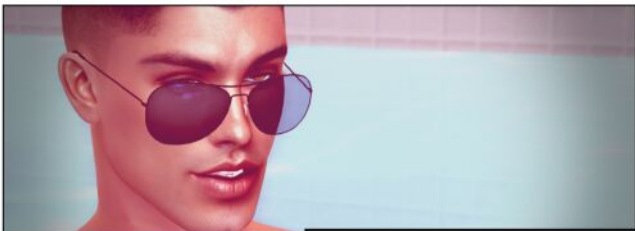




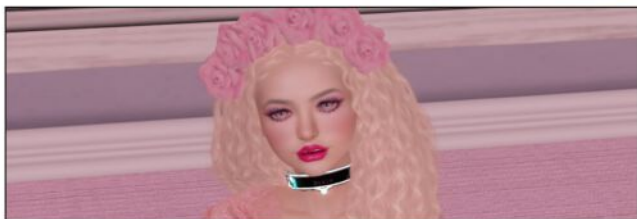
# CHAPTER ONE

**\*\*THIS STORY WILL MAKE BETTER SENSE IF YOU READ: HELP! I'M STUCK AS MY BEST FRIEND'S LITTLE SISTER! AVAILABLE ON AMAZON BY RAINE MONDAY**

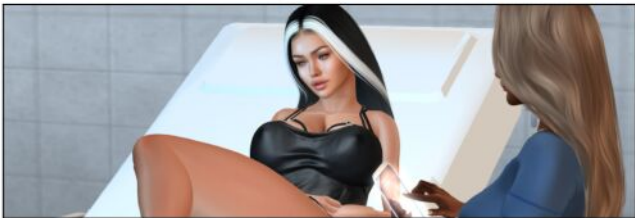
ALL I'D WANTED  
TO DO WAS TO  
GO SWIMMING...



BUT A MAD  
SCIENTIST HAD  
DIFFERENT PLANS  
AND TURNED ME  
INTO HER YOUNG  
DAUGHTER.



LUCKILY MY DAD  
FOUND ME, AND I  
ENDED UP A  
BUXOM WOMAN...








AND NOW MY DAD HAD  
TAKEN ME 'HOME.'


IT'S FINE,  
DAD.

IT'S NOT  
MUCH, BUT I  
FIGURE WE  
CAN CRASH  
HERE UNTIL  
YOUR MOTHER  
AND I FIGURE  
THINGS  
OUT.



THIS BED'LL  
BE YOURS. THERE'S  
FOOD IN THE FRIDGE AND  
I PAID THE NETFLIX SO  
YOU CAN WATCH TO YOUR  
HEART'S CONTENT.

ARE YOU  
AND MOM  
GETTING A  
DIVORCE?



I DON'T  
KNOW, SON,  
ERR...DAUGHTER.  
WHAT THE HELL  
DO I CALL YOU  
NOW?

WELL, I'M  
STILL YOUR  
SON. THEY  
CALLED ME  
ROSIE, I GUESS  
THAT'S AS  
GOOD AS  
ANYTHING.

ROSIE.  
OKAY. SORRY,  
IT'S GONNA TAKE  
A BIT TO WRAP MY  
BRAIN AROUND  
THAT.



JOIN THE  
CLUB! I GOT  
QUITE A LOT  
TO WRAP MY  
BRAIN  
AROUND!





TFLIX

I COULD  
USE A BEER,  
DAD. AND I  
HATE THIS  
OUTFIT, IS THERE  
ANYTHING ELSE  
FOR ME TO  
WEAR?

YEAH, NO  
KIDDING. ARE  
YOU HUNGRY?  
TIRED? THIRSTY?  
I COULD GET  
US SOME  
DRINKS...

SADLY, NO.  
WE'RE GOING  
TO HAVE TO GO  
SHOPPING, I  
GUESS, THOUGH  
YOUR MOTHER  
WOULD BE  
BETTER SUITED  
TO THAT.



WHERE IS  
MOM AND  
ANJALI? AT THE  
HOUSE? AND  
WHY DIDN'T  
THEY VISIT?

YES, AT THE  
HOUSE. AND  
THEY DECIDED IT  
WOULD BE BEST TO  
ONLY HAVE ONE  
VISITOR SINCE NO  
ONE KNEW HOW  
CONTAGIOUS THAT  
MUTAGEN MIGHT  
BE.

I HADN'T EVEN CONSIDERED  
WHAT MY DAD RISKED  
FINDING ME...

WOW,  
YOU RISKED  
YOUR...SELF.  
FOR ME?

HEY, IT WAS  
WORTH IT.  
EVERY PENNY,  
ROSS...ER,  
ROSIE, SO DON'T  
YOU BELIEVE  
DIFFERENT.



OVERWHELMED WITH SUDDEN  
EMOTIONS, I THREW MY  
ARMS AROUND HIM

THANK  
YOU, SO  
MUCH FOR  
FINDING ME!  
\*SNIFFS\*

I LOVE YOU  
TO THE MOON  
AND BACK,  
HONEY.





**\*COUGHS\***  
ANYWAY,  
WHERE'S THAT  
BEER? AND HOW  
ARE THE D'BACKS  
LOOKING THIS  
YEAR?

HAH,  
COMING RIGHT  
UP!

FOR THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON  
AND EVENING WE SAT, AND DRANK,  
AND CAUGHT UP ON ALL THE  
EVENTS.





I FOUND OUT THAT DAD HAD PRACTICALLY BANKRUPTED THE FAMILY LOOKING FOR ME. HE WAS OUT OF A JOB, AND MOM WAS WAITRESSING TO SUPPORT HER AND ANJALI



THAT EVENING I SAT  
BRUSHING MY HAIR AFTER  
DAD WENT TO BED.







I DIDN'T KNOW THE FIRST  
THING ABOUT BEING A GIRL.

A woman with long, straight black hair is shown from the chest up, looking slightly to her right while holding a mobile phone to her ear. She is wearing a black spaghetti-strap top. The background is a modern interior with a white chair featuring a black and white chevron patterned pillow, a decorative lamp with hanging crystal strands, and a bright cyan wall with a silver winged logo. The entire scene is framed by a thick black border.

MY DAD WAS TRYING HIS  
BEST, BUT I NEEDED HELP.  
I NEEDED TO SORT OUT MY  
FEELINGS AND I NEEDED TO  
LEARN GIRL THINGS...




MOM WAS NOT A 'PATIENT PERSON,' UNDER THE BEST OF CIRCUMSTANCES. ANJALI WAS TOO LITTLE.




I'D BEEN SEMI-DATING A GIRL NAMED RENEE BUT SHE HADN'T SEEN ME IN MONTHS AND I'M SURE SHE HAD MOVED ON.



A woman with long, straight black hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a black bra. She is looking slightly to her right with a neutral expression. The background features a wooden bookshelf with a few books, a window with patterned curtains, and a green record player on a surface to the left.


MOM, WAS PROBABLY  
THE BEST OPTION. I  
HAD NO IDEA HOW TO  
EVEN GET A BRA FOR  
THESE GINORMOUS  
'ASSETS' OF MINE.

A woman with long dark hair is lying in bed, looking upwards with a thoughtful expression. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, top. The room is dimly lit, with a white metal headboard and a striped pillow visible in the background. The overall mood is contemplative and slightly melancholic.


I DRIFTED TO SLEEP,  
THINKING ABOUT NICKY AND  
THE DREAMWORLD I'D  
VISITED. IF ONLY IT WERE  
REAL...

soon to be mrs

# CHAPTER TWO



THE NEXT DAY, DAD HAD AN INTERVIEW EARLY, SO I DECIDED TO HEAD OUT TO THE HOUSE AND TALK TO MOM.



IT FELT BOTH FAMILIAR AND WEIRD WALKING UP TO MY FRONT DOOR. SHOULD I KNOCK? WALK IN? I DECIDED TO KNOCK.

KNOCK  
KNOCK





UH...HI  
MOM. IT'S  
ME...ROSS

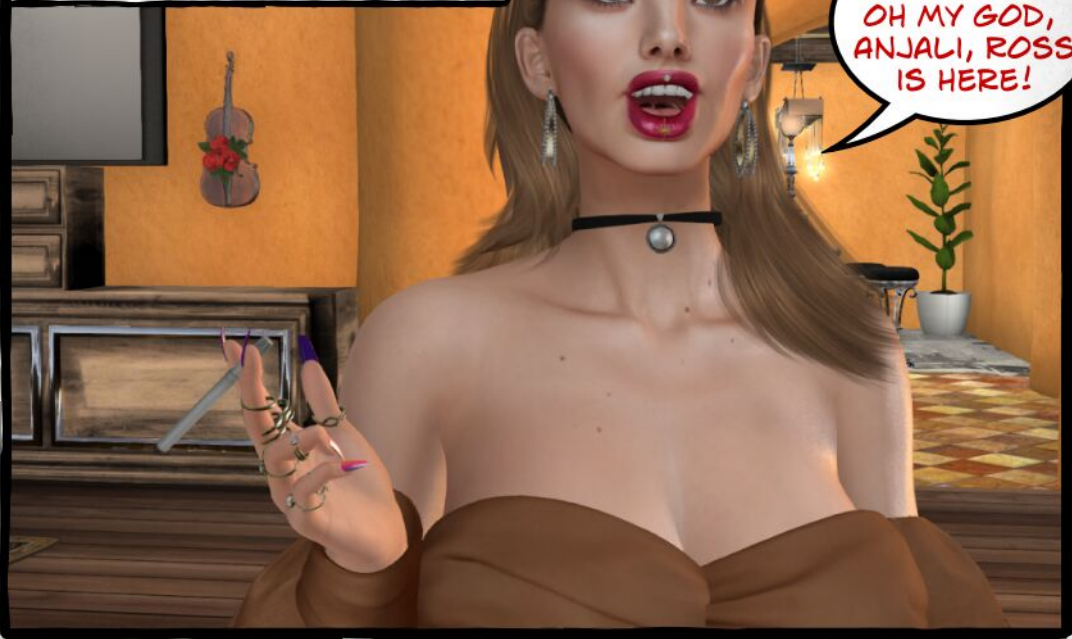
THE DOOR OPENED, AND  
MOM STOOD THERE. SHE'D  
CHANGED...HER HAIR WAS A  
BIT LIGHTER AND SHE WAS  
SMOKING?

AT FIRST SHE FROWNED AT  
ME, LIKE I WAS SOME  
IMPOSTER



THEN HER DEMEANOR  
CHANGED..

OH!  
ROSS?!?  
OH MY GOD,  
ANJALI, ROSS  
IS HERE!





SHE SMELLED LIKE PERFUME  
AND CIGARETTES. AND MOM.

IS THAT  
REALLY YOU?

YES, MOM,  
IT'S REALLY  
ME.



MOM...

JESUS, LET  
ME LOOK AT  
YOU! GOD, YOUR  
TITS ARE  
BIGGER THAN  
MINE!

ROSS??



OH MY  
GOD! ROSS?  
DADDY SAID YOU  
GOT TURNED  
INTO A LITTLE  
GIRL!

YEAH,  
THEY FIXED  
ME SOME.  
AND MY NAME  
IS ROSIE  
NOW.

FUCK



WELL,  
COME IN SIT  
DOWN. HAVE  
YOU EATEN?

YEAH, I  
HAD A  
BURRITO AT  
DAD'S.



SO,  
TELL ME  
EVERYTHING  
THAT  
HAPPENED.

WELL, IT  
STARTED WHEN  
I WANTED TO  
GO  
SWIMMING...



I TOLD THEM EVERYTHING  
FROM WHAT HAPPENED TO  
NICK, TO BEING RESCUED.


AND THEN  
DAD BROUGHT  
ME HOME.

SO WHAT  
HAPPENS  
NOW?



I'M  
SUPPOSED TO  
MEET WITH A  
COUNSELOR...AND  
TRY TO SETTLE  
INTO MY NEW  
LIFE.



A woman with long brown hair, wearing a brown off-the-shoulder top and a black choker, is shown in a comic book panel. She is holding a lit cigarette in her right hand. The background features a patterned quilt. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text.

WELL,  
WE CAN  
DEFINITELY  
GET YOU FITTED  
FOR A BRA, AND  
GET YOU SOME  
CLOTHES...WHAT  
ABOUT THAT HAIR,  
ARE YOU GOING  
TO KEEP IT WITH  
THE STREAK  
LIKE THAT?



I DON'T  
KNOW...WHAT  
DO YOU THINK?  
IT SEEMS TO BE  
GETTING  
WIDER



UP TO  
YOU  
DARLING.  
I'D PROBABLY  
GET IT  
COLORED.  
MAYBE A  
TONE LIKE  
MINE?



AND...  
IS YOUR  
FATHER GOING  
TO BE PAYING  
FOR ALL OF  
THIS?



I HAVE  
THE MONEY  
I SAVED FOR  
COLLEGE...





THAT'S  
FOR  
COLLEGE,  
YOUNG MAN...ER,  
WOMAN. I WON'T  
HAVE YOU  
WASTING IT  
ON---



MOM,  
THERE'S NO  
WAY I'M GOING  
TO COLLEGE LIKE  
THIS. AT LEAST  
NOT RIGHT  
NOW.



ALRIGHT,  
MAMA.

WE'LL  
DISCUSS THIS  
LATER WITH  
YOUR FATHER.  
WHY DON'T YOU  
TWO GO GET IN  
THE CAR, AND  
I'LL GET MY  
PURSE.



I ALWAYS FELT LIKE AN INTERLOPER IN LINGERIE STORES...NOW I WAS ACTUALLY SHOPPING IN ONE.



CAN I GET  
UNDIES TOO  
MAMA?

OKAY

LET'S GET  
YOU INTO A  
FITTING  
ROOM...

NO, WE  
ARE HERE  
FOR YOUR  
SISTER.



AFTER SHOPPING IT  
WAS A TRIP TO THE  
SALON.

SHE  
WANTS  
THE SAME  
TONE AND CUT  
AS MINE. YOU  
CAN DO THAT,  
YES?

OF  
COURSE,  
MISS. LIE  
BACK, MISS  
ROSIE.

ALRIGHT



WONDERFUL,  
AND LET'S GET  
HER MAKEUP AND  
NAILS AS  
WELL.

YES, MISS!

HOURS LATER--

HOW DO I  
LOOK?

AMAZING,  
HONEY.

CAN I TRY  
ONE OF YOUR  
CIGARETTES?

HELL,  
WHY NOT.  
LET'S GO  
EAT.



AS I STARED INTO THE  
MIRROR, I LIKED WHO I  
SAW. I WAS A POWERFUL,  
SEXY WOMAN.

AND MOM CHATTED WITH ME  
LIKE I WAS HER GIRLFRIEND,  
NOT HER ANNOYING SON.






A close-up, cinematic shot of a woman with blonde hair styled in waves. She has heavy, glamorous makeup, including dark eye makeup with pink and purple tones, and bright red lipstick. She is wearing large gold hoop earrings and a pearl drop earring. Her right hand is raised towards her face, showing red-painted nails and several rings, including a diamond ring on her ring finger. She is wearing a light-colored top. The background is a dimly lit store with shelves displaying hair products. Two signs are visible: one that says "BUY HAIR" and another that says "STILL HAIR".

MAYBE THIS LIFE WOULDN'T  
BE SO BAD AFTERALL.



# CHAPTER THREE



WOW, LOOK  
AT YOU!

HI, DAD.  
YEAH, MOM  
TOOK ME TO  
GET SOME  
CLOTHES AND A  
MAKEOVER.



SMOKING  
NOW, TOO, I  
SEE.

A 3D-rendered woman with blonde hair, wearing a white t-shirt, large gold hoop earrings, and multiple rings on her fingers. She is standing in a kitchen with teal cabinets and a white stove. A speech bubble is positioned near her face, containing the text "I CAN STOP IF IT BOTHERS YOU." in red, uppercase letters. Her right hand is raised towards the stove controls, and her left hand is also raised, showing several rings and red nail polish.

I CAN  
STOP IF IT  
BOTHERS  
YOU.



NAW,  
HELL. I  
SMOKED 2  
PACKS A DAY  
FOR YEARS.  
JUST USE AN  
ASHTRAY.

NOT  
GREAT.  
APPARENTLY  
NO ONE IS  
LOOKING FOR  
45 YEAR OLD  
FINANCE  
GUYS.

I WILL. HOW  
WERE THE  
INTERVIEWS?



I CAN  
LOOK FOR A  
JOB, DAD. I  
MEAN...I'M SURE  
I CAN FIND  
SOMETHING  
LOOKING LIKE  
THIS.



THAT'S  
WHAT I'M  
AFRAID OF.  
LOOK, LET ME  
CHANGE OUT OF  
THIS MONKEY SUIT,  
SHOWER, THEN  
WE CAN EAT  
SOMETHING  
AND TALK,  
OKAY?

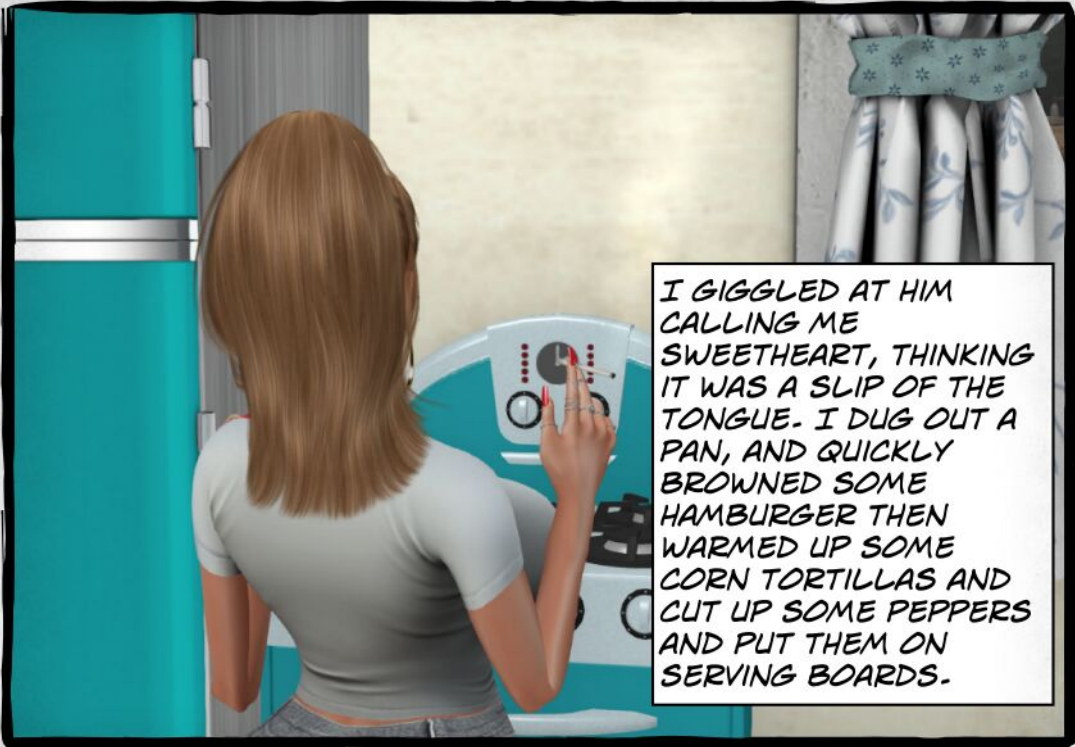
A woman with blonde hair, heavy makeup, and large hoop earrings is in a kitchen. She is wearing a white t-shirt and has red-painted fingernails. She is holding a cigarette in her right hand and a red object in her left. A speech bubble is next to her head. The kitchen has teal cabinets and a white stove.

I CAN  
WHIP US UP  
SOME TACOS,  
IF THAT  
WORKS.

A man with long dark hair and a beard, wearing a brown pinstriped suit jacket, a blue and white checkered shirt, and a red and blue striped tie. He is looking slightly to the right with a neutral expression. A speech bubble is positioned to his right, containing text. The background is a simple indoor setting with a light-colored wall and some vertical elements on the right side.

THAT  
SOUNDS REALLY  
GOOD,  
SWEETHEART.





I GIGGLED AT HIM CALLING ME SWEETHEART, THINKING IT WAS A SLIP OF THE TONGUE. I DUG OUT A PAN, AND QUICKLY BROWNEED SOME HAMBURGER THEN WARMED UP SOME CORN TORTILLAS AND CUT UP SOME PEPPERS AND PUT THEM ON SERVING BOARDS.



IT HAD BEEN SUCH A NICE DAY  
WITH MOM AND ANJALI. I  
REALLY HOPED DAD COULD  
RECONCILE WITH HER.



AWW,  
IT'S JUST  
TACOS.  
NOTHING  
MAJOR

WOW,  
THIS LOOKS  
FANTASTIC!



A GUY  
COULD  
GET USED TO  
THIS. SO HOW  
WAS YOUR DAY  
WITH MOM  
AND  
ANJALI?

WE  
WENT  
SHOPPING  
AND I GOT A  
FEW THINGS,  
AND THE  
SALON WHERE  
I HAD MY  
HAIR, MAKEUP  
AND NAILS  
DONE...

I TOLD HIM ABOUT OUR  
DAY...



BUT  
SHE DIDN'T  
SAY A WORD  
ABOUT YOU.  
WHAT'S  
GOING ON,  
DAD?

IT WAS  
BAD, THERE  
FOR AWHILE  
ROSS. YOUR  
MOTHER  
HELPED AT  
FIRST.






THOSE  
WEEKS YOU  
WERE MISSING,  
WE CANVASSED  
THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD,  
CHECKED  
HOSPITALS..



WE WENT TO  
NICKY'S HOUSE  
ON THREE  
SEPARATE  
OCCASIONS.



AND WHEN  
YOU WERE  
FOUND,  
EVERYONE WAS SO  
HAPPY! BUT THEN  
CAME THE MONTHS  
YOU WERE IN A  
COMA. I WAS THERE  
BASICALLY EVERY  
WAKING HOUR,  
WHILE YOUR MOM  
STAYED HERE  
LOOKING AFTER  
ANJALI.



AND...I  
HAD AN AFFAIR  
WITH KIM  
ROGERS.

I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT...

YOU  
MEAN...DR.  
KIM ROGERS,  
MY DOCTOR?







YES.





DAD, HOW  
COULD YOU??



KIM  
JUST..GETS  
ME IN A WAY  
YOUR MOTHER  
NEVER  
COULD.



WAIT,  
'GETS ME?'  
DOES THAT  
MEAN IT'S  
STILL GOING  
ON?


YES, WE WERE  
AFRAID TO TALK  
TO YOU ABOUT IT  
BECAUSE WE STILL  
DON'T KNOW WHAT  
MIGHT TRIGGER  
THAT MUTAGEN IN  
YOU.






I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
YOU'RE  
TELLING ME  
THIS!

I AM  
SORRY SON,  
IF IT HURTS  
YOU.



I WAS SO ANGRY. I  
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO  
DO. I STOOD UP AND  
COULDN'T LOOK AT  
HIM.



I NEVER  
MEAN TO HURT  
YOU, ROSS.

A 3D rendered woman with blonde hair, wearing a light grey crop top and denim jeans, stands in a kitchen. She has large hoop earrings and red nail polish. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "IT'S ROSIE, NOW, IDIOT!". In the background, there is a teal refrigerator, a teal stove with a white oven door, and a bed with a patterned pillow. The scene is framed by a thick black border.

IT'S  
ROSIE, NOW,  
IDIOT!

A man with long brown hair and a beard is sitting on a chair with a black and white striped backrest and a yellow seat. He is wearing a black button-down shirt and black pants. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. A large white speech bubble with a black border is positioned to his right, containing text. The background shows a room with a window and some decorative items.

LOOK, I  
GET YOUR  
HURT AND  
ANGRY. BUT I  
THOUGHT YOU  
SHOULD KNOW  
ALL THE FACTS  
BEFORE YOU  
START LOOKING  
FOR A JOB.



A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a grey short-sleeved crop top and blue jeans, stands in a room. She has large gold hoop earrings and red nail polish. In the background, there is a teal machine with dials and a bed with a white sheet and a patterned pillow. A speech bubble is positioned to her right.

WELL, I  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT TO DO,  
OR SAY,  
NOW.

I KNOW THIS IS TOUGH, ROSIE. THAT'S WHY WE'VE SETUP FOR YOU TO GO TO COUNSELING TO HELP YOU THROUGH THIS.

NONE OF US HAVE THE MONEY FOR ME TO DO THAT, DAD.



I'LL  
FIGURE IT  
OUT. DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
THAT. AND YOU  
CAN STAY HERE  
AS LONG AS  
YOU NEED.

GEE,  
THANKS A  
LOT.


I REALLY AM  
SORRY, ROSIE. I  
JUST HOPE  
SOMETIME YOU  
CAN FORGIVE  
ME.

SO THAT'S  
IT FOR MOM,  
THEN? YOU'RE GOING  
TO RIDE OFF INTO THE  
SUNSET WITH DR.  
ROGERS?



LOOK AT ME,  
ROSIE



A man with long dark hair and a beard is speaking to a woman with long blonde hair. The man is wearing a black shirt and has a serious expression. The woman's back is to the camera, showing her long, straight blonde hair. The background shows a window with white curtains and a teal wall on the left.

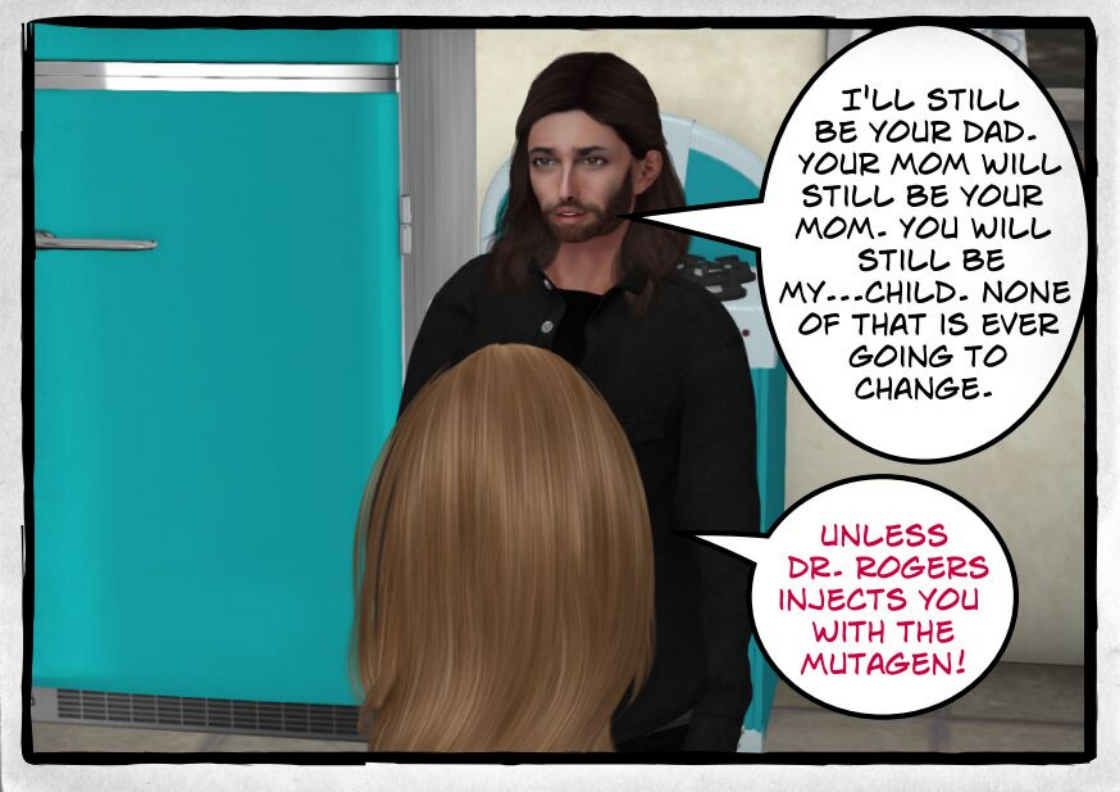
I'M IN LOVE  
WITH HER. THAT'S  
NOT GOING AWAY.  
THAT, IN NO WAY,  
CHANGES MY  
FEELINGS FOR YOU, OR  
YOUR SISTER. YOUR  
MOM AND I LOVE YOU  
BOTH AND THAT'S  
NEVER GOING TO  
CHANGE.

I KNOW,  
DAD, BUT  
WE'LL NEVER  
BE A FAMILY  
AGAIN!



YOU'VE  
BEEN  
THROUGH A BIG  
CHANGE. ARE  
WE STILL A  
FAMILY?

YES,  
BUT YOU  
KNOW WHAT I  
MEAN!



I'LL STILL  
BE YOUR DAD.  
YOUR MOM WILL  
STILL BE YOUR  
MOM. YOU WILL  
STILL BE  
MY...CHILD. NONE  
OF THAT IS EVER  
GOING TO  
CHANGE.

UNLESS  
DR. ROGERS  
INJECTS YOU  
WITH THE  
MUTAGEN!



HAH!  
TRUE, BUT  
I'LL STILL  
BE YOUR  
PARENT AND  
YOU'LL BE  
MY CHI--


UNLESS DR.  
ROGERS MAKES  
YOU A LITTLE  
GIRL LIKE I  
WAS!

OKAY.  
YOU'LL  
STILL BE MY  
'OFFSPRING'  
DOES THAT  
WORK?



YES, DAD.  
I'M STILL  
MAD AT YOU,  
THOUGH.





I UNDERSTAND.  
WELL, I'LL GIVE  
YOU SOME SPACE  
TONIGHT.

YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
STAY WITH DR.  
ROGERS?



YES, BUT  
I'LL BE HERE  
BRIGHT AND  
EARLY TO TAKE  
YOU TO YOUR  
COUNSELING  
APPOINTMENT,  
OKAY?



OKAY.



CAN  
DADDY HAVE A  
HUG?

I SUPPOSE.



THANK  
YOU FOR THE  
TACOS. THEY  
WERE AMAZING.  
AND I LOVE  
YOU VERY  
MUCH.

I LOVE YOU  
TOO.

I'LL  
SEE YOU AT  
8 AM SHARP  
TOMORROW,  
YES?

I'LL BE  
READY.





AND THEN HE WAS GONE,  
AND I WAS ALONE...



**CHAPTER FOUR**



I HADN'T EXPLORED THIS  
BODY VERY MUCH...SO I  
DECIDED TO TAKE A SHOWER.

COULD THAT GORGEOUS  
WOMAN IN THE MIRROR  
REALLY BE ME?



A close-up illustration of a woman's upper body. She is shirtless, and her hands are positioned to fondle her breasts. She has blonde hair and is wearing bright red lipstick. The background shows a window with light blue floral curtains. The entire scene is framed by a thick black border, characteristic of a comic book panel. A speech bubble is located in the upper right corner, and there are two white rectangular redaction marks at the bottom of the panel.

I FONDLED MY  
NIPPLES...THEY FELT SO  
HARD AND STIFF...



I LET MY HAIR DOWN, AND  
WIPED OFF MY MAKEUP.




THEN TURNED ON THE WATER  
TO AS STEAMY AS I COULD  
MAKE IT---





THE WATER FELT  
AMAZING...I EXPLORED ALL  
MY SENSITIVE PARTS, EVERY  
NOOK, CRANNY, AND  
ORIFICE..

A woman with long, light-colored hair is lying in bed, wearing a black bikini. She is looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a textured, light-colored surface, possibly a bedspread or pillow. The overall lighting is dim, creating a soft, intimate atmosphere.

AFTERWARD, I GOT INTO  
BED...MY BODY WAS SO  
SENSITIVE AND SMOOTH. IT  
WAS LIKE I WAS ONE GIANT  
EROGENOUS ZONE.



WHEN I FINALLY DID DROP OFF TO SLEEP,  
I DREAMED OF SOMEONE KISSING ME,  
AND SOMETIMES IT WAS RENEE,  
SOMETIMES IT WAS A MYSELF AS A MAN,  
MAKING LOVE TO MYSELF AS A WOMAN.





THE NEXT MORNING, I  
FOLLOWED THE ROUTINE THE  
GAL AT THE MAKEUP  
COUNTER SHOWED ME.

A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face, looking slightly to the right. She has light-colored eyes with dark eyeliner and mascara. Her lips are slightly parted. She is wearing a large, gold, teardrop-shaped earring and a diamond ring on her finger. A speech bubble is positioned in the lower right corner of the frame.

I DIDN'T WANT TO VISIT A  
COUNSELOR, BUT...CONSIDERING  
MY TROUBLING DREAMS...IT WAS  
PROBABLY A GOOD IDEA.



NOT TO MENTION WHAT MOM  
AND DAD WERE GOING  
THROUGH...I FELT SO BAD  
FOR MOM.

MOM WAS SO KIND AND SWEET. BUT TOUGH AS NAILS. IF I WAS GOING TO BE A WOMAN, SHE WAS DEFINITELY A ROLE MODEL.





I DECIDED THAT AFTER THE  
COUNSELING SESSION, DAD  
SHOULD DROP ME OFF AT  
THE HOUSE WITH MOM.





THAT WAY HE COULD FIGURE  
OUT HIS LIFE AND HOW WE  
FIT IN- ALONE.



DAD HONKED THE HORN AND  
I MADE MY WAY OUT...BUT I  
FELT ANGRY AGAIN.

BEEP-BE  
EP!



GOOD  
MORNING,  
HONEY! HOW  
DID YOU  
SLEEP?

FINE.



HOW WAS  
YOUR NIGHT  
WITH THE  
DOCTOR?

YOU'RE  
LOOKING  
MORE AND  
MORE LIKE  
YOUR  
MOTHER.

IT WAS  
GOOD! I WAS  
THINKING WE  
COULD ALL  
HAVE DINNER  
TONIGHT.



I THINK  
I'LL STAY AT  
MOM'S  
TONIGHT.

ARE  
YOU SURE?  
DR. ROGERS  
WOULD  
REALLY LIKE  
TO SEE  
YOU.

YES. THAT  
WAY YOU CAN  
FIGURE OUT  
WHATEVER THIS  
IS WITH HER.





I DON'T  
REALLY GIVE A  
SHIT, DAD.

SHE'LL BE  
DISAPPOINTED.  
SHE WANTED TO  
MEASURE YOUR  
PROGRESS.

AHH, I  
SEE.

FINALLY, WE MADE IT TO THE  
COUNSELORS OFFICE...

HELLO  
AND  
WELCOME, DO  
YOU HAVE AN  
APPOINTMENT  
TODAY?

YES, FOR  
ROSS  
MONTGOMERY.

A woman with brown hair, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt, a purple vest with yellow trim, and a purple tie, is sitting at a light-colored wooden desk. To her left is a large, silver computer monitor. She is looking directly at the viewer with a neutral expression. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing pink text. The background consists of blue patterned wallpaper and a window with a white frame.

AH YES,  
JUST ONE  
MOMENT WHILE I  
GET YOUR  
INFORMATION---



I'LL  
BE WAITING  
DOWNSTAIRS  
FOR YOU IN  
THE CAR.

NO, I'D  
LIKE TO SEE  
YOU WHEN YOU  
GET OUT OF  
YOUR  
APPOINTMENT,  
SON.

I CAN  
CATCH A  
RIDESHARE.

I'M NOT  
YOUR SON  
ANYMORE,  
DAD!

HELLO,  
I'M LYNETTE  
CHAMBERS.  
WHICH ONE OF  
YOU IS ROSS?

I AM,  
OR WAS. IT'S  
ROSIE NOW.

I'LL SEE  
YOU AFTER,  
DAD.

EXCELLENT!  
WELL, ROSIE  
YOU CAN  
FOLLOW ME?






**\*SIGHS\* IT  
ALL STARTED  
BECAUSE I  
WANTED TO GO  
SWIMMING...**


**SO  
TELL ME  
ABOUT  
YOURSELF AND  
WHY YOU'RE  
HERE.**

**I TOLD HER EVERYTHING  
THAT HAD HAPPENED,  
INCLUDING WHAT DAD HAD  
REVEALED.**



GOODNESS!  
THAT IS QUITE,  
THE...EXPERIENCE.  
AND THERE'S NO  
IDEA WHAT THIS  
TRIGGER MIGHT  
BE?

NO,  
AND I  
WISH WE  
COULD FIND IT  
SO I COULD  
GO BACK TO  
BEING  
ROSS.



WELL, IF YOU'RE  
OPEN TO IT, WE  
COULD TRY A BIT OF  
A VISUALIZATION...

OKAY,  
WHAT DO I  
HAVE TO DO?

JUST LAY BACK AND  
RELAX...



I DID AS SHE INSTRUCTED  
AND A SCREEN DESCENDED  
FROM THE CEILING WITH A  
ROTATING SPIRAL.

NOW  
FOCUS ON  
THE SPIRAL,  
AND LET YOUR  
MIND CLEAR  
OF ALL  
THOUGHT.

ALRIGHT





PICTURE  
IN YOUR MIND,  
A CLEAR BLUE  
LAKE...



IN A MATTER OF A FEW  
MOMENTS, SHE HAD ME IN A  
DEEP HYPNOTIC TRANCE





NOW WE'RE  
GOING TO  
THINK BACK TO  
YOUR CHILDHOOD.  
AS A LITTLE BOY  
OF 15 YEARS  
OLD...14...13.  
...12...



YOU FEEL  
YOURSELF  
BECOMING  
YOUNGER...ALL  
THE WAY  
BACK...UNTIL  
YOU LAND ON  
5.

YES



WHAT'S  
YOUR NAME,  
LITTLE BOY?

I FELT MYSELF AS A FIVE  
YEAR OLD BOY...

WOSS  
MONTGOMEWY.





SUCH A  
HAPPY BOY,  
TOO, RIGHT  
ROSS?

YESS




YOU  
LOVE BEING  
A LITTLE BOY,  
DON'T YOU  
ROSS?

YESS.



IT  
FEELS SO  
NICE TO BE A  
BOY. SO  
NATURAL, AND  
NORMAL.  
DOESN'T  
IT?

YES...



IN FACT, TO BE  
ANYTHING ELSE, LIKE  
A GIRL, WOULD FEEL  
UNCOMFORTABLE AND  
STRANGE...RIGHT?

IS THAT  
RIGHT,  
ROSS?

...

NO...



M-M-MOMMY...

WHO  
ELSE WOULD  
YOU RATHER  
BE?

BUT  
THAT'S  
SILLY, RIGHT?  
YOU CAN'T BE  
A GIRL LIKE  
MOMMY...

NO...





EXACTLY,  
YOU'RE A  
LITTLE BOY.  
BEING A GIRL  
LIKE MOMMY  
WOULD FEEL  
STRANGE,  
RIGHT?

YESS...

SO  
BEING A  
BOY IS SO  
MUCH BETTER.  
SO NATURAL,  
AND NORMAL,  
RIGHT  
ROSS?

WELL, THEN  
WHO WOULD  
YOU BE?  
ROSIE?

N-N-NO

MOMMY...



TO BE  
MOMMY...

*IT MADE PERFECT SENSE...*



THE ANSWER TO ALL OF MY  
IDENTITY PROBLEMS...





I WASN'T ROSS, OR ROSIE..



I WAS RITA MONTGOMERY...

A STRONG, CONFIDENT,  
SOON TO BE SINGLE  
MOTHER...



NOTHING COULD BE MORE  
PERFECT!





OH,  
BUT HONEY,  
YOU CAN'T BE  
YOUR OWN  
MOTHER, CAN  
YOU?

A black and white photograph of a woman with dark hair, heavy eye makeup, and large hoop earrings. She is shown in profile, looking towards the right. A speech bubble originates from her mouth, containing red text. The background is a textured, light-colored surface, possibly a bed or a wall. The entire image is framed by a thick black border.

YES.  
FEELS SO  
NATURAL,  
NORMAL...



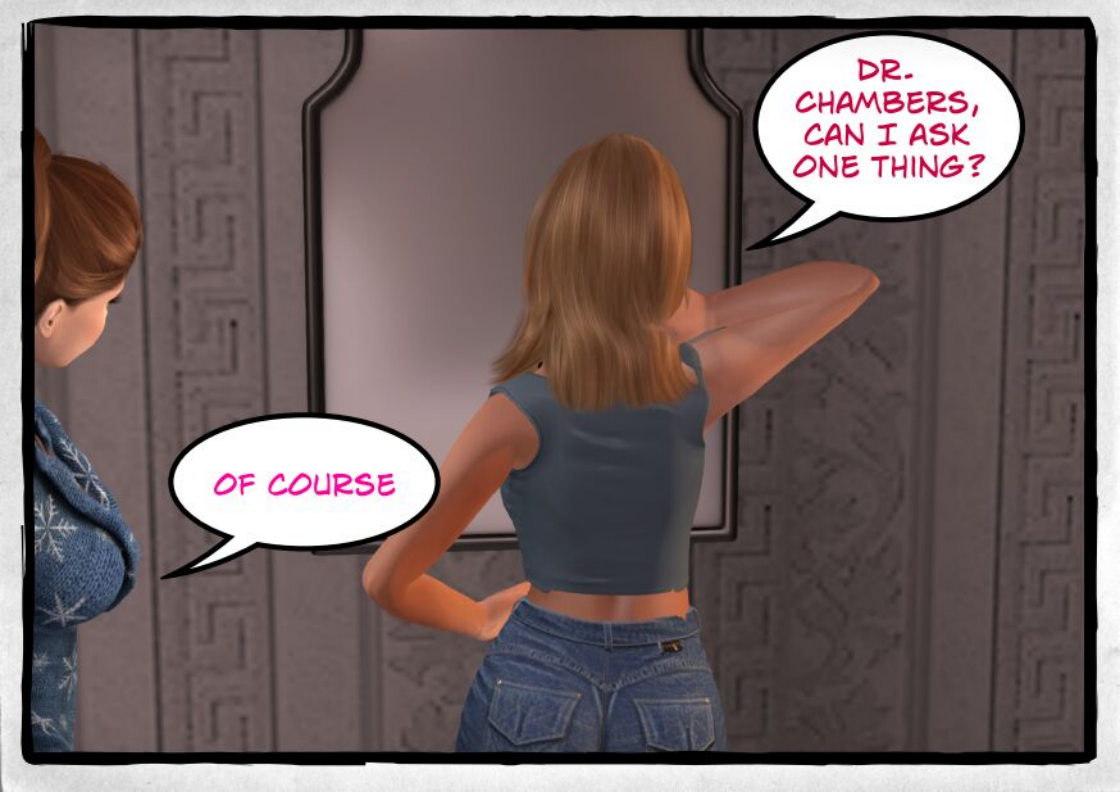
SHE TRIED FOR HOURS TO  
GET ME TO GO BACK...BUT I  
STUBBORNLY CLUNG TO THE  
IDEA I WAS MY OWN  
MOTHER.





AND  
THREE, YOU  
AWAKEN.

WHOA, I  
FEEL  
FANTASTIC!



DR.  
CHAMBERS,  
CAN I ASK  
ONE THING?

OF COURSE



WHY THE HELL AM I IN MY MOTHER'S BODY??

SOME THING HAS OBVIOUSLY GONE AWRY WITH THE MUTAGEN...



# CHAPTER FIVE





WE WERE  
ON TRACK  
TO HAVING  
YOU REGAIN  
YOUR OLD  
BODY---

BUT THEN  
YOUR MIND  
DECIDED YOU  
WOULD BE  
HAPPIEST AS  
HER.



THIS WAS A DISASTER!

CAN'T  
YOU JUST  
'UNDUE'  
WHATEVER IT  
IS YOU DID?





BELIEVE  
ME, I  
TRIED...BUT  
YOU DID THIS IN  
ALL  
HONESTY,

I NEVER  
WOULD HAVE  
GONE INTO  
TRANCE IF I'D  
HAVE KNOWN  
THIS WAS  
POSSIBLE!



OH MY  
GOD, MY  
DAD IS  
WAITING FOR  
ME. WHAT THE  
HELL AM I  
GOING TO  
TELL HIM?

TELL HIM THE  
TRUTH. YOU  
WERE PLACED INTO  
TRANCE AND  
SOMETHING WENT  
WRONG. I NEED TO  
CONFER WITH SOME  
OF MY COLLEAGUES  
ABOUT THIS, SO I  
WANT YOU TO  
COME BACK  
TOMORROW



CAN YOU DO THAT FOR ME, ROSIE?

YES, DR. CHAMBERS. GOSH, I DON'T FEEL LIKE 'ROSIE' I EVEN FEEL LIKE MY NAME IS RITA!

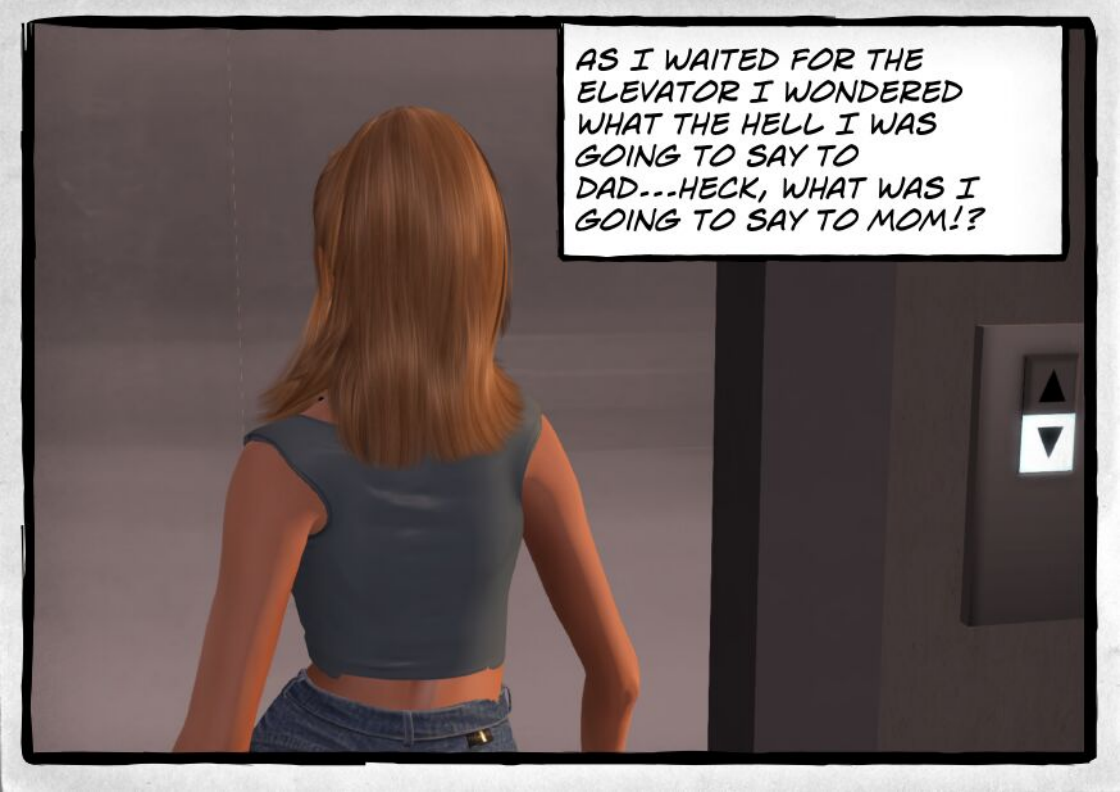
I KNOW, IT WAS A VERY IMMERSIVE EXPERIENCE.





ALRIGHT, IF  
YOU SAY SO, DR.  
CHAMBERS.

I HAVE  
EVERY  
CONFIDENCE WE  
CAN GET YOU  
BACK TO HOW YOU  
SHOULD BE. BUT  
LET ME REFLECT  
ON IT FOR THE  
NIGHT.



AS I WAITED FOR THE  
ELEVATOR I WONDERED  
WHAT THE HELL I WAS  
GOING TO SAY TO  
DAD...HECK, WHAT WAS I  
GOING TO SAY TO MOM!?





HI MOM AND DAD, I KNOW  
YOU TWO ARE ABOUT TO GET  
A DIVORCE, BUT GUESS  
WHAT?

WELL, HERE GOES NOTHIN'







RITA?  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
HERE?  
WHERE'S  
ROSS?

IT'S ME,  
DEVON...I  
MEAN, DAD.  
IT'S ME.

WHAT? I'M  
CONFUSED.



DR. CHAMBERS  
PUT ME IN A  
TRANCE, AND  
TRIGGERED THE  
MUTAGEN.  
APPARENTLY, I  
WAS THINKING OF  
MOM.



NO,  
DEVON,  
JUST TAKE ME  
HOME. DAD, I  
MEAN, JESUS,  
MY BRAIN IS  
ALL  
SCRAMBLED  
-

AFTER  
EVERYTHING  
EMILY DID?  
I'M GOING TO  
GO GIVE HER  
A PIECE OF  
MY MIND!

ARE YOU  
SURE? I CAN  
HAVE EMILY  
COME OVER  
AND THEY  
CAN---

NO, SHE SAID  
SHE'D TRY  
AGAIN  
TOMORROW.





EVERY TIME HE SAID HER  
NAME, WAS LIKE A SPEAR IN  
MY HEART. IT FELT LIKE  
HE'D HAD AN AFFAIR ON ME  
NOT MY MOTHER!



AS HE DROVE MY HEAD  
STARTED TO ACHE, SO I  
CLOSED MY EYES.



WE'RE HERE  
SON.

OKAY,  
THANKS FOR  
THE RIDE.

WANT ME TO  
PICK YOU UP  
TOMORROW?

NO, I'LL  
HAVE MOM  
DRIVE ME.



OKAY,  
WELL, IF  
YOU NEED  
ME, YOU KNOW  
HOW TO GET  
AHOLD OF  
ME.

YEP.

I WENT INSIDE...

I'M HOME...



A woman with long brown hair, wearing a purple off-the-shoulder top and blue jeans, stands in a bar. She has a black choker with a silver pendant and is looking towards the camera with a surprised expression. In the background, there is a wooden bar counter with a faucet and a hanging light fixture. The floor is tiled in a checkered pattern. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing the text: "WHAT IN THE HOLY HALLIFAX---WHO ARE YOU?"

WHAT IN  
THE HOLY  
HALLIFAX---WHO  
ARE YOU?







IT'S  
ME, MOM.  
ROSS...YOUR  
SON. THERE  
WAS A MESS  
UP WHILE I  
WAS IN A  
TRANCE.

WHAT IN  
THE  
HELL...COME  
TELL ME ALL  
ABOUT IT.





SO I TOLD HER. ABOUT  
THE TRANCE, ABOUT  
HOW I FELT, ALL OF IT.



WELL, I  
DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
ANY OF IT. IT IS  
KINDA FUN TO  
HAVE A TWIN  
THOUGH.

HAH YES.

A comic panel featuring two women. The woman on the left has dark hair and is wearing a black choker with a silver bead. The woman on the right has blonde hair and is wearing a blue top. There are five speech bubbles containing text.

HEY. I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT I'D LOOK LIKE WITH BLONDE HAIR. WANNA BE MY GUINEA PIG?

I MEAN, WHEN THE HYPNOTIST TRIGGERS WHATEVER TOMORROW, YOUR HAIR WILL GO BACK TOO, RIGHT?

JUMP IN THE SHOWER AND WET YOUR HAIR.

UH...SURE?

IT HAS IN THE PAST, YES.

OKAY!



A SHORT TIME AND A  
SHOWER LATER...

OKAY, HAVE A  
SEAT

UH...DO  
YOU HAVE  
ANYTHING I  
CAN WEAR?

I KNOW  
EVERY NOOK,  
CRANNY AND  
WRINKLE ON  
THAT BODY.  
JUST SIT!


HEH OKAY



SO HOW  
DOES IT FEEL  
TO BE IN THE  
BODY OF YOUR  
FORTY  
YEAR-OLD  
MOTHER?

I KNOW  
IT'S WEIRD,  
BUT IT FEELS  
REALLY GOOD,  
ACTUALLY.





JESUS,  
I WOULD DO  
ANYTHING TO  
BE 18  
AGAIN.

HAH,  
MAYBE YOU  
SHOULD BE  
THE ONE TO  
TAKE THE  
MUTAGEN.





THAT  
WOULD MEAN  
MAKING NICE  
WITH YOUR DAD'S  
NEW  
'GIRLFRIEND'  
THOUGH.

YEAH

ANJALI IS  
OVER THERE  
WITH THEM NOW.  
YOUR DAD'S  
GOING TO TAKE  
HER TO DISNEY  
TOMORROW.

AWW,  
SHE'LL LOVE  
THAT.



YES,  
HONEY. I'M  
SORRY. IT'S  
BEEN COMING  
FOR AWHILE  
NOW.

SO,  
YOU AND  
DEVON ARE  
DEFINITELY  
GONNA  
DIVORCE  
THEN?



IT'S  
TOO BAD. I  
KNOW YOU  
WERE BOTH IN  
LOVE FOR A  
LONG  
TIME.

YES,  
WELL, LOVE  
CHANGES  
SOMETIMES.

SOLUTIONS

RÉSOLUTIONS

SOCIALISING  
IN-WORLD  
THE HORROR!

HACKS FOR



A comic book panel showing two women. On the left, a woman with blonde hair in a bun, wearing a pink off-the-shoulder dress and a black choker with a pearl, is speaking. On the right, a woman with brown hair wearing a pink polka-dot hairnet is listening. The background is a simple indoor setting with wooden beams.

THAT'S  
GONNA TAKE  
SOME TIME.  
WHY DON'T YOU  
COME AND TRY  
ON SOME  
CLOTHES?

OKAY!





OH, THAT  
LOOKS GOOD  
ON YOU! OR  
ME..

BOTH!



OOH, I  
LIKE THAT  
TOO. YOU  
KNOW WHEN  
YOU WERE FIVE  
YOU LOVED TO  
DRESS IN MY  
CLOTHES.

YEP. I  
NEVER TOLD  
ANYONE,  
THOUGH. OH,  
WE NEED  
MARGARITAS!

I DID?



COMES IN  
HANDY WHEN  
NEEDED I  
GUESS?

DEVON  
\*HAD\* TO  
HAVE THIS  
FULL BAR.  
UGH.

I SUPPOSE.  
THOUGH I  
SURE HATE  
CLEANING IT  
AFTER WORKING  
FOR HOURS AS A  
BARTENDER AT  
WORK!

I CAN  
RELATE.





I JUST  
REALIZED  
YOU COULD  
TOTALLY FILL  
IN FOR ME AT  
WORK!

AWW,  
TRUE. WELL,  
LET'S SEE HOW  
I LOOK AS A  
BLONDE!

HAH! WELL,  
I'M HOPING DR.  
CHAMBERS CAN  
FIX ME  
TOMORROW.

OKAY!





I'LL  
TAKE THIS  
OFF, BUT  
THEN YOU'LL  
NEED TO RINSE  
YOUR HAIR OUT.  
DON'T GET IT  
IN YOUR  
EYES.

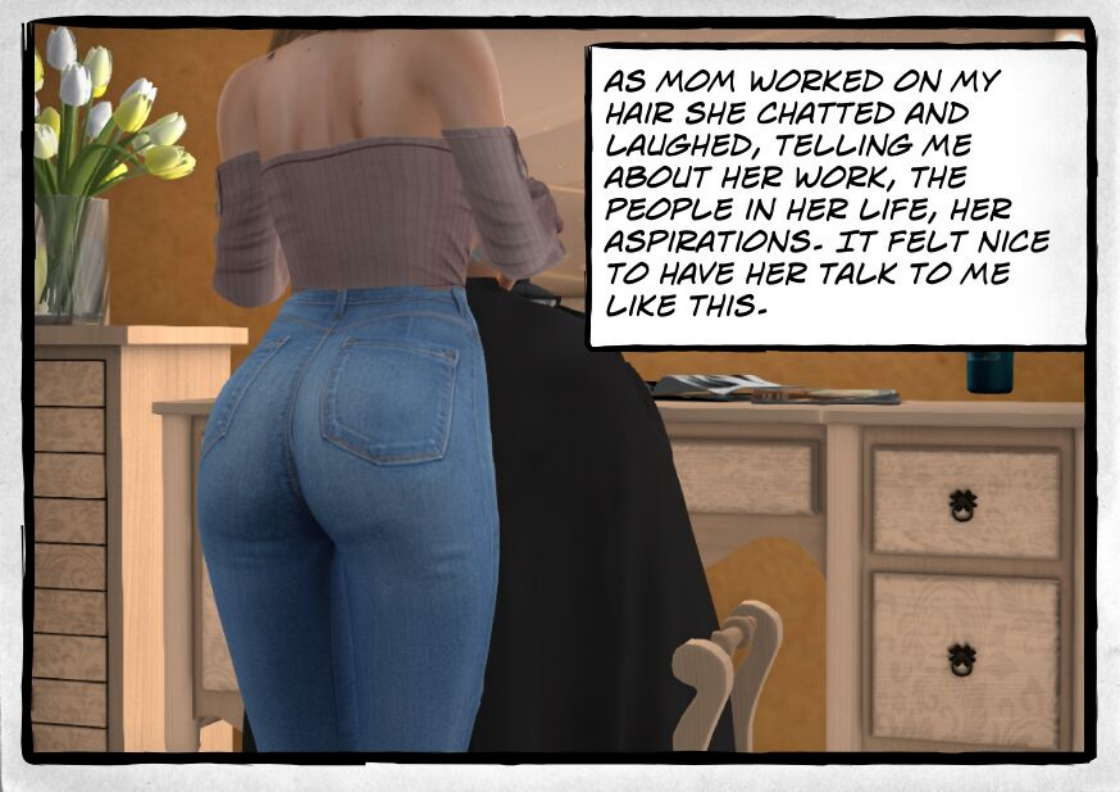
OKAY



AS I STOOD IN THE  
SHOWER, I SMILED,  
HAPPY AT THE TIME  
WE'D SPENT TOGETHER  
AND HOW LOOKING LIKE  
HER FELT LIKE I WAS  
MY MOTHER'S SISTER.

OKAY,  
LET'S GET  
YOU BACK  
INTO THE  
CHAIR AND SEE  
WHAT WE HAVE  
TO WORK  
WITH.

OKAY.

A woman is shown from the back, wearing a purple off-the-shoulder top and blue jeans. She is standing in a room with a light-colored dresser in front of her. On the dresser, there is a vase of white and yellow tulips. The scene is framed by a thick black border.

AS MOM WORKED ON MY HAIR SHE CHATTED AND LAUGHED, TELLING ME ABOUT HER WORK, THE PEOPLE IN HER LIFE, HER ASPIRATIONS. IT FELT NICE TO HAVE HER TALK TO ME LIKE THIS.



OH? GRANT,  
WHO?

NEVER MET  
HIM.

AND THEN  
THERE'S  
GRANT.

HE OWNS  
THE BAR, AND  
THREE OR FOUR  
OTHER BARS IN  
TOWN. GRANT  
TOWNSEND?





HE'S A  
DELIGHTFUL  
MAN. AND HE  
KEEPS ASKING  
ME OUT ON A  
DATE.

THINK  
YOU'LL GO?

A close-up, comic book-style illustration of a woman's face. She has long, wavy blonde hair, brown eyes, and is wearing bright red lipstick and a black choker with a pearl pendant. The background is a warm, yellowish-brown wall. A large speech bubble is positioned to the right of her face, containing red text. A smaller speech bubble is located below it, also containing red text.

OH, I  
DON'T  
KNOW. IT'S  
PART OF THE  
REASON I'M  
DOING THIS WITH  
YOU, HE  
PREFERS  
BLONDES.

CAN'T  
HURT TO TRY,  
RITA.



DEVON  
IS  
JUST...WELL-  
I KNOW HE'S  
SMITTEN WITH  
THAT DOCTOR,  
BUT I KEEP  
THINKING HE'LL  
COME BACK  
TO ME.

HE'S  
MOVED ON,  
RITA. WHY  
HANG ONTO  
THE PAST?



WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?

NO, ABOUT  
YOUR HAIR,  
SILLY.

I THINK  
YOU SHOULD  
GO OUT WITH  
HIM!

OH!





THE  
QUESTION IS  
DO YOU LIKE  
IT?

LET'S  
GET YOU  
SOME  
MAKEUP TO  
HIDE ALL  
THOSE  
WRINKLES  
AND  
SEE...





OOH,  
THAT LOOK  
TERRIFIC! PUT  
THESE  
COLORED  
CONTACTS  
IN---

OKAY



THERE,  
JESUS, YOU  
LOOK  
FANTASTIC!

HAH, I'M  
YOUR TWIN.  
IT'S YOU WHO  
WOULD LOOK  
FANTASTIC.


A romantic outdoor dining table is the central focus, featuring a white lace tablecloth and a centerpiece of pink and white flowers. The table is set under a white canopy with sheer curtains, with two white chairs on either side. The background is filled with lush green foliage and pink blossoms, creating a soft, romantic atmosphere. The text 'CHAPTER SIX' is overlaid in a bold, stylized font with a yellow-to-orange gradient and a black outline.

# CHAPTER SIX



YOU DO  
LOOK GOOD  
AS A BLONDE  
THOUGH,  
RITA.



A comic panel featuring two women. On the left, a woman with long brown hair in a high ponytail is shown in profile, wearing a black choker and large hoop earrings. On the right, a woman with short blonde hair is wearing a black dress with a silver sequined neckline and a black choker with a pearl pendant. She is speaking to the first woman. A large speech bubble points to her, and a smaller one points to the first woman's response.

I DUNNO.  
I'M SCARED  
TO MAKE SUCH  
A DRASTIC  
CHANGE. MAYBE  
I SHOULD HAVE  
\*YOU\* GO ON  
THE DATE WITH  
GRANT!

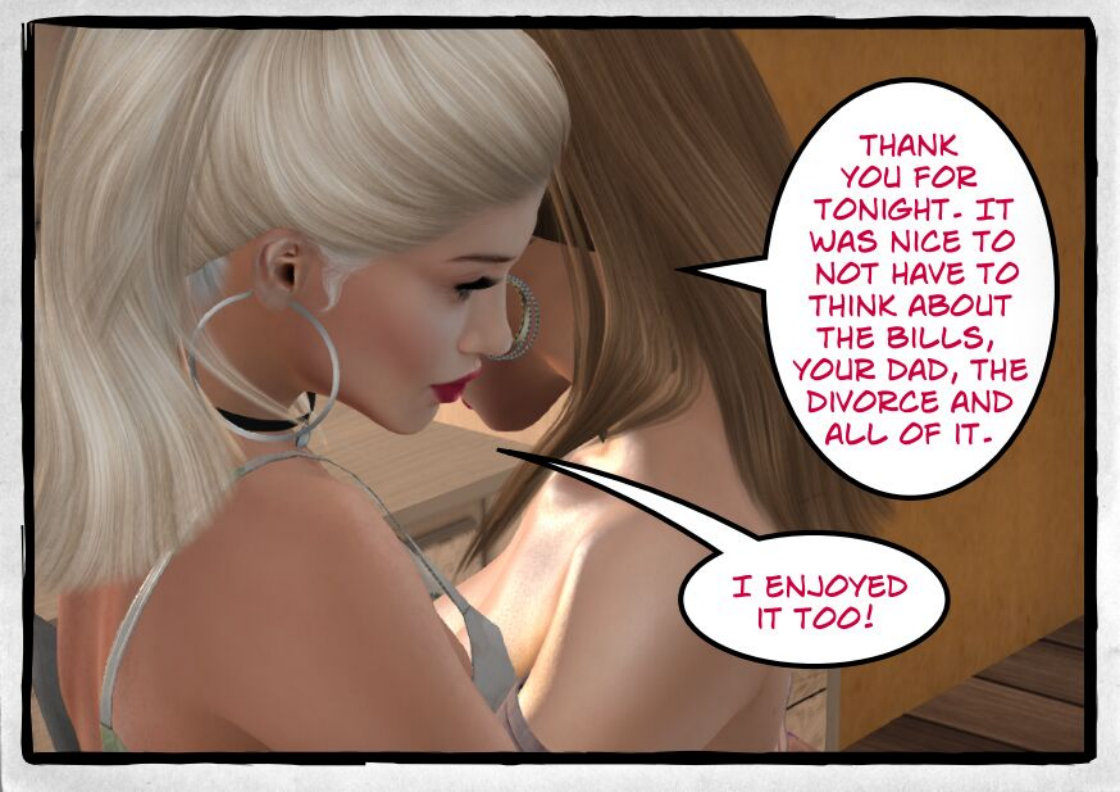
HAH! FUNNY.





I AM  
GETTING  
PRETTY  
TIRED  
THOUGH, MOM.  
THINK I'LL  
TAKE THIS  
ALL OFF AND  
CALL IT A  
NIGHT.

OKAY.  
GOSH I  
LOST TRACK  
OF TIME. WE  
WERE HAVING  
SO MUCH  
FUN!



THANK  
YOU FOR  
TONIGHT. IT  
WAS NICE TO  
NOT HAVE TO  
THINK ABOUT  
THE BILLS,  
YOUR DAD, THE  
DIVORCE AND  
ALL OF IT.

I ENJOYED  
IT TOO!



I'LL  
DEFINITELY  
GIVE SOME  
THOUGHT TO  
GOING  
BLONDE...

THEN  
WE'LL BE  
TWINS  
AGAIN!

I GUESS  
WE'LL SEE.

NO, MISTER.  
YOU'RE GETTING  
YOUR BODY BACK  
TOMORROW!

THE NEXT DAY

THANK  
YOU, DR.  
CHAMBERS.

WELCOME  
BACK, ROSS.

SO  
HOW WAS  
THE EVENING  
WITH YOUR  
MOTHER?

IT WAS VERY  
NICE,  
ACTUALLY. SHE  
WANTED TO SEE  
WHAT SHE'D LOOK  
LIKE AS A  
BLONDE...--HENCE  
MY NEW  
SHADE.






TALK  
TO ME  
ABOUT YOUR  
FEELINGS LAST  
NIGHT. WERE  
YOU  
EMBARASSED  
TO BE HER  
TWIN?

A LITTLE,  
MAYBE AT  
FIRST. BUT THEN  
WE JUST HAD A  
REALLY NICE  
EVENING. I FELT  
HAPPY AND AT  
PEACE LIKE I  
HAVEN'T IN A  
LONG TIME.





I CERTAINLY  
CAN  
UNDERSTAND  
THAT. IT WAS A  
FANTASY OF YOURS  
FROM YOUR  
CHILDHOOD.

SHE DID  
MENTION  
WHEN I WAS  
FIVE, SHE  
CAUGHT ME  
WEARING HER  
CLOTHES.

THAT ISN'T  
UNCOMMON.  
YOUR MOTHER IS  
THE FIRST PERSON IN  
YOUR LIFE THAT YOU  
BOND WITH. IT'S  
UNDERSTANDABLE  
THAT YOU'D DESIRE  
HER APPEARANCE.

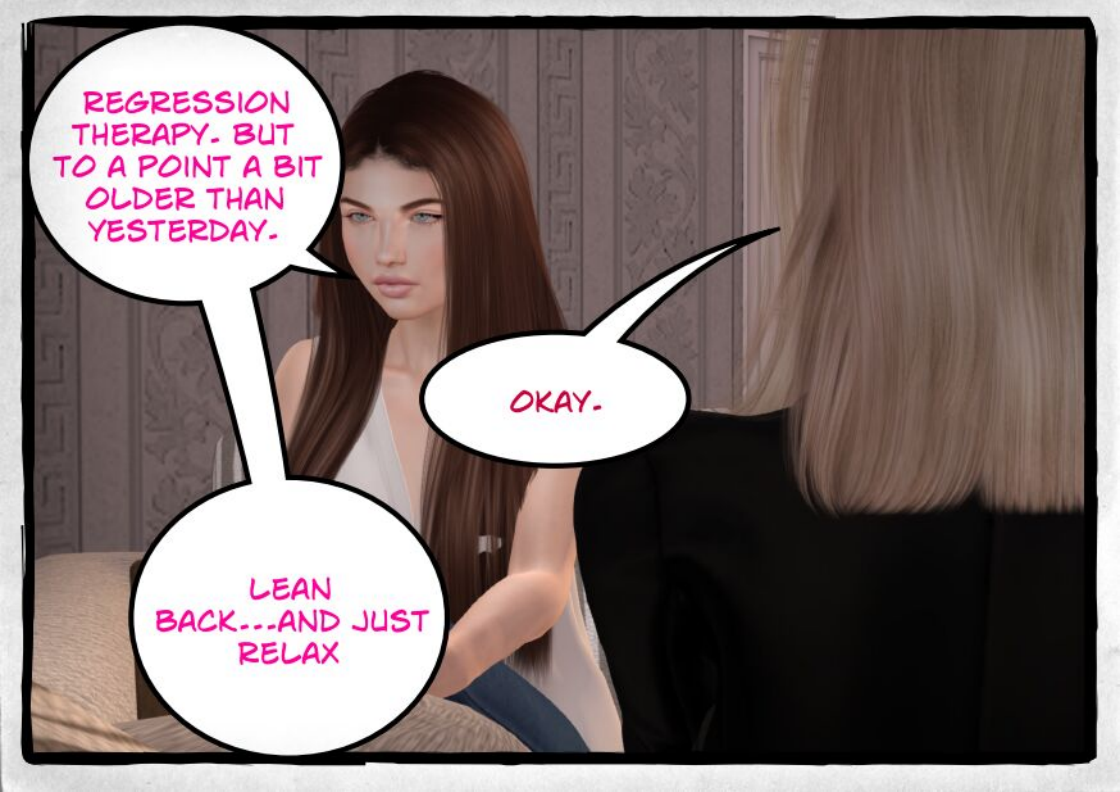


BUT IT IS  
INAPPROPRIATE  
FOR A SON TO  
ASSUME THE  
IDENTITY OF HIS  
MOTHER. YOU  
UNDERSTAND  
THIS, YES?

OF  
COURSE,  
DOCTOR.

WHICH  
WOULD BE  
WHAT?

I'VE  
SPOKEN  
TO MY  
COLLEAGUES,  
AND WE'VE  
DESIGNED A  
COURSE OF  
ACTION.



REGRESSION  
THERAPY. BUT  
TO A POINT A BIT  
OLDER THAN  
YESTERDAY.

OKAY.

LEAN  
BACK...AND JUST  
RELAX

I LEANED BACK, AND THIS TIME IT TOOK LESS ONLY A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE SHE HAD ME IN A DEEP STATE OF TRANCE.

CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW, ROSS?

YES







I WANT  
YOU TO THINK  
BACK TO A TIME  
WHEN YOU WERE  
A HAPPY LITTLE  
BOY. CAN YOU  
DO THAT,  
ROSS?

LET THE  
YEARS JUST  
FALL AWAY.  
YOUNGER AND  
YOUNGER UNTIL  
YOU ARE HAPPY  
AND HEALTHY  
AND LOVED.

YES.

YES.



YOU  
SEE A DIAL  
IN FRONT OF  
YOU. AS THE  
YEARS SPIN  
BACK, IT  
SHOWS YOUR  
AGE---

YES.



BACK AND  
BACK THE  
YEARS CRAWL.  
UNTIL FINALLY IT  
RESTS ON THE  
NUMBER WE  
SEEK. THE AGE  
YOU WERE A  
HAPPY, HEALTHY,  
LOVED LITTLE  
BOY.

YES



WHAT AGE  
DO YOU SEE  
ON THE DIAL,  
ROSS?

SEVEN



YES

YESSS,  
SEVEN. SUCH  
A NICE AGE,  
ISN'T IT?



PCPD

AND WHY IS SEVEN SUCH A NICE AGE, ROSS?

GRAMMA

OH, YOUR GRANDMOTHER CAME FOR A VISIT?

SHE LIVED WITH US

I SEE. AND WHAT DID SHE DO THAT MADE YOU SO HAPPY?

PLAYED GAMES. CARDS.



I SEE.  
WOULDN'T IT  
BE NICE TO BE  
LIKE THAT  
AGAIN?

YES

TO BE A  
HAPPY BOY  
AGAIN? LIKE  
WHEN YOUR  
GRANDMOTHER  
CAME TO  
VISIT?

SHE HAD  
PRETTY HAIR



SHE  
MEANT A LOT  
TO YOU DIDN'T  
SHE.

YES.

SHE  
WOULD  
WANT YOU TO  
BE A HAPPY  
BOY AGAIN,  
WOULDN'T  
SHE?

SHE  
SMELLED  
NICE.



YES

SHE  
WOULD  
WANT YOU TO  
GO INTO THAT  
SPECIAL PLACE  
INSIDE YOU, AND  
CHANGE BACK  
INTO A LITTLE  
BOY AGAIN.  
WOULDN'T  
SHE?



WHY  
DON'T YOU  
DO THAT?  
CLOSE YOUR  
EYES, AND GO  
INTO THAT  
SPECIAL  
PLACE.

OKAY





NOW PICTURE  
YOURSELF AS  
THE HAPPY BOY  
YOUR  
GRANDMOTHER  
LOVED.

OKAY



NOW  
RELEASE  
THAT  
SPECIAL PART  
OF YOU THAT  
CHANGES  
YOUR  
BODY.

OKAY



NOW  
FEEL YOUR  
BODY SHIFT TO  
THE BOY.


I FELT TINGLES, AND A  
WARMTH SUFFUSE ME.



IN A FEW MOMENTS IT WAS  
OVER.







PERFECT.  
NOW, I WANT  
YOU TO AWAKEN,  
IN THREE, TWO,  
ONE...YOU ARE  
AWAKE.



WHOA, I  
FEEL WEIRD.

A 3D-rendered scene featuring a glowing spherical object on a stand, surrounded by cherry blossom trees and a stone path. The text "CHAPTER SEVEN" is overlaid in a stylized font.

**CHAPTER SEVEN**



OKAY

THERE  
'S SOME  
CLOTHES IN  
THE CLOSET.  
WHY DON'T  
YOU PICK A  
T-SHIRT AND  
SHORTS THAT  
MIGHT FIT.

A SHORT TIME LATER

WEIRD.  
I'M SEVEN  
AGAIN. I  
DON'T LIKE  
IT.

HOW DO  
YOU FEEL  
NOW?

**\*SIGHS\***  
I KNOW IT'S  
FRUSTRATING TO  
BE THAT AGE,  
ESPECIALLY WHEN  
YOU HAD BEEN AN  
ADULT. BUT AT  
LEAST YOU'RE  
MALE AGAIN.



A young man with short, dark hair is shown in a three-quarter view, looking downwards and to the right with a thoughtful expression. He is wearing a black t-shirt. The background is a grey wall with a striped pattern. A speech bubble is positioned to his right, containing text.

SO,  
WHAT, DO I  
HAVE TO GROW  
UP ALL OVER  
AGAIN?

A woman with long, straight brown hair and light blue eyes is sitting in a chair. She is wearing a white top. The background is a simple, textured grey wall. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text.

WELL, WE  
COULD TRY TO AGE  
PROGRESS YOU, BUT  
I RECOMMEND  
WAITING AT LEAST 24  
HOURS TO LET YOUR  
BODY FULLY  
SETTLE.




YEAH  
LET'S DO  
THAT, CUZ THIS  
SUCKS.



HEY MOM

HELLO, I'M  
HERE TO PICK  
UP...OH MY  
GOD, ROSS, IS  
THAT YOU??

YES, WE  
WERE ABLE  
TO GET HIS  
GENDER  
BACK.



I WANT  
TO TRY TO  
AGE  
PROGRESS HIM  
TOMORROW. I  
DON'T KNOW IF  
THE MUTAGEN  
WILL DO THAT,  
BUT WE CAN  
TRY.

OH!  
WELL, I  
GUESS WE  
DON'T HAVE TO  
SHARE A  
WARDROBE  
ANYMORE,  
EH?





I FELT STRANGELY  
DEPRESSED.

YEAH




WHY DON'T  
YOU HEAD INTO  
THE WAITING  
ROOM, KIDDO. I  
HAVE A FEW THINGS  
I NEED TO TALK  
TO DR.  
CHAMBERS  
ABOUT.

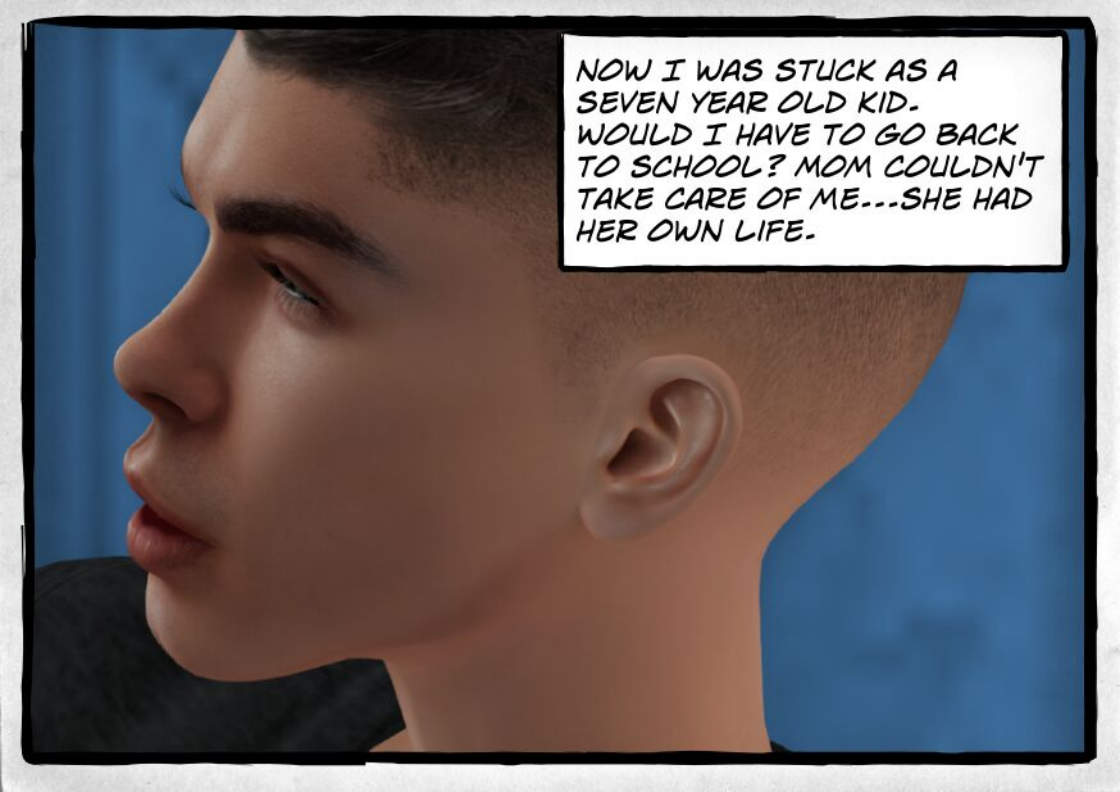
OKAY.

A young man with short dark hair, wearing a black t-shirt, is shown in profile, sitting on a couch with a grey and white striped cushion. He is looking towards the left. The background is a blue wall with a faint, repeating pattern. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right corner of the frame.

I SAT OUT IN THE LOBBY  
FOR WHAT FELT LIKE HOURS  
BUT WAS PROBABLY ONLY  
FIFTEEN MINUTES.


A close-up, high-angle shot of a young man's face. He has light brown hair, dark eyebrows, and light-colored eyes. He is looking slightly downwards and to the right with a somber expression. The background is a solid blue color. A white speech bubble with a black border is positioned in the upper left corner of the frame.

STUPID MUTAGEN. I HATED IT. IF THIS ALL HADN'T HAPPENED, MOM AND DAD WOULD HAVE STILL BEEN TOGETHER, AND I'D BE PLAYING BASEBALL AT ARIZONA STATE.



NOW I WAS STUCK AS A  
SEVEN YEAR OLD KID.  
WOULD I HAVE TO GO BACK  
TO SCHOOL? MOM COULDN'T  
TAKE CARE OF ME---SHE HAD  
HER OWN LIFE.





I REALLY DIDN'T FEEL WELL. MY HEART POUNDED IN MY CHEST, AND IT FELT LIKE MY BODY WAS ON A SLOW BOIL, GETTING HOTTER AND HOTTER.



YOU  
READY TO  
GO, LITTLE  
MAN?

YES, MOM.



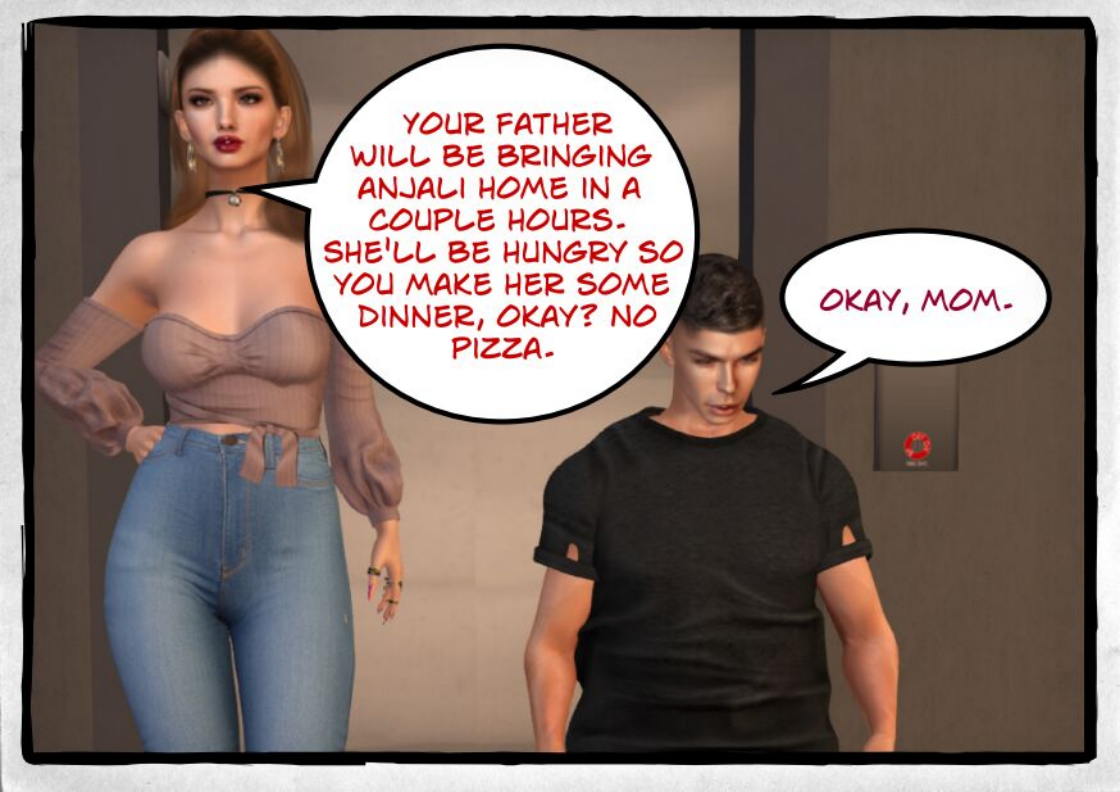
I HAVE  
JUST  
ENOUGH TIME  
TO DROP YOU  
OFF AT HOME,  
THEN I HAVE  
TO GET TO  
WORK.

OKAY

A man and a woman are standing in a hallway. The man is on the left, wearing a black t-shirt, and the woman is on the right, wearing a purple off-the-shoulder top and blue jeans. They are facing each other. The man is speaking, and the woman is listening. There are lockers in the background with numbers 5 and 1 visible. A sign on the wall reads "CERTIFICATE OF REVISION ON FILE IN THE BUILDING OFFICE".

I TAKE IT  
THINGS WENT  
WELL WITH THE  
THERAPIST?

I GUESS.  
DON'T  
REMEMBER  
MUCH.

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a brown off-the-shoulder top and blue jeans, stands on the left. She is speaking to a man on the right who is wearing a black t-shirt and looking down. The scene is set in a hallway with a door in the background.

YOUR FATHER  
WILL BE BRINGING  
ANJALI HOME IN A  
COUPLE HOURS.  
SHE'LL BE HUNGRY SO  
YOU MAKE HER SOME  
DINNER, OKAY? NO  
PIZZA.

OKAY, MOM.



WE RODE BACK HOME MOSTLY IN SILENCE. I KNEW SHE WAS UPSET, BUT KICKING HERSELF FOR BEING SO. I WAS TOO. AND I WAS STILL HOT.

A man and a woman are shown from the chest up, sitting in the front seats of a car. The man is on the left, looking towards the woman. The woman is on the right, looking out the window. She is wearing a grey off-the-shoulder top and a black choker. The man is wearing a black t-shirt. The background shows the interior of the car and a window with a red and white striped pattern.

I'M NOT FEELING TOO GOOD.



SHOULD  
I CALL THAT  
'DOCTOR  
ROGERS?'


NO...I'LL  
BE OKAY.

ALRIGHT,  
WELL, CALL  
ME IF ANYTHING  
CHANGES.

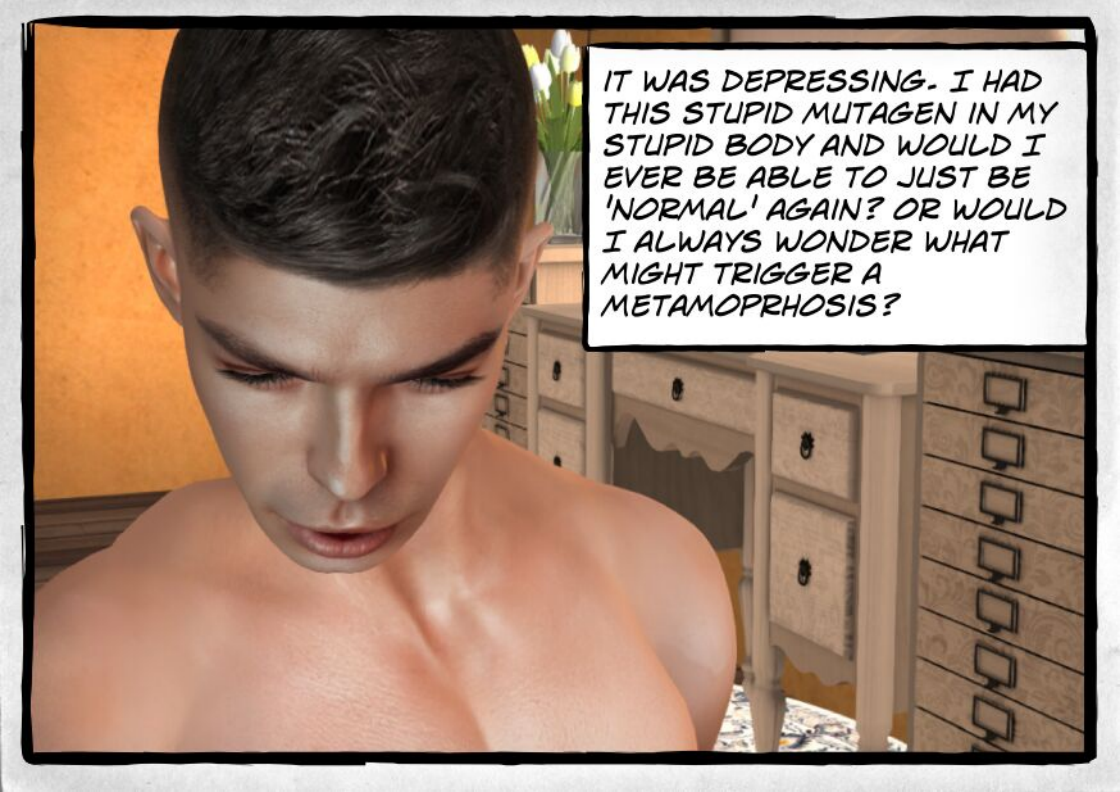
OKAY.

AFTER MOM LEFT, I  
WENT TO HER MIRROR  
AND LOOKED AT MY  
BODY.





AFTER BEING FEMALE FOR  
OVER A YEAR, IT FELT VERY  
STRANGE TO BE BACK IN A  
MALE BODY.

A young man with dark, wavy hair is shown from the chest up, looking down with a somber expression. He is shirtless. The background shows a bedroom with a white dresser, a vase of white and yellow flowers, and a patterned bedspread. The scene is framed by a thick black border.

IT WAS DEPRESSING. I HAD THIS STUPID MUTAGEN IN MY STUPID BODY AND WOULD I EVER BE ABLE TO JUST BE 'NORMAL' AGAIN? OR WOULD I ALWAYS WONDER WHAT MIGHT TRIGGER A METAMOPRHOSIS?



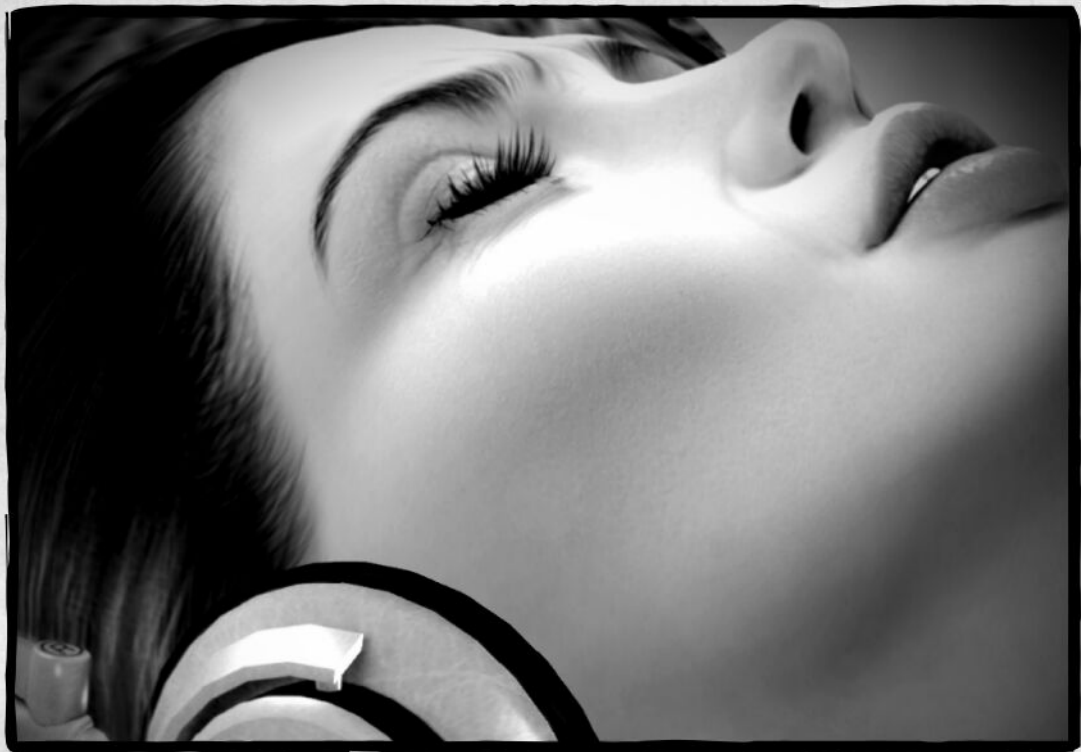


SINCE MY HEAD WAS POUNDING, I SAT IN MY ROOM LISTENING TO RECORDS...AND COMPLETELY FORGOT ABOUT ANJALI AND THAT I WAS SUPPOSED TO MAKE DINNER.

THE HEADACHE GREW AND AT  
SOME POINT, I FELL  
ASLEEP.









I WAS STARTLED  
AWAKE AN HOUR OR SO  
LATER...

MOM!  
WAKEUP!



A vibrant outdoor scene featuring a large white tent with a patterned fabric draped over its side. To the left, a large weeping tree with long, thin branches hangs over a field of small white flowers. In the foreground, a wooden barrel is repurposed as a planter, holding several pink roses. The background shows more greenery and a clear blue sky. The text 'CHAPTER EIGHT' is overlaid in a bold, stylized font with a yellow-to-orange gradient and a black outline.

# CHAPTER EIGHT

FOR A FEW MOMENTS I  
DIDN'T KNOW WHERE OR WHO  
I WAS---



WHAT?

WHY ARE YOU  
IN ROSS'S  
BEDROOM  
LISTENING TO HIS  
RECORDS, WEARING  
HIS PANTS AND NOT  
WEARING A  
SHIRT?!?

A close-up illustration of a woman with long, dark hair and a worried expression. Her eyes are wide and her mouth is slightly open. A hand is resting on her right shoulder, which is covered by a teal, textured garment. The background is a plain, light brown wall.

WHAT  
ON  
EARTH??  
ANJALI, GO  
DOWN INTO THE  
KITCHEN AND  
PEEL SOME  
POTATOES  
FOR DINNER  
OKAY?

IT TOOK ME A FEW  
MOMENTS, BUT I  
REALIZED WHAT HAD  
HAPPENED...

AREN'T  
YOU GOING TO  
TELL ME...

NO, DO AS I  
SAY!

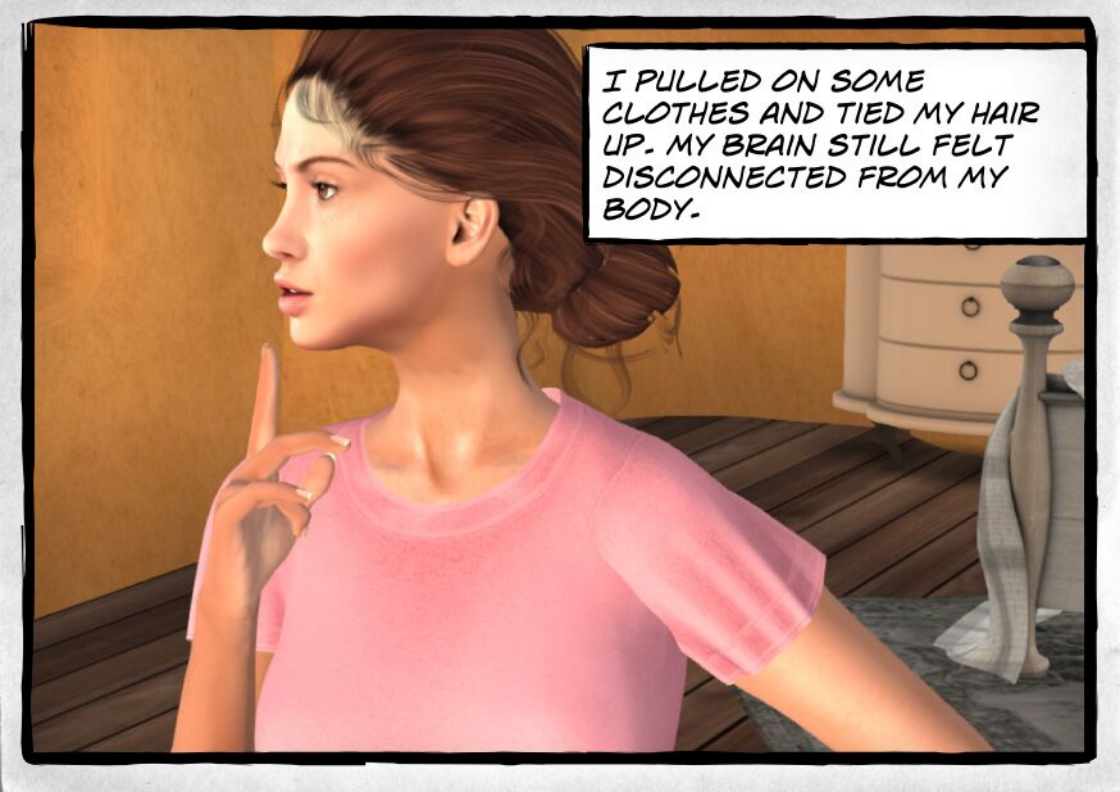
OKAY,  
WOW, YOU  
DON'T HAVE TO  
HAVE A COW!



A close-up, high-resolution image of a young woman's face. She has long, light brown hair, brown eyes, and a slightly furrowed brow, indicating concern or worry. Her skin is fair with some freckles. The background is out of focus, showing a white wall and a patterned rug.

I WENT DOWN INTO MY...I  
MEAN, MOM'S BEDROOM AND  
SAW THAT I'D REVERTED  
BACK TO HER BODY. MY  
HEADACHE WAS GONE ALSO



A digital illustration of a young woman with brown hair tied up in a bun, wearing a light pink t-shirt. She is shown in profile, looking towards the left, with her right hand raised near her neck. The background is a bedroom with a wooden floor, a white dresser, and a bed with a white sheet. The entire scene is framed by a thick black border.

I PULLED ON SOME  
CLOTHES AND TIED MY HAIR  
UP. MY BRAIN STILL FELT  
DISCONNECTED FROM MY  
BODY.

I STARTED FIXING  
DINNER

HOW WAS  
YOUR TIME  
WITH YOUR  
FATHER?

IT  
WAS GOOD!  
WE WENT TO  
DISNEY  
YESTERDAY.



I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH MOM HAD TOLD HER ABOUT ME BEING IN HER BODY..SO I DECIDED TO PRETEND.

WELL, I'M GLAD YOU HAD A GOOD TIME.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE WORKING TODAY?


I DID. BUT I HAD A HEADACHE.

SHE,  
AH...IS OUT  
LOOKING FOR  
A JOB

WE  
TALKED TO  
THE DOCTOR  
ABOUT A  
REDUCTION.

AND  
WHERE'S  
ROSIE?

IT'S  
SO WEIRD  
TO THINK  
ROSS HAS  
THOSE  
HUMONGOUS  
BREASTS  
NOW.



WELL, I'M  
GOING TO GO  
DO  
HOMEWORK,  
BIG BROTHER.  
\*GIGGLES\*  
WAS FUN YOU  
TRYING TO  
PRETEND TO  
BE MOM.

WHAT  
GAVE ME  
AWAY?

YOU  
COOK  
BETTER!

HAHAH!



IT WAS,  
ACTUALLY.  
OKAY, SQUIRT,  
YOU GO DO  
HOMEWORK!

WATCH  
IT YOU!

I CAN  
STILL  
SPANK  
YA!

PLUS  
MOM TOLD  
ME ABOUT  
YOUR DAY  
YESTERDAY.  
SOUNDED  
FUN!

YES  
\*MOTHER!\*

WHY,  
YOU GONNA  
\*GROUND\*  
ME?



A comic panel showing a woman with brown hair in a bun, wearing a pink shirt, seen from behind. She is looking towards a woman with blonde hair wearing a black shirt, who is running away. The background is a plain orange wall. There are three speech bubbles: one from the woman in pink, one from the woman in black, and one containing text.

HAHA.  
YOU'RE  
GROUNDED  
UNTIL  
GROUND  
HOG'S  
DAY.

GOTTA  
CATCH ME  
FIRST, OL'  
LADY!

\*GIGGLES\*


FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING, I WATCHED A MOVIE AND WAITED FOR MOM TO GET BACK.





WELL, I  
SEE YOU'VE  
REVERTED  
BACK.

YEAH. I  
FELL ASLEEP  
AND WAS LIKE  
THIS.

A comic book panel with a black border. On the left, a woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a black choker with a pearl and a black top, looks towards the right. On the right, another woman with dark hair in a bun is shown in profile, facing left. A large speech bubble originates from the woman on the right, and a smaller one is positioned below it. The background is a solid brown color.

WELL, I  
THINK WE  
SHOULD  
BOTH GET  
SOME SLEEP.  
AND YOU'LL  
NEED TO SEE  
DR. ROGERS  
WHETHER YOU  
WANT TO  
OR NOT.

YEAH,  
\*SIGHS\*





WE'LL  
GET THIS  
STRAIGHTENED  
OUT, SON. I  
PROMISE.

I JUST  
WONDER  
WHAT I'LL  
LOOK LIKE IN  
THE END.



REGARDLESS,  
YOU'RE STILL  
OUR CHILD AND WE  
WILL ALWAYS  
LOVE YOU.

A SHORT TIME LATER, I WAS ASLEEP.



A scene featuring a group of lit white candles on a stone surface, with a white wicker chair and a stone wall in the background. The text "CHAPTER NINE" is overlaid in a stylized font.

**CHAPTER NINE**



I GOTTA  
ADMIT HAVING  
A TWIN IS  
SUPER FUN

DON'T  
GET TOO USED  
TO IT!

THE NEXT DAY MOM HELPED  
ME DRESS FOR THE DOCTOR.





I HOPE I CAN  
BE CIVIL TO THE  
LITTLE  
HOMEWRECKER.

ME TOO.



HEY  
THERE, YOU  
TWO

HELLO  
DEVON.

HELLO  
DEVON. I  
MEAN, DAD.

HOW'VE YOU BEEN, RITA?

FINE. ROSS, DARLING, I'LL BE OUTSIDE SMOKING ELEVENTEEN HUNDRED CIGARETTES. YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME.

WELL THIS IS AN INTERESTING SITUATION!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, DR. ROGERS.

OKAY MOM.

I WISH  
YOU  
WOULDN'T.

I'LL JOIN  
YOU.

WE DO  
NEED TO  
TALK.



I KNEW  
SHE'D BE A  
VAMPIRE.

DON'T GO  
TOO FAR. I'M  
GOING TO NEED  
BOTH OF YOUR  
BLOODWORK SO I  
CAN MATCH ROSS'S  
GENOTYPE.

BE NICE.





I WENT  
TO A  
THERAPIST  
AND SHE DID  
REGRESSION  
THERAPY ON ME.  
APPARENTLY,  
FIVE YEAR OLD  
ME USED TO  
DRESS IN  
MOM'S  
CLOTHES.

CAN YOU  
PLEASE TELL  
ME HOW THIS  
CHANGE WAS  
TRIGGERED?

HAVE YOU  
BEEN ABLE TO  
TRIGGER MORE  
CHANGES?




AFTER  
YESTERDAY'S  
THERAPY, I WAS  
BACK TO A  
SEVEN YEAR  
OLD BOY.

AND WHAT  
CHANGED?

I TOOK  
A NAP, AND  
WHEN I WOKE  
UP, I WAS BACK  
IN MOM'S  
BODY.

THAT IS  
REALLY  
INCREDIBLE.



WELL,  
LET'S HAVE  
YOU DISROBE. I  
HAVE SEVERAL  
TESTS AND  
SCANS I WANT  
TO RUN. THEN  
WE'LL SEE  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON, OKAY?

OKAY.



IT'S MORE  
THAN JUST  
LOOKING LIKE  
MY MOM. I FEEL  
LIKE I'M RITA  
TOO, IF THAT  
MAKES ANY  
SENSE.



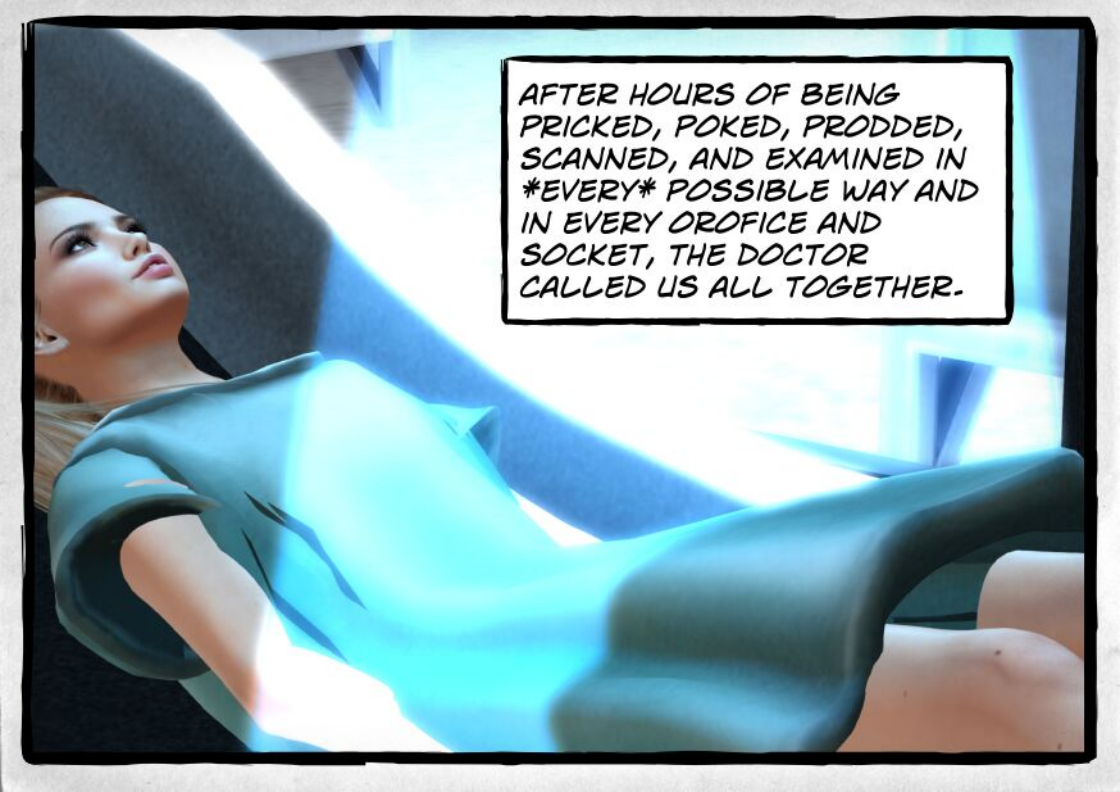
SO  
YOU WANT  
TO SCRATCH  
OUT MY EYES  
TOO, I TAKE  
IT?

LI'L BIT.

SOUNDS  
GOOD.

WELL,  
I'LL GET THIS  
DONE AS FAST  
AS I CAN. WE  
HAVE TO  
ISOLATE WHY  
THE MUTAGEN  
HAS BECOME  
ACTIVE  
AGAIN, AND  
SEE IF WE  
CAN AT LEAST  
NEUTRALIZE  
IT.



A woman with blonde hair is lying on a medical table, wearing a blue hospital gown. She is looking upwards with a neutral expression. The background is a bright, clinical room with blue and white tones. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right corner of the frame.

AFTER HOURS OF BEING  
PRICKED, POKED, PRODDED,  
SCANNED, AND EXAMINED IN  
\*EVERY\* POSSIBLE WAY AND  
IN EVERY OROFICE AND  
SOCKET, THE DOCTOR  
CALLED US ALL TOGETHER.

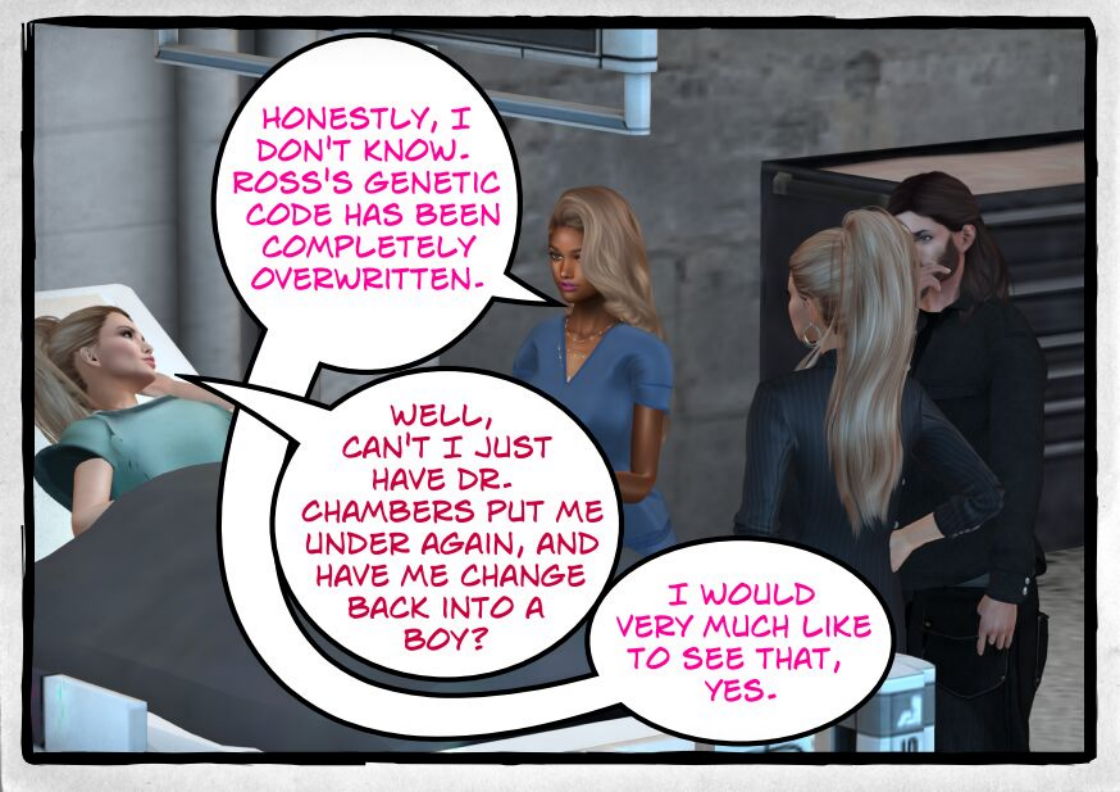


SO  
AFTER AN  
EXHAUSTIVE  
BATTERY OF  
TESTS, I CAN  
SAY SHE ISN'T  
YOUR TWIN,  
RITA.

SHE IS YOUR  
GENETIC  
DUPLICATE. ALL  
THE WAY DOWN TO  
DNA AND  
FINGERPRINTS.

WAIT,  
WHAT? SHE  
LOOKS--

WHAT?  
BUT HOW  
CAN THAT BE  
POSSIBLE?



HONESTLY, I  
DON'T KNOW.  
ROSS'S GENETIC  
CODE HAS BEEN  
COMPLETELY  
OVERWRITTEN.

WELL,  
CAN'T I JUST  
HAVE DR.  
CHAMBERS PUT ME  
UNDER AGAIN, AND  
HAVE ME CHANGE  
BACK INTO A  
BOY?

I WOULD  
VERY MUCH LIKE  
TO SEE THAT,  
YES.



I COULD  
MAKE THOSE  
ARRANGEMENTS. DO  
YOU WANT HER TO  
COME HERE? OR  
US GO

IF SHE  
COULD COME  
HERE, I CAN RIG  
UP AN  
OBSERVATION  
MODULE FOR  
ROSS TO LAY  
IN.

I'LL GIVE HER  
A CALL. BE RIGHT  
BACK.



DO  
YOU THINK  
YOU'LL BE  
ABLE TO  
REVERSE  
IT?

THAT  
DOESN'T  
SOUND  
GOOD.

THE  
AMOUNT OF  
MUTAGEN IN HER  
BODY IS DECREASING. I  
DOUBT SHE'LL BE ABLE  
TO SHIFT MANY MORE  
TIMES, IF AT ALL.  
HOPEFULLY, THE NEXT  
SHIFT WILL BE  
THE LAST.





WELL,  
THE GOOD  
NEWS IS,  
YOU'RE QUITE  
HEALTHY FOR A  
FORTY-YEAR OLD  
SMOKER.  
\*GIGGLES\*

HEY, I  
RESEMBLE  
THAT REMARK!



SERIOUSLY, I  
AM SORRY FOR  
WHAT'S HAPPENED  
BETWEEN DEVON  
AND I.

THE LESS  
WE SPEAK  
ABOUT THAT,  
THE BETTER.  
CONCENTRATE  
ON CURING MY  
SON, OKAY?

SHE'S ON  
HER WAY  
OVER.

PERFECT.  
I'LL GO GET AN  
OBSERVATION  
POD READY.

A SHORT TIME LATER.

HELLO  
EVERYBODY!

HI LYNETTE

SO HOW  
DOES THIS  
WORK?





YEAH,  
SOUNDS  
TOTALLY  
RELAXING.

THIS STASIS POD  
WILL SUSPEND YOU IN A  
CLOUD OF SUBATOMIC  
PARTICLES THAT THE  
COMPUTER WILL KEEP TRACK  
OF. I'LL BE ABLE TO OBSERVE  
THE MUTAGEN IN ACTION AND  
DR. CHAMBERS CAN INDUCE  
THE HYPNOTIC STATE  
WHILE YOU RELAX.





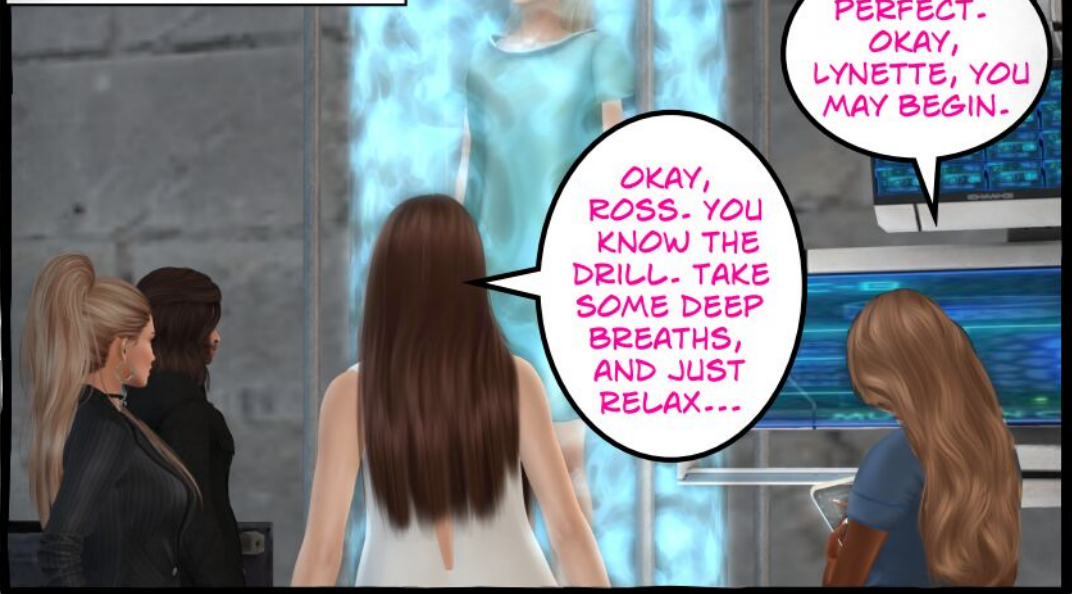
STEP  
UP ONTO  
THE POD, AND  
I'LL TURN IT  
ON. YOU'LL  
SEE.


OKAY.

I FELT A TINGLING  
SENSATION ALL OVER  
MY BODY THAT WAS  
WARM AND RELAXING.

PERFECT.  
OKAY,  
LYNETTE, YOU  
MAY BEGIN.

OKAY,  
ROSS. YOU  
KNOW THE  
DRILL. TAKE  
SOME DEEP  
BREATHS,  
AND JUST  
RELAX....





I COULD FEEL MYSELF  
RELAXING, SLOWLY. IT  
FELT LIKE I WAS SWIMMING  
IN WARM WATER WITH  
TINGLING ELECTRIC ENERGY.

TAKE SOME  
DEEP BREATHS  
IN...AND OUT.  
LET THE WARMTH  
COAT AND  
SUFFUSE YOU.

A close-up illustration of a woman with long, straight, dark brown hair and light blue eyes. She has a soft, serene expression and her mouth is slightly open as if speaking. The background is a blurred mix of green and blue tones.

ALLOW YOUR  
EYES TO FALL  
CLOSED. LISTEN TO  
THE SOUND OF MY  
VOICE. YOU ARE SAFE,  
WARM, AND VERY  
RELAXED, AREN'T  
YOU ROSS?

YESS



DRIFTING,  
LETTING YOUR  
MIND SINK  
DEEPER AND  
DEEPER INTO YOUR  
BODY. FEELING  
SO HEAVY AND  
DEEP...

YESS





YOU  
FEEL  
YOURSELF  
GROWING  
YOUNGER AGAIN.  
DON'T YOU,  
ROSS?

YESS

WE  
AREN'T GOING  
AS FAR BACK THIS  
TIME. YOU FEEL  
YOURSELF SETTLE ON  
A NUMBER. IN YOUR  
LATE TEENAGE  
YEARS. WHAT  
NUMBER IS  
THAT?

SEVENTEEN

A close-up illustration of a woman with long, straight, dark brown hair and light blue eyes. She has a soft, neutral expression and is looking slightly to her right. She is wearing a white top. The background is a blurred indoor setting with vertical lines and soft lighting.

YES,  
THAT WAS  
SUCH A LOVELY  
AGE, WASN'T IT?  
BEING  
SEVENTEEN AND  
BEING A YOUNG  
MAN?

YESSS


WHAT  
DID YOU  
LOVE ABOUT  
BEING  
SEVENTEEN,  
ROSS?

BASEBALL,  
WOMEN, CARS.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a light blue, short-sleeved dress, stands in a futuristic room. She is surrounded by a glowing, ethereal blue energy field that appears to be composed of many small, swirling particles. In the foreground, the back of a person's head with brown hair is visible, looking towards the woman. To the right, there is a desk with a computer monitor displaying blue data and a glowing blue panel with the text "MC-B" on it. The scene is framed by a thick black border.

IT  
WOULD BE  
NICE TO FEEL  
THAT WAY  
AGAIN,  
WOULDN'T  
IT?

YESS



I WANT YOU  
TO GO TO THAT  
SPECIAL PLACE  
INSIDE YOURSELF,  
AND ALLOW YOURSELF  
TO BECOME A  
SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD  
YOUNG MAN AGAIN.  
CAN YOU DO THAT,  
ROSS?

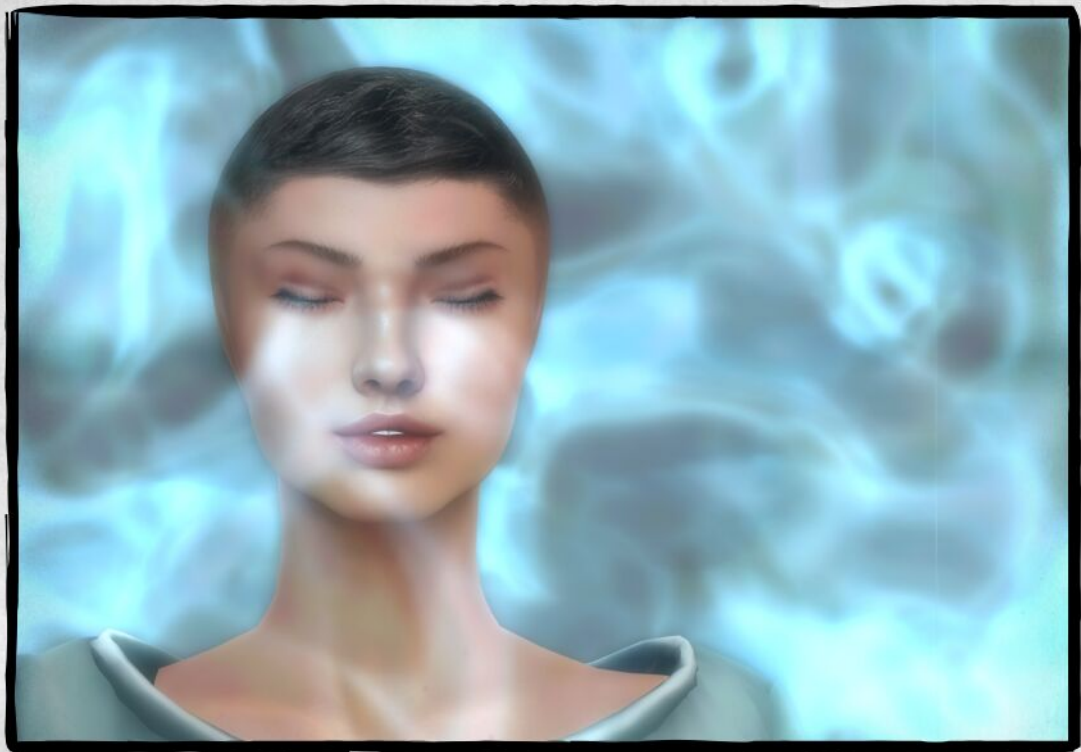
YES.

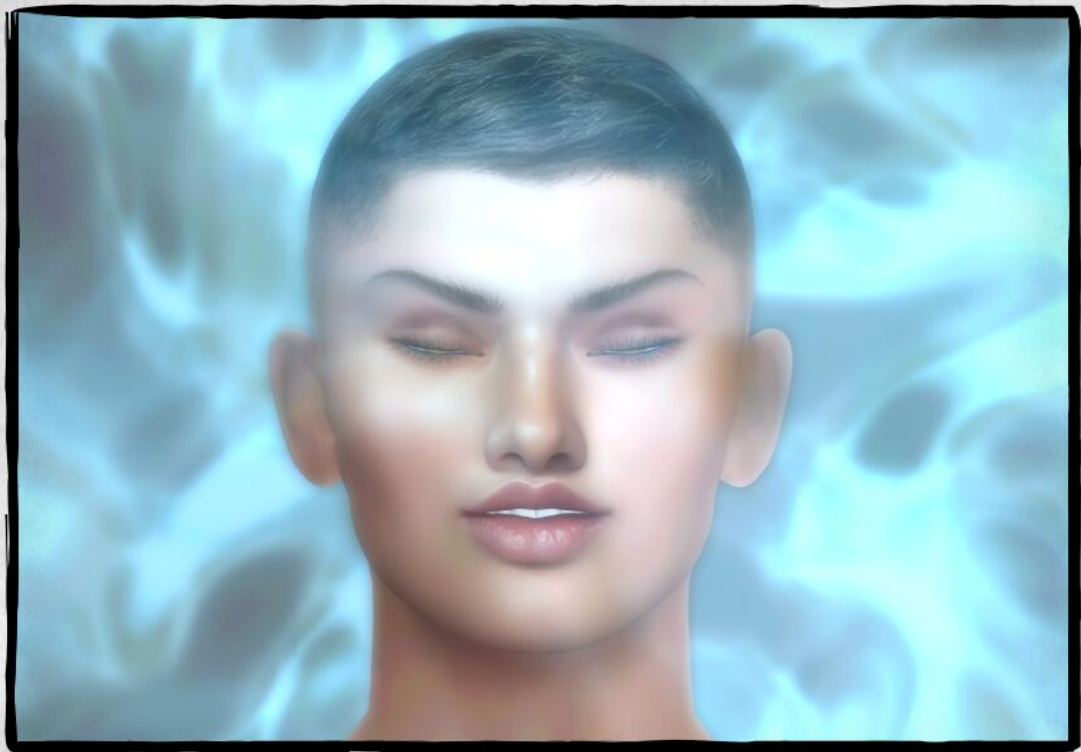
OH, THE  
MUTAGEN  
JUST  
TRIGGERED





I COULD FEEL MYSELF  
SHIFTING...









THAT'S  
IT, ROSS.  
THAT FEELS  
SO MUCH  
BETTER,  
DOESN'T  
IT?

YESS

MUTAGEN  
IS  
EVACUATING  
FROM HIS  
SYSTEM!





JESUS,  
I FORGOT  
HOW BIG HE  
WAS.

MOMMM!

NOW, ROSS,  
I'M GOING TO  
COUNT TO THREE.  
WHEN I HIT THREE,  
YOU WILL AWAKEN.  
DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND?



ONE...

MOMMM!

OH, SHIT  
THERE'S  
ANOTHER  
SPIKE IN  
ACTIVITY...



HE'S  
CHANGING  
BACK!

ROSS,  
I NEED YOU  
TO CLEAR  
YOUR MIND  
AGAIN,  
FOCUS..

MOAAAAMMMM!

THERE'S NOT  
ENOUGH  
MUTAGEN LEFT  
IN HIS BODY!



C' MON SON!

ROSS,  
NO, THINK  
ABOUT THE  
YOUNG  
MAN...



REMEMBER  
HOW  
WONDERFUL YOU  
FELT, BEING  
THE YOUNG  
MAN?

MIGHT  
AS WELL  
BRING HER OUT  
OF IT, THE  
MUTAGEN IS  
COMPLETELY  
GONE.



YES

OKAY,  
ROSS. YOU  
WILL AWAKEN  
ON THREE.  
CAN YOU DO  
THAT?

ONE...TWO...  
AND THREE.



I OPENED MY  
EYES...AND  
IMMEDIATELY FELT  
BETTER.



WHAT...HAPPENED?



**CHAPTER TEN**

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a teal dress with a white collar and a dark green shoulder detail, is shown from the chest up. She has a neutral expression and is looking slightly to the left. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned near her head, containing pink text. The background is a plain, light grey wall.

SO, IT  
DIDN'T  
WORK?





C'MON  
HONEY. LET'S  
GET YOU  
DRESSED.

SHOULD  
WE TRY  
AGAIN?

LISTEN,  
BITCH, IF  
ANYTHING IT  
WAS YOUR  
POOR--

BICKERING  
ISN'T GOING  
TO HELP ROSS IN  
THIS  
SITUATION.

THERE'S  
NOTHING TO  
TRY. YOUR  
\*WIFE'S\*  
INTERFERENCE  
COMPLETELY  
SKEWED THE  
RESULTS!

SHE  
DOESN'T  
LOOK AS MUCH  
LIKE ME

WELL,  
THE GOOD  
NEWS IS  
YOU'RE BACK  
TO BEING  
SEVENTEEN  
AGAIN.

OH, SHE'S  
MOSTLY STILL  
YOUR DOUBLE,  
BUT  
THERE'S STILL  
SOME ROSS IN  
THERE ALSO.




AND I'LL  
STAY LIKE  
THIS?



GUESS  
THAT'S NOT  
ALL BAD.

FROM  
EVERYTHING  
I CAN SEE,  
YES.


WE  
COULD TRY  
AGAIN  
TOMORROW,  
JUST TO BE  
SURE.



WHY  
DON'T YOU  
GET  
DRESSED AND  
HEAD HOME. I'LL  
CHECK YOU OVER  
IN A FEW DAYS  
JUST TO BE  
SURE.

ALRIGHT.





HMM, IF  
I GOT A BIT  
OF A TAN, I  
THINK WE'D  
ALMOST BE  
TWIN  
S AGAIN.

TRUE.  
I NEED TO  
GET MY LIP  
PIERCED LIKE  
YOURS  
TOO.



I'M  
SORRY IF I  
SCREWED UP  
YOUR RETURN  
TO BEING A  
MAN.

SHH. MOM, I  
CAN'T THINK OF A  
BETTER WOMAN I  
WOULD RATHER  
BE.



I AM  
GLAD  
YOU'RE NOT  
STUCK IN A 40  
YEAR OLD  
BODY.

\*GIGGLES\*  
I'M THANKFUL  
FOR THAT  
TOO!

A comic book panel featuring two women in a domestic setting. The woman in the center has long, wavy brown hair and is wearing a black top. She is looking towards the right. In the foreground, the profile of another woman with brown hair is visible, looking towards the first woman. The background shows a white door and a chair with a striped cushion. A large text box at the top right contains a narrative-style sentence. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the woman in the center, one from the woman in the foreground, and a smaller one from the woman in the center.

AS IT TURNED OUT, NO  
MATTER HOW MANY SPIRALS  
I STARED AT, MY BODY WAS  
DONE TRANSFORMING.

WELL, AT  
LEAST YOU'RE  
STABLE!

TRUE!





I EXPERIMENTED WITH HAIR,  
CLOTHES, MAKEUP, AND  
FASHION...AND STARTED A VIDEO  
CHANNEL WHICH WENT VIRAL.





---MAINLY BECAUSE I  
FEATURED MY NEWLY  
BLONDE MOM IN "WHICH IS  
THE DAUGHTER" VIDEOS



**DAD AND DR. ROGERS GOT  
MARRIED...**

I WAS A BRIDESMAID...

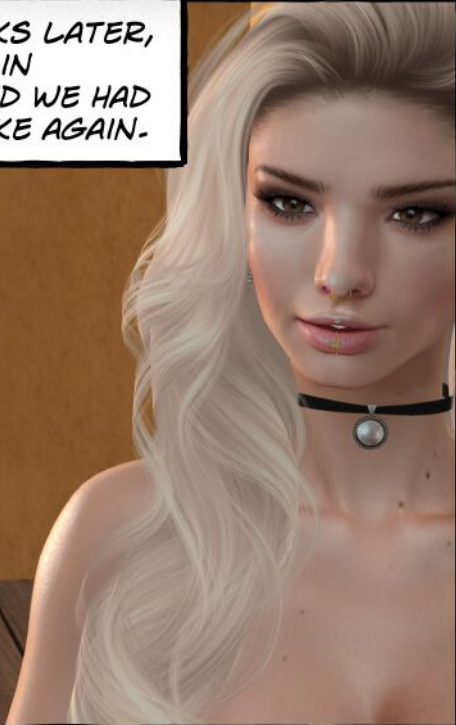


IT WAS A HAPPY OCCASION.  
MOM EVEN CAME, THOUGH  
WE BOTH GOT A LITTLE TOO  
DRUNK...





A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER,  
I JOINED MY MOM IN  
BLONDENESS...AND WE HAD  
FUN DRESSING ALIKE AGAIN.







WHY MAMA?

UM...DARLING.  
--TAKE OFF YOUR  
MAKEUP?



I THOUGHT  
I WAS DONE  
CHANGING!

OH, BABY.  
I'M SORRY

A scenic landscape featuring a river flowing through a lush green area. A wooden bridge arches over the river in the middle ground. The background is filled with dense green trees and foliage. The sky is a clear, light blue. The text "CHAPTER ELEVEN" is prominently displayed in the center, rendered in a bold, stylized font with a yellow-to-orange gradient and a thick black outline.

**CHAPTER ELEVEN**



I LITERALLY  
CAN'T TELL  
WHICH OF US IS  
WHICH!

IT'S EERIE.





FROM THAT DAY FORWARD WE  
BECAME INSEPARABLE AND  
INTERCHANGEABLE.





I BECAME RITA, SHE  
BECAME ROSIE, AND  
VICE VERSA.



I'M  
GOING TO  
GO DANCE,  
MOTHER.

OKAY,  
DARLING

THE FIRST TIME SHE  
REGARDED ME AS  
MOTHER, I THOUGHT IT  
WAS CUTE...



MOTHER,  
WHY DID YOU  
AND DAD GET  
DIVORCED?

HAHA, VERY  
FUNNY.

BUT THEN THINGS GOT A BIT  
CONFUSING



I MEAN,  
I KNOW HE  
HAD AN  
AFFAIR...

MOTHER,  
YOU WERE THE  
MOTHER, NOT  
ME.





ARE YOU  
SURE?

YES,  
MOTHER. I  
WAS ROSS,  
REMEMBER?





I REMEMBER  
BEING ROSS TOO!

YES,  
DARLING. OF  
COURSE I'M  
SURE.

A digital illustration of two identical blonde women with high ponytails, wearing black chokers with circular pendants and large hoop earrings. They are in a tropical setting with palm trees and a blue structure in the background. The woman on the right has a speech bubble containing text.

DAMN,  
NOW I  
REMEMBER  
MY WEDDING  
DAY TO YOUR  
FATHER....

SEE?



HOW IS  
THIS  
POSSIBLE?

I DON'T  
KNOW, BUT I  
THINK WE NEED  
TO GO SEE DR.  
CHAMBERS AND  
DR. ROGERS.



THERE'S  
SOMEONE  
ELSE WE  
COULD TRY  
TO SEE...

YES, BUT  
SHE'S IN JAIL,  
MOTHER.





SHE'S THE  
ONE WHO  
STARTED ALL  
THIS...

SHE'D ALSO  
KNOW THE  
MOST ABOUT  
WHAT MIGHT BE  
HAPPENING...





WE  
NEED TO  
SEE JESSICA  
FINDLAY!



**CHAPTER TWELVE**



LATER THAT EVENING..

I'M FEELING  
STRANGELY--

UNSETTLED,  
LIKE I KNOW  
JUST--

WHAT YOU'RE  
GOING TO SAY.

WHAT YOU'RE  
GOING TO SAY.


HI  
MUM! AND  
ER, MUM.  
WHAT'S FOR  
DINNER?





ORDER  
PIZZA!





JESUS!  
OKAY. YOU  
TWO NEED  
LIKE, NAME  
TAGS OR  
SOMETHING,  
WHICH OF YOU  
IS MOM?

A 3D-rendered scene featuring three women. The woman in the center has blonde hair styled in a high ponytail and is wearing a black t-shirt with a graphic that says 'FUCK' in pink letters over a teal heart. She has a speech bubble coming from her mouth. She is flanked by two other women with long blonde hair, both wearing black outfits. The background shows a room with a patterned floor and a grey sofa.



SHE IS!  
OR, MAYBE  
I AM...I  
DON'T  
KNOW!

OKAY,  
WOW. UM, I  
NOMINATE  
\*YOU\* TO BE  
MOM TONIGHT,  
AND YOU CAN  
BE MOM  
TOMORROW  
NIGHT!

WE'RE  
GOING TO  
FIND  
SOMEONE TO  
HELP US.

A comic book panel featuring two blonde women. The woman on the left is shown from the chest up, wearing a black hoodie with white drawstrings and a black choker with a silver circular pendant. She has a serious expression. The woman on the right is shown in profile, looking towards the first woman. Three speech bubbles are positioned between them, containing text in red, all-caps font. The background is a solid brown color.

EVEN IF  
WE WERE TO  
FIND JESSICA  
FINDLAY--

SHE  
PROBABLY  
CAN'T HELP US  
BECAUSE--

SHE DOESN'T  
HAVE ACCESS  
TO HER  
EQUIPMENT.



SHE  
MIGHT BE  
ABLE TO--

POINT US  
IN THE RIGHT  
DIRECTION

BECAUSE  
SHE PROBABLY  
KNOWS

WHAT IS  
GOING ON.





GOD, I  
HOPE SO!

PIZZA!

THE NEXT MORNING---



WE  
SHOULD GO  
EASY--

ON THE  
MAKEUP. IT IS  
A PRISON



THAT  
TEAL LOOKS  
SO GOOD ON  
YOU

THE  
PINK LOOKS  
LOVELY ON  
YOU!



WE NEED TO  
HURRY

SO WE CAN  
GET BACK

AND BE  
DRESSED  
ALIKE!

AGAIN!



A 3D-rendered scene showing two women walking on a paved path in a park. The woman in the foreground is wearing a bright pink blazer over a black top and black pants. The woman behind her is wearing a teal blazer over a black and white patterned top and white pants. They are both looking towards the right. In the background, there is a large tree, a wooden bench, and a fountain with a blue glow. The scene is framed by a thick black border.

STRANGE  
PLACE

FOR A  
PRISON...



giving up your rights  
freedoms.

after  
proces  
d sa  
turn  
have  
and  
these

HOW CAN  
WE HELP YOU,  
LADIES?

WE'RE  
HERE TO VISIT  
JESSICA  
FINDLAY

A man with a goatee, wearing a dark cap and a tactical vest, is shown in profile from the chest up. He is speaking, and a speech bubble is positioned to his right. The background is a dark, industrial-looking environment with a door and some red lighting. The entire scene is framed with a thick black border, characteristic of a comic book panel.

IS THAT  
SO?  
WHADDAYA  
THINK EARL,  
SHOULD WE  
LET 'EM  
IN?



ME TOO,  
EARL. ARE  
YOU LADIES  
ON THE  
LIST?

DEY  
LOOK KINDA  
SPICIOUS TA  
ME, FRANK.



WHAT LIST?



point you are willingly  
giving up your rights  
and freedoms.

only a you  
been pr  
eemed



JUST LET  
'EM IN, I'M  
HUNGRY!

HEY, ARE  
YOU TWO  
TWINS OR  
SUMPIN'?

will  
ed!





HEY, YO!  
DRAMA  
QUEEN- YA  
GOT  
VISITORS!

\*WOLF  
WHISTLES\*

SHADDUP  
YOU.



YOU  
GOTS TWENNY  
MINUTES.

THANK YOU,  
EARL



SO,  
TO WHOM  
DO I OWE THE  
PLEASURE?

IT'S ME,  
MRS.  
FINDLAY--

ROSS  
MONTGOMERY

A large, vibrant tree with purple blossoms, possibly a cherry blossom tree, dominates the center of the image. The tree's branches are heavily laden with small, light purple flowers, creating a dense canopy. The background shows a clear blue sky and a portion of a grey building on the left. In the foreground, there is a concrete path and a wooden fence. The overall scene is bright and colorful, suggesting a spring setting.

# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

I'M  
SORRY, WHICH  
OF YOU IS  
ROSS?

I AM.





ONE OF  
US IS, OR WAS  
ROSS

ONE OF  
US IS, OR  
WAS, RITA  
MONTGOMERY.

BUT  
NOW WE  
DON'T KNOW  
WHO WAS  
WHO!

I'M SORRY,  
YOU \*BOTH\*  
ARE?



WAIT! SO  
YOU'RE  
TELLING ME,  
THAT ROSS  
MONTGOMERY  
BECAME  
CORPOREALLY  
ENTANGLED WITH  
HIS OWN  
MOTHER?



AHAHAHAHAH!  
OH, THAT IS TOO  
FUNNY!



IS THERE  
ANYTHING

THAT  
CAN BE DONE  
ABOUT IT?

NRI  
INMATE



TO  
BREAK THE  
SYMBIOSIS?  
SURE!

WHAT CAN  
WE DO?

NRI  
INMATE






YOU'RE  
NOT GONNA  
LIKE IT...

PLEASE

TELL US!

THEY'VE  
BEEN LETTING  
ME CONTINUE MY  
RESEARCH  
HERE.

WHILE  
THEY DON'T  
ALLOW ME TO  
USE MY  
MUTAGEN, THEY  
DO ALLOW ME  
TO USE THE  
MACHINES.



THE  
REASON YOU  
HAVE QUANTUM  
ENTANGLEMENT  
RIGHT NOW IS  
BECAUSE YOU'RE  
GENETICALLY  
IDENTICAL. AND  
AT THE EXACT  
SAME AGE.

SO IF WE  
CHANGE ONE  
OF YOUR AGES TO  
BREAK THE  
SYNCHRONICITY, YOU  
SHOULD START TO  
BECOME  
INDIVIDUALS  
AGAIN.

HOW DO WE  
DO THAT?

I HAVE A  
MACHINE IN  
THE BACK, I  
CAN ADVANCE  
ONE OF YOU BY A  
FEW YEARS,  
THEN THE SYNC  
SHOULD  
BREAK.



WHAT DO  
YOU THINK  
SISTER?

I THINK  
WE SHOULD  
DO IT.

DO WE  
TRUST HER?

WHAT DO  
WE HAVE TO  
LOSE?



A comic book panel featuring three women in conversation. The woman on the left has blonde hair in a bun and is wearing a pink top. The woman in the center has short grey hair and is wearing an orange jacket. The woman on the right has blonde hair and is wearing a teal top. Three speech bubbles are present, containing dialogue.

WE'LL DO  
IT.

PERFECT. I  
JUST NEED  
ONE OF YOU TO  
COME BACK TO  
THE LAB WITH  
ME.

I'LL GO.

I FOLLOWED HER BACK TO A STRANGE LAB.

JUST GET INTO THE TANK.

HOW MANY YEARS WILL YOU ADD?

EH, JUST FIVE OR SO. DON'T NEED MANY.



WE'LL  
GET A GOOD  
SCAN,  
FIRST...

MY CLOTHING WAS REMOVED  
AND THEN THE TANK FILLED  
WITH FLUID.



A 3D rendered scene of a futuristic cockpit. A bright cyan light beam passes through the center of the frame. The cockpit features a steering wheel on the right, a dashboard with several red buttons, and various mechanical components. The scene is set within a dark, metallic environment.

AT FIRST I PANICKED, BUT  
THEN REALIZED I COULD  
BREATHE THE FLUID



I FELT ELECTRIC JOLTS  
THAT HURT. THE SIZZLING  
FILLED MY BRAIN.





THERE.  
CHANGING THE  
SETTING TO  
"FORTY-FIVE."  
THAT SHOULD  
ADD FIVE  
YEARS...



OR WILL IT  
ADD  
FORTY-FIVE?  
HMM, OH  
WELL. TOO  
LATE NOW.



WHAT ISH?

OH, DEAR.  
WELL, THIS IS  
AWKWARD---

LET'S  
GET YOU OUT  
OF THERE,  
DEAR.



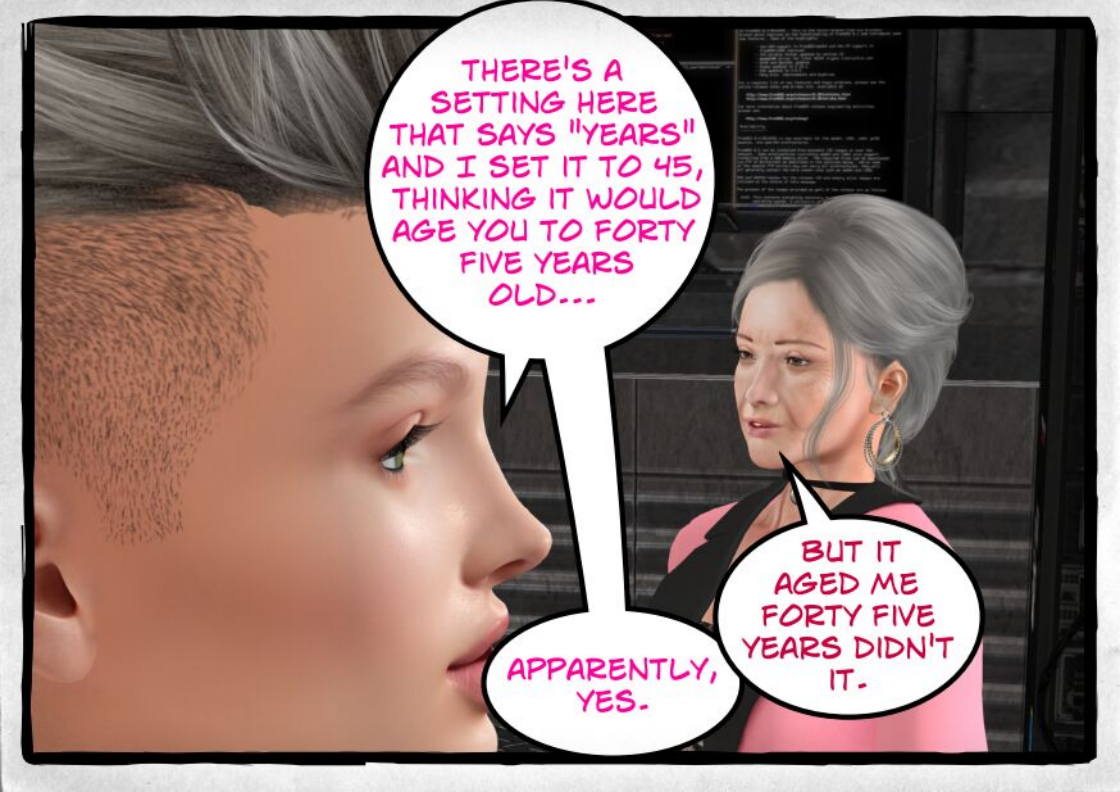
**CHAPTER FOURTEEN**





WHASH  
HAPPENED?

EVERYTHING ACHED, MY  
SPINE, MY HANDS---I  
LOOKED AT THEM AND THEY  
WERE WRINKLY, AND HAD  
AGE SPOTS...MY TEETH  
WERE...GONE



THERE'S A  
SETTING HERE  
THAT SAYS "YEARS"  
AND I SET IT TO 45,  
THINKING IT WOULD  
AGE YOU TO FORTY  
FIVE YEARS  
OLD...

APPARENTLY,  
YES.

BUT IT  
AGED ME  
FORTY FIVE  
YEARS DIDN'T  
IT.



WELL,  
JUSH SET IT  
TO GIVE ME  
BACK THOSH  
FORSHY  
FIVE--

A character with short, spiky grey hair and a high-collared orange shirt is shown in a control room. The character is looking slightly to the right. The background features a dark, industrial setting with a wall-mounted screen displaying the name "STANLEY" and a control panel with a yellow arrow on the floor.

IT  
DOESN'T  
WORK LIKE  
THAT,  
DARLING.



WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN?  
YOU ORISHINALLY  
MADE ME SHEVEN  
YEARSH OLD!

THAT WAS  
DONE WITH A  
POWERFUL  
MUTAGEN,  
DEAR. THAT I  
NO LONGER  
HAVE ACCESS  
TO.





SO  
YOU'RE  
SAYING I'M  
STUCK LIKE  
THIS?!?

SADLY, WITH  
YOUR CURRENT  
AGE AND THE  
FACT YOU'VE BEEN  
MUTATED  
ALREADY...YOU  
WOULD NEVER  
SURVIVE  
ANOTHER  
INFUSION.

SORRY,  
DEAR. I'LL  
DO SOME  
RESEARCH.  
COME BACK  
AGAIN!

BUT I...

WHERE  
THE HELL  
HAVE YOU  
BEEN? VISITIN'  
HOURS IS  
OVER!

AMSCRAY,  
GRAMMA!




YOU  
KNOW, YOU  
TWO ARE  
QUITE RUDE TO  
OUR  
GUESTS...

YEAH.  
LIKE WE NEED  
YOU TO TEACH  
US.

LESH GO.

OH MY  
WORD! WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?

I'LL  
ESHPLAIN IN  
THE CAR



I DON'T  
QUITE KNOW  
WHAT TO SAY. I  
KNOW NOW, I  
WAS NEVER ROSS,  
WHICH I SUPPOSE  
IS SOMETHING  
OF A SILVER  
LINING.

YESH. OUR  
SHYNCRONISHITY  
HAS PASHED.



I NEVER  
WOULD HAVE  
AGREED TO IT IF  
I KNEW THE  
PRICE WOULD BE  
FORTY EIGHT  
YEARS OF  
YOUR LIFE!

ME EITHER.



SO WHAT  
HAPPENS  
NOW?

SHE  
SHOULD SHE'D  
DO SOME  
RESEARCH AND  
I SHOULD COME  
BACK...BUT I'M  
NOT  
HOPEFUL.

THIS  
JUST GOES  
FROM BAD TO  
WORSE!



WE'LL  
FIGURE  
SOMETHING  
OUT,  
DARLING.


\*SNIFFS\*  
I KNOW.  
THINK I WANT TO  
SHLEEP THOUGH,  
I'M  
EXHAUSTED.



WE'LL AT  
LEAST GET  
YOU SOME  
TEETH, AND MAYBE  
A TRIP TO THE  
SALON WOULD  
HELP YOU NOT  
LOOK SO...

ANCIENT?

JUST GET  
SOME SLEEP  
HONEY, AND  
THINGS WILL LOOK  
BETTER IN THE  
MORNING.

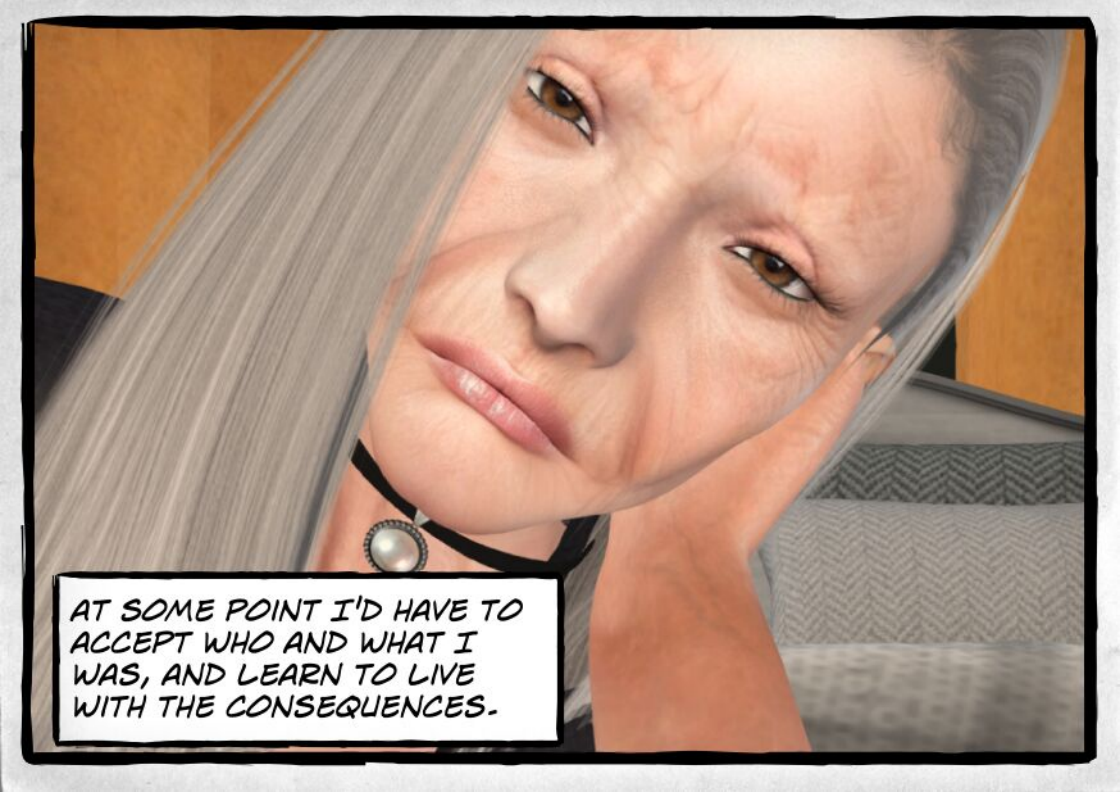


AS I SMOKED THE  
FIRST OF WHAT WOULD  
BE MANY CIGARETTES,  
I WONDERED IF I WAS  
JUST DESTINED FOR  
BAD LUCK.





IT SEEMED LIKE EVERY TIME  
I TRIED TO MAKE THE  
SITUATION BETTER IT GOT  
WORSE.



AT SOME POINT I'D HAVE TO  
ACCEPT WHO AND WHAT I  
WAS, AND LEARN TO LIVE  
WITH THE CONSEQUENCES.

LIFE WAS JUST AN UNENDING  
SERIES OF UNFORTUNATE  
EVENTS.





**EPILOGUE**

FIVE YEARS LATER

AFFIRMATIVE.  
PAPABEAR IN  
ROUTE

BE NICE,  
MOTHER.

CHECK  
CHECK. THIS IS  
A MIC CHECK, DO  
WE HAVE  
PAPABEAR?

PERFECT,  
DON'T \*LOSE\*  
HIM THIS TIME!





THAT SLIT  
IN YOUR DRESS  
SCREAMS 'SLUT.'  
YOU COULDN'T FIND  
SOMETHING MORE  
APPROPRIATE?

IT'S  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE  
SEXY-DEMURE.

WELL,  
IT'S TOO  
LATE NOW. IS  
THE BRIDE  
ON SITE?

A comic panel featuring two women. The woman on the left has long brown hair, red lipstick, and is wearing a black choker with a gold heart pendant and large hoop earrings. The woman on the right has grey hair styled in a bun, red lipstick, and is wearing a black fishnet top with large floral decorations and a pearl earring. There are four speech bubbles containing text.

THEY'LL  
BE HERE IN  
FIFTEEN  
MINUTES,  
MOTHER,  
RELAX.

THEY'RE  
PAYING US  
\$15 THOUSAND  
TO \*NOT\* BE  
RELAXED!

THEY'RE  
IN THE  
WARMER IN THE  
KITCHEN,  
MOTHER.  
EVERYTHING  
IS SET!

WHERE'S  
THE CANAPE  
TRAY?



WELL,  
STAND UP  
STRAIGHT AT  
LEAST, YOU'RE  
SHLUMPING.

MOTHER...

AND  
REMEMBER  
TO CALL ME  
ROSIE DURING  
THE EVENT!



**\*SIGHS\***  
**YES, MOTHER.**

WE'D FORMED A WEDDING  
PLANNING BUSINESS. WE  
CALLED IT '3G PLANNING'  
FOR THE THREE  
GENERATIONS: MYSELF,  
RITA, AND ANJALI WHO  
ASSISTED.



AND WHILE I WAS NOW  
TECHNICALLY NINETY...





PERIODIC 'VISITS' TO THE  
PRISON FOR REJUVENATION  
SCANNING WAS PROLONGING  
MY HEALTH.





YOUR  
GRANDMOTHER  
IS GOING TO  
NEED A STIFF  
DRINK AFTER  
THIS.

THE BRIDAL  
PARTY IS  
HERE,  
GRAMMA!

WONDERFUL,  
ANJALI, DEAR.

\*GIGGLES\*  
IT'LL BE FINE!

BUT OVERALL...

SMILES!

I'M SMILIN!

I'LL  
SMILE WHEN  
I'M DEAD

A digital illustration of three women in a room. The woman on the left has brown hair styled up, wearing a black choker and large gold earrings. The woman in the center has long blonde hair and is wearing a multi-strand diamond necklace. The woman on the right has grey hair styled up and is wearing a black lace top and large earrings. A speech bubble at the bottom contains the text "WE WERE HAPPY.".

WE WERE HAPPY.

THE END. PLEASE VISIT  
[HTTPS://RAINEMONDAY.COM](https://rainemonday.com)  
FOR MORE GRAPHIC NOVELS  
AND ANNOUNCEMENTS!