

PART 10:
ANOTHER LIFE

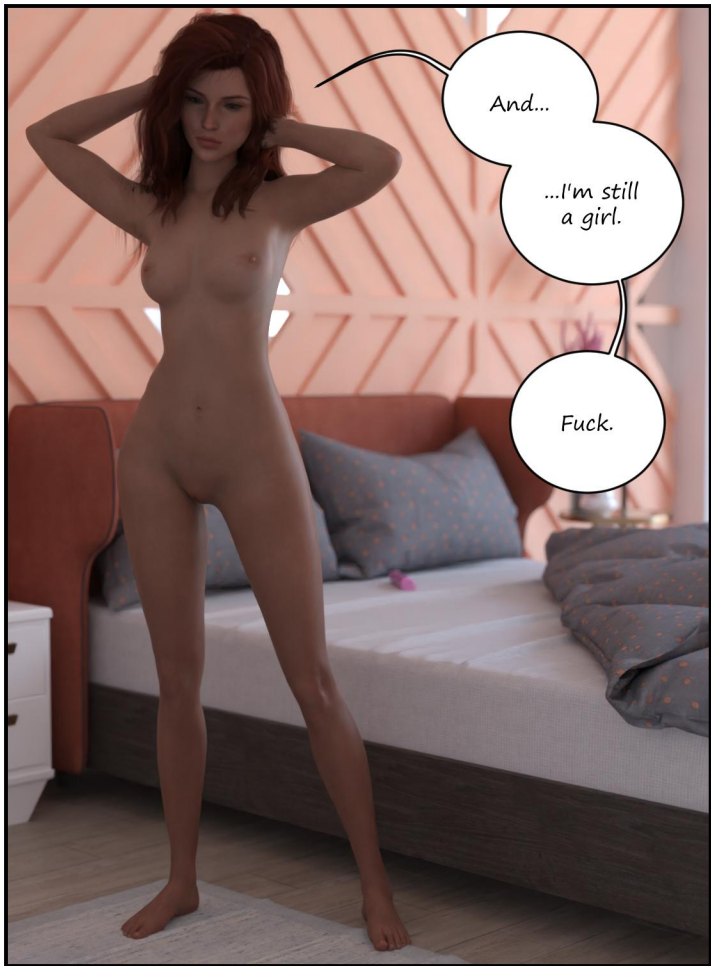




Oh fuck...

...I'm so
tired...


...I just
want to
crawl back
into bed!



And...

...I'm still
a girl.

Fuck.



But then,
on the other
hand, I did wake
up as a girl the
last two days
in a row...

...maybe
this is just
that?


Maybe all
I need to do
is will myself
to turn back
into a guy
again.





Come on...

...turn back into a guy.



Work!
Damn it!



FUCK!

Trans-
forming into
a girl was fun
when it was
just temp-
orary.



But I barely
know a thing
about how to live
with boobs and
a vagina full
time!






Like...

...is there anything special I have to do to keep this thing clean?

My ex-girl friend Grace used to get yeast infections all the time...


...and I have no idea what caused them or if I'm supposed to do anything to stop it from happening to me!



And I
can't ask
Mom about
it...

...because
she'd worry
about why her
independent adult
daughter suddenly
forgot everything
there is to know
about feminine
hygiene!


Am I going
to have to
search online
about all
of this?



And what about my morning routine?

What am I supposed to do with all these bottles?

Do I use them now, or do I bring them with me to use after I finish my daily swim at the pool?

A woman with long, wavy, reddish-brown hair is shown from the chest up. She is looking down at a bright blue plastic bottle she is holding in her right hand. The background is a brightly lit bathroom with white fixtures. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text.

I have no
idea what
most of these
bottles even
do!

And does
female me
even go to
the pool?






Well, if
not the
pool...

...there's
something
this version
of me must
be doing...

...because
this little foxy
body of mine
is fit as
fuck!



Maybe what's
in my gym bag
will give me
an answer.



Alright
bag...

...what
answers do
you hold?



Hair-
brush...

...shampoo,
conditioner...

...body
wash...

...face
wash...

...moist-
urizer...

...cleanser...

...lip
balm...

...lip
gloss...

...aloe vera
shaving
gel...

...sensitive
skin
razors...



...eye
liner...

...mascara...

...make-
up...

...concealer...

...more
makeup...

...hair
bands...

...deo-
dorant...

...per-
fume...

...fruity
chewing
gum...



...tampons...

...mini-
pads?...

...spare
under-
wear...


...menstrual
and cramping
pain-relief
meds...

...and the
swimsuit
I wore yes-
terday.



Well, I suppose that means that I'm still going to the pool...

...where everyone will only know me as Scarlett.



**Sigh...* I wish I could just call in sick and crawl back into bed.*

But, if I don't do this today, I'll have to do it tomorrow.

So, there's no point in putting any of this off.

Which sucks,
because I have
no idea what
this version of
me normally
wears!





Good
morning
Scarlett!

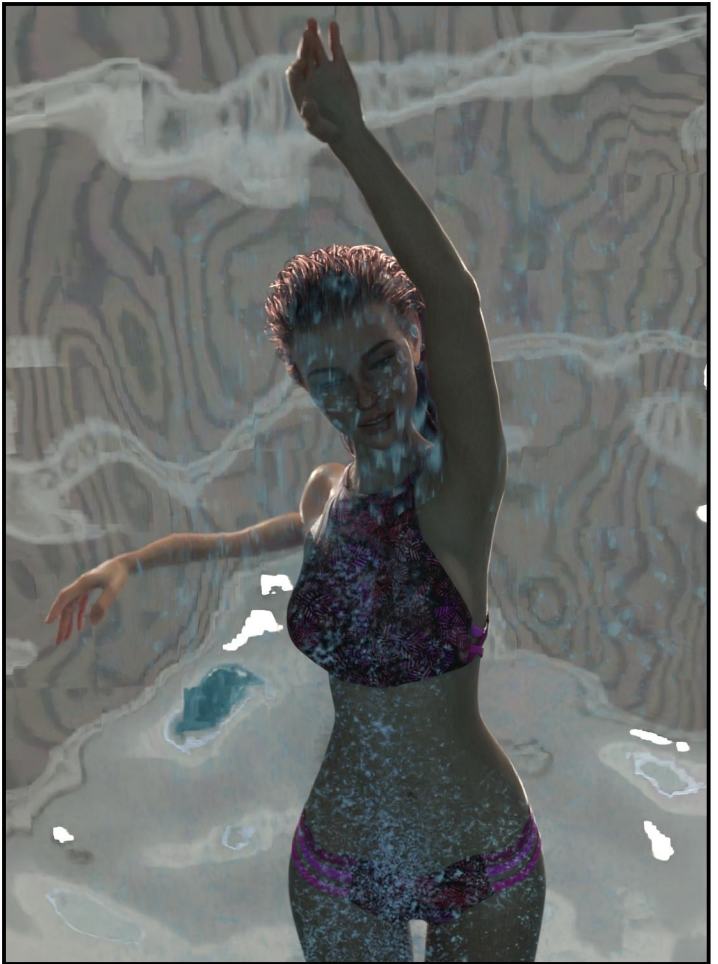
Morning!

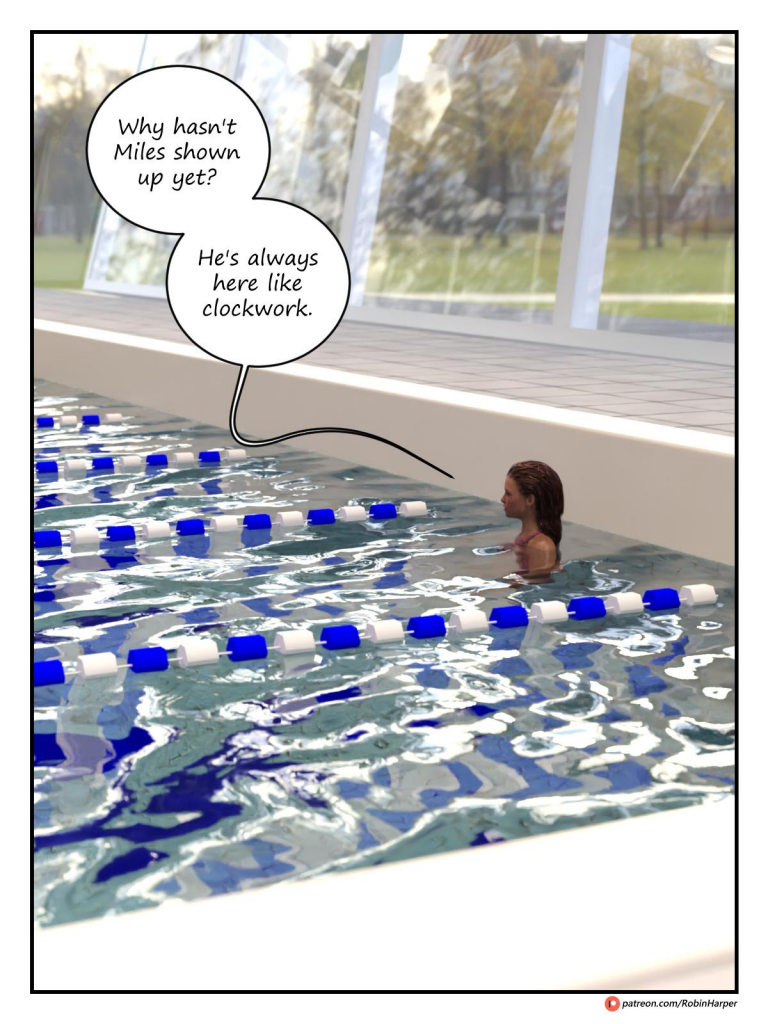
Weird...

...the cute girl
at the front
desk has never
greeted me with
my name
before.







A woman with long dark hair is standing in a swimming pool, looking towards the left. The pool is filled with blue and white lane markers. The background shows a large window with a view of a green lawn and trees. A speech bubble is positioned above her, containing two lines of text.

Why hasn't
Miles shown
up yet?

He's always
here like
clockwork.

*Is he sick
today...?*


*Or did we
never become
friends in this
new reality?*



Shit!


If that's the case, what's going to be different at work!?





This was so
much easier
when no one
noticed that
I was a girl.

Scarlett!



There you
are girl!

Are you
ready for
your big date
tonight?



Your big
date with
the boss?

The one you
mentioned
at lunch
yesterday?

Where you
asked us if
it was
appropriate?





Uh
Scar...

...you're not
planning on
wearing that
tonight are
you?



Umm...
no?

I had
something
else in
mind.



Oh!

Is it
in your
backpack?

Can I
see it?



What?
No!

I just have
my swimsuit
and fifty pounds
of feminine beauty
products in
there!

If your
outfit for
tonight isn't
in your bag...

...where
is it?



Like, you're not planning on commuting all the way home tonight, getting ready, and then travelling back here to meet Mike, are you?

I mean, his favorite restaurant is on the opposite side of the city from your new apartment!






"I was going to magically transform myself into a gorgeous woman wearing hottest dress I can imagine".

That was the plan before that Shadow Man turned my life upset down.

But I can't tell Bobbie that!


Well, I... um-



Oh Scarlett,
honey...

...I love how
you can be
so clever with
that wonderful
brilliant brain
of yours...

...but some-
times it feels
like it comes at
the cost of your
attention to day
to day things.



Helena,
you were
right!

Our favorite
dork totally
forgot to pack
an outfit for
tonight!



We're going shopping on our lunch break today!

*Bobbie!
No!*

*I don't
need to go
shopping!*

*I have this
completely
under control!*



Oh?

You have
it all figured
out, do you?

So what's
your plan?

Well, I...
uh-



I can't
wear this!



Why
not?

Bobbie!

*If Scarlett
wears that
scrap of shiny
cloth to
dinner...*





...Candice is going to think that Mike joined a sugar daddy community...

...where he covers a young woman's finances in exchange for sexual favors!

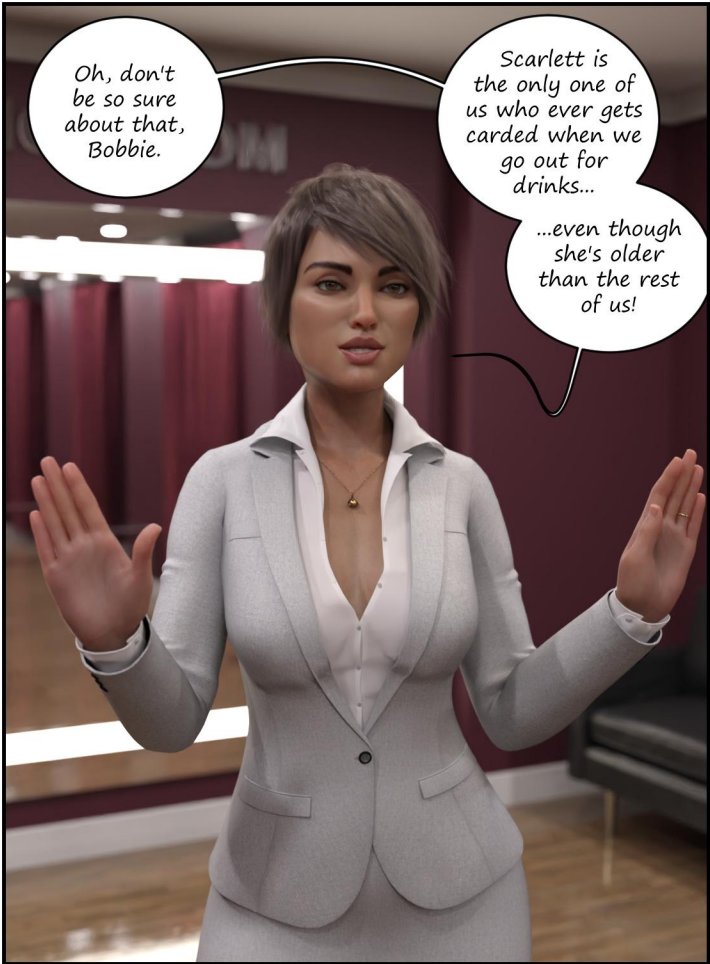
Don't be ridiculous!

Scarlett is in her early thirties!

Not even a decade younger than Candice herself!

She's not going to mistake Scarlett for some young twenty-something looking for help with tuition and rent!



A woman with short, layered brown hair and light-colored eyes is the central figure. She is wearing a light grey, single-breasted blazer over a white button-down shirt with a deep V-neckline. A thin gold necklace with a small pendant is visible. Her hands are raised, palms facing forward, in a gesture of surprise or dismissal. The background is a blurred interior with warm lighting and red curtains.

Oh, don't be so sure about that, Bobbie.

Scarlett is the only one of us who ever gets carded when we go out for drinks...

...even though she's older than the rest of us!

Oh!

And don't forget that one client who thought we had given their project to an intern...

...when it got assigned to Scarlett!

You're not helping, Lily!

*But alright,
point made...*

*...try on the
next dress,
Scarlett.*




Alright,
just give me
a second
then...



...how's
this?





That's much better!



Let your
hair down
Scarlett...

...I'd like to
see how you
look without
the ponytail!



Oh,
okay!



Good
catch Lily!

This will
give us a
better sense
of what it-

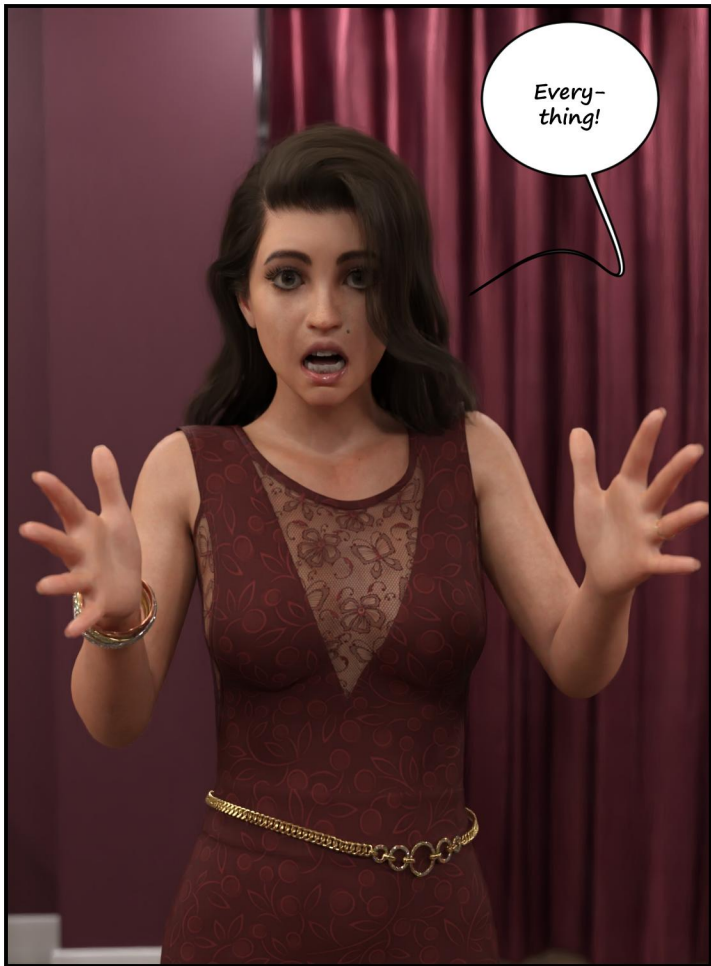
A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a dark red, sleeveless dress with a lace-like pattern. Her right hand is raised to her mouth, covering it. She has a ring on her ring finger. The background consists of dark red curtains. A white speech bubble with a black outline is in the upper left corner, containing the text "Scarlett! Your hair!".

Scarlett!
Your hair!



My
hair?

What's
wrong
with it?



Every-
thing!



You know...

...for a girl whose very identity is tied to her hair...

...one would imagine you would take better care of it.






I've just
been a bit
distracted
lately, that's
all.

I'm fine.

You don't
seem fine
to me.





Normally
you'll arrive
at the office all
sparkling and
full of joy.

You'd have
a million
little stories
to tell me
about.

So many,
in fact, that
Mike will often
yell at us to
get back to
work!




But this morning you were so quiet.

I'd ask a question and you'd answer with barely a sentence.

And those answers were so evasive...

...when normally you have that bad habit of saying way too much!



Talking to
you lately feels
like talking to
a boy about
his feelings!



So what's
wrong
Scarlett?



Does this
have to do
with the cute
lifeguard you
had a crush
on?

The one that
you discovered
yesterday had
a boyfriend?

A woman with dark, wavy hair and a white, button-down shirt is standing in a hallway with red walls and circular lights. She has a concerned expression. Three speech bubbles are positioned to her left, containing text.

No, I have
a feeling this
has to do with
the girl Scarlett
rescued the
other night.


The girl
who fell from
heaven.

Cassie.



That's
what this
is about,
isn't it?


You're
scared she
isn't into
girls.

A woman with long, wavy red hair is shown in profile, looking slightly downwards with a nervous or uncertain expression. She is wearing a bright red, off-the-shoulder dress. In the background, another woman with dark hair is partially visible, wearing a dark, lace-trimmed dress and touching the red-haired woman's hair. The setting appears to be an indoor room with purple walls.

I barely
know her...


...I don't
even know
if I like
her...

...what's
there to be
scared
about?




*You're scared
of what you'll
discover once
you do get to
know Cassie.*

*You're scared
that what you
learn will not be
what you are
hoping for.*



*Damn it,
Bobbie. Why
do you know
me so much
better than I
know myself?*

A comic book panel depicting two women in formal attire. The woman on the left has long, dark, wavy hair and is wearing a dark red, sleeveless, lace-trimmed dress with a gold chain belt and a matching bracelet. The woman on the right has long, straight, reddish-brown hair and is wearing a bright red, off-the-shoulder, lace-trimmed dress. They are standing in a room with purple walls and a wooden floor, looking at each other. Two speech bubbles are positioned above them, containing text.

*Because
you're my
friend...*

*...and
friends look
out for each
other.*



Now
turn that
frown upside
down...

...and
remember that
Cassie wouldn't have
asked you to help
her out with her
cat...

...if she wasn't
interested in
seeing you
again.



Yeah,
well...

*...it was the
cat's idea, not
her's. I still don't
know what she
thinks of me!*

A woman with dark hair, wearing a dark red lace dress and a gold belt, stands in a room with red curtains. She is pointing her right hand towards a speech bubble. Her left hand is on her hip. The room has a wooden floor and a white baseboard.

You're
overthinking
it!

Now get
back in there
and try on
some more
dresses...

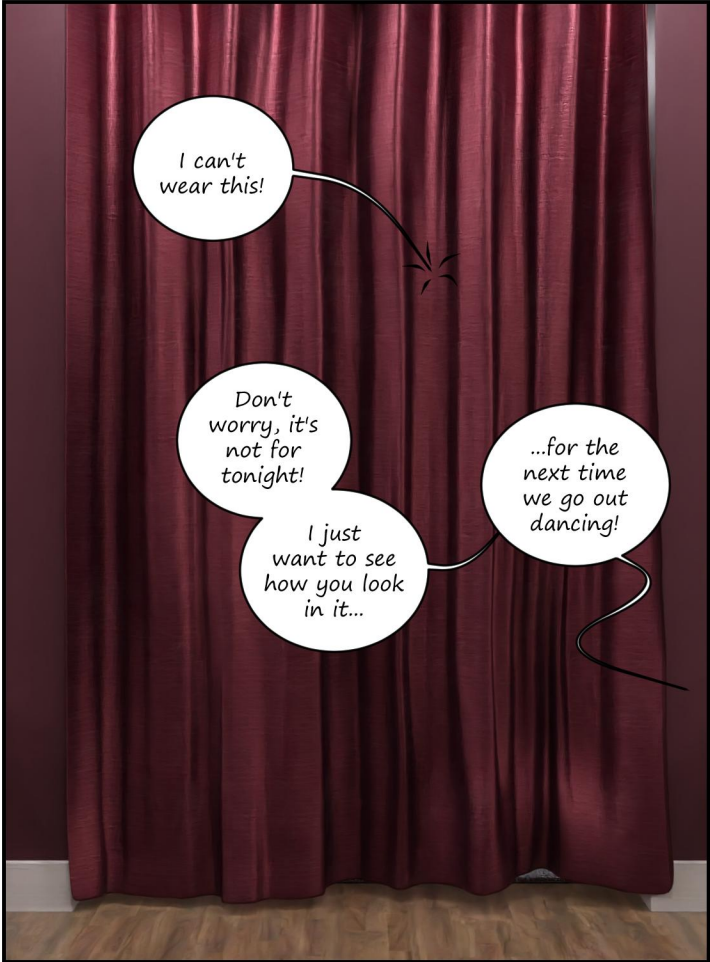
...before Mike
gets pissed
that we haven't
returned from
lunch!

Bobbie...

...what the
hell is
this?

Oh!

You
found
it!

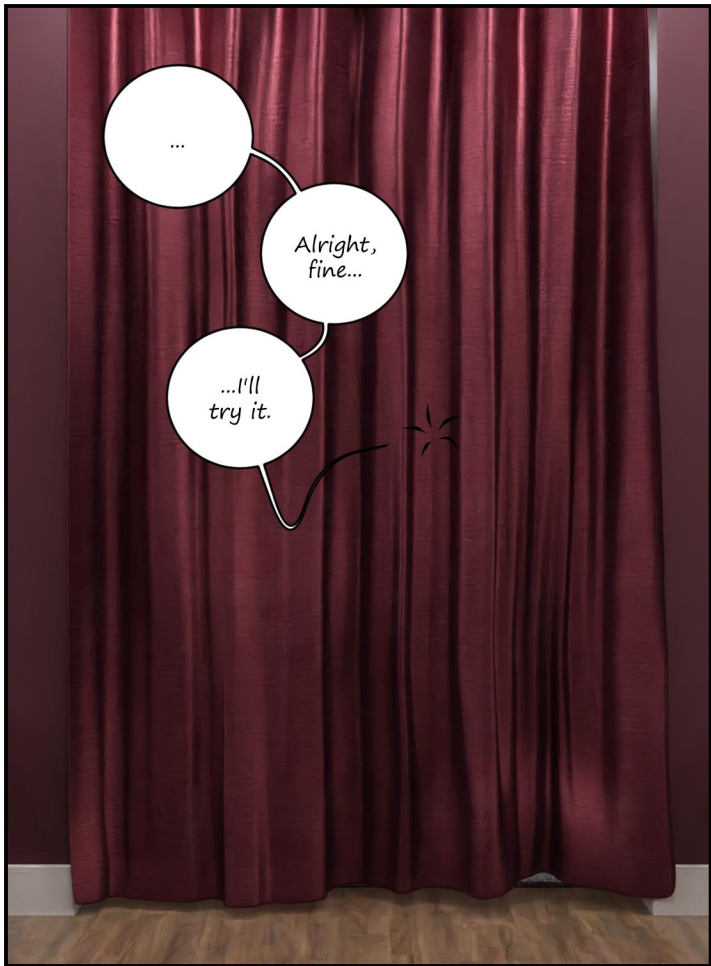


I can't wear this!

Don't worry, it's not for tonight!

I just want to see how you look in it...

...for the next time we go out dancing!





Bobbie...

...if I wear
this to a
club...

...it'll give
all the guys
there the
wrong idea.



I'd be spending more time pushing away men who won't take a hint than dancing!



Which is why we would go to a lesbian club...

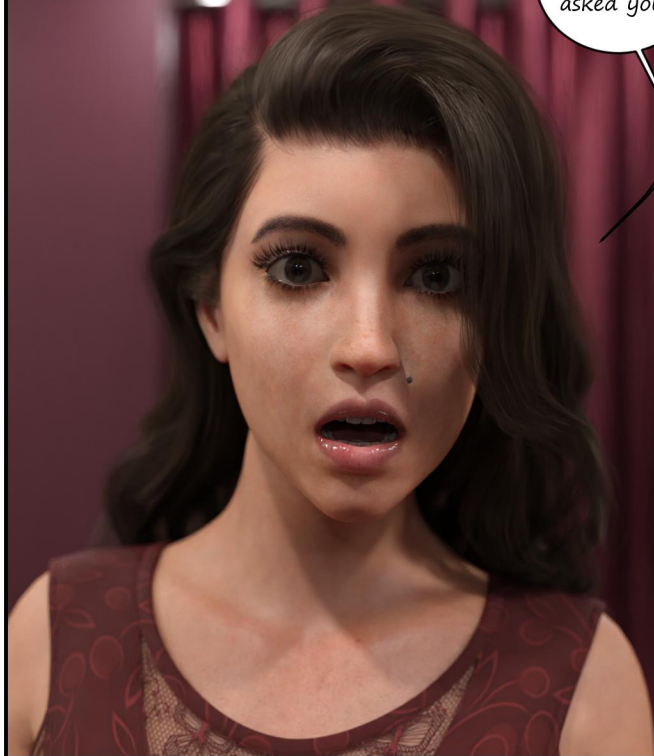
...and find you a girl if things don't go anywhere with Cassie!

And at the same time, I can find myself that hot little red-head I've been looking for!

Wait a
minute!

There's a
hot little red-
head standing
in front of me
right now!

Why have
I never
asked you?



What!?

You've been
bugging every-
one about this for
months, and you
never asked
Scarlett!?

I thought
she was the
first person
you asked!



I did ask
her...

...except
only if she knew
anyone else
who might be
up for it.

But I never
asked her if
she was
interested.



A digital illustration of a woman with long, wavy brown hair and light green eyes. She is wearing a bright red, shimmering, halter-neck dress. Her right hand is raised to her neck. The background is a blurred indoor setting with warm lighting and circular light fixtures. Two speech bubbles are positioned to the left of her head.

Ask me
if I was
interested
in what?

This isn't
about that
threesome
thing, is it?

Of course it is!

I know I said that I didn't want the girl to be a friend or someone I see everyday...

...because I don't want things to be awkward afterwards...

...but you're the one girl I'd make an exception for!



Which is
why it's weird
that I never
thought to ask
you if you were
willing to be
the girl.



Because
I don't want
to be porked
by your
husband?





Oh
yeah!

That was
why!

Although,
would Rick be
okay with just
watching and
not porking...?

...wouldn't
hurt to
ask him.



Now get
back in there
and try on
some more
dresses...

...before
we run out
of time!



Okay!
okay!

Just remember
that it was you
who caused the
delay in the
first place!



What
do you
think of
this one?

It's
promising,
but try a
few more.



What
about this?

I like it!

We don't
want 'like',
we want
'love'!

Next!

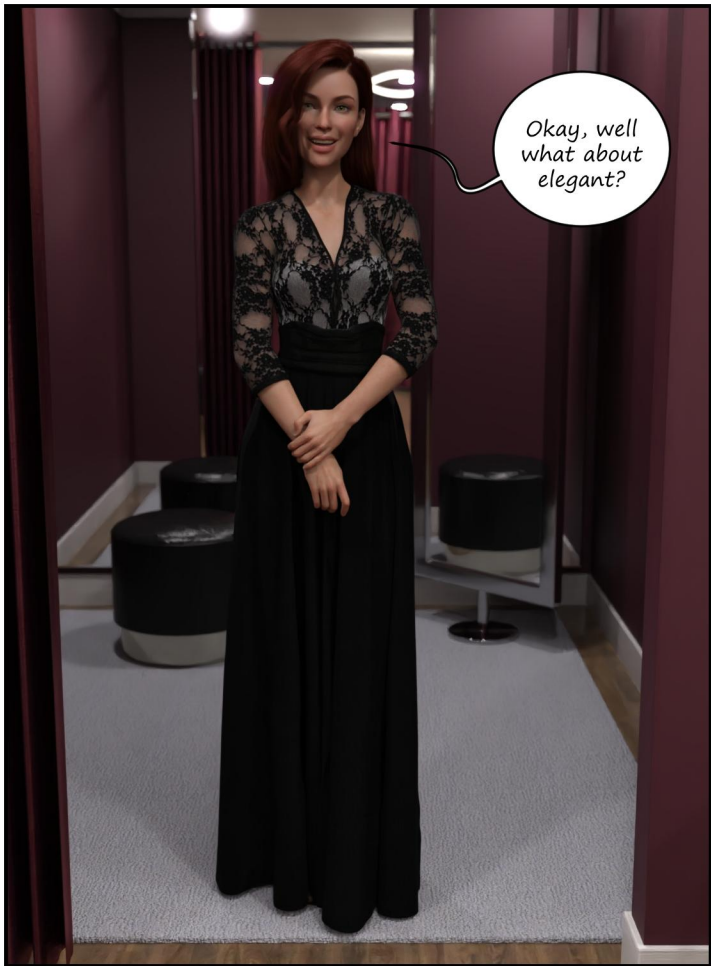


This one
is sexy!

Maybe
too sexy?

Mike
wouldn't
mind that.

But
let's try
another.



Okay, well
what about
elegant?



You know...

...if Scarlett wears that, Candice might think that Mike met a wealthy young heiress.

This could be the winning number we've been looking for!

Hmm...

...you
might be
right.



But before
we pick this
dress...

...there's one
more dress
I think she
should try.

Scarlett,
there should
be a little black
dress in there...

...I think
it's the only
black one you
haven't tried
on yet.





Oh!

I think I
know which
one you
mean.

Just give
me a moment
to try it
on!





Sigh

Divorced a month and I had already forgotten the joy of waiting for a lady to get ready.

But I have a feeling that Bobby will be right when she said the wait will be worth it.



DING!

CLICK

CLICK



Sorry
I'm late...



...the girls
wouldn't stop
fussing over my
makeup and outfit
until they were
perfect.

A woman with long, straight brown hair is walking away from the viewer down a grand, marble-clad hallway. She is wearing a black, sleeveless, backless dress with lace detailing on the hem and high-heeled shoes. In the background, a man in a dark suit and tie stands near a doorway, looking back at her with a surprised expression, his hand on his head. The hallway features large columns and a high ceiling with recessed lighting.

Wow!

Like, it was a ton of effort for just a simple dinner.

Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever understand girls.



But
Scarlett,
you are a
girl.



Oh...
yeah.



You'd be shocked as to how little that's improved my understanding of them!




Uh...
okay.

Are you
ready for
dinner?

Yeah.


I'm
starving!



Your
table is
this way.

Oh man!

I always
loved this
place for it's
food...



...but I'd be
happy to come
here just for
the view!

Hold
on...

...is
that...?






...Miles...!?


...and the
girl from the
pool!?

Did he
invite her out
on a fancy
date?



A man with dark, wavy hair, wearing a black suit, white shirt, and black tie, is shown from the chest up. He has a slightly open mouth and is gesturing with his right hand. A speech bubble is positioned above him, containing text. The background is a warm, wood-paneled wall with a soft light source in the upper left.

Oh! Are they
the couple who
are the result of
the match making
machinations
you were telling
everyone about
yesterday?



Um...
yeah, they
are!

Oh my god!
This other me
overshares
everything!

Is there
anyone my girl
self hasn't shared
every aspect of her
life with?

Scarlett...?

...what are
you doing
here?



I was
going to
ask you the
same thing!





I wanted to treat Gwen by taking her out to a fancy restaurant tonight!

I was having a heck of a time trying to decide on the place, when I remembered how much you love this one!

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a dark blue, sequined, sleeveless dress, is seated at a white table in a restaurant. She has a questioning expression on her face and her hands are held out in a shrug. Three speech bubbles are connected to her, containing text. The background is a blurred restaurant interior.

Um...
Miles...

...not to be
that girl,
but...

...who is this?
Should I be
worried?



Not at all!

This is Scarlett, the friend I told you about who overheard you in the changeroom yesterday!

You're the
girl who told
Miles that I had
a huge crush
on him!?





Yeah...
why?

Would I ruin your date if I twisted your arm into joining us for dinner tonight?

I owe you big time and the least I can do is offer you dinner in return!



Oh, it
wouldn't
ruin it at
all!

This wasn't
a real date
to begin
with.

Yeah, we
just both
wanted to
eat here...


...and
simply didn't
want to do
it alone!





Perfect!

Have a
seat!



If it's all
okay with
you of
course!

I mean,
this is only
our second
date!

I don't
mind at
all!

Scarlett
is my best
friend!

She can
tell you all the
embarrassing
stories about
me!




Do you mind if we sit here?

Not at all sir!

I'll just let your server know to come back here to take another order.

Hold on... why the embarrassing stories?



Because I like you and I want you to know everything about me!

Good and bad!

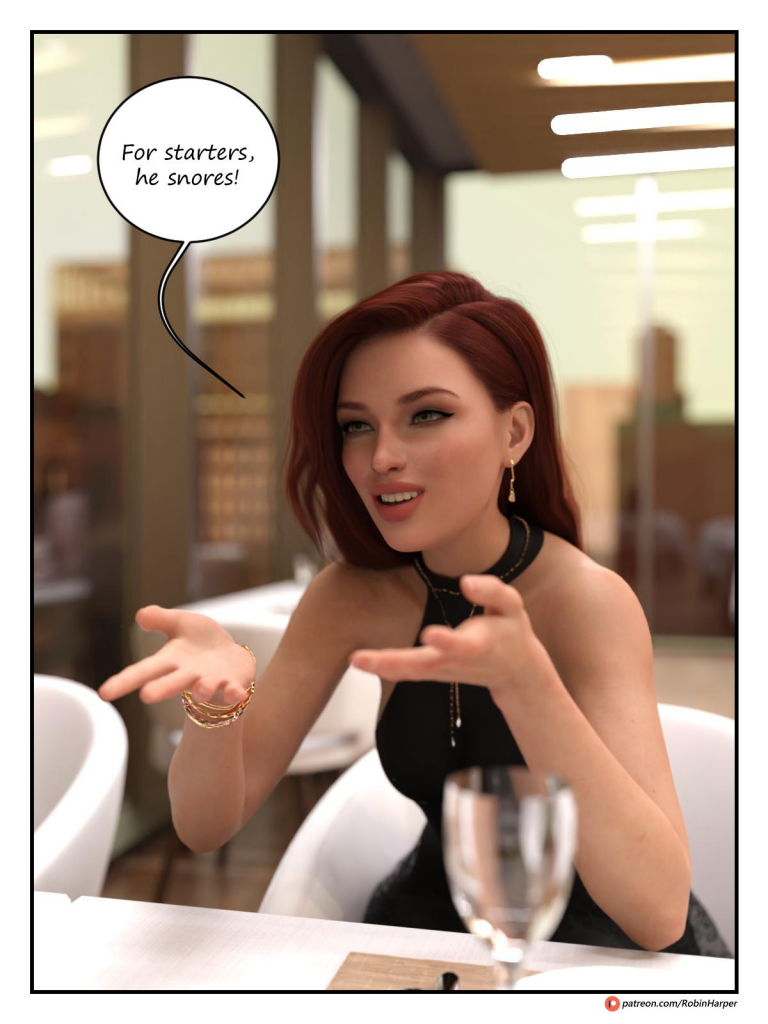
But while it's easy for me to tell you about the good stuff.

Being honest about the embarrassing and bad stuff can be hard.


However, I'm sure Scarlett will be more than happy...

...to have a laugh telling you about all of my flaws and mistakes!



A woman with vibrant red hair is seated at a white table in a restaurant. She is wearing a black halter-neck top and gold jewelry, including a bracelet and earrings. Her hands are raised in a gesturing motion as if she is speaking. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing the text "For starters, he snores!". The background is a blurred restaurant interior with warm lighting and wooden accents.

For starters,
he snores!

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a dark blue sequined dress, is sitting at a white table. She has her right hand on her chest and her left hand gesturing. Three speech bubbles are connected to her, containing text. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

Oh! I
already
found that out
last night!

But it's not
a big deal since
I'm a deep
sleeper.

But, I'm
guessing
you're not?



Are you
a light
sleeper?

Is that
why you two
broke up?

Because
his snoring
kept you up
all night?




Wha-?

*Oh God,
don't tell me
that Miles has
fucked me in
this reality!*

*And
what am
I supposed
to say?*

*Did we
fuck? Did
we not
fuck?*

*Come on
Miles! Say
something!*



Oh my
God, Gwen!

You broke
her!

But no,
we've never
dated.

Scarlett has
no interest
in guys.

I'm more
likely to lose
you to her...


...than you
losing me
to her.



But as
to why she
knows I
snore?

It's because
we were
roommates
in college.





Is this the correct bottle, sir?

That's the one!

Did he make you a tuna sandwich yet?

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a dark blue sequined dress, is sitting at a white table in a restaurant. She has her hands raised in a gesture of surprise or excitement. The background is a blurred restaurant interior with warm lighting. Five speech bubbles are connected to her, containing the following text:

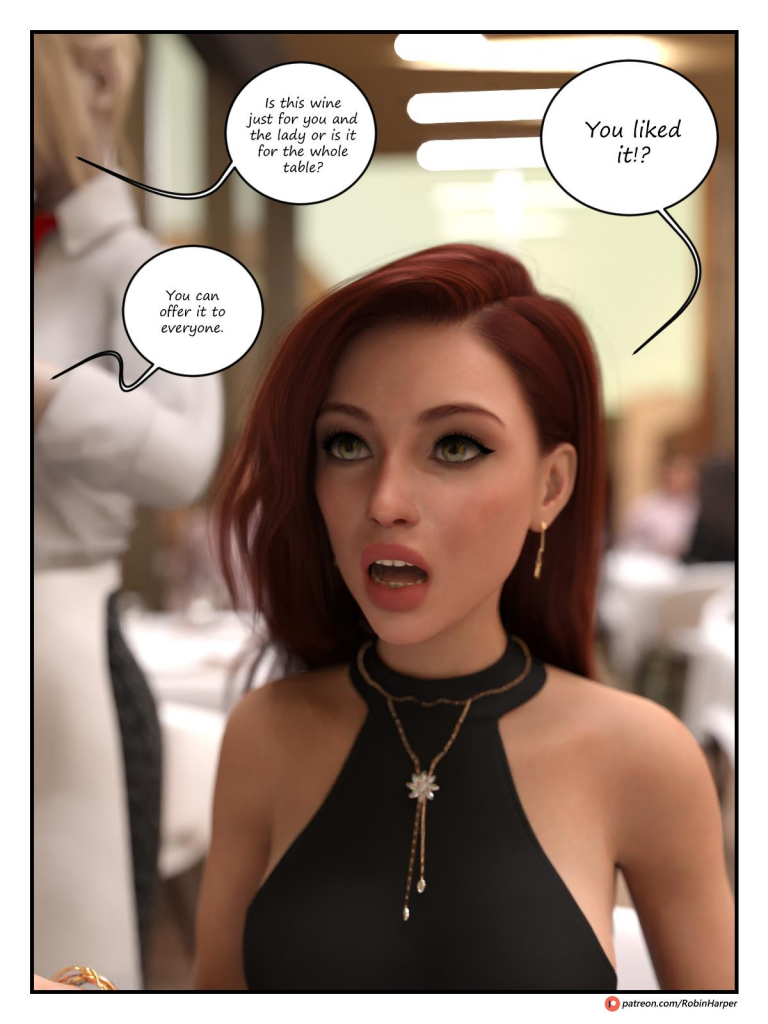
Oh my God!

Yes!

It was amazing!

How does it taste?

Excellent!



Is this wine
just for you and
the lady or is it
for the whole
table?

You liked
it!?

You can
offer it to
everyone.




Would you like some wine, Miss?

Sure!



In that case,
can I see
some ID?

I'm sorry,
but it's policy
that we check
anyone who
looks under
30.




I'm
Thirty-Two!

But fine,
just let me
get it...



You know...

...getting carded whenever you go out for a drink must be a small price to pay for your youthful appearance!

A man and a woman are seated at a white table in a restaurant. The man, on the left, is bald and wearing a grey and blue polo shirt. He is gesturing with his right hand while speaking. The woman, on the right, has long red hair and is wearing a black halter-neck dress. She is holding a glass of red wine. The background shows a cityscape at dusk or night through a large window. There are three speech bubbles: one from the man, one from the woman, and one from the man again.

Yeah...
I guess it
is.

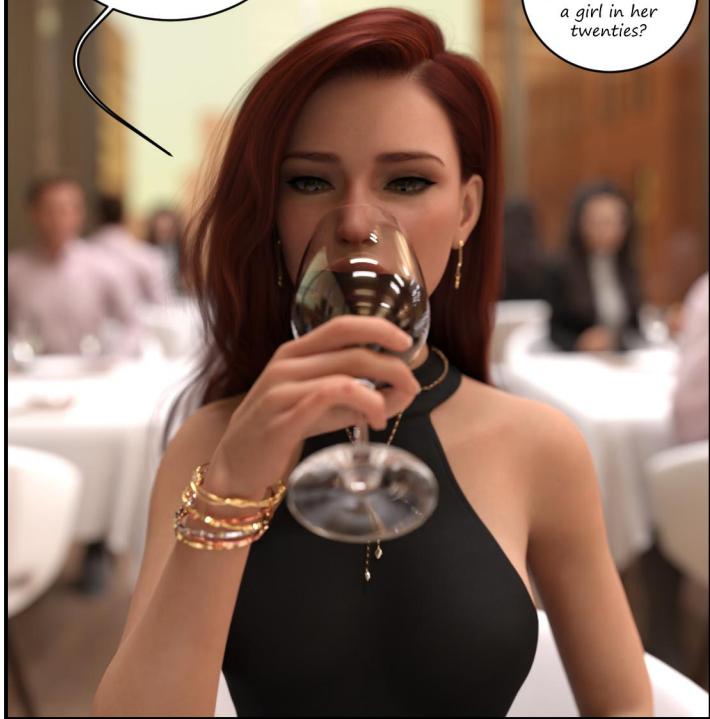
But it's a
problem I
never had in
my original
life.


It's weird,
it's like Scarlett's
body refused to
turn thirty!

Is everyone
commenting about
my age because I
unintentionally imagined
my magical girl form as
a young twenty-
something
girl?

And now
that I'm stuck as
her, will her form
simply start aging
naturally from
this point on...?

...or am I
destined to
forever look like
a girl in her
twenties?



A woman with dark hair, wearing a black halter-neck dress, is seated at a dining table. The background is softly blurred, showing a restaurant setting. In the foreground, a large, elegant wine glass filled with a dark liquid sits on a wooden placemat. The glass is the central focus of the scene. The woman's expression is contemplative. The overall mood is one of quiet reflection and longing.

And if I was so lucky, while I think I could accept being stuck as a woman in exchange for never growing any older...

...I really want my old life back...

...because while our lives are very similar...


...Scarlett's life isn't my life.

There's so much I still don't know about her!



Earth to
Scarlett...

...are you
still with
us?

A woman with long, wavy red hair and green eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a black halter-neck top and a gold necklace with a star-shaped pendant. She is looking slightly to her left with a nervous expression. The background is a blurred restaurant interior with white tables and chairs.

I'm just
feeling
nervous,
that's all.

About
what?

That the
plan is going
to backfire...

...and me
being here is
just going to
make things
worse.



When Candice arrives with new guy, she's going to take one look at me and think to herself...

"...oh my God! Mike's a cradle robber! That slimy creep!"





Scarlett!

If Candice
was going
to be here
tonight...

...she would
already be
here by now.

She likes to
have an early
dinner.

Second, while I know people always treating you like a kid can be frustrating.

As you get older, you will start to miss it.

Besides, your appearance isn't what is important.

It's what is in that brilliant little noggin of yours that matters.



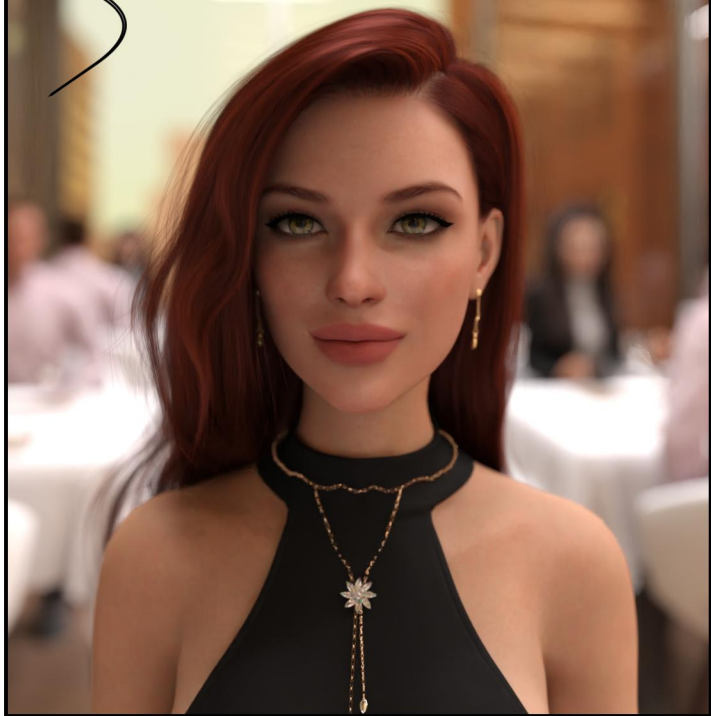
And lastly,
coming here
tonight was
never about
making Candice
jealous...

...you and
the girls came
up with that
silly idea.

No, I
invited you
because I wanted
company and
conversation.



And tonight,
you and your
friends have
given me
both!





Oh
man...

...two
glasses of
wine hit this
body way
harder...

...than they
did in my
old body.



Good thing
Mike was
watching out for
me and stopped
me at two
glasses of
wine...

...because I
probably would
have made a fool
of myself if I had
let two glasses
become three
or four!

A woman with long, wavy red hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a black, high-necked, sleeveless dress. She is looking slightly to her left with a serious expression. She is wearing a gold hoop earring, a gold necklace with a diamond pendant, and a gold bracelet on her right wrist. Three speech bubbles are positioned to her left, containing text.

You
know...

...despite all
his talk about
understanding
how frustrating
to still be treated
like a child...

...dinner tonight
felt more like my
Dad or uncle
taking my friends
and I out for dinner
than a double
date!

Like, he was
so against the
idea of me taking
the subway
home...


...that he
shoved me
into a cab and
pre-paid my
fare!





Which
maybe was
for the
best...

...because
in my current
condition, flying
is probably the
last thing I
should be
doing.

A woman is shown from the back, wearing black lace-trimmed underwear and black stockings. She is holding a black top or jacket over her head. The background is a modern living room with warm, bokeh-style lighting from lamps and windows at night. A white coffee table and a chair are visible in the background.

Well hopefully
the rest of this
evening can be
a lazy one.

Because
after stumbling
through just one
day of living
Scarlett's life,
I'm out of
gas!





Oh my
God!

This little
dachshund
flying an
airplane is
hilarious!



Hey,
kid!



What!?

THUMPI

Oof!

A woman with long, wavy red hair and green eyes is leaning over a bed with white linens. She is wearing a dark red, short-sleeved bodysuit and black underwear. Her expression is one of surprise or concern. The background shows a bedroom with a lamp, a vase of pink flowers, and a window with curtains.

Simon!?

What are
you doing
here?

You're not
going to ask
me to go out on
patrol tonight,
are you!?

No, not
if you don't
want to.

But that's
not why I'm
here.



Quick,
tell me your
name!

Specifically
the name you
gave me when
we were visiting
Cassie at the
hospital.





Uh...
Scott?



Is this about
how the Shadow
Guy changed
reality to one
where I'm a
girl?

It is.

When I told Cassie earlier that I was going to come here and check on you...

...she didn't recognize your name, and instead kept on referring to you as "that girl Scarlett."

Which immediately told me that something was wrong.



So how
bad is it?

How much
did the Shadow
Man change?



It's like you
predicted
yesterday...

...quite
a lot!

...it's both
not much at
all, and at the
same time...





Big picture
wise...

...with the
exception of
me now being
a woman...


...everything
else is the
same!

Same
job...

...same
friends...


...same
apartment...

...same
daily
routine!



But when
you dig into
the details...

...everything
is different!




Everyone
dotes over
me at work!

My relation-
ships with my
friends have
changed!

My
apartment
and closets
are filled with
girly things!

And don't
get me started
on all the things
in my purse and
bathroom!



Please tell
me you might
know how to
fix this!

Because I
don't know
the first thing
about living as
a woman...

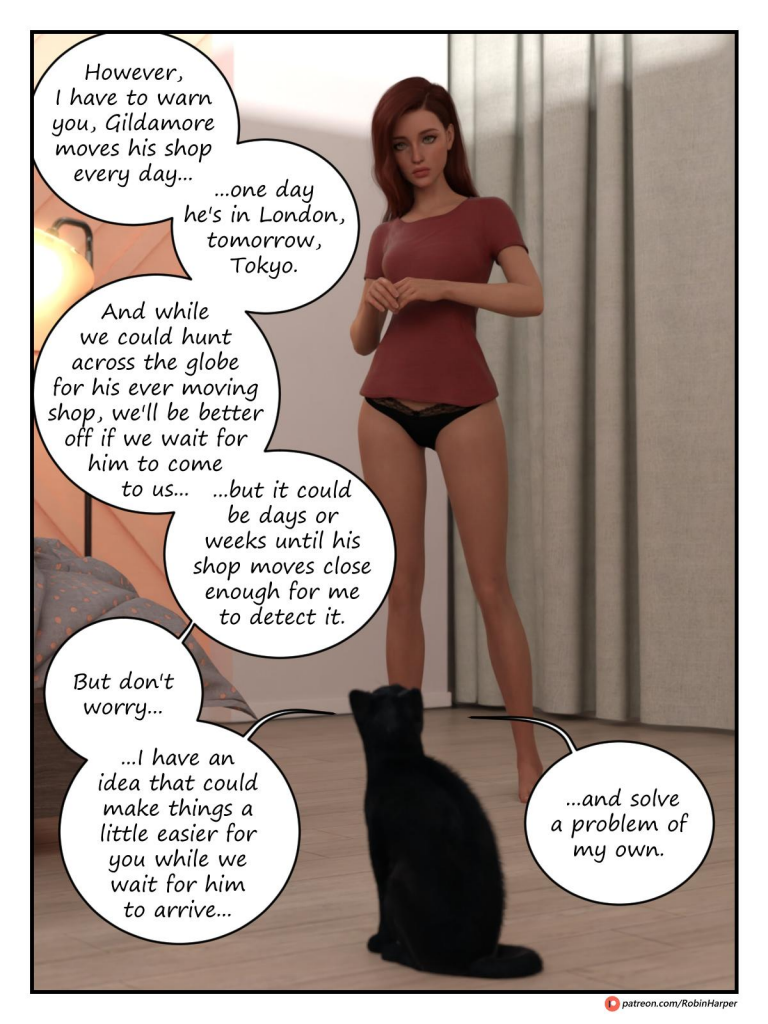
...and I'm not
sure if I could
survive a even
week living as
Scarlett!

Fixing this
is beyond my
abilities...

...but I know
someone who
might be able
to help...

...and if he
can't, he might
know who
can.





However,
I have to warn
you, Gildamore
moves his shop
every day...

...one day
he's in London,
tomorrow,
Tokyo.

And while
we could hunt
across the globe
for his ever moving
shop, we'll be better
off if we wait for
him to come
to us...

...but it could
be days or
weeks until his
shop moves close
enough for me
to detect it.

But don't
worry...

...I have an
idea that could
make things a
little easier for
you while we
wait for him
to arrive...

...and solve
a problem of
my own.