



THIS ISN'T REAL...
THIS CAN'T BE REAL...

I STILL HAVE MY...
BUT WHY IS MY BODY
SO WEIRD?





I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS...

WHERE IS
ALL OF IT COMING
FROM?





OKAY MAN,
DON'T FREAK OUT.

I MAY LOOK
LIKE A WOMAN,
BUT IT CAN'T GET
WORSE, RIGHT?



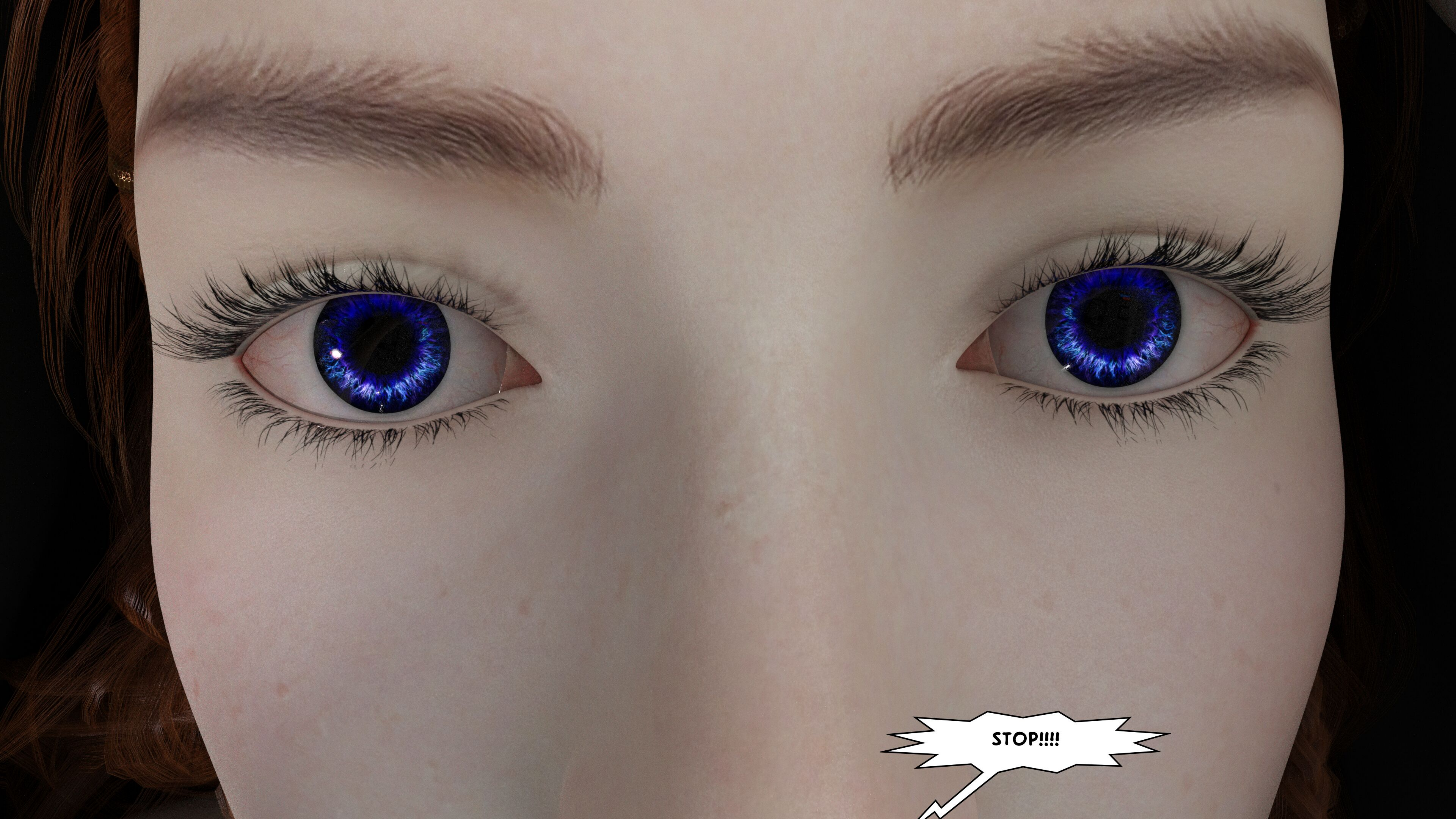
NO...



NONONONONO...



STOP IT, STOP IT,
STOP IT...



STOP!!!!



SHIT!

I HARDLY
RECOGNIZE MYSELF
NOW.





**THIS IS BAD.
I NEED TO CALL
SOME PROFESSIONAL
HELP.**

EVANSVILLE HOSPITAL,
HOW MAY I HELP YOU?





**MY NAME IS
CHRIS VAUGHAN,
GREETINGS.**

**I WAS WONDERING
IF I CAN MAKE AN
APPOINTMENT FOR A
CONSULTATION?**

CERTAINLY, MISS.
DO YOU HAVE ANY
SPECIFIC AILMENTS YOU
WISH TO CHECK ON?





MISS?
CRAP!!!

A young woman with long, wavy red hair styled in two braids with gold beads at the ends. She has striking blue eyes and is looking intently at a black smartphone held in her right hand. She is wearing a dark, strapless top. The background is a light-colored wall with a white light switch, a framed picture of a butterfly, and a black wire mesh trash can. To the left, a black baseball cap with 'FUGAZI' and 'FG' is visible.

WELL, MY BODY IS
DOING WEIRD STUFF,
I NEED A CHECKUP,
AND SOMEONE TO LOOK INTO
THINGS.

NO PROBLEM, WE HAVE
STAFF AT THE READY.
DROP BY TOMORROW, IF
YOU CAN, AND WE'LL GET
THINGS STARTED.



SHE
CALLED ME
MISS...



THIS IS WRONG.
THIS IS NOT WHO I
AM...



THIS IS ME...

to be continued