING TO FEEL NATURAL

YOU? THE ONE WHO CALLED DOWNWARD DOG "TORTURE"? LOOK AT YOU NOW. I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!

THANKS, ROSE

ANDREA, I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN YOU THIS... HAPPY



TELL ME MORE. WHAT'S NEXT?

OH, I'M ALL IN. YOU'LL HAVE THE BEST TRAINER REPUTATION IN TOWN

DAMN RIGHT, SIS

YEAH, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOREVER, I FEEL LIKE I'M NOT JUST FLOATING. LIKE I'VE GOT A DIRECTION, A PLAN

WELL, FIRST MY NAILS, THEN COLLEGE. AND WHO KNOWS? MAYBE ONE DAY I'LL HAVE MY OWN GYM. "ANDREA'S FITNESS STUDIO." CATCHY, HUH?

OF COURSE. I LEARNED FROM THE BEST

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, ROSE. I DON'T THINK I'D BE HALF OF A WOMAN THAT I AM



YOU'RE WELCOME. AND, UH, DID YOU JUST CALL YOURSELF WOMAN?

YEAH... I GUESS I DID

WHO'S THE PROUD SISTER NOW?

WE BOTH ARE!

C'MON,
ANDREA! ONE MORE
REP!

FUCK, JACOB!

NO
WHINING! LET'S
GO! THAT ASS
WON'T BUILD
ITSELF!





IT'S SUPPOSED TO HURT! YOU NEED MORE MOBILITY—YOUR RANGE IS STILL TRASH!


SHIT, JACOB, IT HURTS!



SO... HOW
YOU FEELING?

SORE AS HELL,
OH MY GOD.
YOU WRECK ME
EVERY TIME

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN
GOOD.
BUT HEY—LOOK AT THOSE
RESULTS COMING IN!



SEE WHAT?

THANKS, JACOB. BUT HONESTLY,
THIS THING'S A BIT UNCOMFORTABLE
YOU CAN, UH, KINDA SEE... TOO MUCH,
YOU KNOW?

YOU KNOW, MY...



THAT'D
BE AWESOME.
THANKS, JACOB

YEAH, I GET IT. LISTEN, I'VE GOT A
FRIEND—SHE'S TRANS, AND SHE'S BEEN
THROUGH ALL THIS. SHE'S A PRO AT
HANDLING STUFF LIKE THAT. I'LL PASS
YOU HER CONTACT, AND I'LL GIVE HER A
HEADS-UP BEFORE YOU CALL

NO PROBLEM. YOU'RE
FAMILY AROUND HERE NOW



LET'S GO!

STOP IT. YOU'RE KILLING IT, ANDREA. NOW, QUIT STALLING AND GET TO WORK

AT THE BAR...



A woman with long brown hair, wearing a white ribbed long-sleeved crop top and blue jeans, is sitting on a wooden chair at a bar. She is looking off to the side with a slightly sad or thoughtful expression. The bar has a dark brick wall behind her and a red tufted leather sofa to her right. A glass table is in front of her. A speech bubble points to her mouth.

AT LEAST THE
BAR'S EMPTY...



WOW...



YOU MUST BE
ANDREA. JACOB
WASN'T LYING —
YOU'RE ALREADY
LOOKING
GORGEOUS!

IT'S ME! NICE
TO MEET YOU!

NATALIE?!

WOW.
YOU'RE
STUNNING

Bea & Liza

FIVE YEARS OF HORMONES AND A LOT OF TRIAL AND ERROR, SWEETHEART. YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, THOUGH. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN ON?

OH, I REMEMBER THAT PHASE. THE LITTLE CHANGES START ADDING UP, AND THEN ONE DAY, YOU CATCH YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR AND THINK, "DAMN, I'M GETTING THERE."

ABOUT NINE MONTHS. STILL FEELS NEW, YOU KNOW?

YEAH, IT'S WEIRD-LIKE, MY SKIN'S SOFTER, MY FACE FEELS DIFFERENT, AND THE BODY CHANGES... THEY'RE SUBTLE, BUT THEY'RE HAPPENING

THAT'S AMAZING! WHAT ABOUT EMOTIONALLY? ANY ROLLERCOASTERS YET?





CLASSIC
- WELCOME TO
ESTROGEN,
DARLING

OH, IT'S BEEN A JOURNEY, LET ME TELL YOU. YEAR ONE WAS ALL ABOUT HORMONES—GETTING USED TO THE CHANGES, BOTH PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY. MY SKIN SOFTENED, FAT STARTED SHIFTING, AND MY BOOBS BEGAN TO GROW. BY YEAR TWO, I WAS LIKE, "OKAY, THIS IS REAL." I STARTED WORKING ON MY VOICE, LEARNING MAKEUP, AND EXPERIMENTING WITH CLOTHES THAT MADE ME FEEL MORE LIKE MYSELF

YEAR THREE WAS A BIG ONE. I STARTED ELECTROLYSIS FOR FACIAL HAIR AND HAD MY FIRST SURGERY — BREAST AUGMENTATION. BY YEAR FOUR, I FELT LIKE I WAS FULLY STEPPING INTO MY SKIN, YOU KNOW? AND NOW, FIVE YEARS IN, I FEEL... WHOLE. THERE'S STILL STUFF I WANT TO DO, BUT I'M IN A GOOD PLACE

OH,
ABSOLUTELY. ONE
MINUTE I'M FINE, THE
NEXT I'M CRYING OVER
SOME DUMB TV
COMMERCIAL

SO... HOW WAS IT
FOR YOU? THE WHOLE
TRANSITION PROCESS, I
MEAN

AND AFTER THAT?



THAT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE. I MEAN, I'M HAPPY WITH THE PROGRESS SO FAR, BUT... THERE ARE THINGS THAT STILL BUG ME

LIKE WHAT?

LIKE, MY SHOULDERS STILL FEEL TOO BROAD. AND THEN THERE'S, UH, YOU KNOW, THAT SITUATION

YOU MEAN YOUR DICK?

YEP...

OH, HONEY, WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE. TUCKING'S AN ART FORM, BUT YOU'LL GET THE HANG OF IT. THERE ARE GREAT TUTORIALS ONLINE, OR I CAN SHOW YOU SOME TRICKS

THAT WOULD HELP, THANKS

BUT LISTEN, YOU'RE ONLY NINE MONTHS IN. THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING. THE REAL FUN IS AHEAD — LIKE ALL THE LITTLE MILESTONES YOU HIT THAT MAKE YOU GO, "OH, SHIT, I'M REALLY DOING THIS."

LIKE WHAT?

GIRL, WHERE DO I EVEN START? DEALING WITH MEN HITTING ON YOU, FINDING YOUR STYLE, NAVIGATING WEIRD QUESTIONS... AND REALIZING HOW MUCH THE WORLD CAN SUCK FOR TRANS WOMEN SOMETIMES

THE USUAL: PEOPLE STARING, RUDE COMMENTS, THE OCCASIONAL JERK. BUT DON'T LET IT SCARE YOU. IT'S PART OF THE JOURNEY. AND TRUST ME, YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING IT TAKES TO BE PASSABLE WITH MINIMAL SURGERIES

YEAH, STUFF LIKE BREAST AUGMENTATION, FACIAL FEMINIZATION, VOICE SURGERY, OR EVEN BOTTOM SURGERY IF THAT'S YOUR THING

WAIT, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

SURGERIES?

SWEETHEART, I DON'T BUY THAT FOR A SECOND. I CAN ALREADY SEE THE REAL YOU PEEKING THROUGH

WHOA, WHOA, THAT'S WAY TOO MUCH. THIS IS JUST... A BET WITH MY SISTER

IT'S TEMPORARY

WE'LL SEE. ANYWAY, I HAVE AN IDEA. WHY DON'T YOU COME OUT WITH ME AND SOME FRIENDS? IT'LL BE FUN, AND YOU CAN MEET OTHER GIRLS LIKE US





WHY NOT? YOU LOOK AMAZING!
PLUS, IT'S A SUPER CHILL, PROGRESSIVE
SPOT. TONS OF TRANS GIRLS HANG OUT
THERE.
JUST SHOW UP AS YOUR FABULOUS SELF,
SO DON'T WORRY!


EXACTLY!

OF COURSE, I'M NOT
TRYING TO PRESSURE YOU
AT ALL.
YOU'VE GOT MY NUMBER, SO IF
YOU EVER NEED ANYTHING, JUST
TEXT ME.
AND WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE
GOING OUT AND HAVING
FUN — HIT ME UP!

I DON'T
KNOW... I STILL
DON'T FEEL
TOTALLY
COMFORTABLE,
YOU KNOW?

YOU MEAN AS A...
BIG HOTTIE, RIGHT?

LOOK, CAN I
TAKE A LITTLE MORE
TIME? I'M STILL
ADJUSTING, YOU
KNOW?



AND DON'T STRESS
ABOUT LOOKING
PERFECT — I'LL HELP YOU
GET ALL DOLLED UP IF YOU
WANT.
MAKEUP, OUTFITS,
WHATEVER YOU NEED

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!
AND HEY, IF YOU EVER NEED
TIPS ABOUT GUYS...

THAT ACTUALLY
SOUNDS... FUN

OH, NO. I'M NOT
INTO MEN

NOT YET, MAYBE.
BUT NEVER SAY NEVER,
ANDREA. SOME OF THEM
ARE... WELL, LET'S
JUST SAY, DELICIOUS

GIRL, LIFE'S TOO
SHORT TO CLOSE
DOORS. JUST ENJOY
YOURSELF, OKAY?


I DON'T KNOW.
IT'S NOT REALLY
ME

YEAH... I GUESS
I HAVE BEEN
ENJOYING MYSELF
LATELY

3 MONTHS LATER...

FUCK, I'M
LATE!





I GOTTA LEAVE
BEFORE ROSE SHOWS
UP... SHE'S GONNA START
ASKING SHIT I DON'T WANNA
ANSWER. AND NATALIE'S
PROBABLY PISSED
ALREADY

HOLY SHIT, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE RICH

OH H H NOW IT ALL MAKES SENSE

FOR YOU TO BE THIS FUCKING HOT, YOU'D NEED HELLA MONEY INVESTED IN THAT BODY

BITCH DON'T START. WE'LL GET CANCELLED BEFORE WE EVEN LEAVE THE HOUSE

WELL... NOT RICH RICH — OKAY, YEAH, I AM. MY FAMILY'S GOT MONEY. DOCTORS AND ALL

WHAT DOES?

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY—AIN'T NOBODY UGLY, JUST BROKE





NAH, I SHOWERED BEFORE I LEFT

I'M GONNA SHOWER AND GET READY. YOU WANT ONE TOO?

COOL. WHILE I'M IN THERE, PICK OUT AN OUTFIT SO I CAN SEE WHAT TRAGIC THING YOU WERE PLANNING TO WEAR

ABSOLUTELY NOT, BABE. YOU STILL GOT SHIT TO LEARN WHEN IT COMES TO STYLE. DON'T WORRY, I GOT YOU

DAMN, I THOUGHT THIS FIT WAS CUTE!

WE DON'T EVEN WEAR THE SAME SIZE THO



CHILL, I GOT CLOTHES FROM THE START OF MY TRANSITION. AND FOR GOD'S SAKE, LET'S PAINT THOSE DAMN NAILS

WHAT THE HELL, HOW LONG IS THIS SHOWER?





FINALLY, I...

I'M DONE!
LET'S GET
DRESSED



HOLY SHIT!

YOU'RE
FUCKING
NAKED!

WHAT?

BABE, RELAX. IT'S
JUST US GIRLS HERE.
NOTHING YOU HAVEN'T
SEEN. NOW LOSE THAT
DAMN UNDERWEAR.

I-I'VE
JUST NEVER
SEEN SOMEONE
ELSE'S DICK UP
CLOSE
BEFORE...

BUT...

YOU CAN'T EVEN
CALL THIS A DICK
ANYMORE. I CALL IT MY
OVERSIZED CLIT. NOW
HURRY UP

NO "BUT",
MOVE IT





I'M NOT COMFY, I'M MORTIFIED ACTUALLY

LOOK AT YOU, GETTING ALL COMFY



GIRL, YOUR
DICK'S SO
TINY...

YEAH, WELL...
HORMONES, NO
ACTION, THE WHOLE
DEAL. EVEN MY BALLS
ARE DISAPPEARING.
YOURS WILL TOO IF
YOU STOP USING IT

GASP

QUIT STALLING,
WE'RE ALREADY
LATE

NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE PAINTING MY NAILS...

GIVE IT A WEEK, IT'LL BE PART OF YOUR MORNING ROUTINE

BUT TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR TRANSITION. YOU DON'T REALLY TALK ABOUT IT

THERE'S NOT MUCH TO TELL, HONESTLY. I ALWAYS FELT SOMETHING WAS OFF. LIKE... WHEN I WAS 10, I'D SNEAK AROUND IN MY MOM'S HEELS WHEN NO ONE WAS HOME. THEN I STARTED RAIDING MY OLDER SISTER'S CLOSET—PANTS, SKIRTS, STOLE HER PANTIES TO WEAR DURING THE DAY WHEN THE WHOLE FAMILY WAS AROUND

ONE DAY, I WENT FULL-ON: SHORT DRESS, HEELS, FAKE BOOBS MADE OUT OF SOCKS... AND BOOM, THE MAID CAUGHT ME AND TOLD MY MOM

OH SHIT! WHAT HAPPENED?!

I HIT HER WITH THE "MOM, I CAN EXPLAIN!"

AND SHE JUST WENT: "SO THAT'S WHY MY CLOTHES AND YOUR SISTER'S WERE ALWAYS A MESS WHEN YOU WERE HOME ALONE?"

SHOCKINGLY... SHE WAS CHILL. EVEN ASKED THE QUESTION

WHAT QUESTION?

"WHY DO YOU WEAR MY CLOTHES?"



I TOLD HER I LIKED THEM AND I DIDN'T WANNA BE A BOY WHEN I GREW UP. SHE CRIED AND SAID THAT WHEN I WAS LITTLE, I USED TO ASK IF I'D BE PRETTY LIKE HER WHEN I GOT OLDER

AWW, THAT'S SO SWEET. SO THINGS WENT FINE?

NOT REALLY. MY DAD LOST HIS SHIT WHEN HE FOUND OUT. HE HAD THIS WHOLE "MY SON'S GONNA BE A SOLDIER" FANTASY, AND HERE I WAS TRYING TO STRUT LIKE A RUNWAY MODEL IN HEELS

TYPICAL. MY DAD WOULD FREAK IF HE SAW ME LIKE THIS TOO

GIMME YOUR FOOT

YOU NEED MY FOOT?

DUH, GOTTA MATCH THE POLISH

ALRIGHT, KEEP TALKING

ANYWAY, AFTER THE BLOW-UP, MY DAD BANNED ME FROM HIS AND MY SISTER'S ROOM.
BUT WHEN HE WASN'T HOME, MY MOM LET ME WEAR WHATEVER I WANTED

THEN SHE STARTED SNEAKING ME BLOCKERS AND ESTROGEN WHEN PUBERTY HIT

I LET MY HAIR GROW, STARTED HIDING MY BOOBS FROM MY DAD...

UNTIL ONE DAY HE WANTED US TO GO TO THE BEACH

I DIDN'T WANT TO BUT HAD NO CHOICE

MY MOM GAVE ME A BINDER AND SAID TO WEAR A NORMAL T-SHIRT

HE GOT SUSPICIOUS—BY THAT TIME, I LOOKED VERY MUCH LIKE A GIRL

SO HE RIPPED MY SHIRT OFF... SAW EVERYTHING... FLIPPED THE FUCK OUT

CUSSED OUT MY MOM, ME, EVERYONE

WANTED TO SUE HER OR SOME SHIT

JESUS, NAT. WHAT DID YOU DO?





I LOST IT. TOLD HIM I'D KILL MYSELF IF HE TRIED ANYTHING

I SAID I WAS LIKE THIS BECAUSE I WANTED TO BE A WOMAN AND THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO

RAN TO THE BATHROOM, THREW ON A BIKINI AND JUMPED IN THE SEA LIKE I'D BEEN DYING TO ALL MORNING

HE STORMED OFF. SAID HE NEVER WANTED TO SEE ANY OF US AGAIN

CHILL. HE CAME BACK TWO YEARS LATER BAWLING AND CALLING ME HIS DAUGHTER

MY MOM FORGAVE HIM EVENTUALLY—SHE STILL LOVED HIM, YOU KNOW?

AND WELL, AFTER ALL THAT, I WENT TO MED SCHOOL, BECAME A PLASTIC SURGEON, GOT TITS, ASS, THE WORKS... AND HERE I AM

OKAY, DONE. LOOK

AND HIM?

WHAT A DICK



GIRL, YOU TELL ME THIS WHOLE SAGA LIKE IT'S NO BIG DEAL

DAMN... LOOKS PERFECT!

JUST CHECK IT OUT!

OLD YA. NOW LET'S THROW ON SOME CLOTHES AND BEAT THAT FACE WITH MAKEUP



BECAUSE YOU NEED TO PRACTICE YOUR TUCKING SKILLS — AND YOU BITCHED ABOUT WEARING A DRESS

NAH, YOU'LL SURVIVE—NOW COME ON, THE GIRLS ARE ALREADY AT THE BAR



REMIND ME AGAIN... WHY THE HELL AM I WEARING PANTS?

I'M STARTING TO THINK THIS WAS A TERRIBLE IDEA