



HEY, EMILY! SO YOU FINALLY DECIDED TO FOLLOW MY ADVICE, HUH? GOOD TO SEE YOU HITTING THE GYM!

YEAH... TOO BAD IT TOOK YOU SO LONG TO LISTEN TO ME. OTHERWISE WE COULD STILL BE TOGETHER. BUT HEY, NO HARD FEELINGS, OKAY? IT'S JUST THAT YOU STARTED TO PUT A FEW POUNDS AND THEN...

ACTUALLY I AM... WHY?

YOU REALLY TALKED ABOUT THIS ALL THE TIME WHILE WE WERE DATING.

THAT'S OKAY MIKE. TELL ME, ARE YOU STILL LOOKING FOR WORK?

WELL, THERE IS A POSITION OPEN AT THE COMPANY I WORK FOR. I COULD GET YOU A JOB INTERVIEW IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.

OF COURSE, EMMY, THAT WOULD BE FANTASTIC! WOW, YOU REALLY ARE A GOOD SPORT!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

VERY WELL, MR. WALKER.
I'M WILLING TO OFFER YOU
A POSITION.

THANK YOU, MRS. MILLER,
I'M SURE I'LL BE THE BEST
FINANCIAL ANALYST YOU'VE
EVER HAD!

FINANCIAL ANALYST? THAT'S NOT HOW
THINGS WORK IN MY COMPANY, YOUNG MAN.
IF YOU REALLY WANT A JOB HERE, YOU'LL
NEED TO START AT THE BOTTOM
AND PROVE YOURSELF!





B-BUT...

NO BUTS, YOUNG MAN.
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

A FEW WEEKS LATER...

C'MON, MRS. MILLER, THIS NEW "DRESS CODE" DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE! DO YOU REALLY EXPECT ME TO DRESS LIKE THIS?

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

YES, I DO, MR. WALKER.

WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE. I WON'T TOLERATE THIS KIND OF INSUBORDINATION. YOU SOUND BITTER AND SOUR, YOU KNOW? HERE, I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU.





WHAT IS THIS, MA'AM?

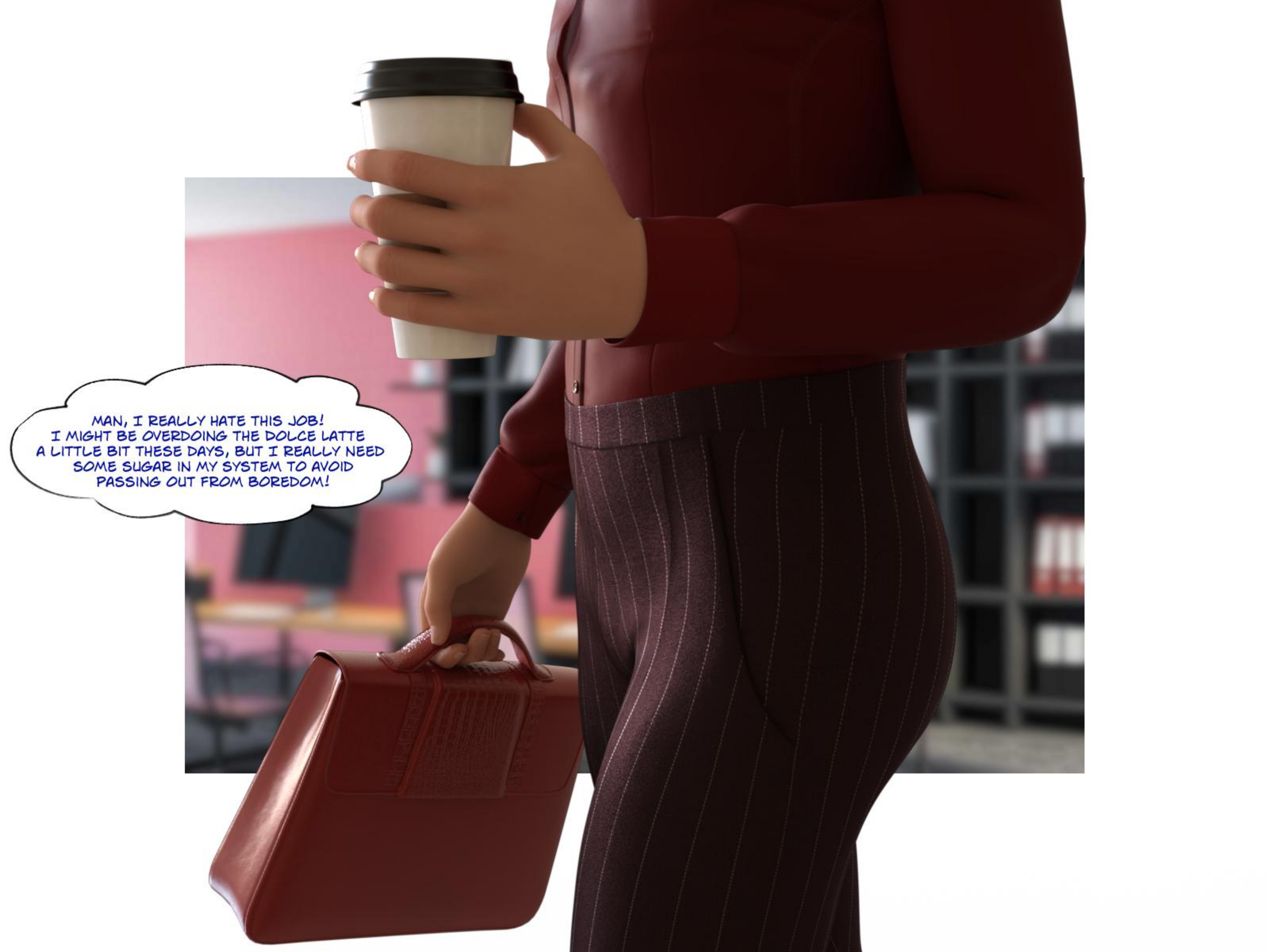
HMM... SURE! BUT I DON'T EAT SWEETS. I LIKE TO STAY IN SHAPE, MRS. MILLER!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A CUPCAKE BEFORE, MIKE!

DON'T BE SILLY, YOUNG MAN. LISTEN TO MY VOICE VERY CAREFULLY, OKAY? IT'S OKAY TO LOOSEN UP A BIT SOMETIMES... NOTHING LIFTS YOUR MOOD QUITE LIKE A LITTLE SWEET TREAT. REPEAT AFTER ME...

AS THE DAYS GO BY...



A woman in a red suit is shown from the waist up, holding a white coffee cup with a black lid in her right hand and a red briefcase in her left. She is looking down at the coffee cup. A thought bubble is positioned to her left, containing text. The background is a blurred office setting with shelves and a desk.

MAN, I REALLY HATE THIS JOB!
I MIGHT BE OVERDOING THE DOLCE LATTE
A LITTLE BIT THESE DAYS, BUT I REALLY NEED
SOME SUGAR IN MY SYSTEM TO AVOID
PASSING OUT FROM BOREDOM!

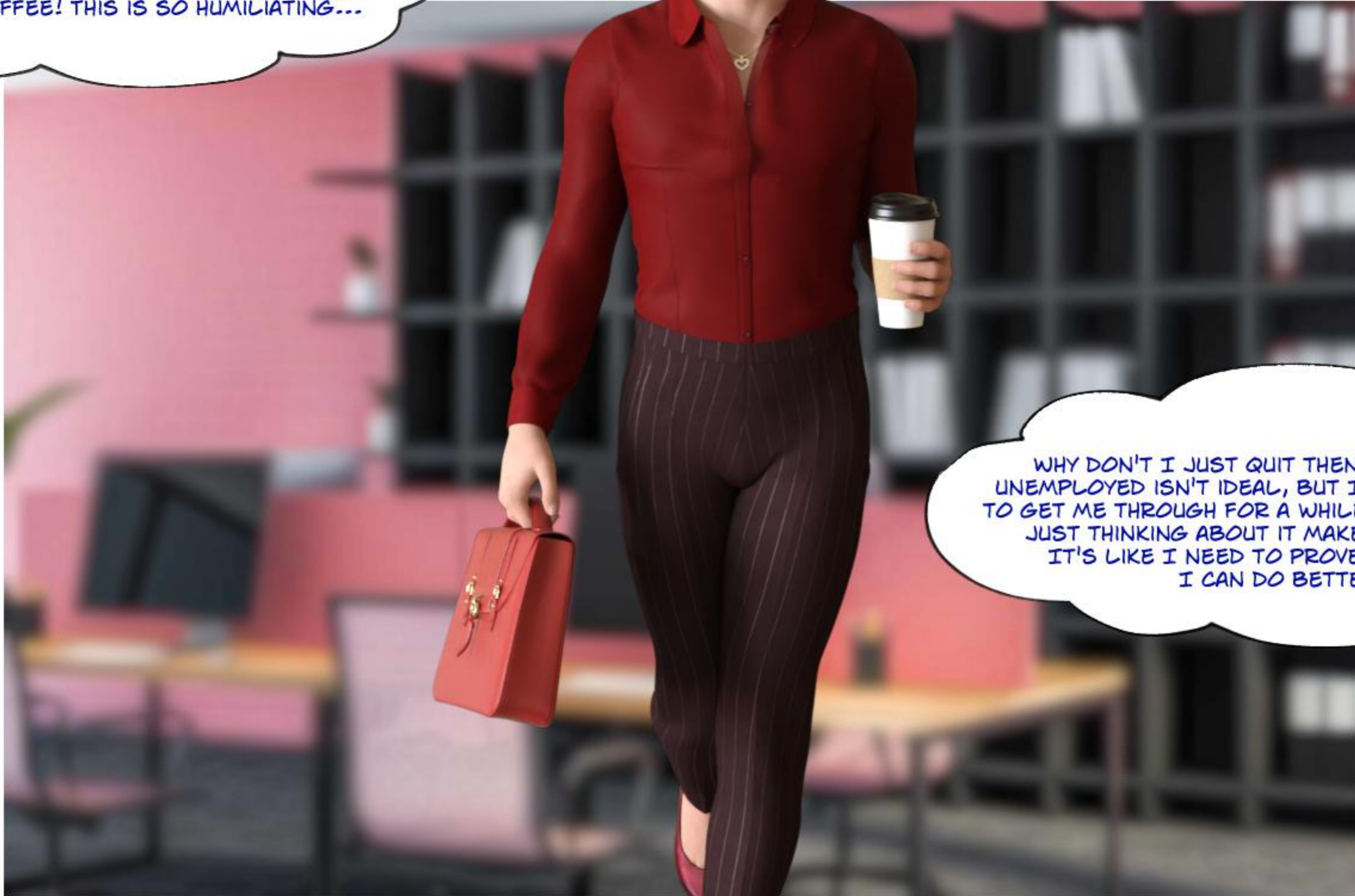
A close-up photograph of a woman's face and upper torso. She is wearing a dark red, button-down shirt and a gold necklace with a heart-shaped pendant. A thought bubble is positioned to her left, containing text. The background is a blurred office setting with bookshelves.

MRS. MILLER KEEPS MAKING WEIRD DEMANDS. FIRST SHE SAID I SHOULD WEAR SOME JEWELRY TO LOOK MORE PROFESSIONAL...

...THEN THE GLASSES, EVEN
THOUGH I DON'T NEED THEM,
AND THE EYEBROWS, WHICH
WERE TRIMMED IN A SALON.



AS IF THAT WASN'T ENOUGH, THE JOB ITSELF IS OUTRAGEOUS! I'VE BASICALLY BEEN WORKING AS HER SECRETARY. SHE INSISTS THAT I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT ROLE, BUT ALL I DO IS ANSWER THE PHONE, SCHEDULE MEETINGS AND FETCH HER COFFEE! THIS IS SO HUMILIATING...



WHY DON'T I JUST QUIT THEN? SURE, BEING UNEMPLOYED ISN'T IDEAL, BUT I HAVE MY SAVINGS TO GET ME THROUGH FOR A WHILE. I DON'T KNOW... JUST THINKING ABOUT IT MAKES ME ANXIOUS. IT'S LIKE I NEED TO PROVE TO HER THAT I CAN DO BETTER!

THROUGH THE DAY...



YES, MRS. MILLER, I HAVE THE DOCUMENT. I'LL HAND IT TO YOU RIGHT AWAY, MA'AM!

A woman with short dark hair and red-rimmed glasses is sitting at a desk in an office. She is wearing a dark red, long-sleeved button-down shirt and a gold heart-shaped necklace. She is talking on a black corded telephone handset held to her ear. Her right hand is on a white computer mouse, and her left hand is on a white keyboard. In front of her is a large black computer monitor. To the left of the monitor is a desk lamp with a silver base and a black shade. A small calendar or photo is on the desk near the lamp. The background shows a blurred office environment with a grid of cubicles and shelves.

OKAY, MR. BROWN, MRS. MILLER
CAN SEE YOU AT 4 P.M.

GOD, I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!




THAT'S IT, I NEED A SWEET TREAT!
JUST ONE MORE... I THINK I DESERVE IT
AFTER ALL THIS DULL WORK!



A COUPLE MORE WEEKS LATER...

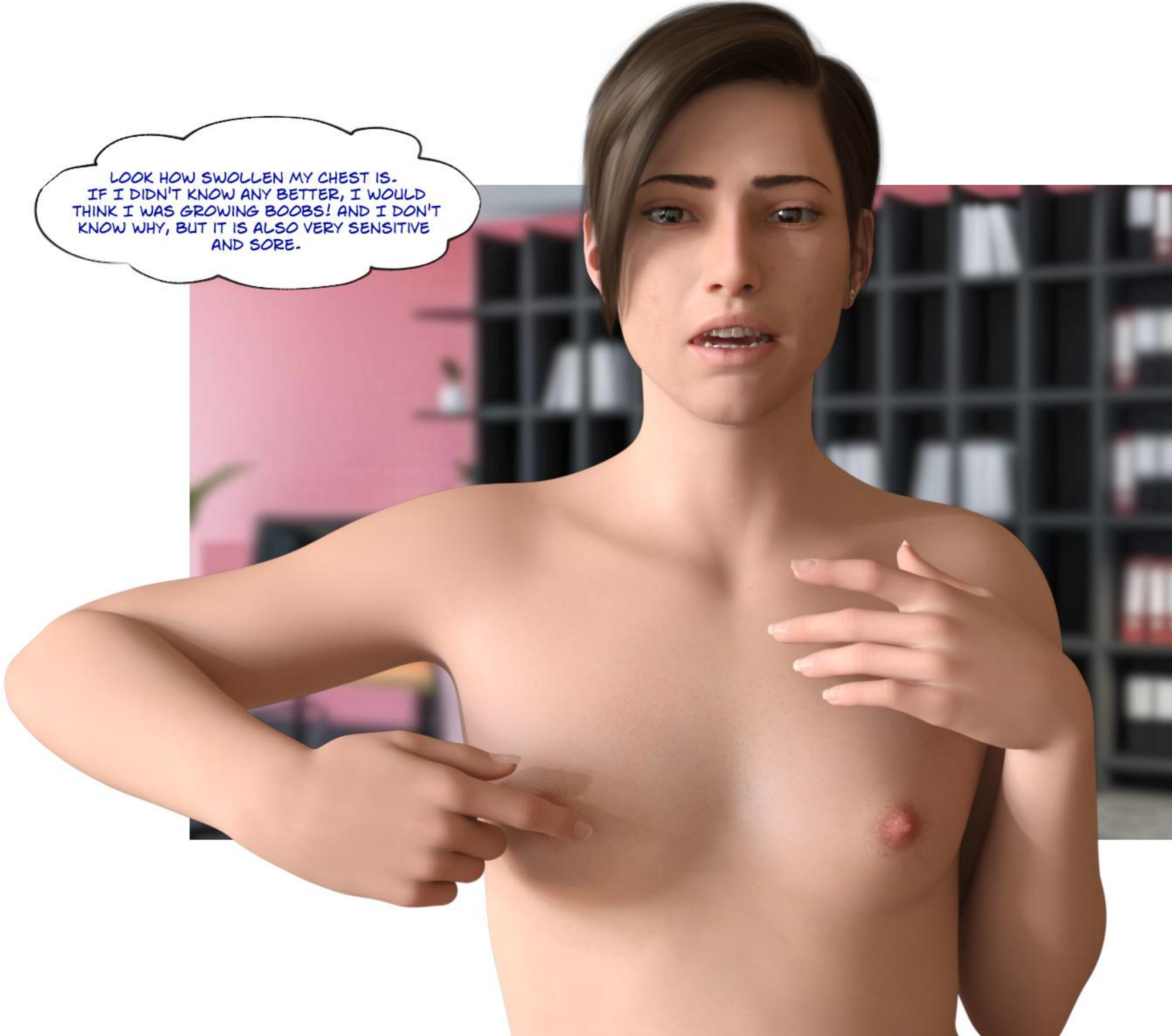




I REALLY NEED TO CONTROL MYSELF.
I'M DEFINITELY GETTING A BIT CHUBBY!
THAT'S IT, I'M ONLY GOING TO HAVE THREE
CUPCAKES TODAY. MAYBE FOUR, BUT NO
MORE THAN THAT!

I ALSO SEEM TO BE LOSING ALL MY
MUSCLE MASS. BUT WHAT DID I EXPECT?
I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I WENT
TO THE GYM. THE THING IS, JUST THINKING ABOUT
GOING THERE SOUNDS LIKE TORTURE TO ME
THESE DAYS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
GOING ON...

LOOK HOW SWOLLEN MY CHEST IS.
IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER, I WOULD
THINK I WAS GROWING BOOBS! AND I DON'T
KNOW WHY, BUT IT IS ALSO VERY SENSITIVE
AND SORE.



DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME,
MRS. MILLER?



YES, MIKE. PLEASE, WALK OVER
THERE AND SIT IN THAT CHAIR ON
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.



WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS?
KEEP YOUR LEGS TOGETHER LIKE
A DECENT PERSON!

HUH?!



L-LIKE THIS?



THAT'S BETTER, BUT FAR FROM PERFECT!



YOU SEE, MIKE, THAT'S WHY YOU'RE STUCK IN YOUR CURRENT POSITION. YOU SIMPLY DON'T LISTEN TO ME!

I'M T-TRYING MY BEST, MRS. MILLER!

NO, YOU'RE NOT! REMEMBER, YOU'RE MY PERSONAL ASSISTANT RIGHT NOW. I NEED YOU TO BE ELEGANT AND GRACEFUL. THIS IS THE IMAGE I WANT PEOPLE TO HAVE OF MY COMPANY, AND EVERYONE SEES YOU BEFORE TALKING TO ME.

YOU WALK AND SIT LIKE
A CAVEMAN. WE NEED
TO FIX THIS.

O-O-KAY?

LET'S START WITH YOUR WALK.
I GOT SOMETHING TO HELP YOU.





HIGH HEELS?!!

C'MON, MRS. MILLER, I CAN'T WALK ON HEELS! I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING TO BREAK MY NECK AT ANY MOMENT!



STOP BEING SUCH A DRAMA QUEEN! JUST A FEW STEPS, DEAR. I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT!



L-LIKE THIS?



I DON'T THINK THIS IS WORKING, MA'AM!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE DOING IT ALL WRONG, SILLY! TAKE SHORTER STEPS. KEEP YOUR BACK STRAIGHT AND YOUR CHEST OUT. MOVE YOUR HIPS WITH EACH STEP AND KEEP YOUR ARMS CLOSE TO YOUR BODY. REMEMBER THAT YOU NEED TO BE ELEGANT AND GRACEFUL!

MANY TRIES LATER...

THAT'S BETTER, DEAR.
I THINK YOU'RE GETTING
THE HANG OF IT!



GOOD, I GUESS? CAN I STOP THEN?
MY FEET ARE KILLING ME!

STOP?! DON'T SAY NONSENSE.
WE ARE JUST GETTING STARTED!

B-BUT...

THAT'S ENOUGH! YOU MUST
GET USED TO THE HEELS BECAUSE
YOU'LL BE WEARING THEM A LOT
FROM NOW ON!



AN HOUR LATER...



FINALLY! I COULDN'T STAND UP ANYMORE!

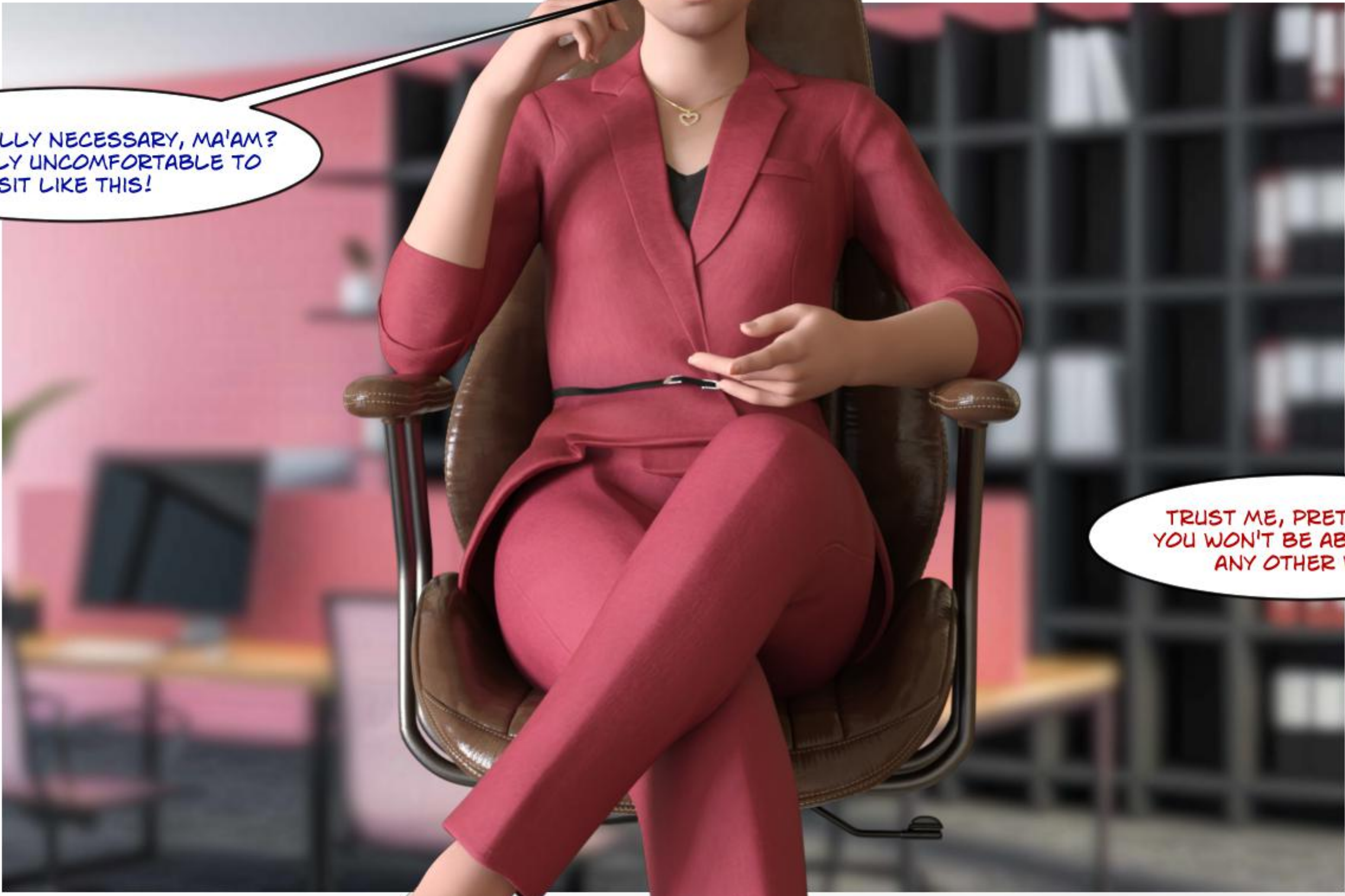
DON'T THINK OUR WORK IS DONE, THOUGH. NOW LET'S TRAIN HOW YOU SIT!



REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU,
THIS IS ALL ABOUT BEING ELEGANT AND
GRACEFUL! KEEP YOUR LEGS TOGETHER
AT ALL TIMES AND PREFERABLY CROSS
ONE LEG OVER THE OTHER.

THAT'S IT. YOU'RE DOING IT
SO MUCH BETTER NOW!





IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY, MA'AM?
IT'S REALLY UNCOMFORTABLE TO
SIT LIKE THIS!

TRUST ME, PRETTY SOON
YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SIT
ANY OTHER WAY!

NOW TAKE A DEEP BREATH
AND LISTEN TO MY VOICE...





YOU REALLY LIKE YOUR SWEETS,
DON'T YOU? THERE'S NOTHING WRONG
WITH THAT... EVERYONE NEEDS A LITTLE
REWARD THROUGHOUT THE DAY. BUT TO
GET A REWARD, YOU NEED TO
EARN IT, RIGHT?

SO FROM NOW ON YOU'LL
ONLY EAT SWEETS WHEN YOU ACT
ELEGANT AND GRACEFUL, JUST LIKE
I TAUGHT YOU. AND YOU LOVE BEING
ELEGANT AND GRACEFUL AS MUCH
AS YOU LOVE YOUR CANDIES...

AT NIGHT...



ALRIGHT...





I'VE BEEN ACTING ELEGANT
AND GRACEFUL EVEN AT HOME,
SO I DESERVE A REWARD.

AS LONG AS I KEEP MY HEELS ON AND MY LEGS CROSSED, I THINK I CAN EVEN EAT A PIECE OF CAKE!






BUT FIRST... A CUPCAKE
TO WHET THE APPETITE!
YUMMY

THE FOLLOWING MONTH...



OH MY...





I'M GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER!
THAT'S IT, I'M GOING TO START A DIET TODAY.
WELL, MAYBE NOT TODAY BECAUSE I STILL HAVE
TWO CAKES IN THE FRIDGE, BUT I'M GOING TO
START IT ON MONDAY. NO EXCUSES!

THAT'S NOT MY BIGGEST PROBLEM
RIGHT NOW, THOUGH. MY CHEST IS GETTING MORE
AND MORE SWOLLEN. AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS
JUST BECAUSE OF MY WEIGHT GAIN, BUT THEN
MY NIPPLES STARTED HURTING...



GOSH, I REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO DO THIS, BUT I GUESS I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M WEARING A BRA, BUT MRS. MILLER SAID IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO. SHE SCHEDULED AN APPOINTMENT WITH HER OWN DOCTOR TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME, BUT UNTIL THEN SHE TOLD ME TO START WEARING BRAS TO DEAL WITH MY DISCOMFORT. THAT'S SO DAMN WEIRD!



AND I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY SHE ALSO INSISTED FOR ME TO START WEARING BLUE CONTACT LENSES...

LATER THAT DAY...



HERE IS THE REPORT YOU ASKED FOR, MA'AM. DO YOU NEED ANYTHING ELSE?



YES. TAKE A SIT, PLEASE.

O-O-KAY...?



LISTEN, MIKE, I'M PLEASED WITH YOUR PROGRESS, BUT IT'S STILL NOT ENOUGH.

B-BUT I...

LET ME FINISH. I KNOW YOU'RE DOING YOUR BEST, BUT I'M NOT HAPPY WITH HOW UNKEMPT YOU LOOK. THAT'S NOT THE IMAGE I WANT PEOPLE TO HAVE OF MY COMPANY. SO YOU'RE GOING TO A SALON RIGHT AWAY. NO BUTS.

NOT LONG AFTER...



ALRIGHT, DARLING, YOU DEFINITELY
WERE BORN TO BE A BLONDIE!



A close-up portrait of a woman with blonde hair styled in rollers. She is wearing a bright pink blazer and a gold necklace with a heart pendant. She has a neutral expression. A speech bubble is positioned to her left. The background is a blurred interior with a bookshelf.

YOU SEE, I TOLD YOU
YOUR FACE WOULD LOOK
A LOT BETTER AFTER
A LITTLE SKINCARE!



OH, SWEETIE, YOUR LIPS ARE SO MUCH PRETTIER AND KISSABLE NOW! NOT TO MENTION HOW FANTASTIC YOUR EYES LOOK WITH YOUR NEW EYEBROWS AND LASH EXTENSIONS.



AND NOW THAT YOUR
MAKEUP IS DONE, LET'S DO
SOME WORK ON YOUR NAILS!



I-IT ALL FEELS SO WEIRD.
WHAT ARE YOU GIRLS DOING
TO ME?

LET ME FINISH YOUR
HAIR, DARLING! THEN
YOU CAN TAKE A LOOK
AT THE NEW YOU!



WHAT THE... THIS CAN'T BE ME!

SEE? I TOLD YOU YOU'D LOOK
GORGEOUS WHEN I WAS DONE WITH YOU!
BUT I THINK A PRETTY BLONDIE LIKE YOU
DESERVES A FEW MORE PIERCINGS.
DON'T MOVE!



ALRIGHT, I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH.
NOW LET'S GET YOU DRESSED!

OUCH!



LISTEN, DEAR, THE CORSET WILL
HELP YOU HAVE A NICE WAISTLINE.
AND A SASSY SECRETARY LIKE YOU
SURELY LOVES TO WEAR THONGS!



GASP

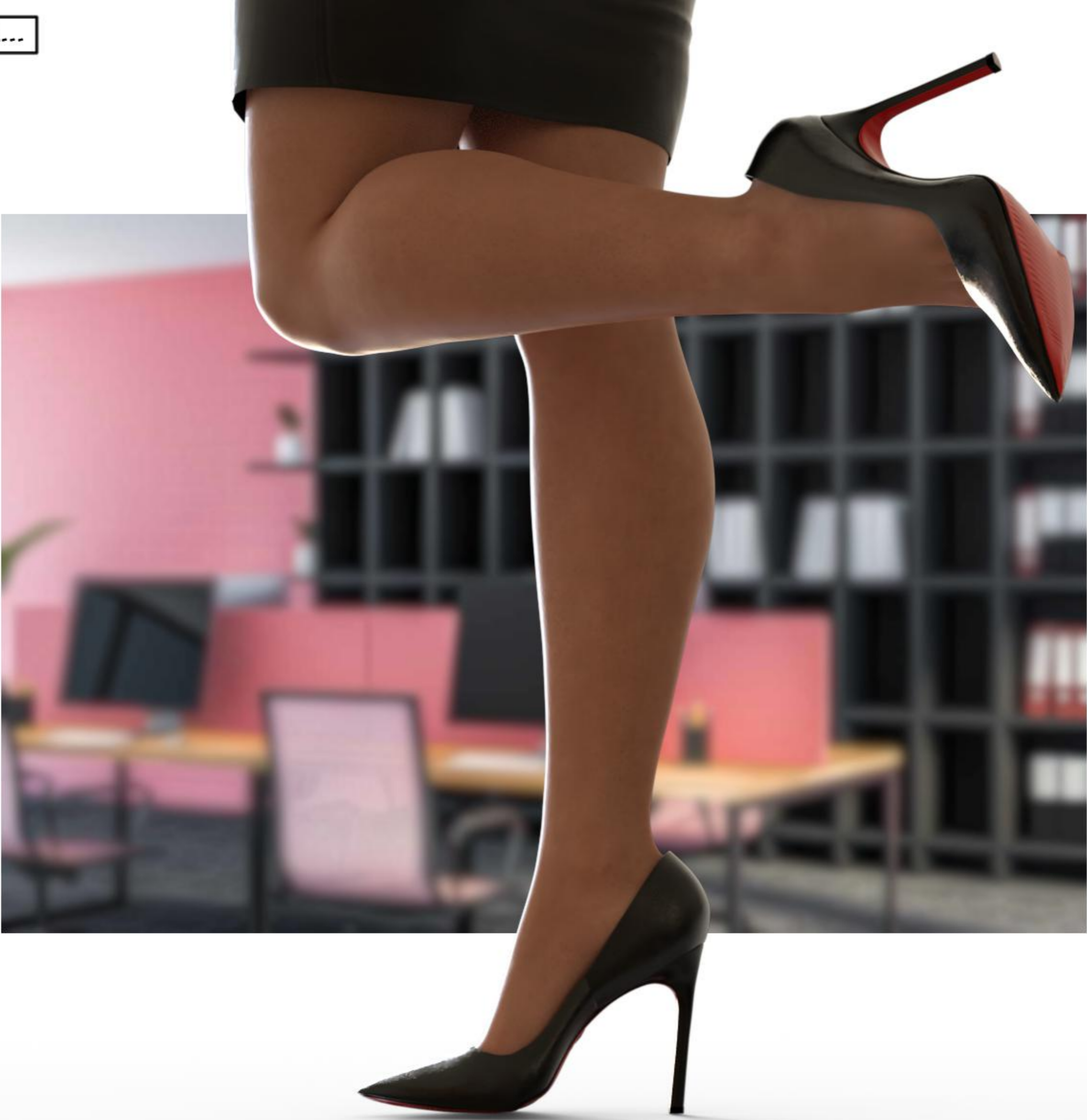
TAKE THIS THING OFF!
I CAN'T BREATHE!



NOW, NOW, YOU'RE JUST BEING
A DRAMA QUEEN! YOU'LL GET USED TO
THE CORSET IN NO TIME, ESPECIALLY
WHEN YOU REALIZE HOW BEAUTIFUL
IT MAKES YOU LOOK!

AND I HAVE TO SAY THAT
YOUR "GIRLS" LOOK SO SEXY
IN THE PADDED BRA. I BET YOU
WON'T BE ABLE TO LIVE WITHOUT
ONE OF THOSE FROM NOW ON!
GIGGLES

TEN MINUTES LATER...







A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red short-sleeved button-down shirt and a black pencil skirt, is walking in an office. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The office background is blurred, showing desks, chairs, and bookshelves. A speech bubble is attached to her head, and another is on the floor to her right.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?
I JUST CAME HERE FOR A LITTLE
HAIRCUT BUT NOW...

I KNOW... THIS IS ALMOST TOO
GOOD TO BE TRUE, ISN'T IT? BUT YOU
DON'T HAVE TO THANK ME, DARLING.
YOUR BOSS PAID FOR ALL OF THIS.
I'M SURE SHE'S LOOKING FORWARD
TO SEEING THE NEW YOU!

BACK TO THE OFFICE....



JUST LOOK AT ME! I DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS, BUT NOW I LOOK LIKE A CHICK! I'M EVEN WEARING A SKIRT! IS THIS YOU WANTED? MAY I ASK WHY?



LET'S HAVE A LITTLE CHAT, MIKE. TAKE A SEAT.

OKAY, I'M SITTING. YOU CAN START TALKING!



FIRST OF ALL, I DON'T LIKE YOUR TONE AT ALL. YOU KNOW I'LL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PUNISH YOU, RIGHT?





P-PUNISH ME? BUT...

SHUT UP! IT SEEMS YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHO'S THE SUPERIOR AND THE SUBORDINATE HERE. A MISTAKE I'LL MAKE SURE NEVER HAPPENS AGAIN...



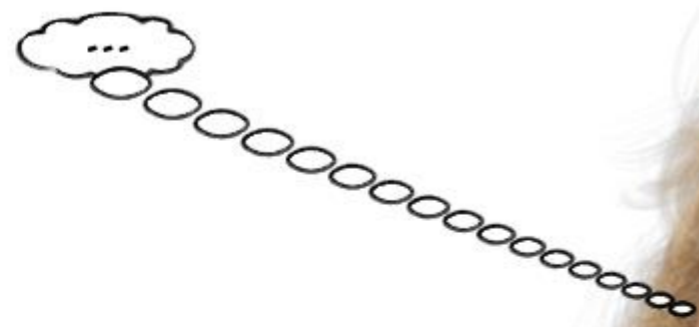
BUT BEFORE WE DISCUSS
YOUR PUNISHMENT, LET'S TALK ABOUT
YOUR NEW LOOK. TAKE A DEEP BREATH
AND LISTEN TO MY VOICE...

WEEKS LATER...



GOSH...





I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT
TO THINK ANYMORE...





I MEAN, MRS. MILLER EXPLAINED
TO ME THAT THERE IS NOTHING WRONG
WITH MY NEW STYLE. SHE SAID IT'S OKAY
TO WEAR UNISEX CLOTHES AS LONG AS
I LOOK GOOD IN THEM.

BUT I DON'T KNOW...
THIS IS SO CONFUSING!



A woman with blonde hair is seen from the back, sitting on a purple chaise longue with a gold frame. She is wearing a bright pink, backless nightgown with a lace waistband and a white lace garter. A hand is holding a pink hairbrush with a silver ferrule near her hair. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

SURE, THIS NIGHTIE
TOTALLY FLATTERS MY
BODY AND IT FEELS SO
GOOD WEARING IT...



...BUT ISN'T WEARING
A NIGHTIE A BIT TOO MUCH?
IS THIS REALLY UNISEX?

NOT TO MENTION THE NYLONS
AND MULES...



I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE I'M JUST
BEING PARANOID...



BUT WHO COULD
BLAME ME?

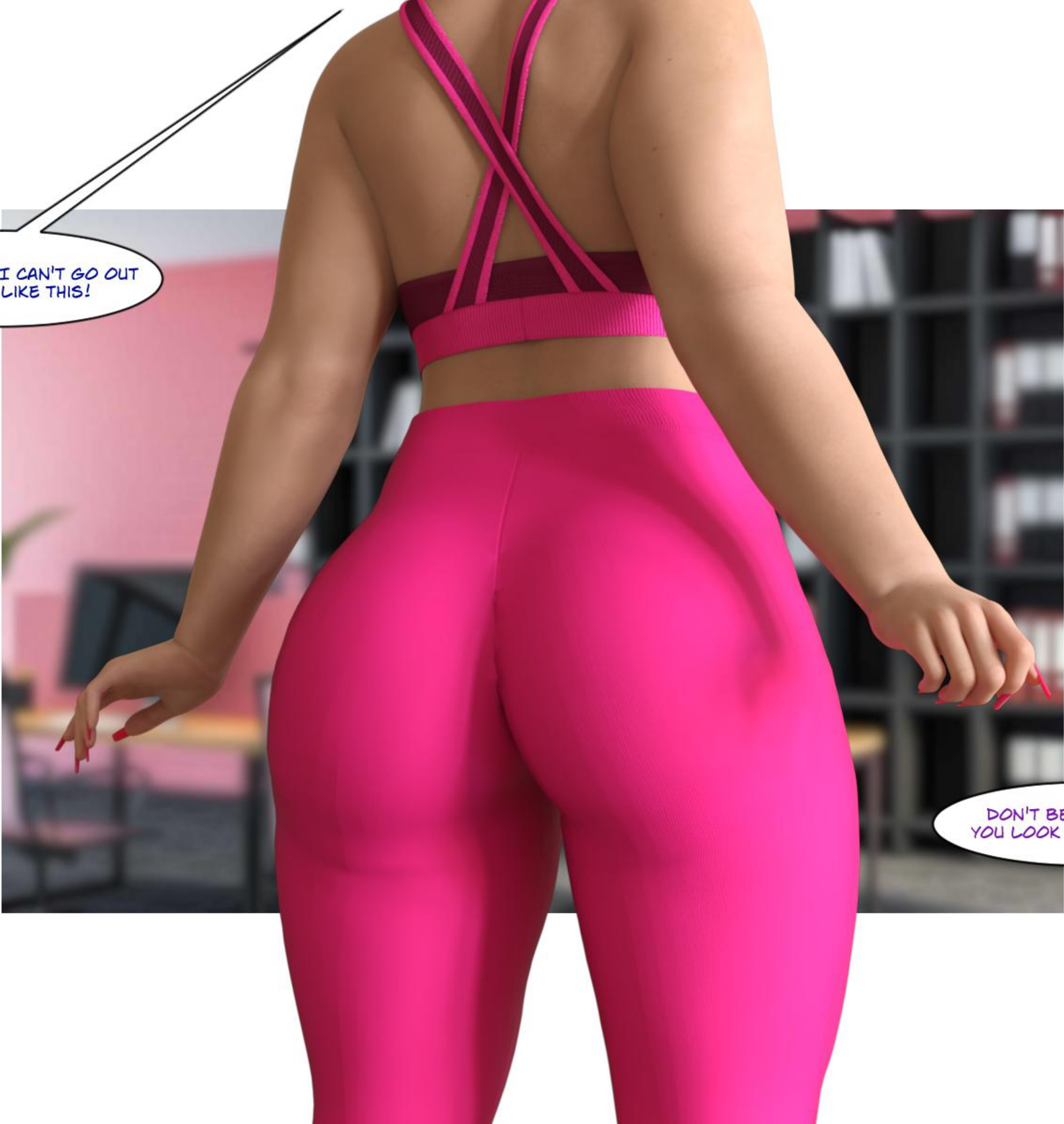




ANYONE WOULD BE STRESSED OUT
IN MY SHOES. TOMORROW IS THE START
OF MY PUNISHMENT FOR DISRESPECTING
MRS. MILLER WEEKS AGO, AND GOSH,
IT'S GOING TO BE TERRIBLE!

THE NEXT DAY...



A woman is shown from the back, wearing a bright pink athletic outfit consisting of a sports bra with a crisscross back and high-waisted leggings. She is standing in a room with bookshelves in the background. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The first speech bubble, on the left, contains the text "C'MON, EMILY, I CAN'T GO OUT DRESSED LIKE THIS!". The second speech bubble, on the right, contains the text "DON'T BE SILLY, MIKE, YOU LOOK QUITE STYLISH!".


C'MON, EMILY, I CAN'T GO OUT
DRESSED LIKE THIS!

DON'T BE SILLY, MIKE,
YOU LOOK QUITE STYLISH!

A woman is shown from the waist up, wearing a bright pink, ribbed athletic top with a deep V-neckline and a matching high-waisted bottom. She is also wearing a gold necklace with a heart pendant and has pink nail polish. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a bookshelf. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. One on the left says "B-BUT..." and one on the right says "WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!".

B-BUT...

WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!



REMEMBER WHAT MRS. MILLER TOLD YOU.
THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH WEARING
UNISEX CLOTHES AS LONG AS YOU LOOK
GOOD IN THEM.

AND I SEE YOU MANAGED TO TUCK
YOUR "LITTLE GUY" DOWN THERE.
GOOD! THAT'S HOW THOSE PANTS
ARE SUPPOSED TO BE WORN!

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK? YOU'RE JUST TRYING
TO COME UP WITH AN EXCUSE NOT TO GO TO THE GYM!
ISN'T THAT FUNNY? BACK IN THE DAY, WHEN WE WERE
DATING, YOU WERE THE ONE WHO TRIED EVERYTHING
TO CONVINC ME TO WORK OUT. BUT LOOK
AT YOU NOW!

I BET YOU'D RATHER GO TO A CANDY STORE
THAN THE GYM, WOULDN'T YOU? BUT YOU ARE BEING
PUNISHED FOR DISRESPECTING MRS. MILLER,
SO YOU WILL DO AS I SAY!

BUT THIS IS SO UNCOMFORTABLE!
AND EVEN YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THAT THERE'S
SOMETHING WEIRD GOING ON, ALTHOUGH
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS EXACTLY...



YOU'RE NOT... TOTALLY WRONG.
I'VE BEEN A BIT SEDENTARY LATELY...
BUT THERE'S SO MUCH GOING ON...

ANYWAY, I'M KIND OF AFRAID PEOPLE
WILL MAKE FUN OF ME 'COS I'M A LITTLE
OUT OF SHAPE, YOU KNOW...

DON'T BE SILLY. I KNOW YOU USED
TO MAKE FUN OF PEOPLE PRETTY MUCH ALL
THE TIME, BUT NOT EVERYONE IS THAT CHILDISH.
HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED ANYTHING FROM WORKING
FOR MRS. MILLER? IF YOU'RE KIND AND SWEET
TO PEOPLE, THEY WILL BE KIND TO YOU TOO!

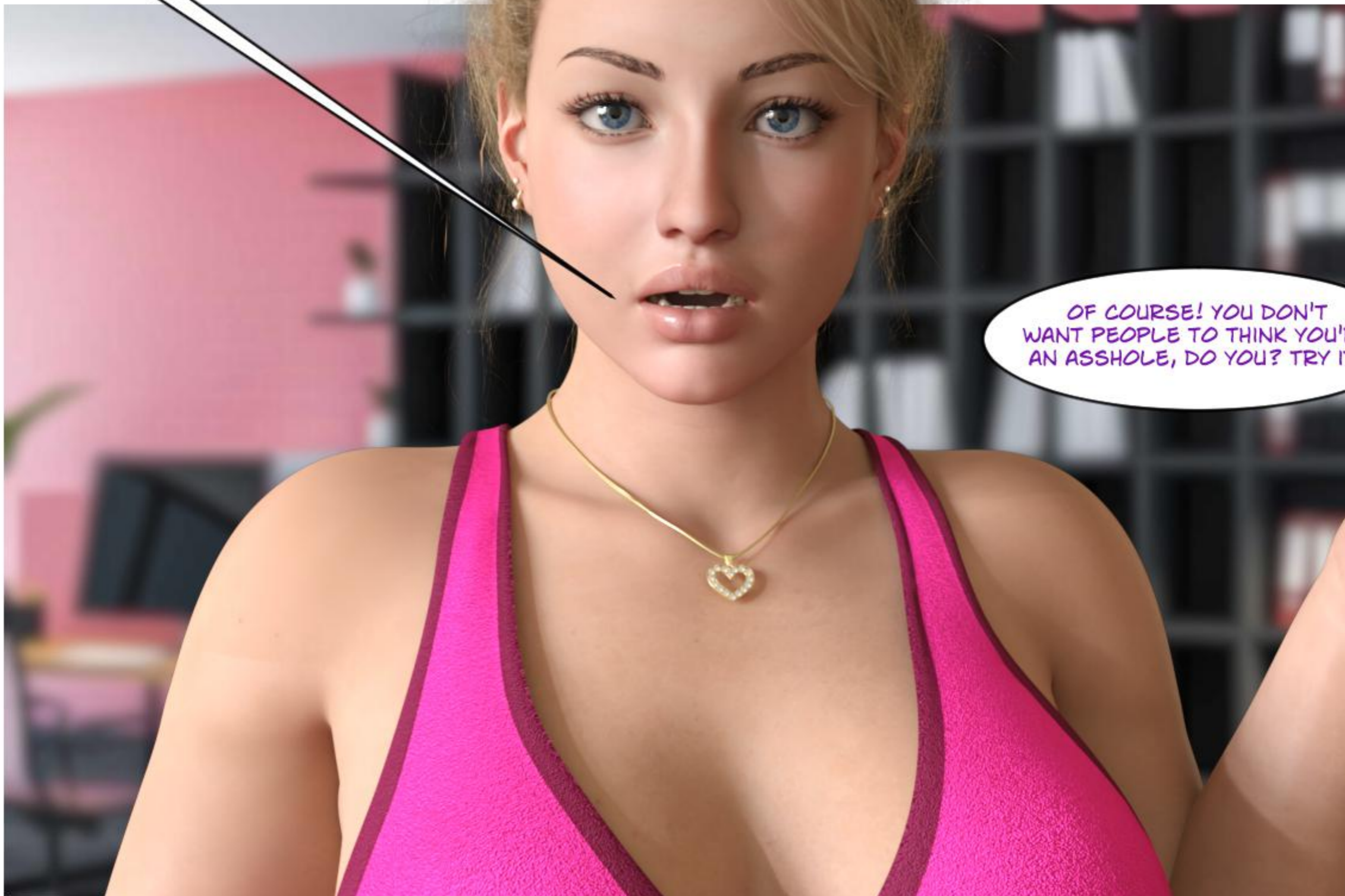


K-KIND AND SWEET?

EXACTLY, BUT THIS ISN'T JUST ABOUT HOW YOU BEHAVE. YOUR VOICE, FOR INSTANCE, IT SOUNDS KIND OF ROUGH. PEOPLE DON'T LIKE THAT. YOU SHOULD TRY TO SPEAK SOFTER. THIS ALSO HELPS IF YOU ACT A LITTLE LOST AND HELPLESS. GUYS, ESPECIALLY, LOVE HELPING PEOPLE LIKE THAT!

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?

OF COURSE! YOU DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO THINK YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE, DO YOU? TRY IT!





L-LIKE THIS?

HOW ABOUT THIS?

THAT'S BETTER, BUT YOU MUST
SOUND MORE GRACEFUL.

I THINK THIS IS GOOD ENOUGH...
FOR NOW. YOU CAN PRACTICE MORE LATER.
NOW LET'S GET GOING. I HAVE A SURPRISE
FOR YOU AT THE GYM!

MOLLY, MEET SCOTT, YOUR NEW
PERSONAL TRAINER!



C'MON, SWEETIE, DON'T BE
RUDE AND SAY HI!

PERSONAL TRAINER?!

WAIT, DID YOU JUST
CALL ME MOLLY?

UMM... HI, SCOTT!

NICE TO MEET YOU, MOLLY!
EMILY TOLD ME YOU DON'T HAVE
MUCH EXPERIENCE WORKING OUT,
BUT DON'T WORRY. I'M HERE TO
HELP YOU...

...HELP YOU IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY,
AND I REALLY MEAN THAT!





LET'S GET STARTED THEN?

THAT'S IT! TRY TO KEEP
YOUR BACK STRAIGHT AND
LOWER YOUR ARMS.



GOD, THIS IS SO
HUMILIATING!

JUST ONE MORE!
TRUST ME, SQUATS ARE
GREAT FOR YOUR BUTT!



WHY WOULD I WANT TO
MAKE MY BUTT LOOK "GREAT"?
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF I'M WEARING
UNISEX CLOTHES... THIS GUY CAN SEE
THAT I'M A MAN, RIGHT? IS HE BLIND
OR SOMETHING?

I MEAN, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT,
YOUR BUTT ALREADY LOOKS AMAZING!
BUT WE CAN ALWAYS MAKE IT
EVEN BETTER, RIGHT?






WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
IS SCOTT FLIRTING WITH ME? THAT'S
THE KIND OF THING I USED TO SAY TO
GIRLS AT THE GYM WHEN I WANTED
TO GET INTO THEIR PANTIES. IS HE
GAY OR SOMETHING?!

NEXT DAY AT THE OFFICE...







THAT WON'T DO, MRS. MILLER!

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a bright pink sleeveless dress and high heels, stands with her hands on her hips in a library. The background shows bookshelves and tables. There are four speech bubbles around her, containing dialogue.

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE GYM
WITH EMILY ANYMORE!

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER
YOU WANT THIS OR NOT. REMEMBER,
THIS IS YOUR PUNISHMENT!

WELL, FIND ANOTHER WAY
TO PUNISH ME THEN. EMILY JUST
WANTS TO GET BACK AT ME!

IS THAT WHAT YOU REALLY THINK?
SIT DOWN, LET'S TALK.

SHE'S DOING EVERYTHING SHE CAN TO TRY TO HUMILIATE ME. SHE EVEN GOT ME A PERSONAL TRAINER!



AND WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT THE PERSONAL TRAINER? I HEARD YOU GUYS GOT ALONG REALLY WELL.



T-THAT'S... THAT'S NOT TRUE. I DON'T
NEED A PERSONAL TRAINER! I'M GREAT
AT WORKING OUT!



YOU'RE NOT MAKING ANY SENSE, DEAR.
BEFORE YESTERDAY, IT HAD BEEN WEEKS SINCE
YOU'D STEPPED FOOT IN THE GYM, HADN'T IT?

NONSENSE! YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT YOU'RE
JUST MAKING UP EXCUSES NOT TO GO TO THE GYM!
WEREN'T YOU THE ONE WHO USED TO SAY THOSE WHO
REALLY WANTED TO EXERCISE WOULD FIND A WAY,
EVEN IF THEY HAD TO GO AT DAWN?

Y-YES, BUT THINGS WERE COMPLICATED...
I WAS SO BUSY AND...

I G-GUESS SO, BUT...



STOP THIS DENIAL! YOU'RE DISAPPOINTING ME. IT'S CLEAR THAT YOU DON'T ENJOY WORKING OUT, AND THAT'S OKAY. BUT THAT'S ALSO WHY YOU NEED SOME HELP!

I DON'T ENJOY IT...? BUT I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT...

YOU'RE JUST FOOLING YOURSELF, DARLING. NOW YOU'RE DISCOVERING THE REAL YOU.

YOU WANT TO MAKE ME PROUD, DON'T YOU?
I'M NOT SAYING YOU SHOULD BECOME A GYM RAT...
I KNOW YOU LOVE YOUR CURVY FIGURE, AFTER ALL.
BUT YOU ALSO NEED TO STAY HEALTHY. THAT'S WHY
YOU'LL BE KIND TO YOUR PERSONAL TRAINER
AND THANK HIM WHENEVER POSSIBLE!

I... I'M SO CONFUSED...

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE THINKING TOO HARD.
LEAVE THE THINKING PART TO PEOPLE MORE
CAPABLE OF DOING THIS THAN YOU!



WELL, I GUESS SCOTT WAS REALLY LOVELY TO ME. EMILY, ON THE OTHER HAND, LIKE I SAID, JUST WANTS TO HUMILIATE ME! SHE EVEN STARTED CALLING ME MOLLY IN FRONT OF EVERYONE!





WELL, IS THAT REALLY A PROBLEM?
TELL ME, WHAT'S YOUR NAME THEN?



WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, WHAT A SILLY QUESTION, MRS. MILLER! OF COURSE MY NAME IS...



WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER
MY OWN NAME?!



IF YOU CAN'T REMEMBER YOUR OWN NAME,
MAYBE IT'S NOT THAT IMPORTANT, RIGHT?

OF COURSE EVERYONE HAS A NAME...
AND YOURS NOW IS MOLLY.

B-BUT... THAT'S MY NAME!
HOW COULD THAT NOT BE IMPORTANT?
EVERYONE HAS A NAME!

M-MOLLY?



EXACTLY. I THINK THIS NAME SUITS
YOUR NEW IMAGE VERY WELL.

DON'T BE SILLY, MOLLY. THAT'S JUST A NAME.
IT DOESN'T DEFINE YOUR GENDER.

BUT THAT'S A FEMALE NAME, AND I'M A MAN!
ANYONE CAN SEE I'M A MAN!



SO TELL ME YOUR NAME. THINK CAREFULLY ABOUT YOUR ANSWER IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE PUNISHED AGAIN!

UMM... M-MOLLY?

CORRECT. I'M GLAD THIS ISSUE IS SETTLED. I'LL TELL HR TO MAKE THE NECESSARY CHANGES.



NOW JUST ONE MORE THING. I HEARD EMILY TAUGHT YOU HOW TO USE YOUR VOICE IN A SOFTER, MORE POLITE WAY. WHY AREN'T YOU SPEAKING LIKE SHE INSTRUCTED YOU RIGHT NOW?

B-BECAUSE SHE JUST MADE ME TALK LIKE THAT TO MAKE ME SOUND SILLY!

YOU'RE ACTUALLY BEING SILLY RIGHT NOW, MOLLY! A SOFTER, POLITE VOICE IS PERFECT FOR SOMEONE IN YOUR POSITION. THIS IS THE IMAGE I WANT PEOPLE TO HAVE OF MY COMPANY, AND YOU ARE THE FIRST PERSON THEY HEAR WHEN THEY CALL OR COME TO SEE ME!

USE YOUR NEW VOICE NOW.
LET ME SEE HOW IT SOUNDS.

L-LIKE THIS?

YES, THAT'S MUCH BETTER! I WANT YOU TO USE
THAT VOICE ALL THE TIME AT WORK. DO IT OR YOU'LL
BE PUNISHED. IN FACT, SINCE YOU'RE STILL TRYING
TO MASTER IT, USE THAT VOICE ALL THE TIME,
EVEN OUTSIDE OF WORK. YOU WANT TO
MAKE ME PROUD, DON'T YOU?




I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT.
THIS SITUATION IS GETTING
WEIRDER AND WEIRDER!




NOW MRS. MILLER WANTS ME TO
ACCEPT BEING CALLED MOLLY. AND WHY
CAN'T I REMEMBER MY REAL NAME?
THIS IS SO ABSURD!





AND THEN THERE'S THE VOICE MATTER.
DOESN'T SHE GET HOW STRANGE IT IS
FOR A MAN TO SPEAK IN A SOFT VOICE?



WHAT WILL PEOPLE THINK WHEN THEY SEE ME, CLEARLY A GUY, SPEAKING WITH THAT VOICE? IT'S SO HUMILIATING!

RING!
RING!





HELLO?

UMM... OKAY. I'M ON MY WAY.

MS. WALKER? THIS IS ADAM FROM HR. I NEED YOU TO SIGN A PAPER. COULD YOU COME HERE FOR A MOMENT, PLEASE?



WAIT A MINUTE... DID HE JUST
CALL ME A MS.?!