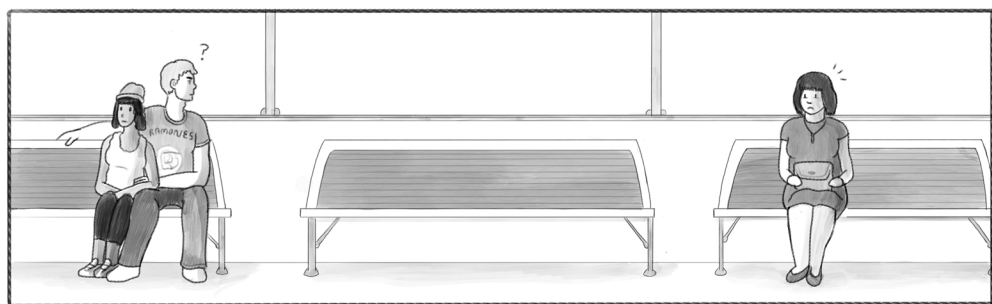




TRANS GIRLS

HIT THE
TOWN

a comic by Emma Jayne







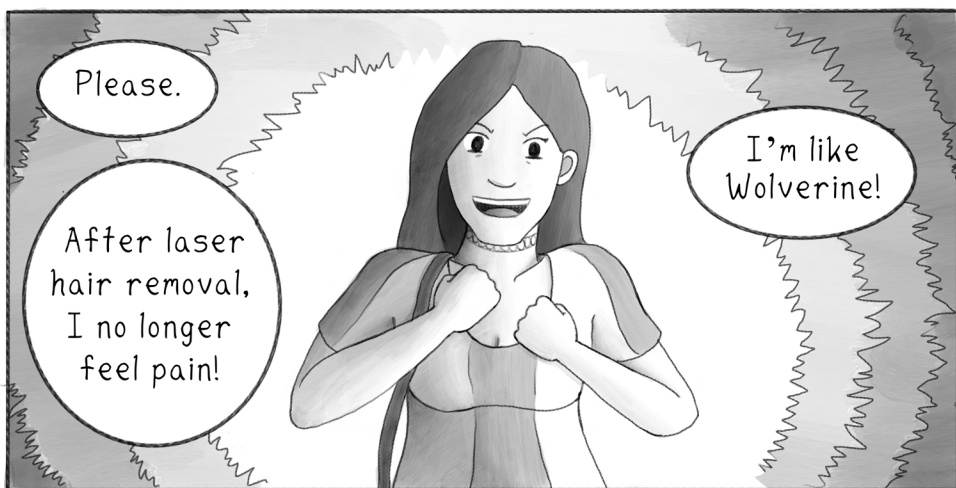
What if they made a
giant clamp-

-like the ones they use in
woodshops or whatever.

Okay.

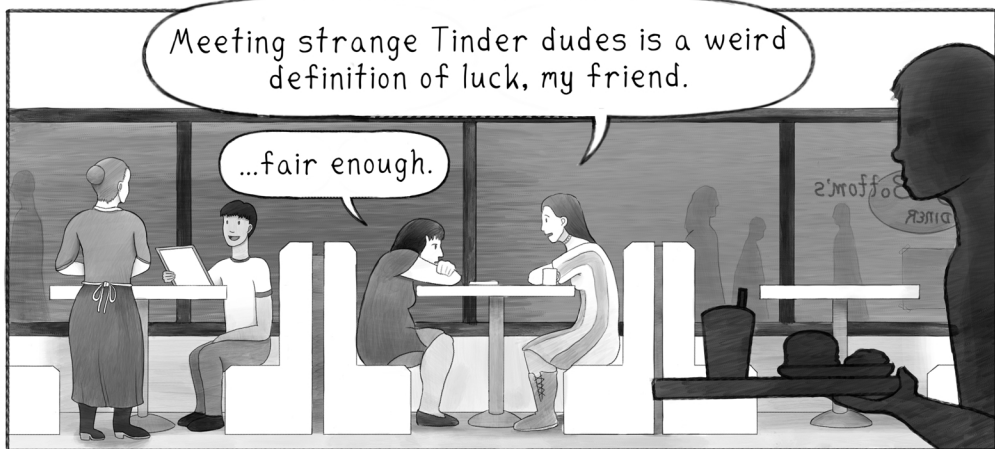
And I
put my
shoulders
in it.

Then I *tighten*
and *tighten* it
until my
shoulders are
the right
width.





Tinder mostly makes me
feel dead inside,



Heh. Can you imagine? Sex education educating you about sex?

Eh, even if it did, it'd just be the most vanilla cishet crap anyway.

Then maybe we need a mascot to make it more approachable.

Someone to champion the noble art of the muff.

Its name would be...

...Mark Muffalo.

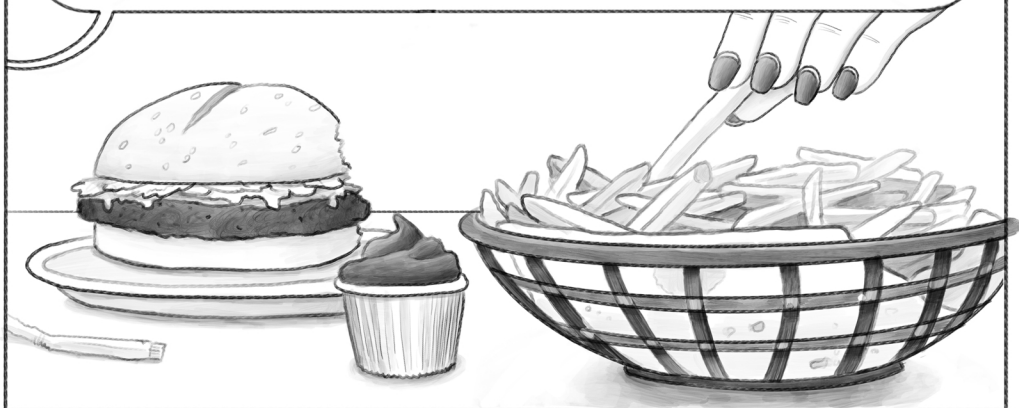
"Hey everybody, my name is Mark Muffalo, and I'm here to help you find both of your cunts!"

BAHAHAHAHAHA

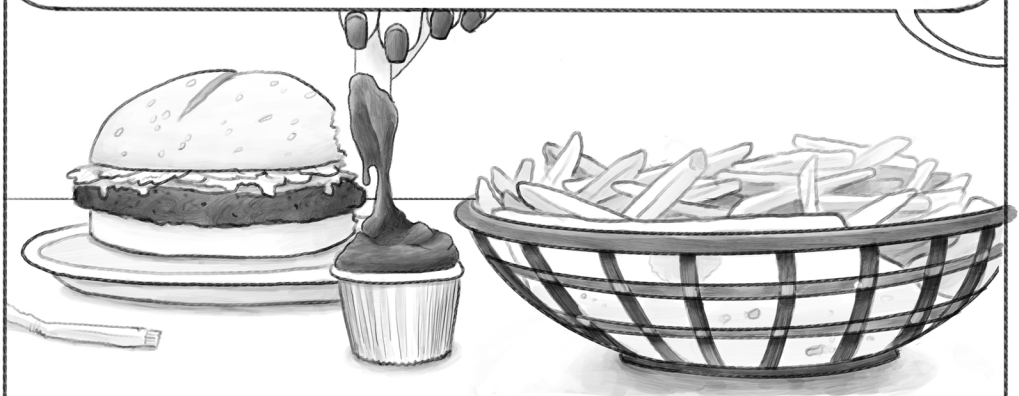
None of these cis men at work gave a single shit about me before I transitioned. But now that there's a pair of tits for them to look at, suddenly everyone wants to get to know me.



I'm gonna be optimistic and say they're trying to make a trans employee feel welcome.



Oh, please. They want me to feel welcome to something alright. Sigh...I'll take it over getting run out of there with pitchforks, I guess.



Anything else I get
for you tonight,
gentlemen?



Just the check,
thank you.



Bratty Bottoms
DINER

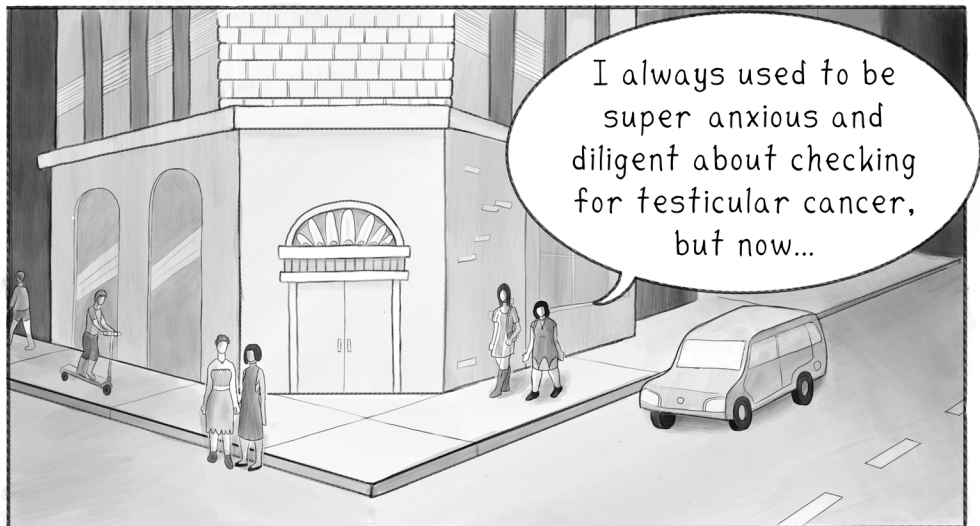
2x BURGER	13.00
1x LG FRIES	4.00
1x COFFEE	2.00
1x SOFT DRINK	2.00
[TAX	1.05]

22.05
SUBTOTAL

-22.05
TIP

0.00
TOTAL

x - fuck you ♥
SIGNATURE







Hey, you okay?

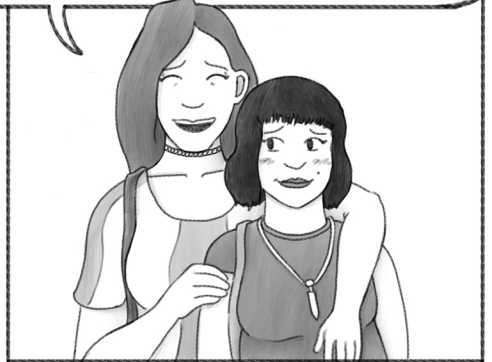
Um, yeah. Just a lot
of people. And
nowhere to hide.

More of a crowd to blend
in with too.

Come on, we'll
have fun.



Great! My friend here didn't tell anyone it was her birthday until a full month after it happened, and I refuse to let the occasion pass us by uncelebrated.




Happy belated birthday!
What can I start you off with?




Um...whatever cider is on
tap, I guess?






Awesome. I'll be right back with those.



See? She was nice.

And extremely hot,
but that's beside
the point.

Do you think
she clocked
me?



Doesn't matter.
You can't think like
that or your brain
will implode every
time you leave your
apartment.

And even if she did, she
didn't card you. A true ally.

I guess...



Okay, okay, I'll let you have her, but you gotta get the next round.



When it comes down to money or my wife,
the choice is easy.

Sometimes I don't think I completely hate my body, but then I come to a place like this.



All these cis women are short and cute and everything I'll never be.



Of all the traits you could pick, you went with the two that are most applicable to you.

You don't need to pity me.



Girl, are you serious?

I've always been jealous of how short you are!

I'm insecure every day about being a skyscraper.

And you are cute.

I'm not just saying that.

Come on. I don't think I ever actually pass.

Being cute and looking cis aren't the same thing.

I know, I know. But knowing it and feeling it aren't the same thing either.

Okay, moping at this table isn't the ideal birthday activity.

Want to play another game?

Or get another round?

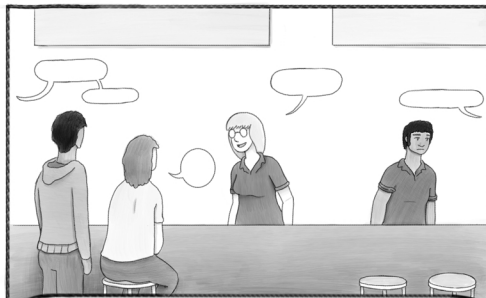


I'm still working on this one.

Do you need to?



Not really...



...but I would get to talk to that gorgeous bartender again.

My imaginary relationship with fictional nineties futch icon Dazzler is polyamorous!

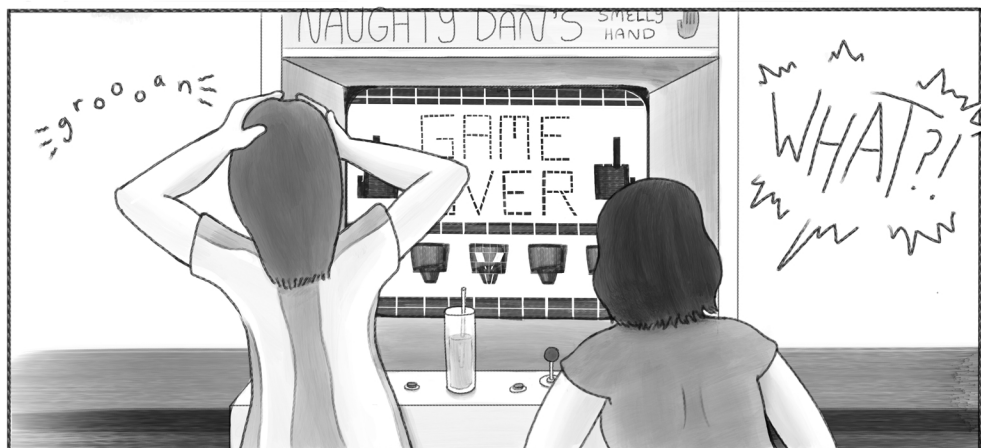
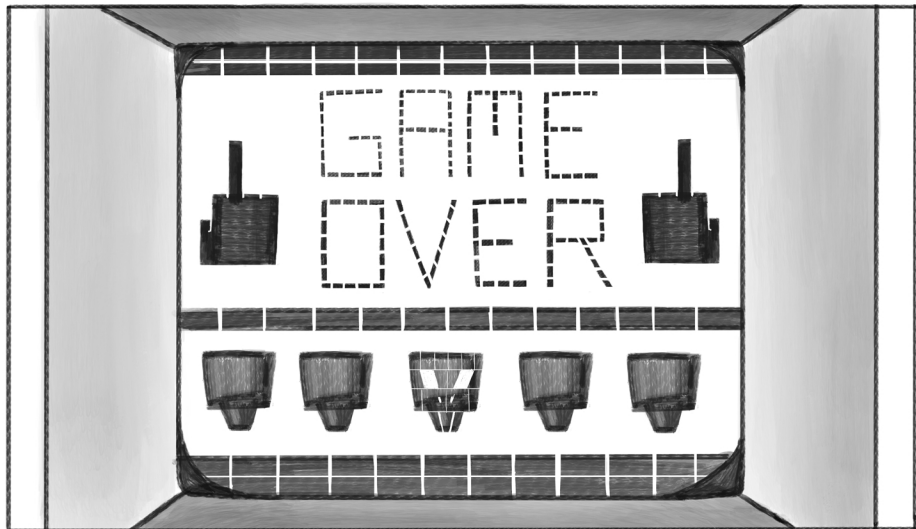
Everyone knows this.



Do you let your wife Dazzler hear you talk like that?



How convenient.



Well, I gotta pee anyway.

Shit.

Public bathroom.



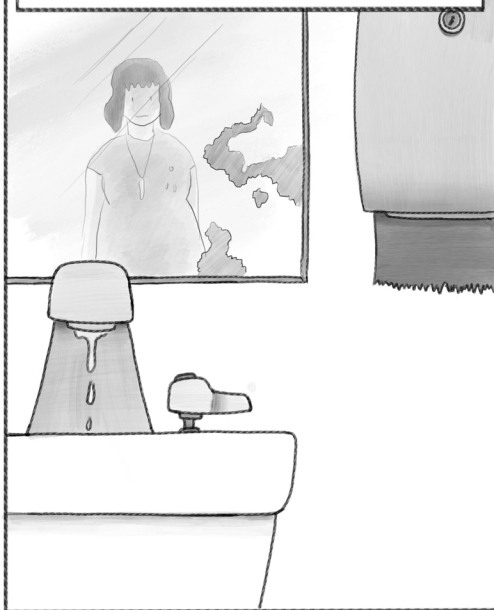
Is there a blessing greater
than a single stall bathroom?



Complete privacy. No one to
make you feel out of place.



Even the nastiest piss shack
is a sanctuary from
debilitating anxiety when
you're alone.



Shit, Cleo. You're drunk.
You just affectionately thought
the words "piss shack."









Cleo! You're never gonna believe this! I got the bartender's number!



She's so...

Hey, what's wrong?



I don't want to be here anymore.

Was someone shitty to you or something?
We can go somewhere else.

THE
TOPOLLA
LOUNGE

RUNAWAY
FIVE
P.M.

No, I just want to go home.

Oh. Okay, let's head to train
the stop then.

Trust me, I know how it
feels to have one asshole
ruin a whole night.

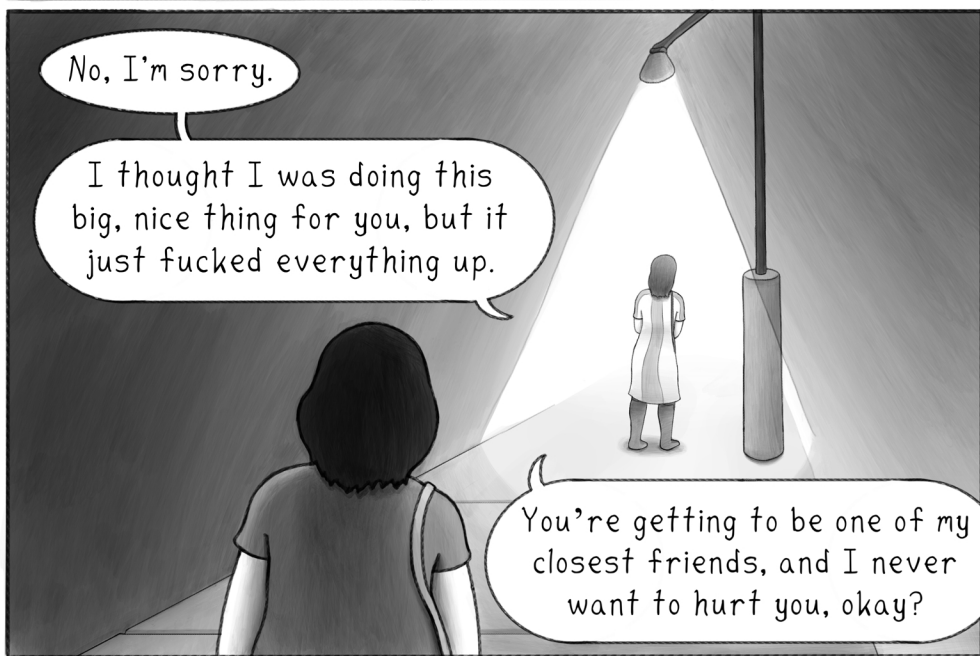
No, you don't, Winnie!
You say all of these
encouraging things to
placate me, but you
couldn't possibly
understand what
it's like to be me!

You pass most
of the time!

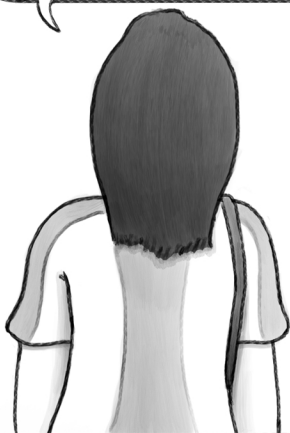
You're
thin!

You cannot imagine
how it feels to have
everyone hate your
body for multiple
reasons instead of
just one!

I should never
have come out
here in the
first place!



I feel like I forced you to do this and now you're angry



and I don't know how to make it better and...



No, I wouldn't have come out here if I didn't want to, ok?



You didn't do anything wrong. I promise.



But...



I'm so tired, Win.

I haven't even been doing this very long, and I'm exhausted.

I've been getting stared at so much tonight,

and I don't know if a person I run into will just be polite or think I'm an abomination.

I know I can't understand everything you're going through.

But there are some things I can.

You didn't know me back when I first started on hormones.

I promise I know what it feels like.

I hope I don't sound flippant.

I'm just excited for you because I know how much better it'll get.



But how long will it take?

This is all so effortless for you, but I don't know how to be strong enough to do this every day.

If I'm being honest, most of the time it feels like I'm just pretending to be strong.

But seeing you so nervous and still coming out here anyway is huge step, girl.

I still can't decide if that's the same thing at the end of the day.

You've come so far already even if you don't realize it.

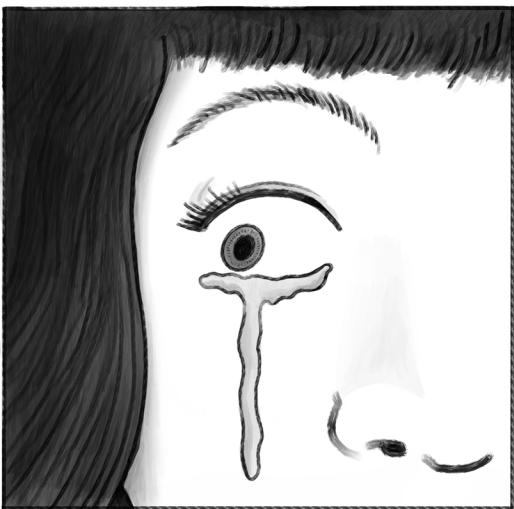
Sure doesn't feel like it.



Hey. Remember a year ago when you told me how you couldn't cry to save your life?



Progress!

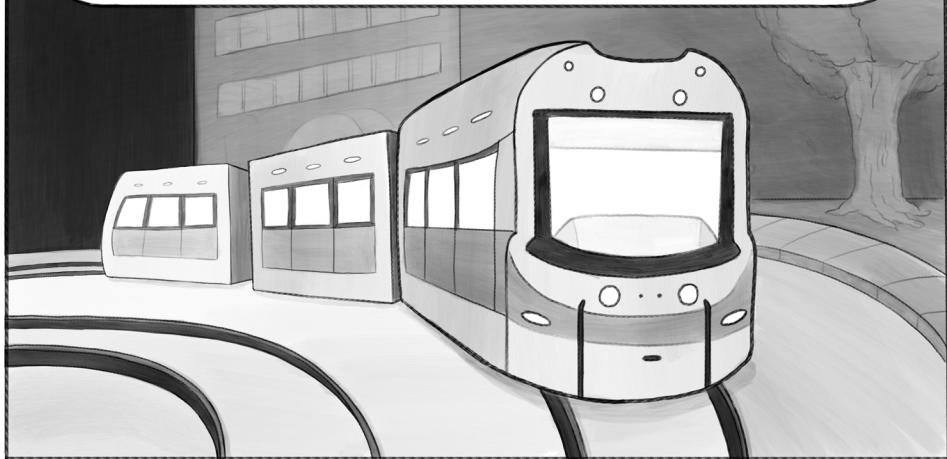


Estrogen is magic, huh?



It really is.

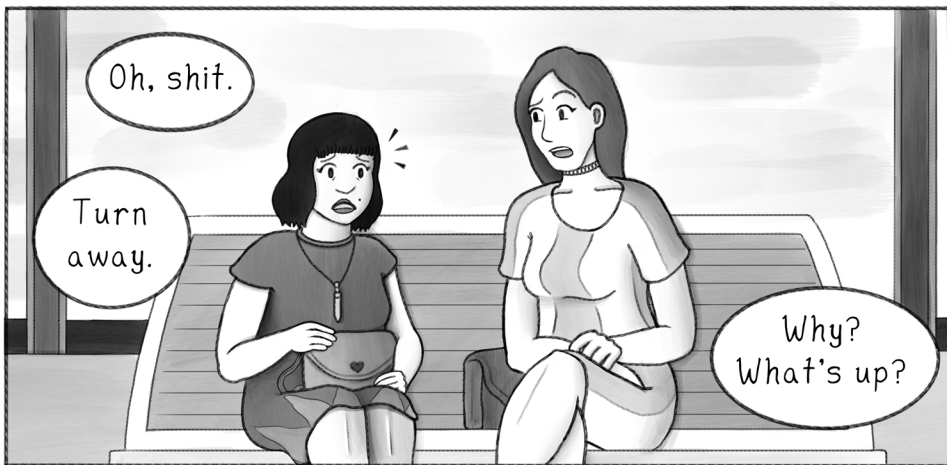
Personally, even if I was a top, I wouldn't tell anyone.
I don't think I could handle the attention, and -



Oh, shit.

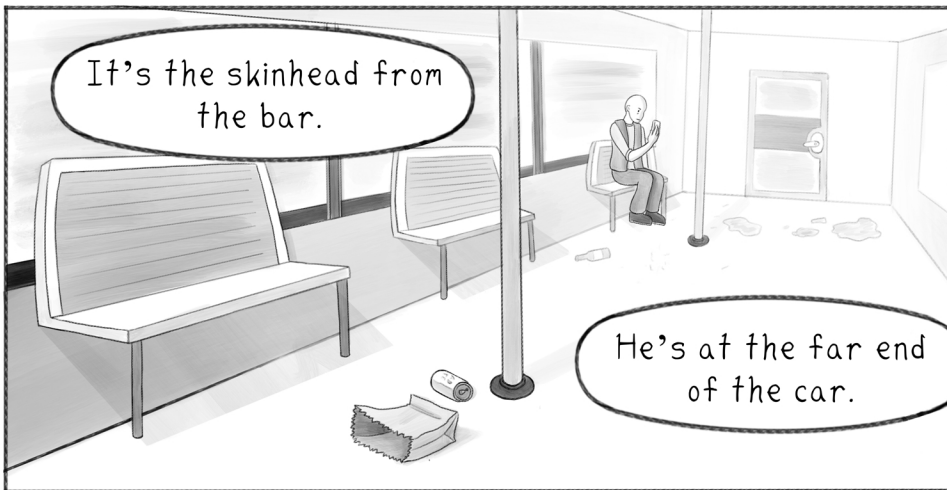
Turn
away.

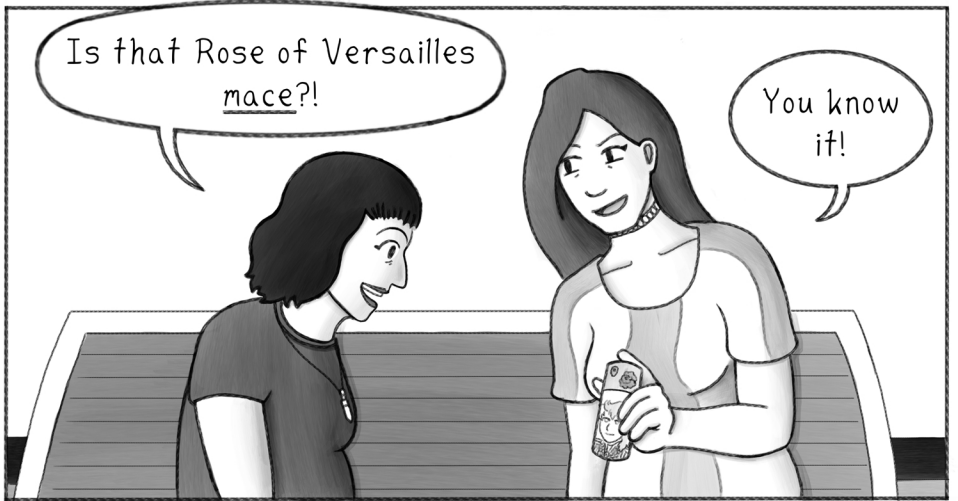
Why?
What's up?



It's the skinhead from
the bar.

He's at the far end
of the car.









For my trans sisters, with love.



Emma Jayne is a cartoonist from Michigan.

She likes ghosts, blankets, and lesbians.

She has tinnitus and no pets.

Someday, she'll get around to starting a punk band
but will almost certainly get distracted by drawing
until her hands fall out of their wristholes.

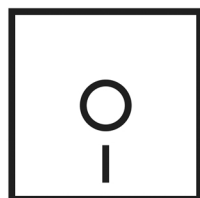
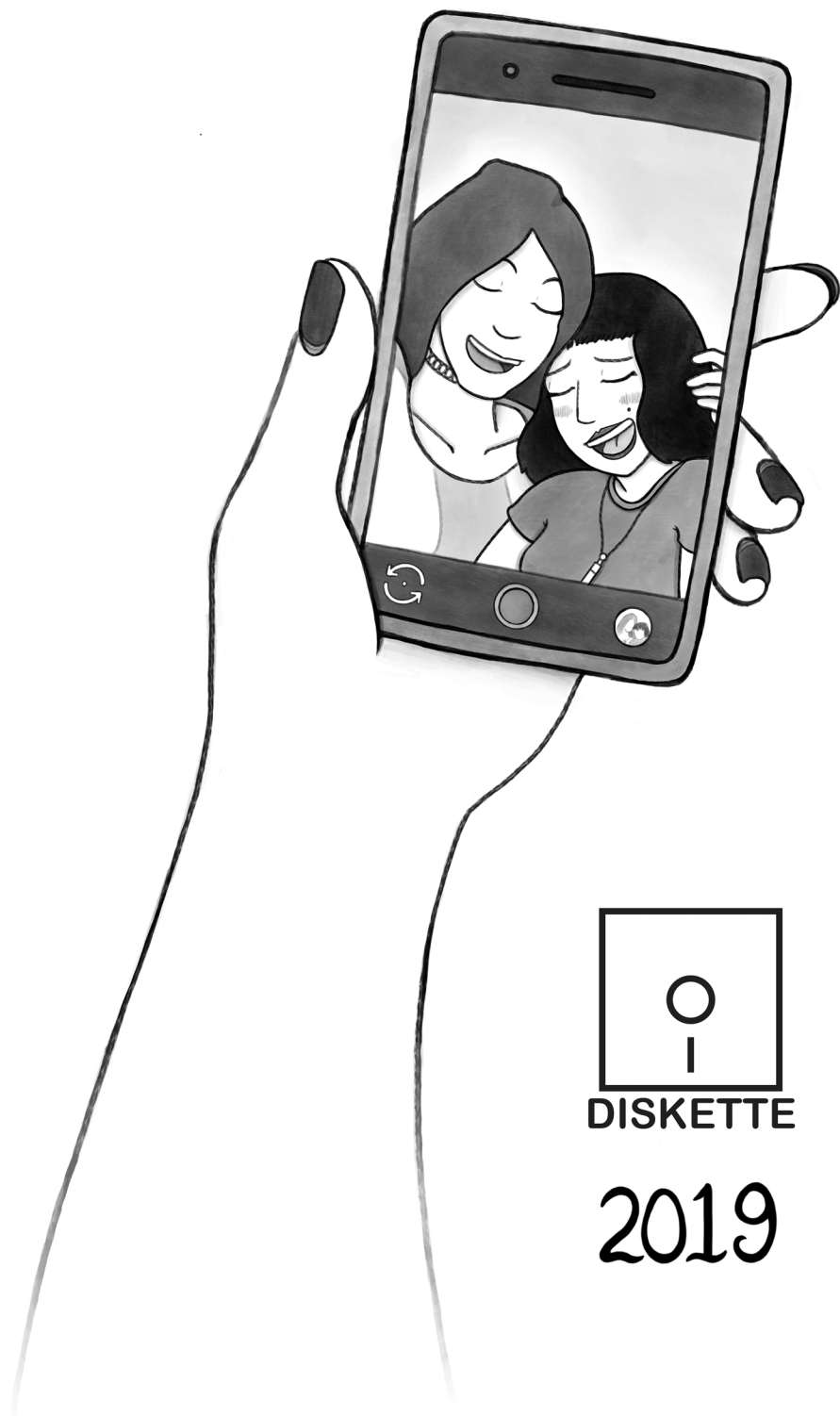
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DISKETTE

2019