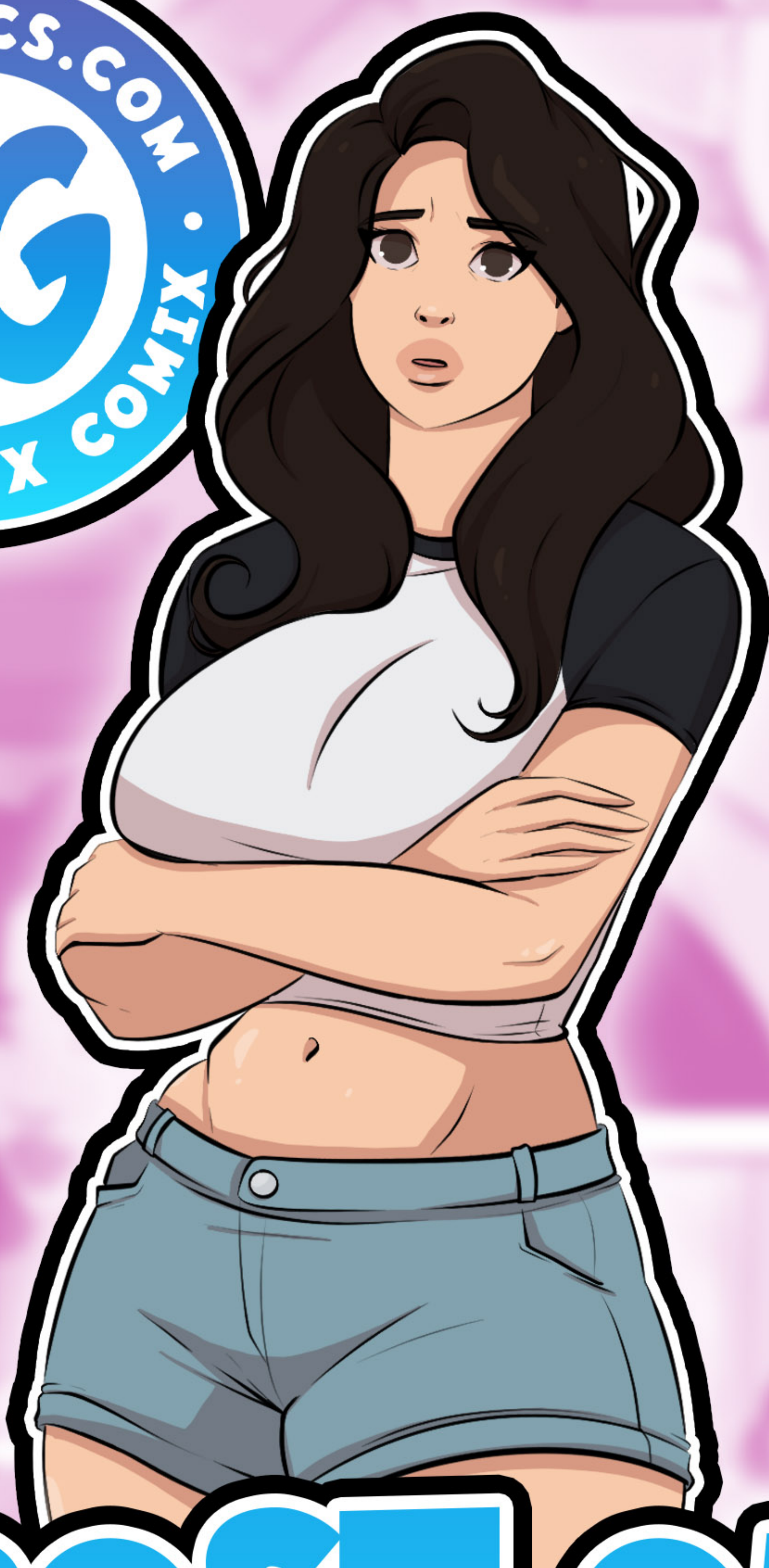
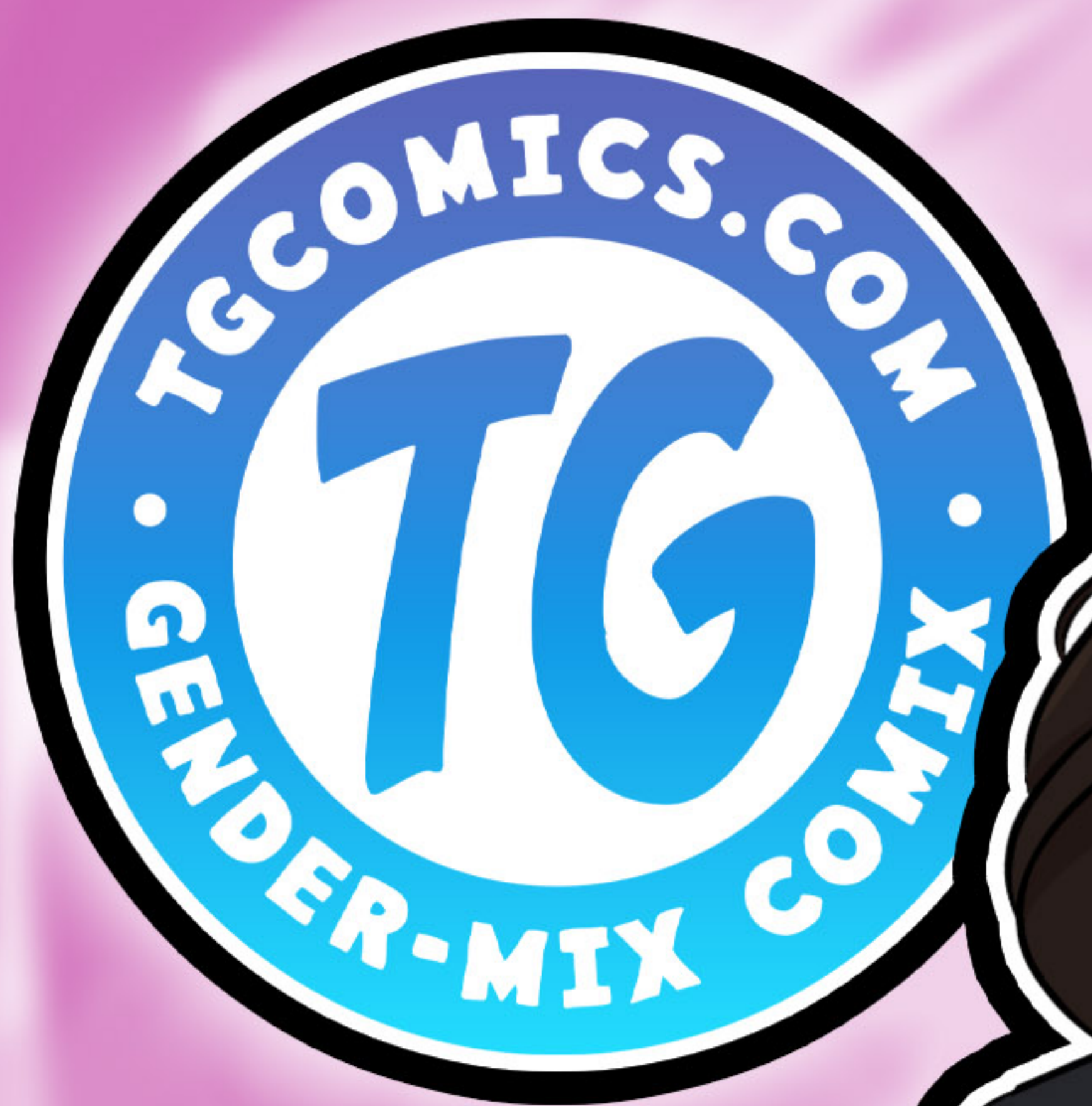
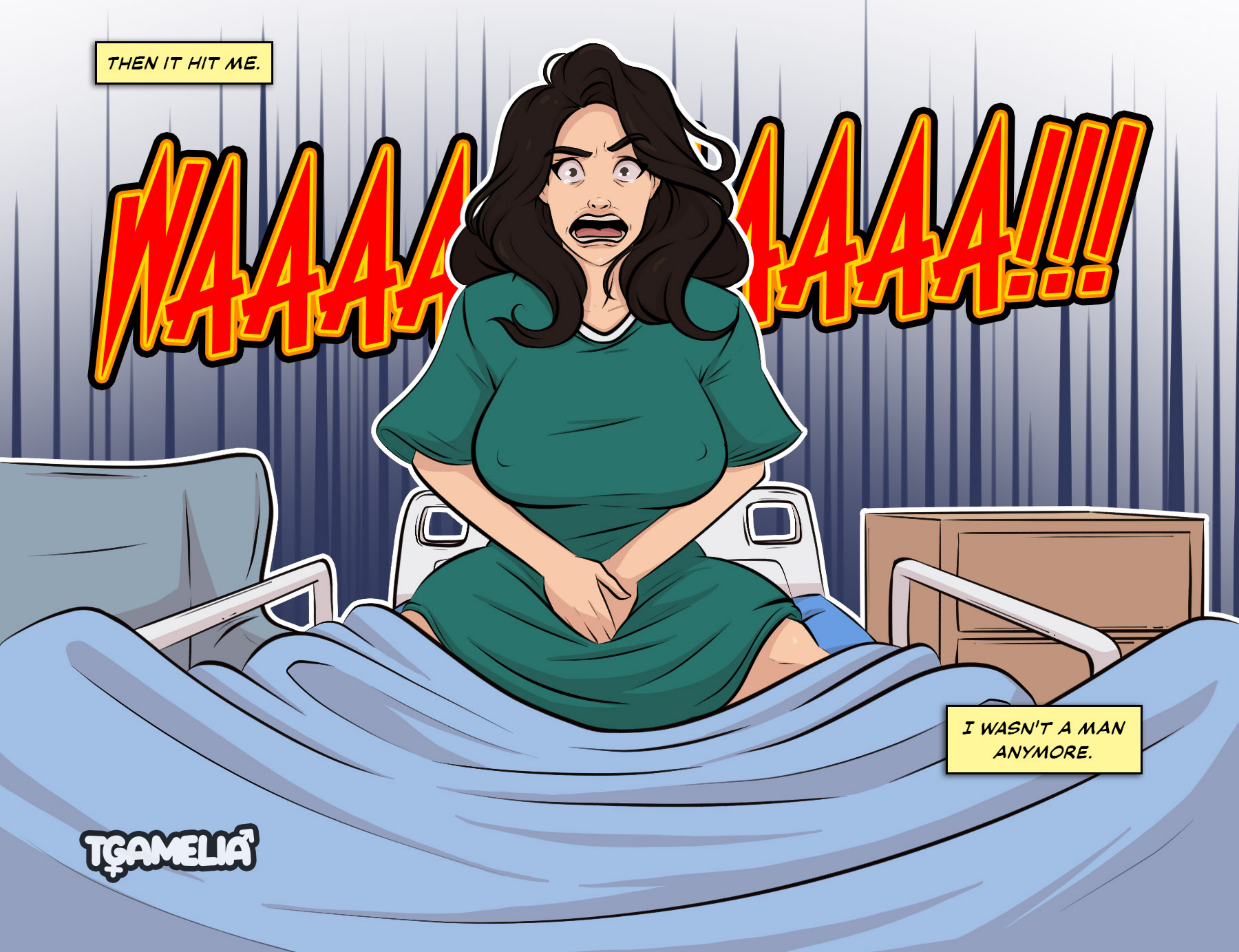
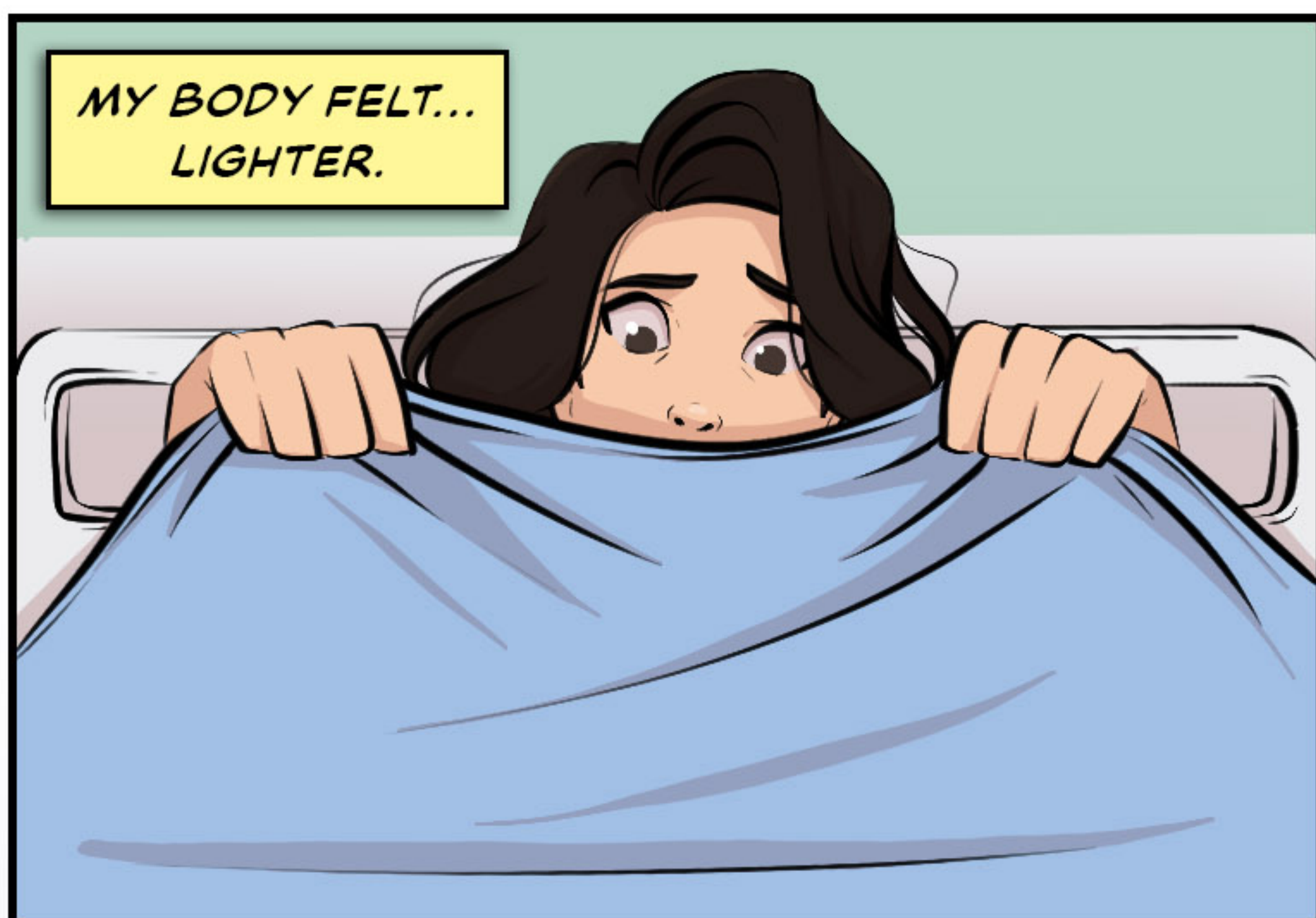


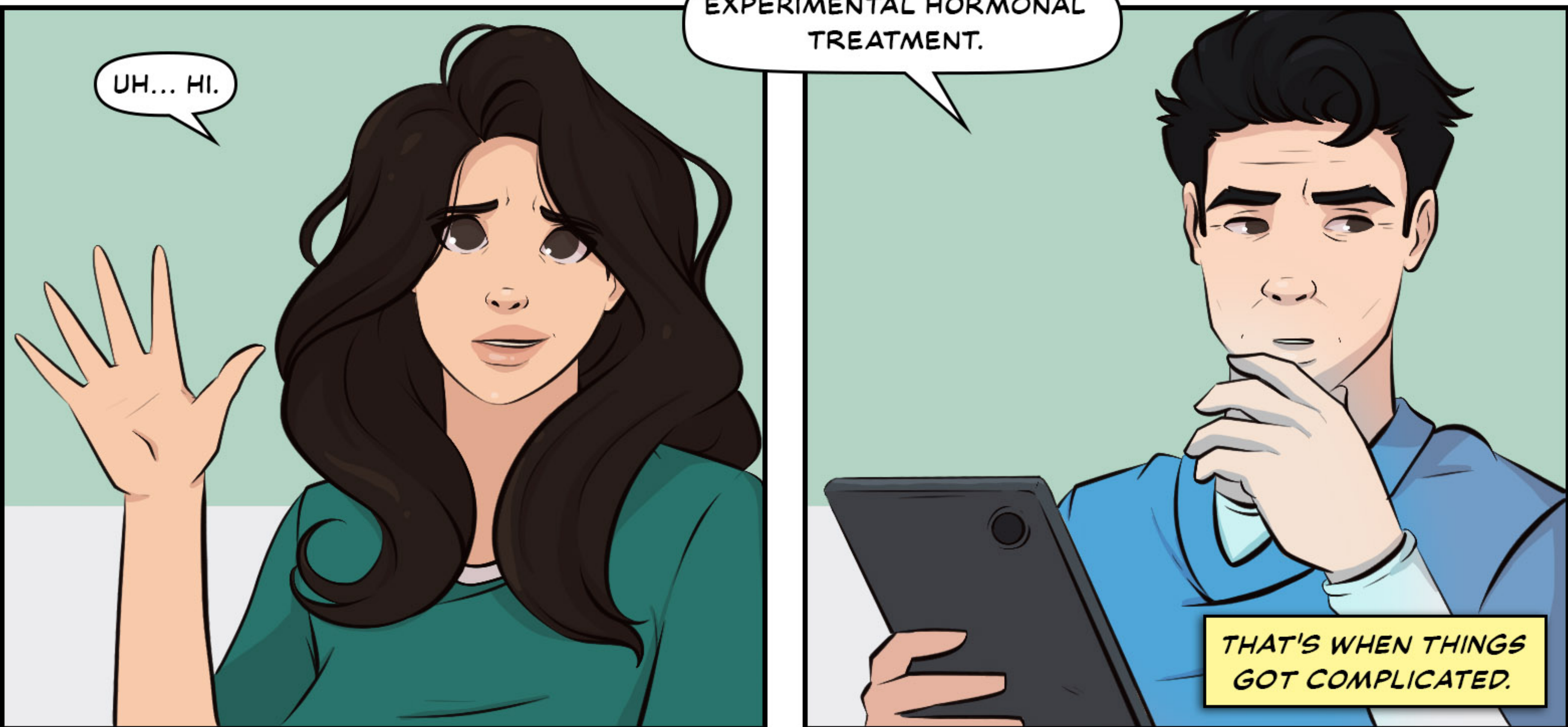
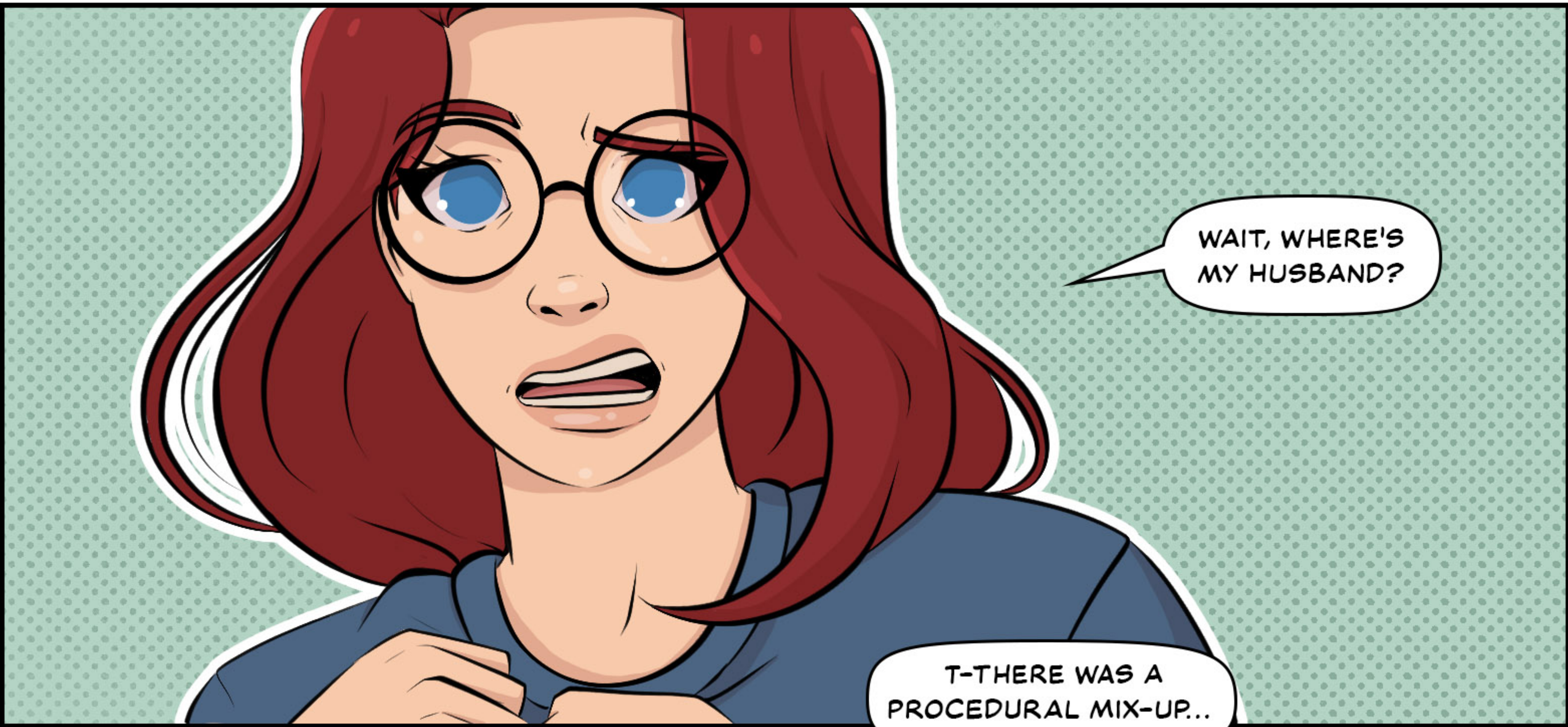
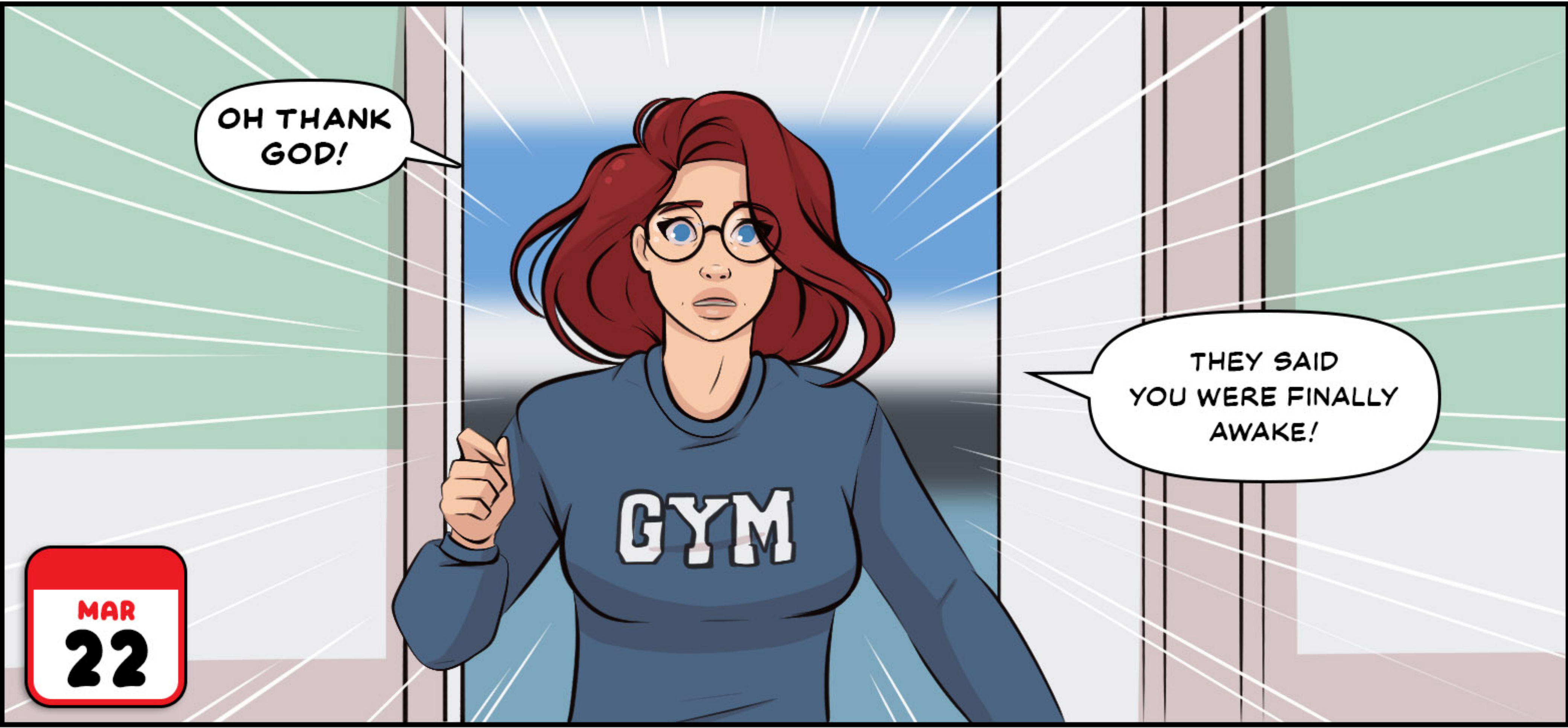


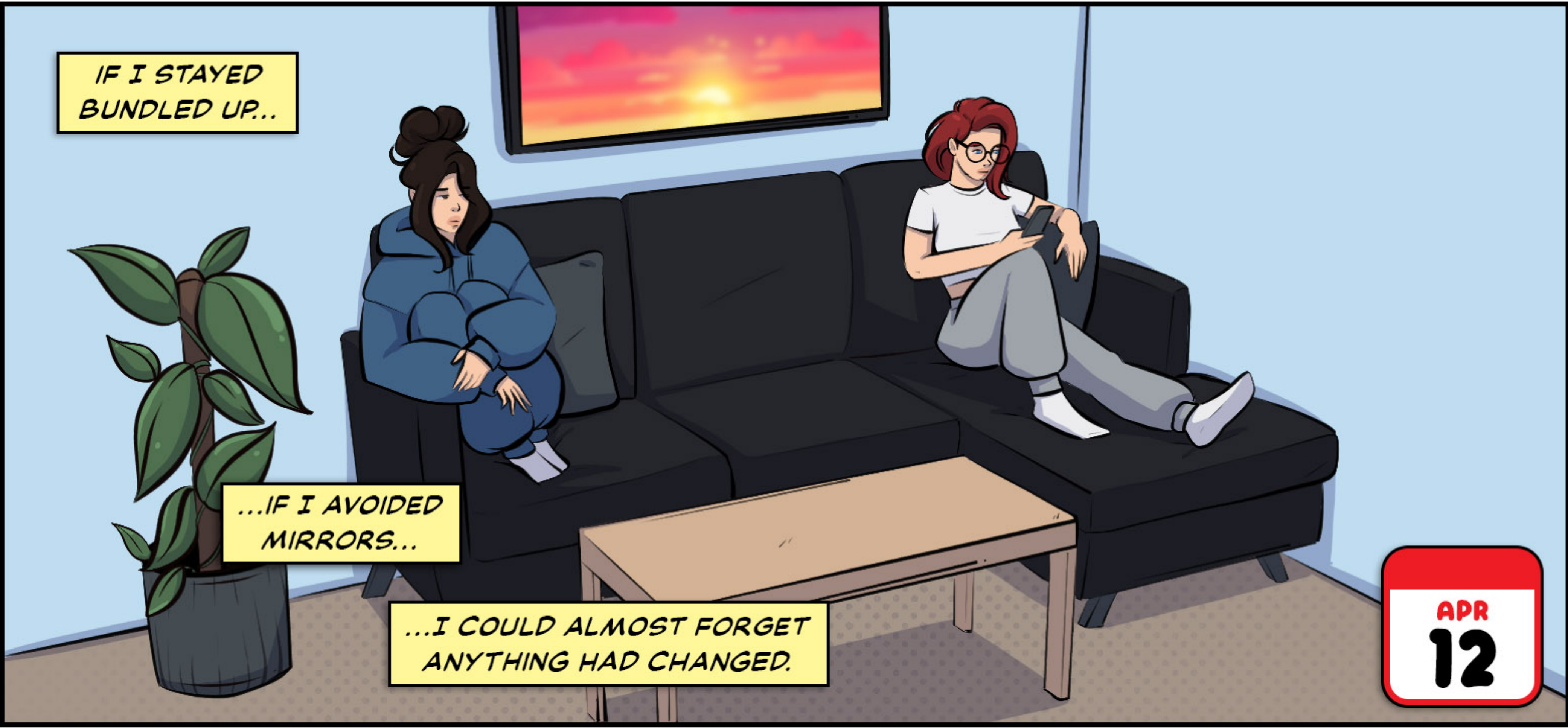
POST-OP COMPLICATIONS

TÇAMELIA







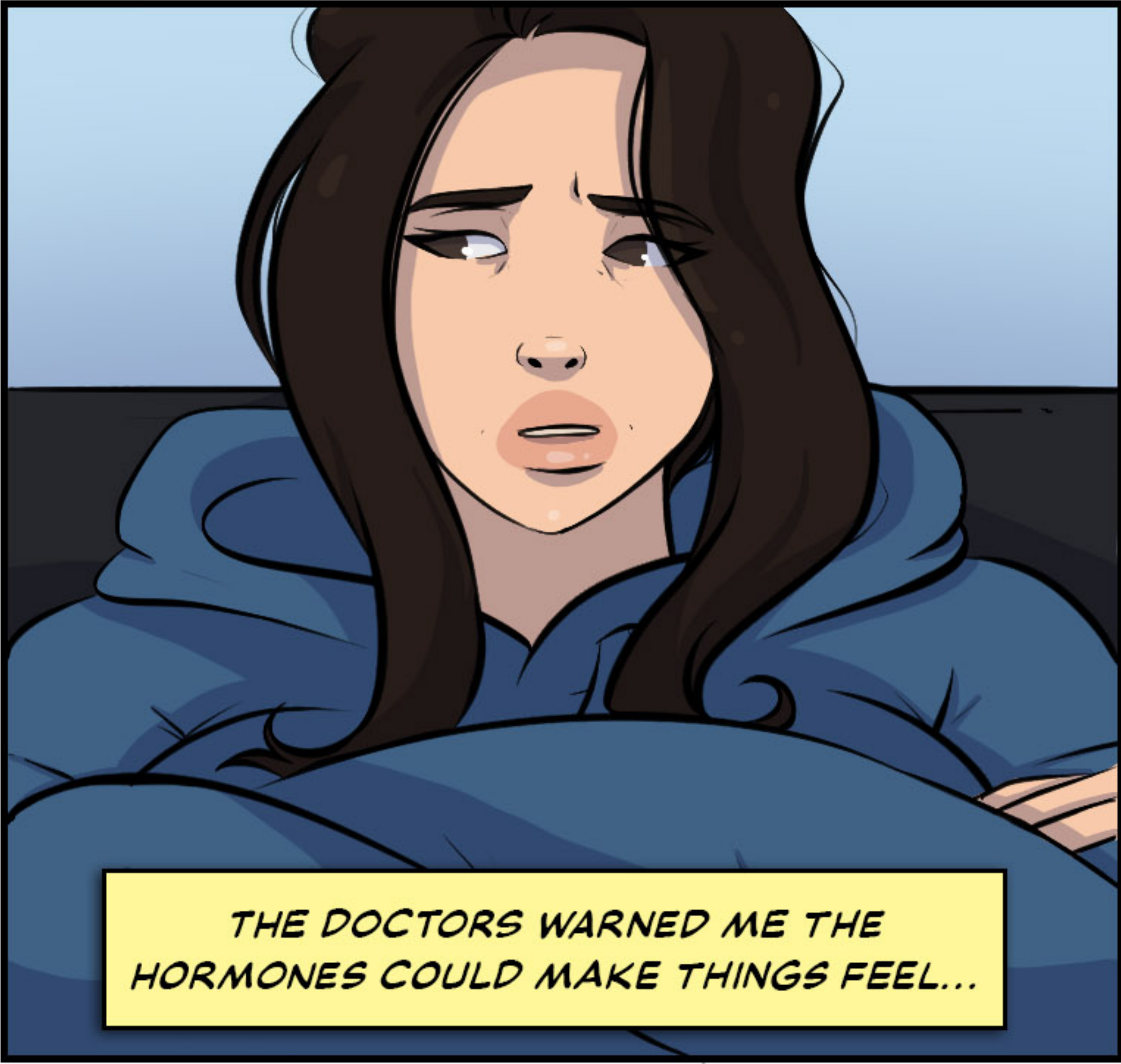


IF I STAYED
BUNDLED UP...

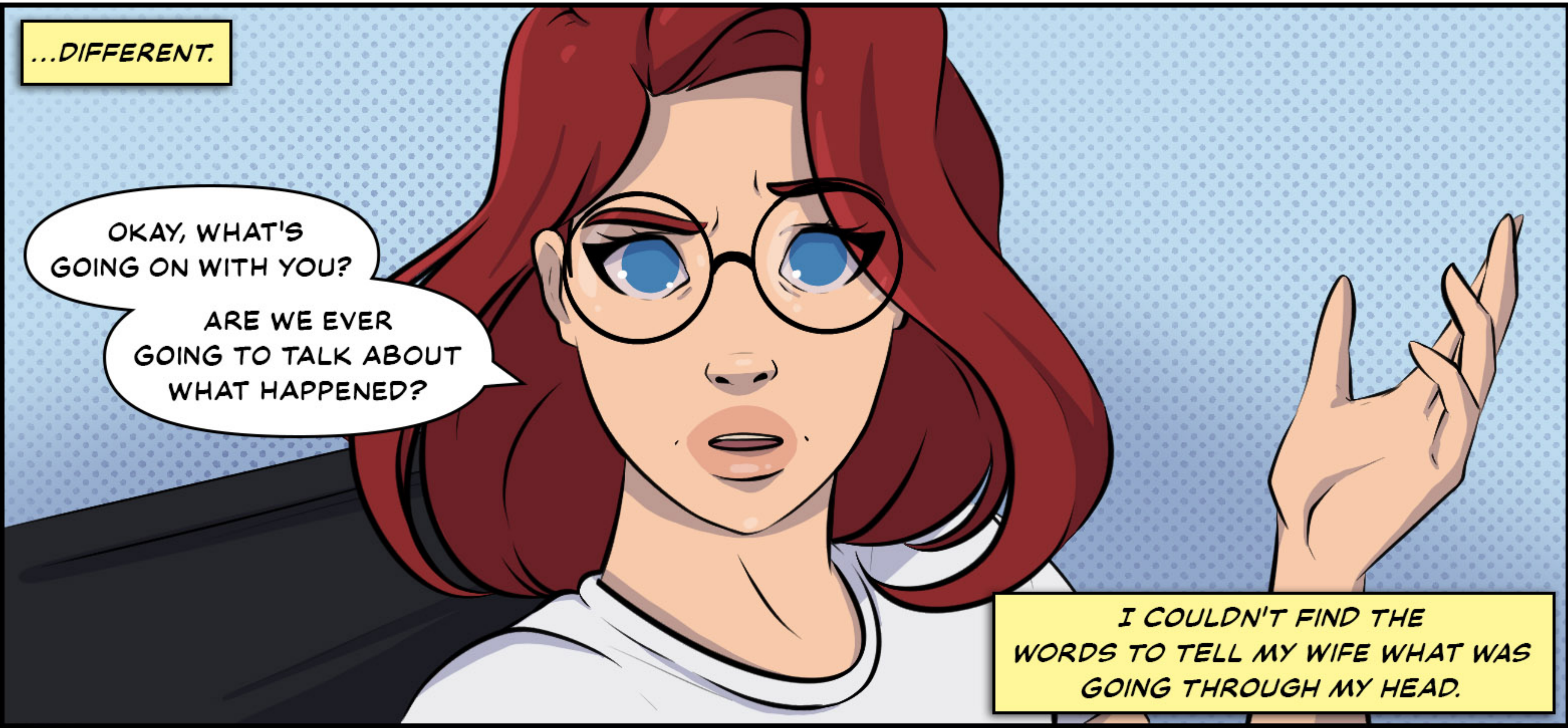
...IF I AVOIDED
MIRRORS...

...I COULD ALMOST FORGET
ANYTHING HAD CHANGED.

APR
12



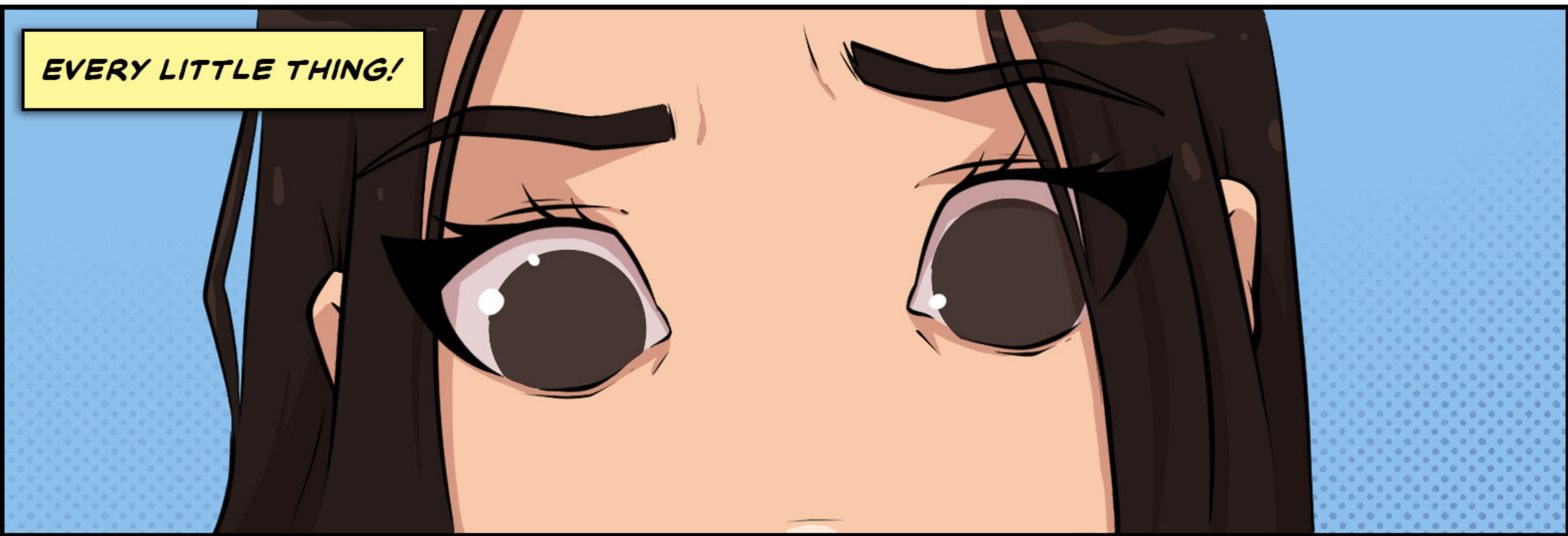
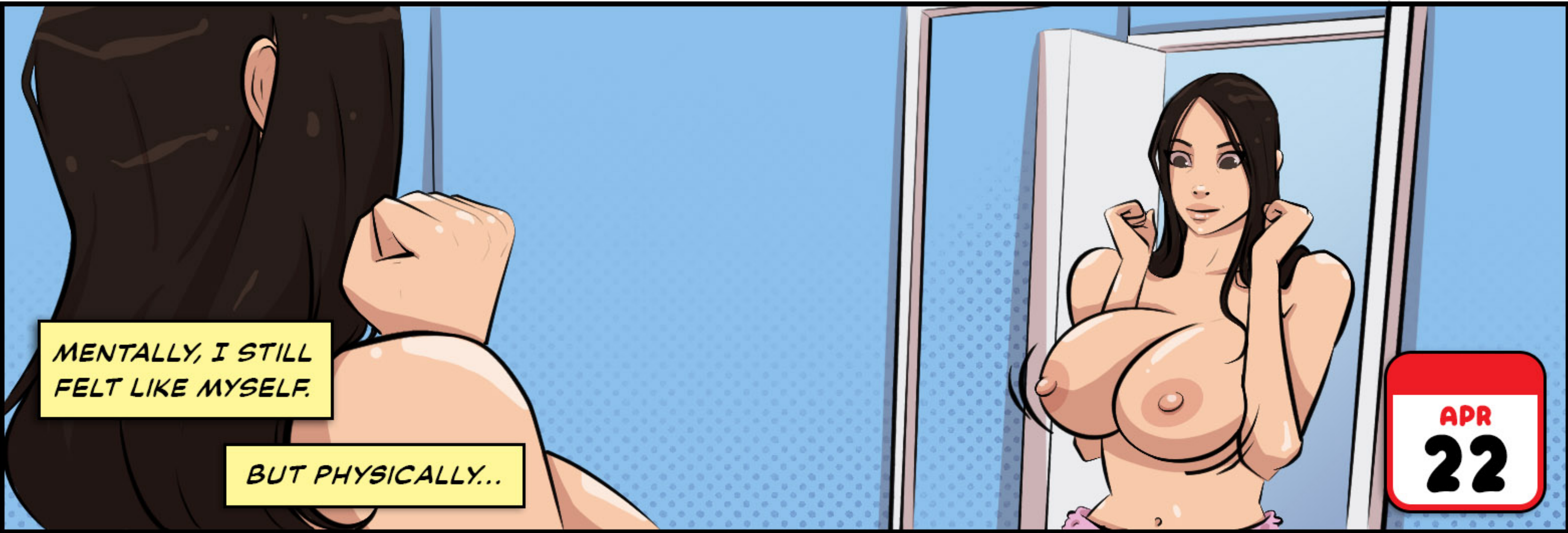
THE DOCTORS WARNED ME THE
HORMONES COULD MAKE THINGS FEEL...

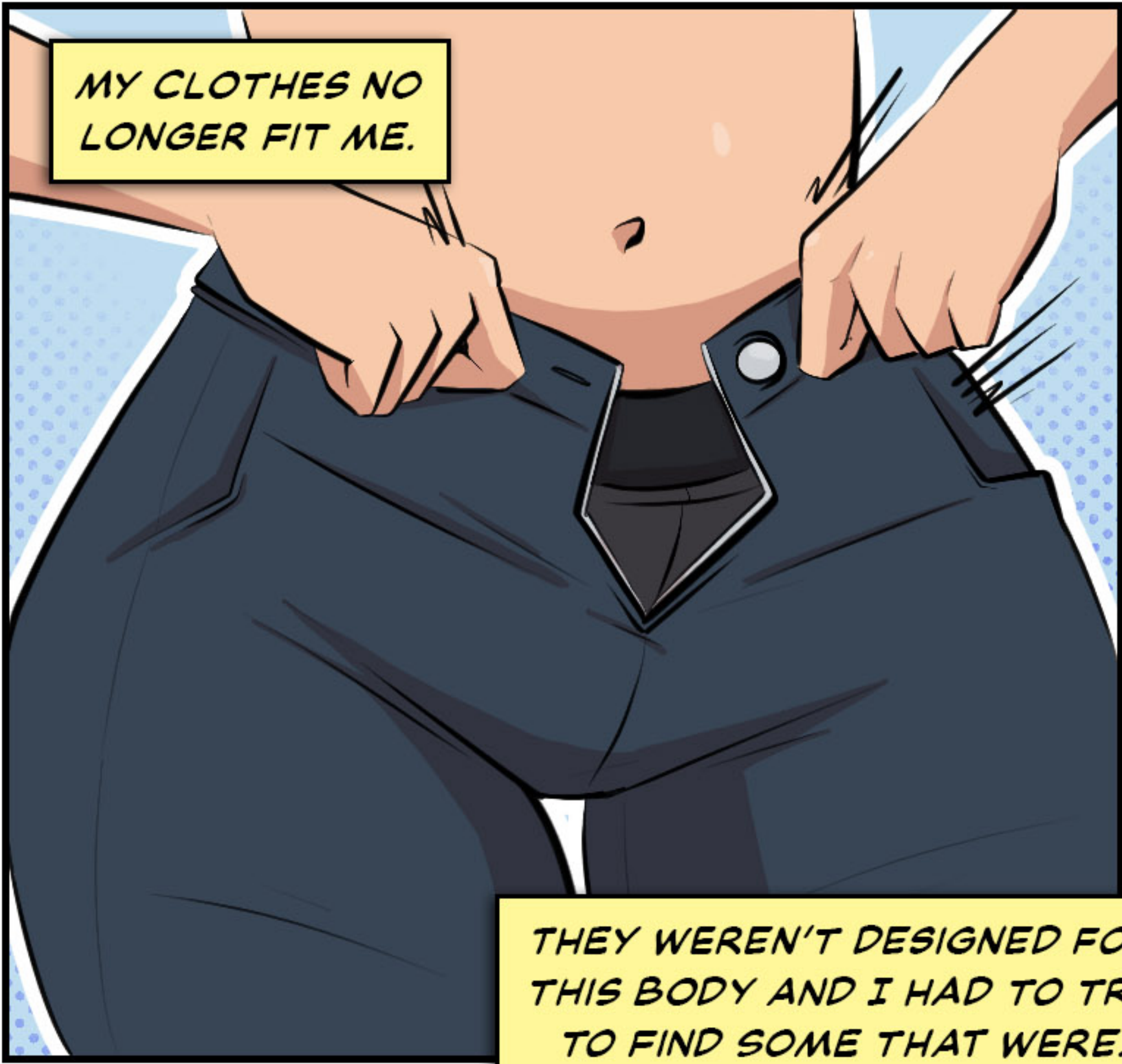


...DIFFERENT.

OKAY, WHAT'S
GOING ON WITH YOU?
ARE WE EVER
GOING TO TALK ABOUT
WHAT HAPPENED?

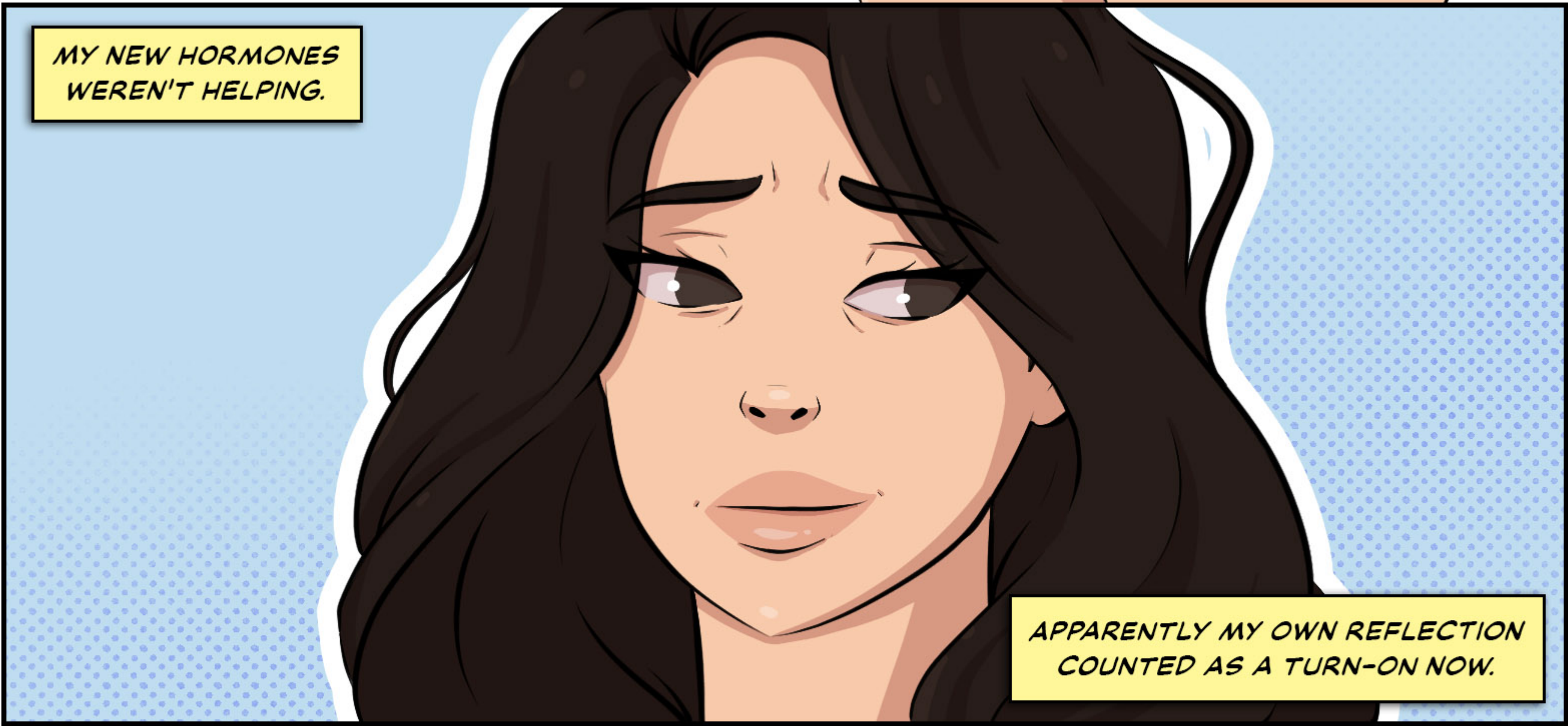
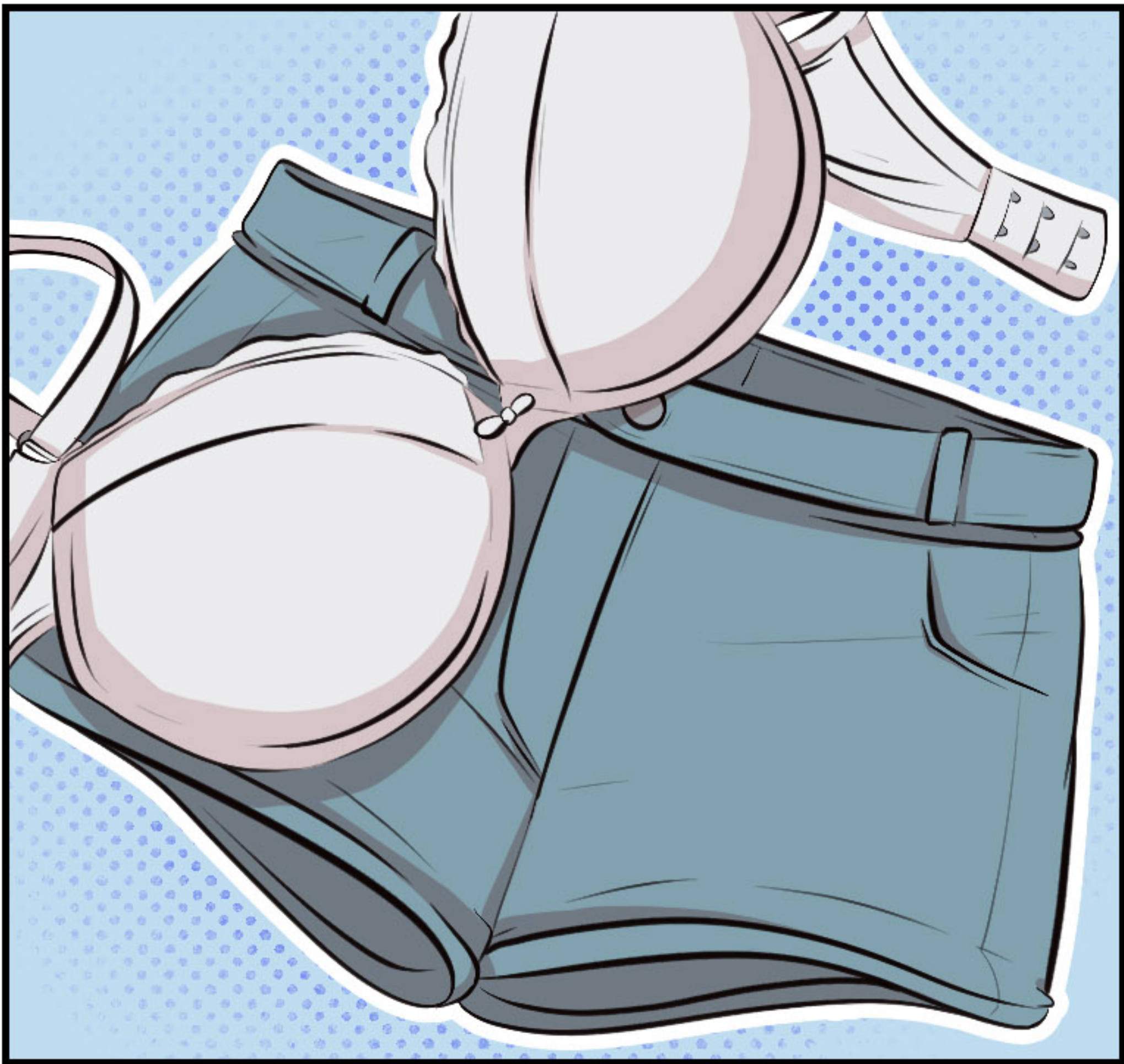
I COULDN'T FIND THE
WORDS TO TELL MY WIFE WHAT WAS
GOING THROUGH MY HEAD.





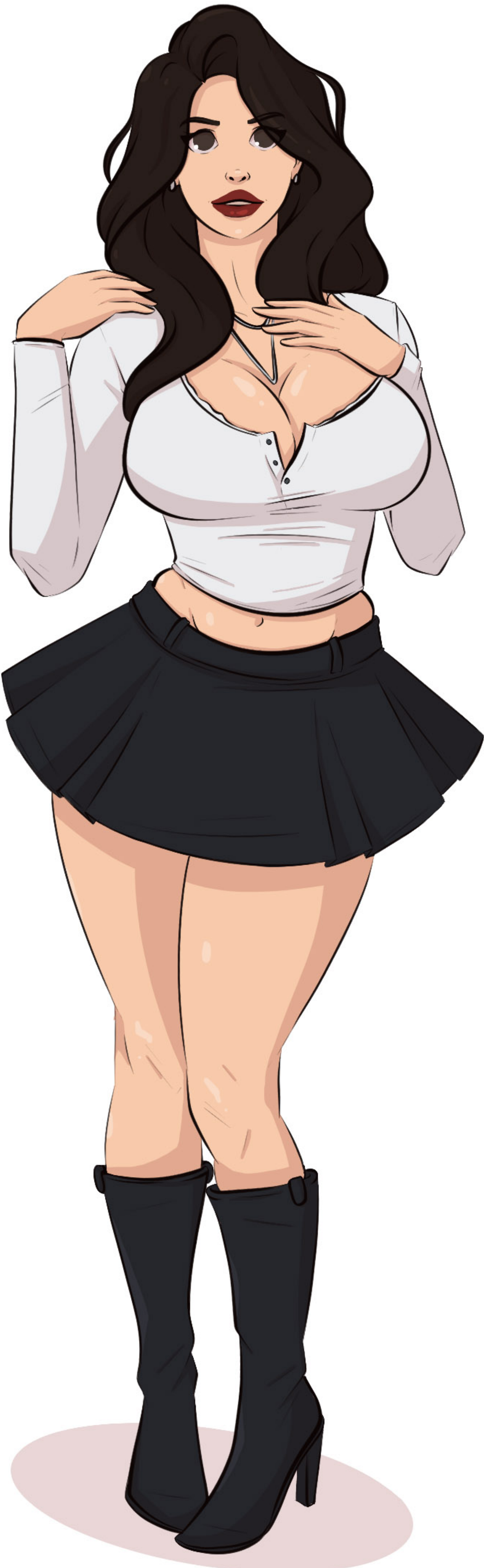
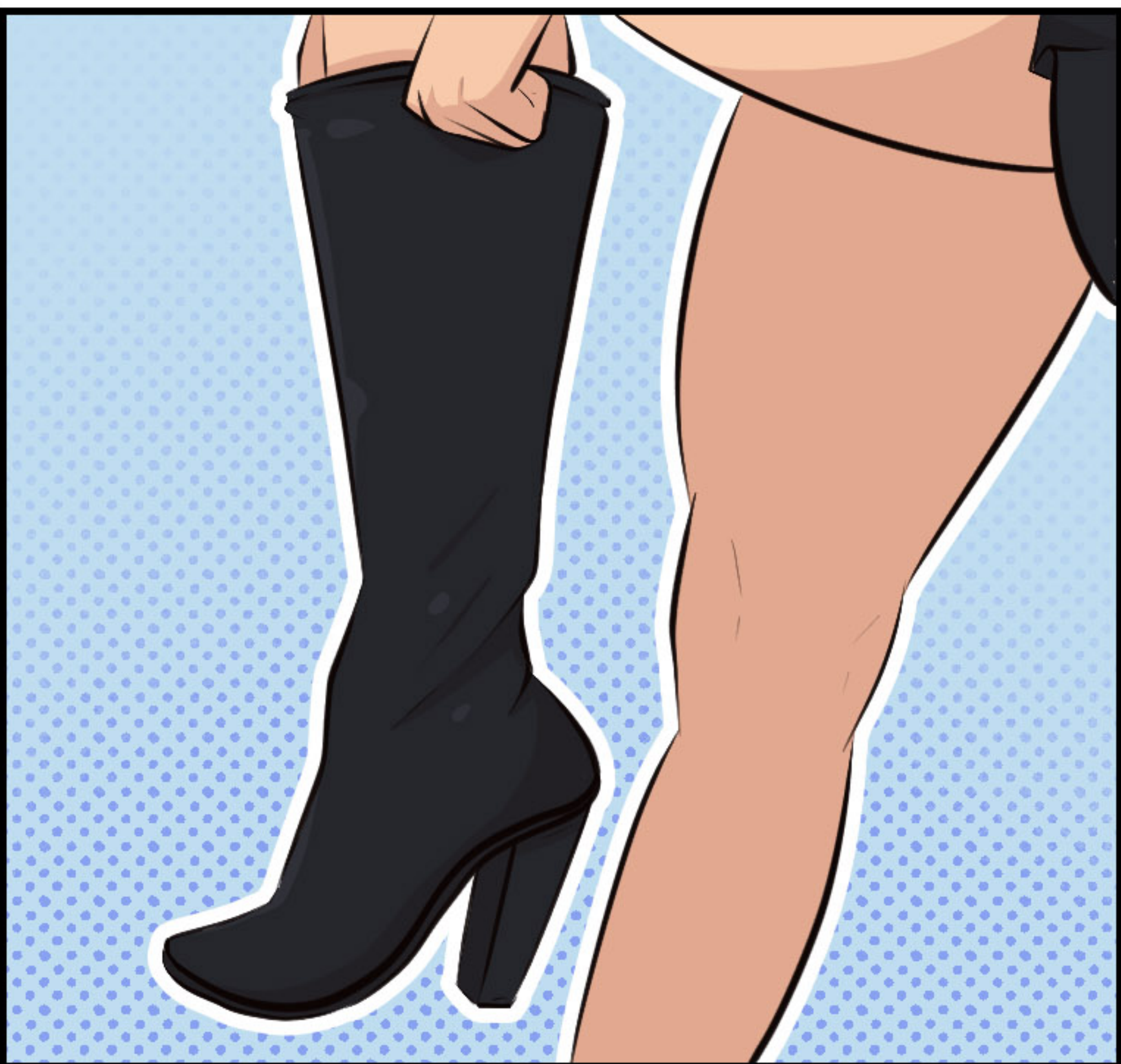
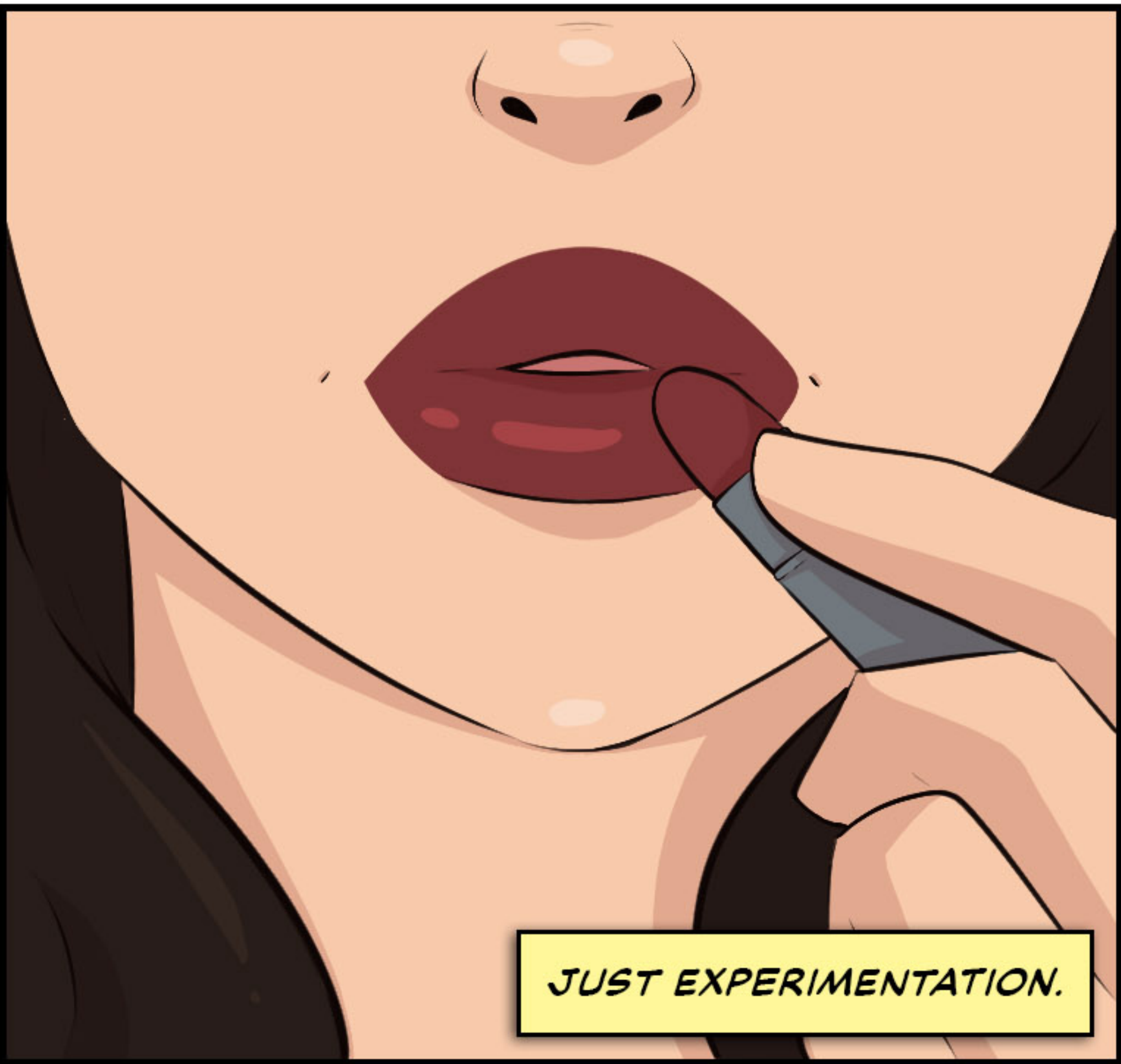
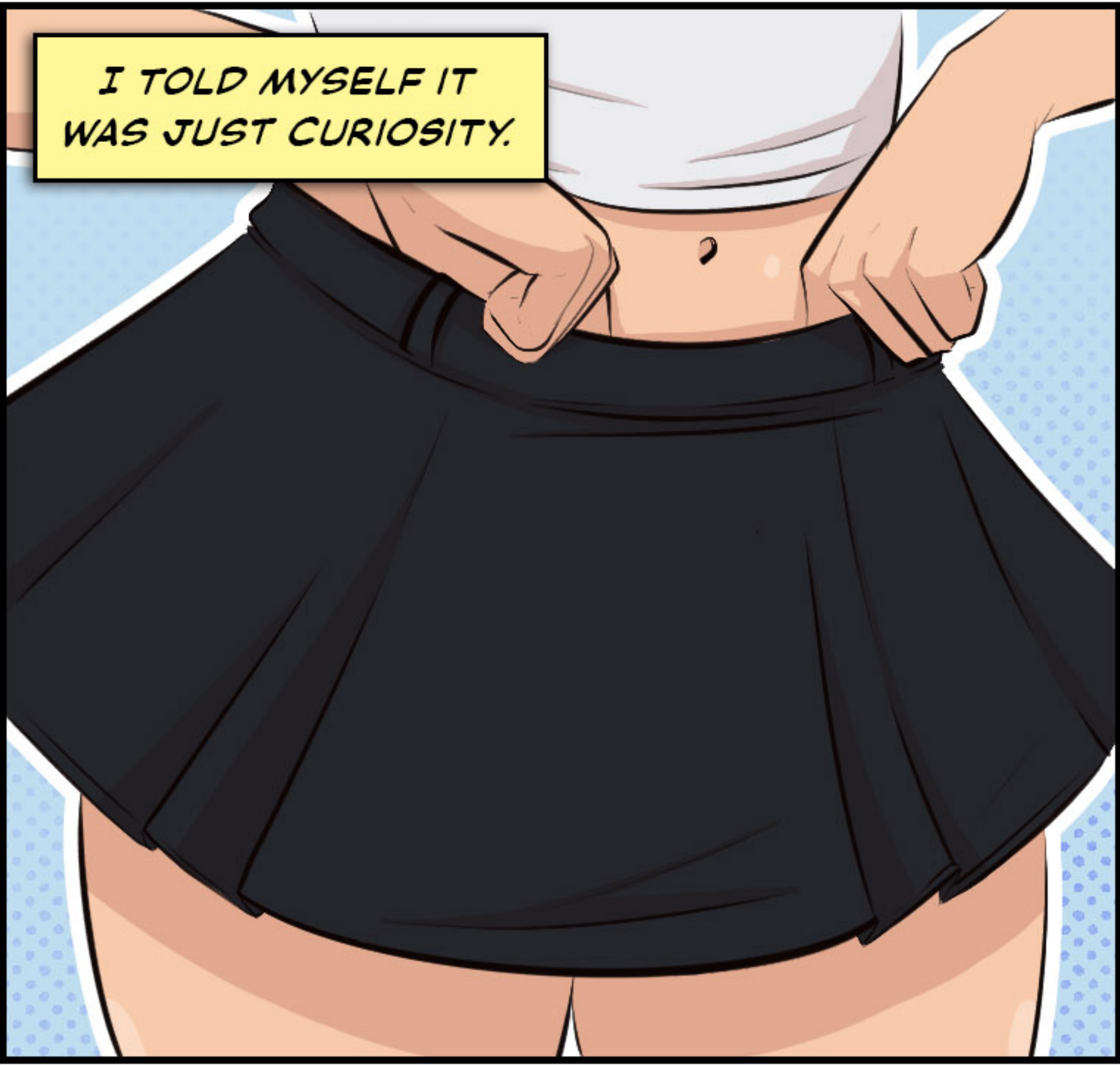
MY CLOTHES NO LONGER FIT ME.

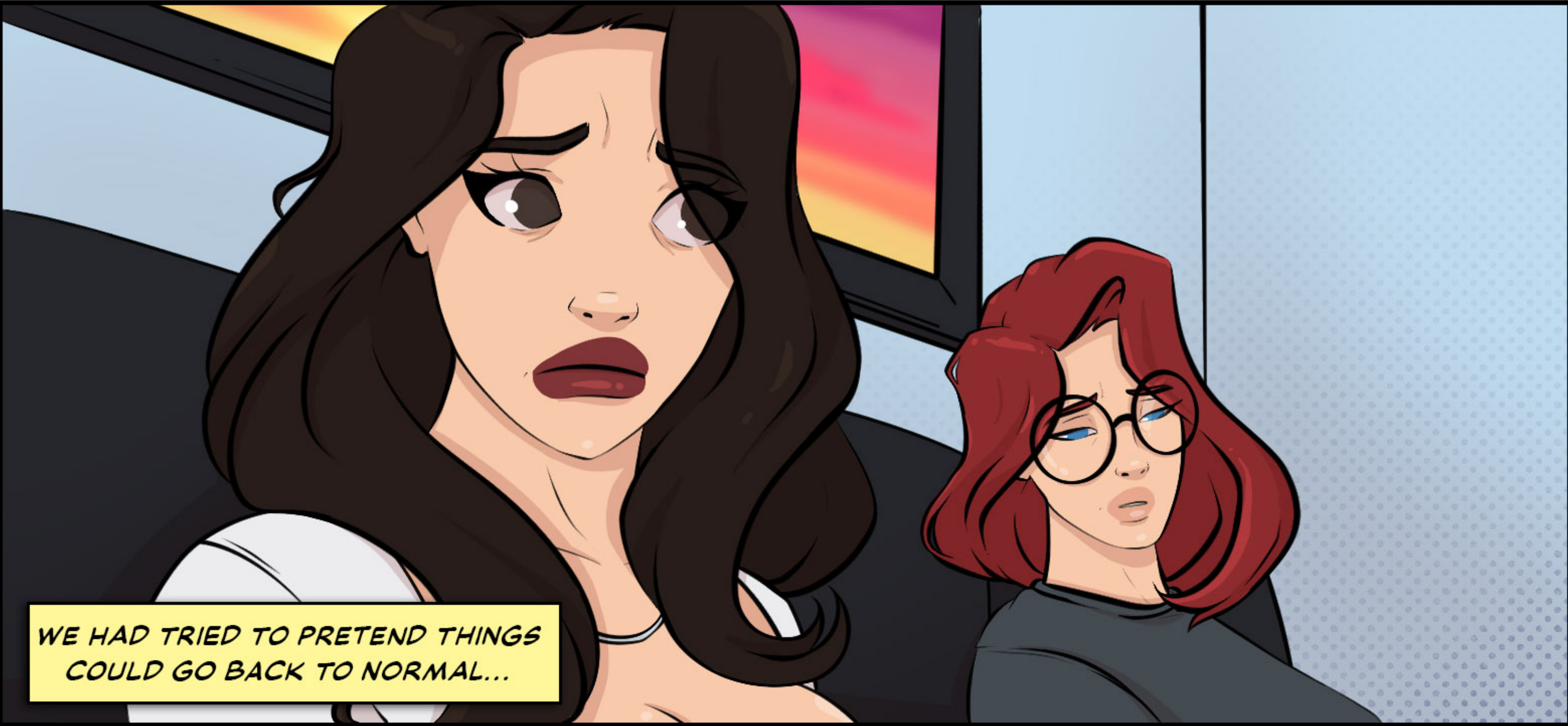
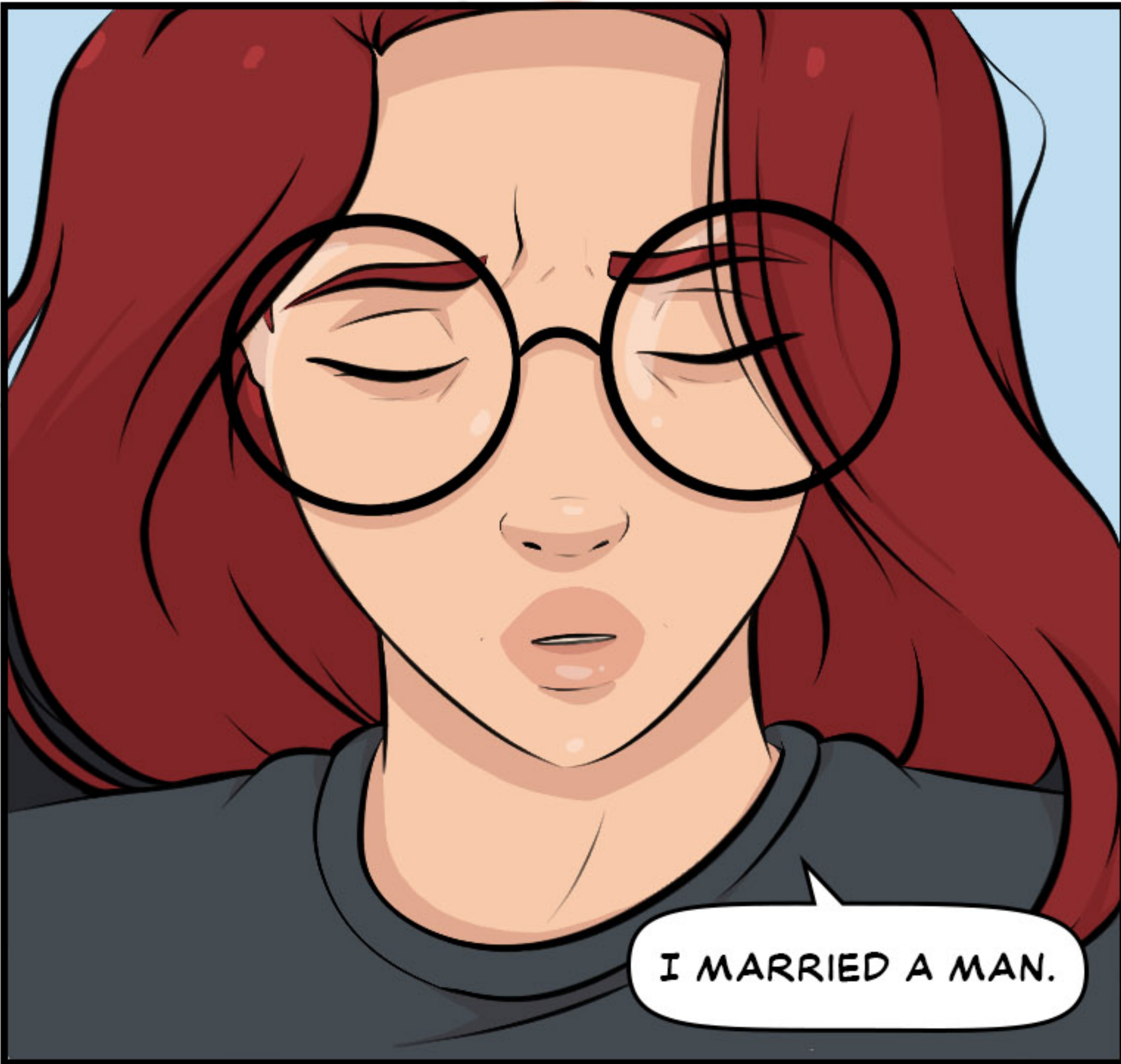
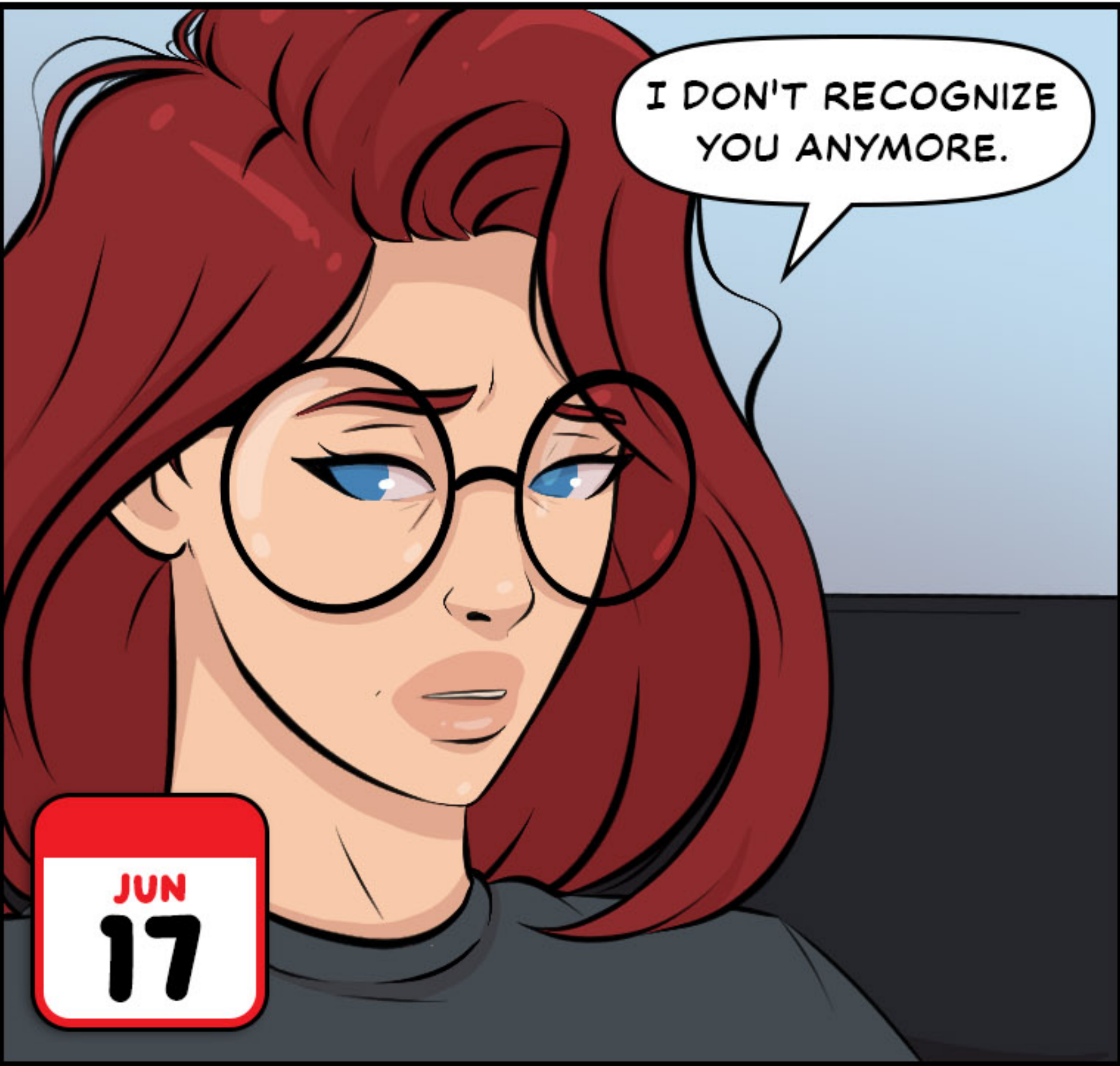
THEY WEREN'T DESIGNED FOR THIS BODY AND I HAD TO TRY TO FIND SOME THAT WERE.



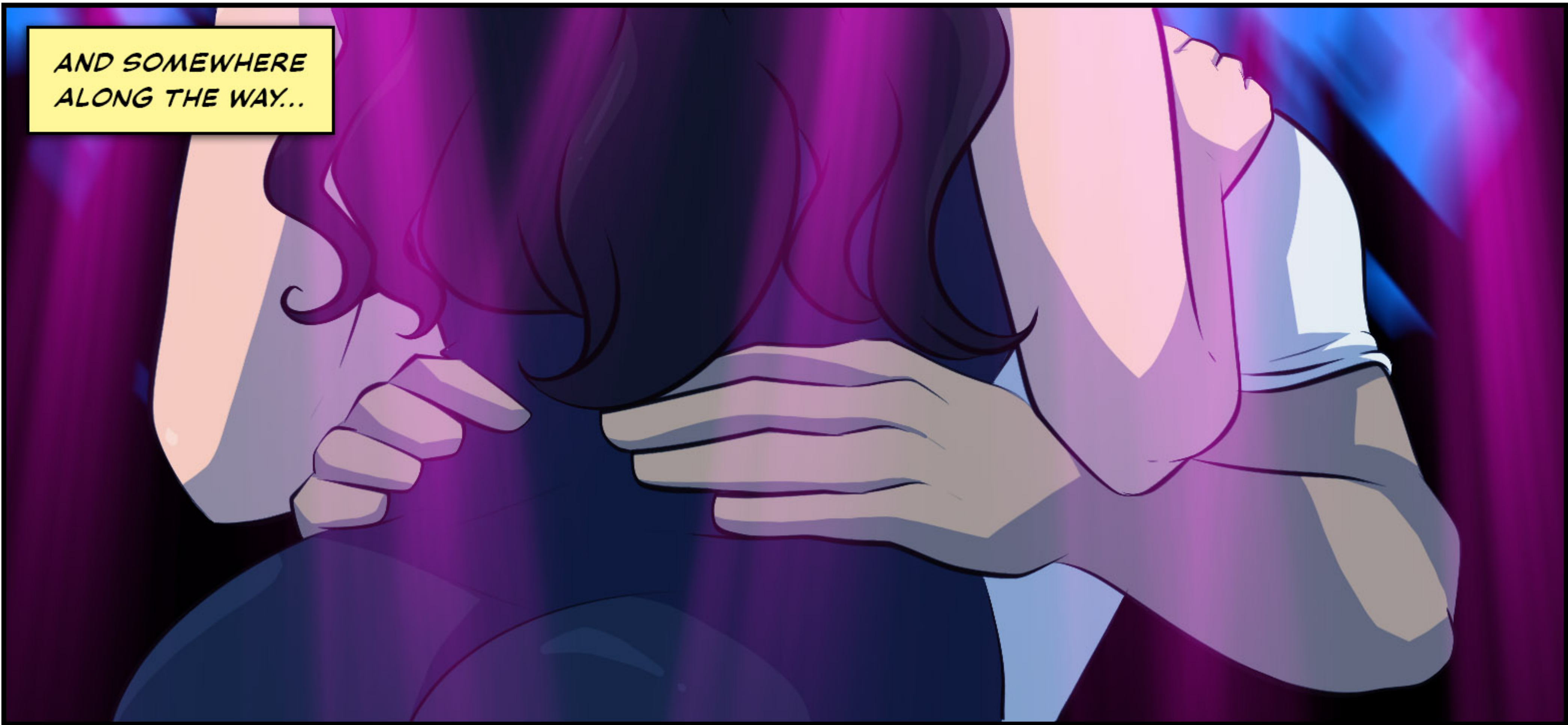
MY NEW HORMONES WEREN'T HELPING.

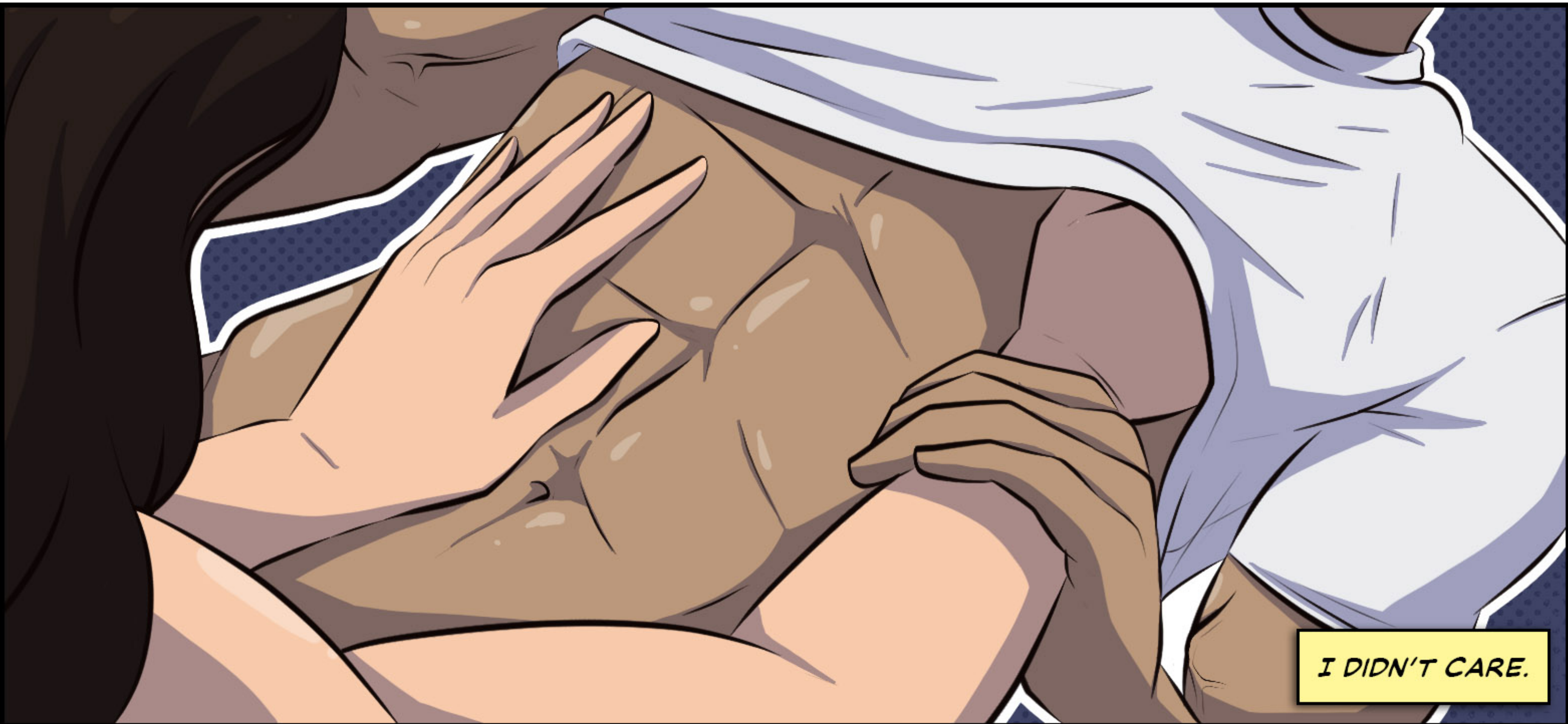
APPARENTLY MY OWN REFLECTION COUNTED AS A TURN-ON NOW.



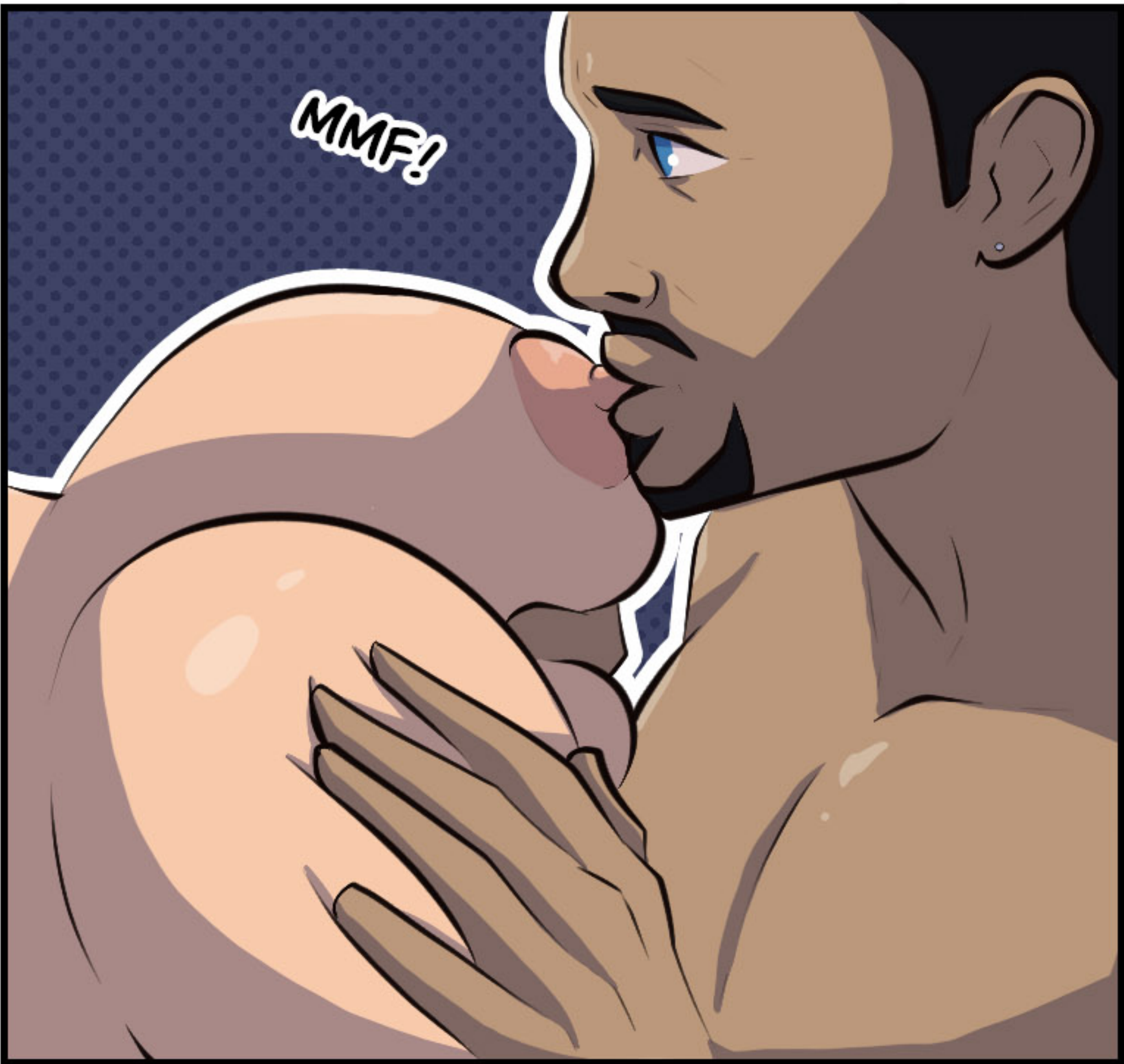


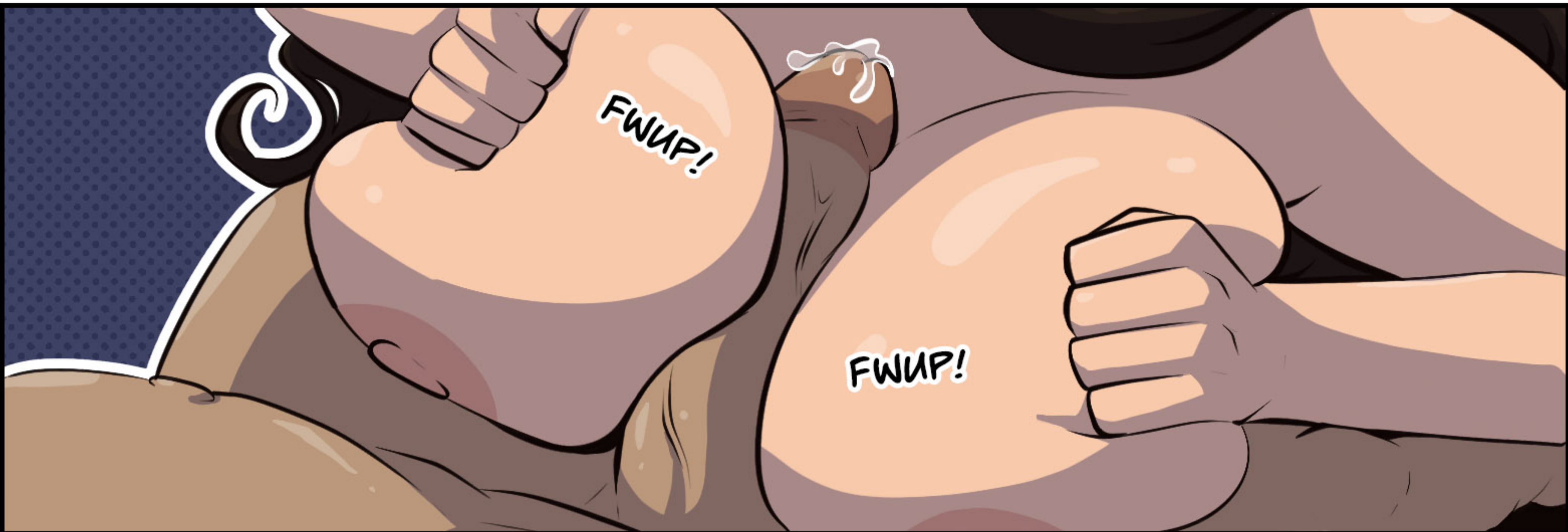
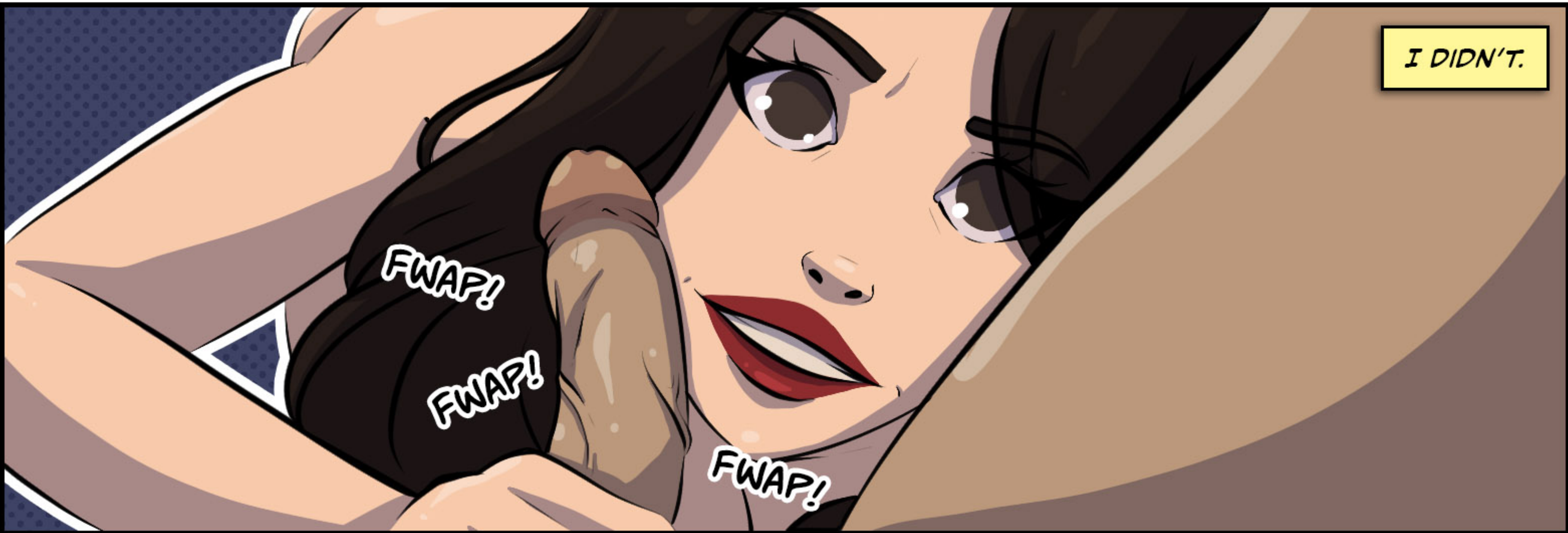
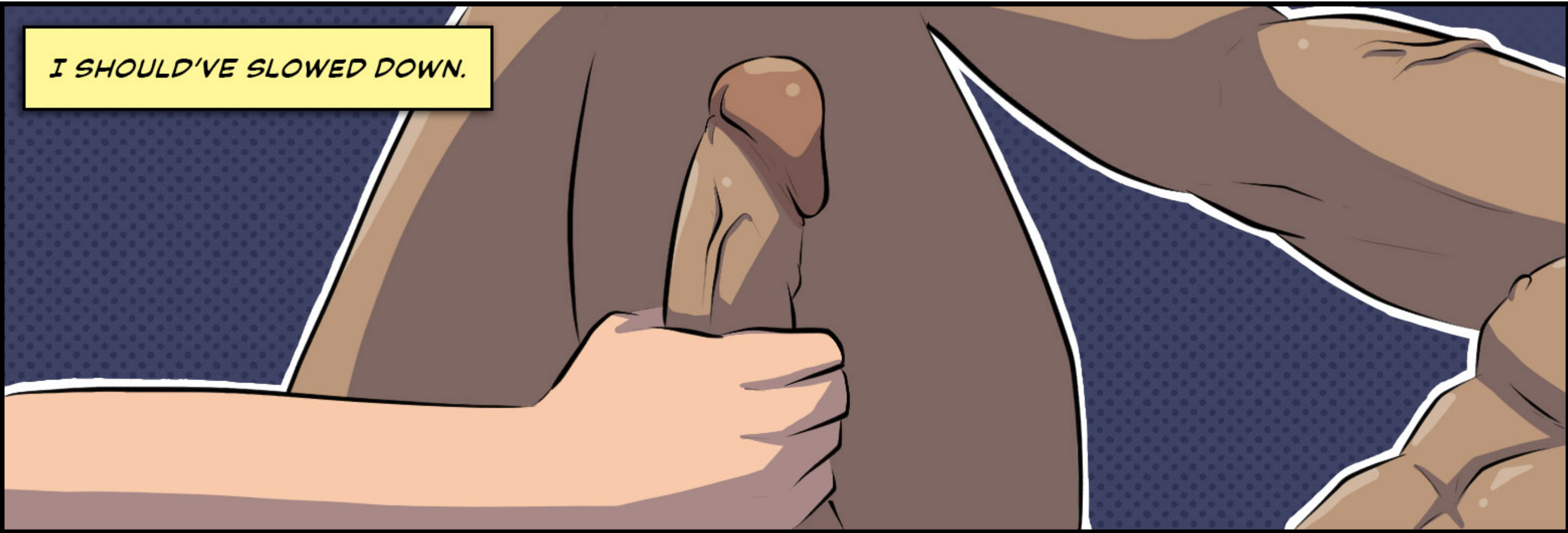


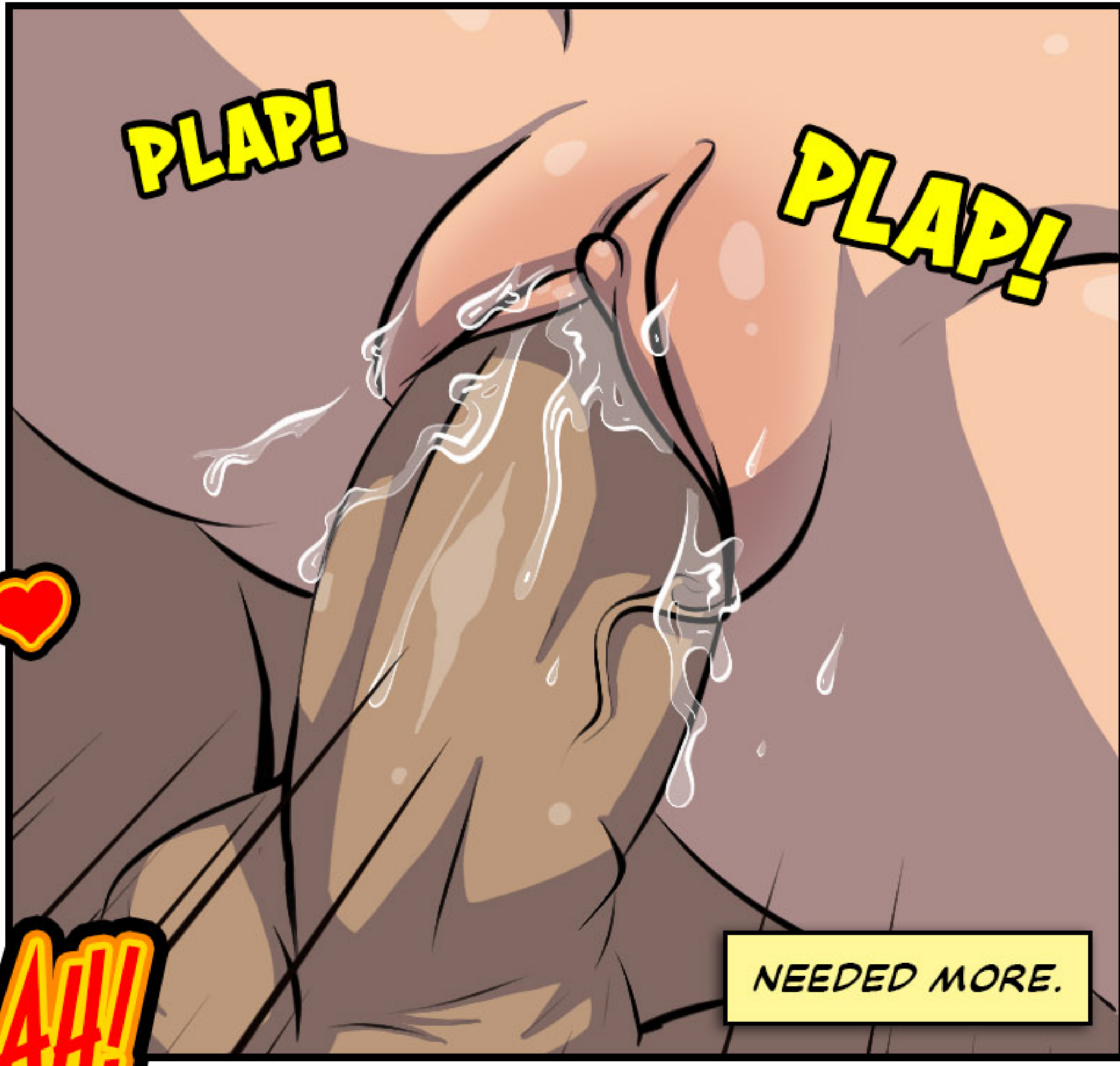
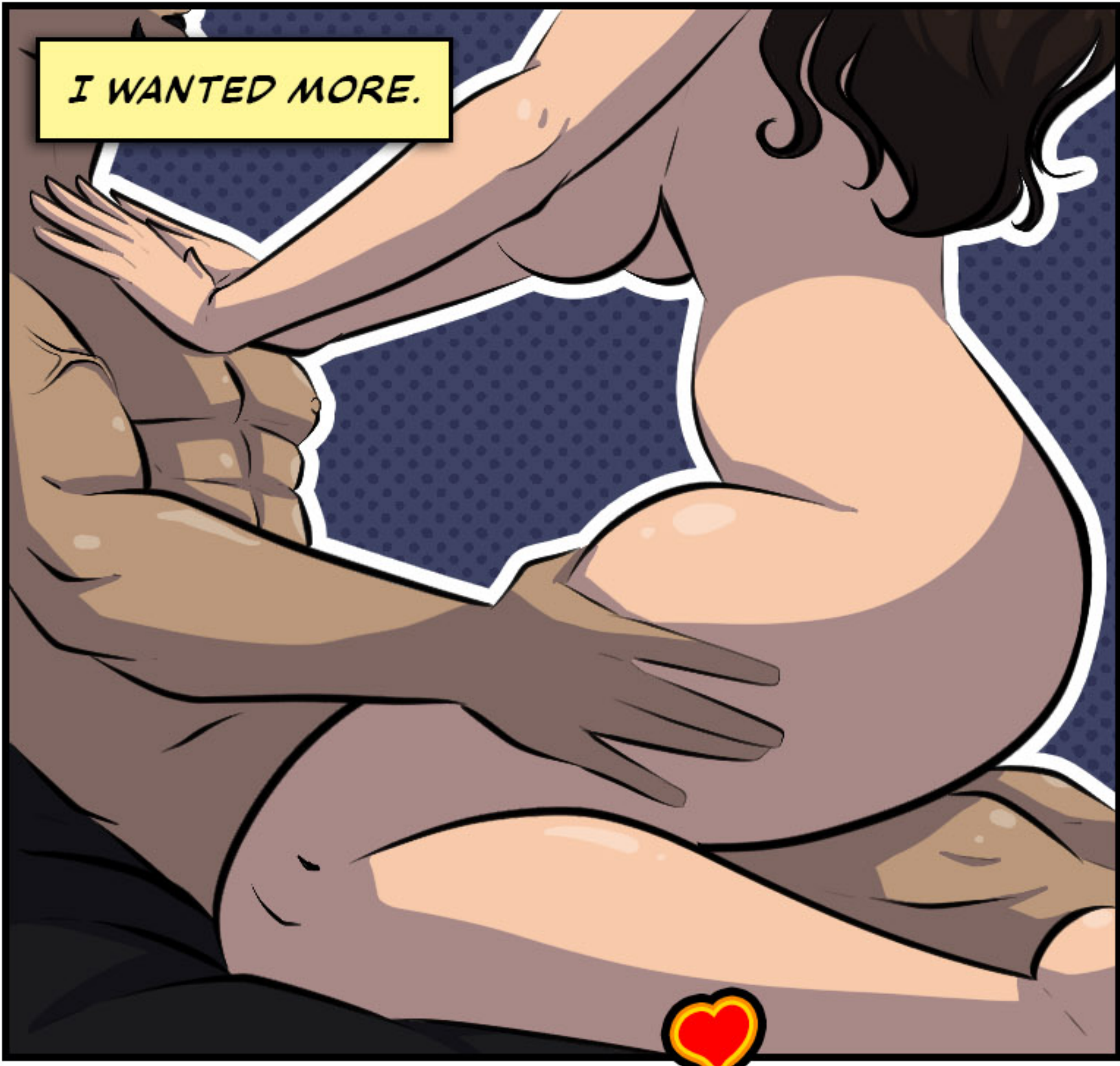




I DIDN'T CARE.









END!