

EVERLASS



WHEN LAST WE SAW PAIGE, SHE WAS OBSESSED WITH GETTING BACK TO BEING A BOY. IT WAS, LIKE, THE MOST IMPORTANT THING EVER. YET, GIVEN THE ATTENTION SPAN OF A MOUSE...

KRYSTAL KINSEY IS TOURING THIS SUMMER? OMIGOD. WE HAVE TO GO SEE HER!



OH!
MANDY AND
CLARK BROKE
UP? I HOPE THEY
GET BACK
TOGETHER.

THE LOVE OF
MY LIFE!

WHOOOSH!



AH!

YOU DON'T
KNOW ME, BUT I'M
YOUR FUTURE
BOYFRIEND.

IN CASE YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN, THIS IS
THE ASSASSIN THAT
WAS SENT TO KILL
PAIGE WHEN PAIGE
WAS A BOY. THE
ASSASSIN WAS
TURNED INTO A CAT,
IMPRISONED BY
QUEENIE AND HAS
NOW BEEN
TRANSFORMED INTO
A GIRL. HER-- HIS--
BRAIN SEEMS A BIT
SCRAMBLED!

UM,
WHAT DID YOU
JUST-- I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

YOU'RE CUTE
WHEN YOU'RE
CONFUSED AND ALL
THE REST OF THE
TIME. I'LL BE
SEEING YOU!
TA-TA!

NO
WOMAN CAN
RESIST A
MYSTERY
MAN!



THAT WAS
WEIRD, I
WONDER-- OH,
WAIT. WHAT WAS I
THINKING ABOUT?
I WAS JUST--
OH, YEAH.

I WAS WONDERING
IF THE CHICAS WILL
LET ME BE A BOY
AGAIN-- NO. NO. I WAS
READING ABOUT THE
BREAK UP!

POOF

A 3D rendered female character with blonde hair in a high ponytail, wearing a white sailor-style top with a red bow and a dark blue pleated skirt. She is holding a grey tablet in her right hand and standing on a stone floor. The background features stone walls and a wooden door. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

MANDY WAS SEEN
WITH A BAD BOY
BILLIONAIRE IN
MARSEILLE? OH, HE
IS CUTE. AND RICH.

A GUEST LECTURER IN LITERATURE CLASS GETS PAIGE THINKING ABOUT HER FUTURE GENDER. PROFESSOR RIPPLESTON LECTURES THE CLASS ON LORD TENNSYON'S EPIC POEM, "GUINEVERE."

LOOK AT HIM.
HE'S SO
CONFIDENT, AND
THE WAY HE
STANDS, THE WAY
HE WALKS. I MISS
BEING THAT.

IN HEARING
ARTHUR
BETRAYED BY
ANOTHER,
GUINEVERE
STRUGGLES TO
RESOLVE HER
CONFLICTED
FEELINGS.



I FIND HIM
BOTH
ADMIRABLE--
AND ATTRACTIVE. I
WANT HIM, AND I
WANT TO BE HIM.
WHAT DOES IT
MEAN? SHOULD I
BE A GIRL OR A
BOY?

MUST
NOT I? SHE
ASKS, IF THIS
FALSE TRAITOR
HAS DISPLACED HIS
LORD, GRIEVE WITH
THE COMMON
GRIEF OF ALL
THE REALM?



YEA, SAID
THE MAIDEN.
THIS IS ALL
WOMAN'S GRIEF
THAT **SHE** IS
WOMAN.

offee

IT'S AS IF
HE'S TALKING
TO ME, ABOUT
ME. HIS VOICE IS
SO DEEP, HIS
EYES SO
SOULFUL!



SUCH
PASSION!

YET THIS GRIEF IS ADDED
TO THE GRIEFS THE GREAT
MUST BEAR, FOR HOWEVER
MUCH THEY MAY DESIRE
SILENCE, THEY CANNOT WEEP
BEHIND A CLOUD!



I WANT TO
KISS HIM. I
WANT HIM TO
KISS ME. HE
UNDERSTANDS ME
LIKE NO OTHER
MAN EVER
COULD.

FOR HERE A
SUDDEN FLUSH OF
WRATHFUL HEAT FIRED
ALL THE PALE FACE OF THE
QUEEN, WHO CRIED, **SUCH**
AS THOU ART BE NEVER
MAIDEN MORE
FOREVER!



WHAT? IS
THAT THE
ANSWER, THEN?
IS HE TELLING
ME TO BE A
MAN?







AND THAT IS
GREAT POETRY! THAT
IS THE POWER OF
WELL-WROUGHT
WORDS! THANK YOU!
THANK YOU!

WOW!

APPLAUSE!

APPLAUSE!

APPLAUSE!



THE OTHER GIRLS RUSH TO GATHER ROUND THE GUEST TEACHER AND BASK IN THE GLOW OF HIS MANLY GAZE. PAIGE, BEING A MAN, WOULDN'T DREAM OF APPROACHING SUCH AN IMPRESSIVE GENT WITHOUT FIRST TOUCHING UP HIS HAIR AND MAKEUP.

THOSE
OTHER GIRLS
ARE FOOLS! YOU
NEVER GET A
SECOND CHANCE
TO MAKE A FIRST
IMPRESSION.



HE'S SO BUSY PRIMING, HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE THE TEACHER AND OTHER STUDENTS LEAVING, OR THE STEALTHY APPROACH OF HIS LOVE STRUCK STALKER!

AT LAST
WE'RE ALONE.

WHAT? YOU
THINK I'M
PRETTY? OH!
YOU'RE SUCH A
FLATTERER! YES,
I DO WRITE
POETRY.









HEY,
GORGEOUS.
LOOKS LIKE
HEAVEN LOST
AN ANGEL.

STAY
AWAY. I
WILL SO
TOTALLY HIT
YOU WITH MY
BRUSH. I
MEAN IT.



YOU DON'T
FEAR ME! YOU
FEAR HOW
MUCH YOU
WANT ME!

NO! WHAT?

A 3D-rendered anime-style illustration of two young women sitting at a wooden table in a cafe or classroom setting. The woman on the left has long, voluminous red hair styled in a high ponytail with a plaid bow. She is wearing a white sailor-style short-sleeved top with a dark blue collar and red bows, a dark blue pleated skirt, and white thigh-high socks. The woman on the right has blonde hair in a ponytail with a red bow, wearing a similar white sailor top with a dark blue collar and red bows, a dark blue pleated skirt, and white thigh-high socks. They are both looking at each other. The background shows a wooden table, a dark door with glass panes, and a framed picture on the wall.

I'M A REAL
MAN, DOLL.
NOT SOME
POETRY
NERD.

UM,
AH, OKAY?
THANKS FOR
TELLING ME
THAT. NOW I
HAVE TO GO,
SO--



BEG ME TO KISS
YOU. I PROMISE IT
WILL BE THE BEST
KISS YOU EVER HAD. IT
WILL BE THE KIND OF
KISS YOU CAN ONLY GET
FROM THE ULTIMATE
MAN, WHICH, IN CASE
IT'S NOT CLEAR, IS
ME. I **AM** THE
ULTIMATE MAN.

SHE'S
COMPLETELY
AND TOTALLY
INSANE.

BZZZT

A STRANGE SURGE OF
ENERGY PASSES FROM
THE ASSASSIN TO
PAIGE.



YOU
WANT MY KISS.
YOU NEED MY
KISS!

I CAN
FEEL HER HAND
ON MY CHEST,
BUT-- WHAT? MY
CHEST ISN'T
REAL.



YOUR
BODY KNOWS
WHAT YOU
WANT.

UM, YIKES.
I-- HUNH?



A 3D-rendered anime-style illustration of two young women in sailor uniforms. The woman on the left has long, vibrant red hair tied in a high ponytail with a red and white plaid bow. She is wearing a white sailor-style top with a red bow at the collar and a dark blue skirt. She is leaning in and speaking to the other woman. The woman on the right has long, straight blonde hair tied in a ponytail with a small red hair tie. She is also wearing a white sailor-style top with a red bow at the collar and a dark blue skirt. She is sitting on a wooden bench and looking back at the red-haired woman. In the background, there is a wooden railing and a framed picture of a woman in a white dress holding a fan. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the red-haired woman and one from the blonde woman.

SAY THE WORDS. TELL ME WHAT YOU NEED.

IT'S EASIER JUST TO GO ALONG WITH HER CRAZY.









I LEAVE YOU
NOW. I KNOW HOW
SHAKEN YOU MUST BE
AFTER TASTING MY
LIPS. KNOW YOU ARE
NOW UNDER MY
PROTECTION. I WILL
BE KEEPING MY EYES
ON YOU,
GORGEOUS
GIRL.



ANON!

WHOOOSH!

POOF!

HOW DOES SHE
DO THAT?



WHAT JUST
HAPPENED?
I'M-- I'M SO
CONFUSED. I
NEED TO TALK
TO THE
CHICAS.





WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
ME?

TO BE CONTINUED