

[MORTM] THE

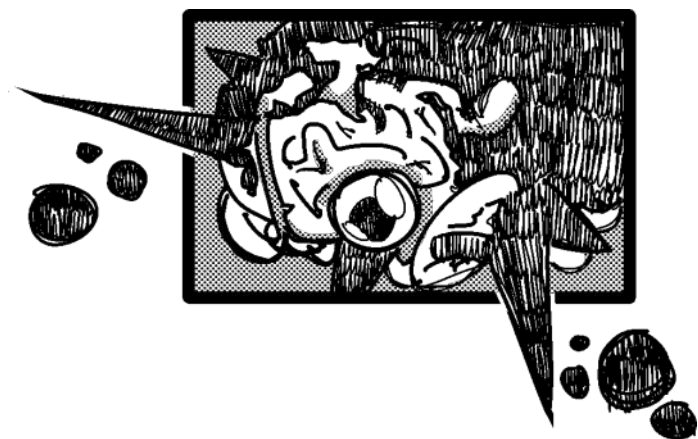
A COMIC



CALLIOPE
NEUROTOXINS

[matturtem]

A COMIC
CALLIOPE NEUROTOXINS



POST
TMO
RTE
M.

POST
MORTEM.

BY CALLIOPE
NEUROTOXINS

WARNING!!
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

IN 2021 I WAS
STUDYING AT
UNIVERSITY.

I WASN'T DOING
MUCH ELSE.



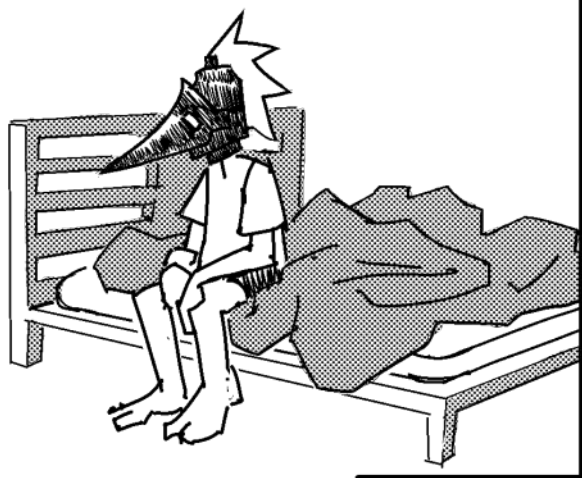
ANOTHER
BEAUTIFUL DAY.

THE AIR
SMELLS GOOD.

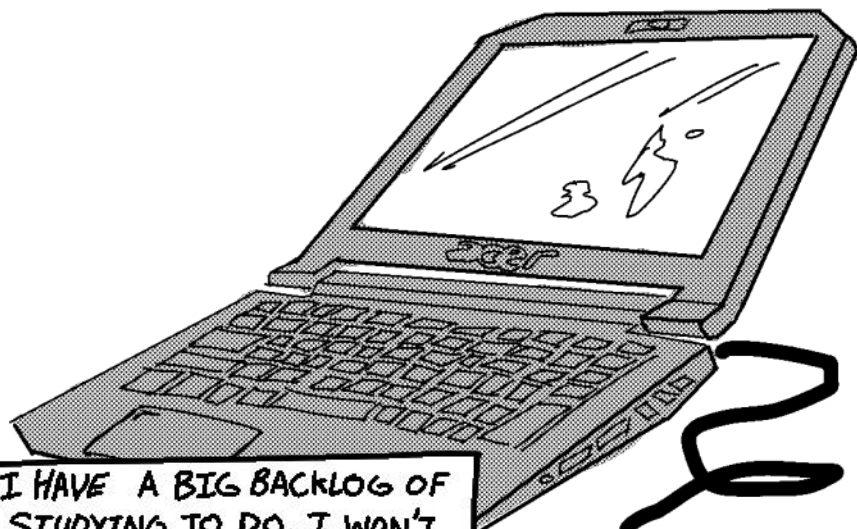
THE CARPET FEELS
NICE UNDER MY TOES.



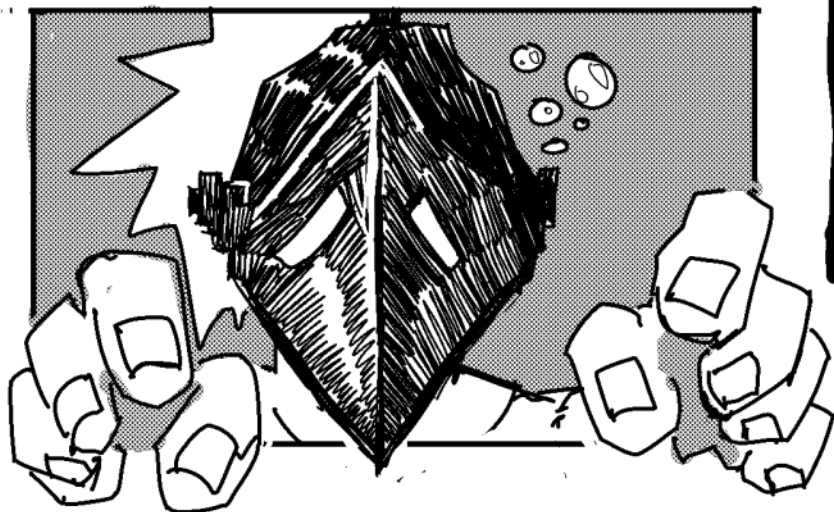
MY BEDSHEETS ARE
FILTHY. SO ARE MY
CLOTHES. I'M NOT THE
KIND OF PERSON THAT
CARES ABOUT THAT YET.



I DON'T EAT BREAKFAST.
MY LAPTOP IS RIGHT THERE.



I HAVE A BIG BACKLOG OF
STUDYING TO DO. I WON'T
GO OUTSIDE TODAY.





THE LAST FIVE YEARS
OF MY LIFE HAVE
BEEN LIKE THIS.

I MOVED TO THIS CITY FOR
UNIVERSITY WITH SOME
VAGUE IDEAS ABOUT LIKE,
REINVENTING MYSELF.

DOING SMART GUY SHIT.
MAKING FRIENDS,
THAT KINDA THING.



I WAS NOT GOOD AT IT.

EVERYTHING JUST SEEMED TO
HURT, ALL THE TIME, FOR
NO REASON I COULD FATHOM.

I PULLED AWAY
FROM THE PEOPLE
I KNEW, AND
BEFORE LONG I
KNEW NOBODY.



MY WORLD GOT SMALLER.



EVENTUALLY I REALISED
WHAT WAS WRONG.

BUT IT FELT LIKE TOO LATE
TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.



THE TENSION BUILT.
I TRIED VERY HARD
TO IGNORE IT.

I HAVEN'T SPOKEN OUT
LOUD IN FIVE DAYS.

(ALL MY CLASSES ARE ONLINE. MY
HOUSEMATE WORKS NIGHT SHIFT.)

ANY
QUESTIONS?

WHEN I TALK TO
MY FRIENDS, I
MOSTLY TYPE.
IT'S INCONVENIENT.

THE LAST FIVE YEARS

HAVE BEEN LIKE THIS.

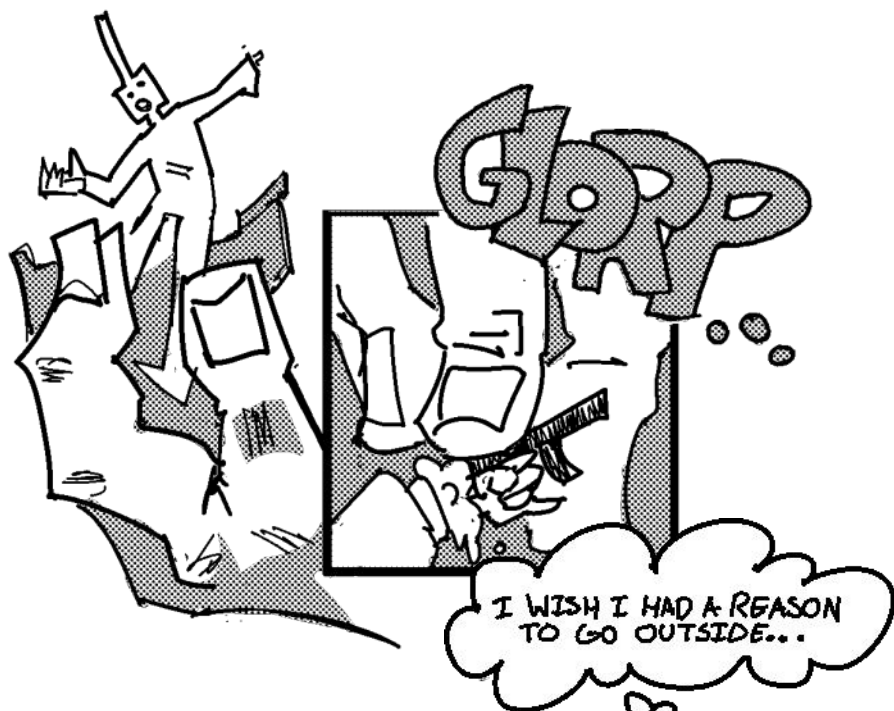


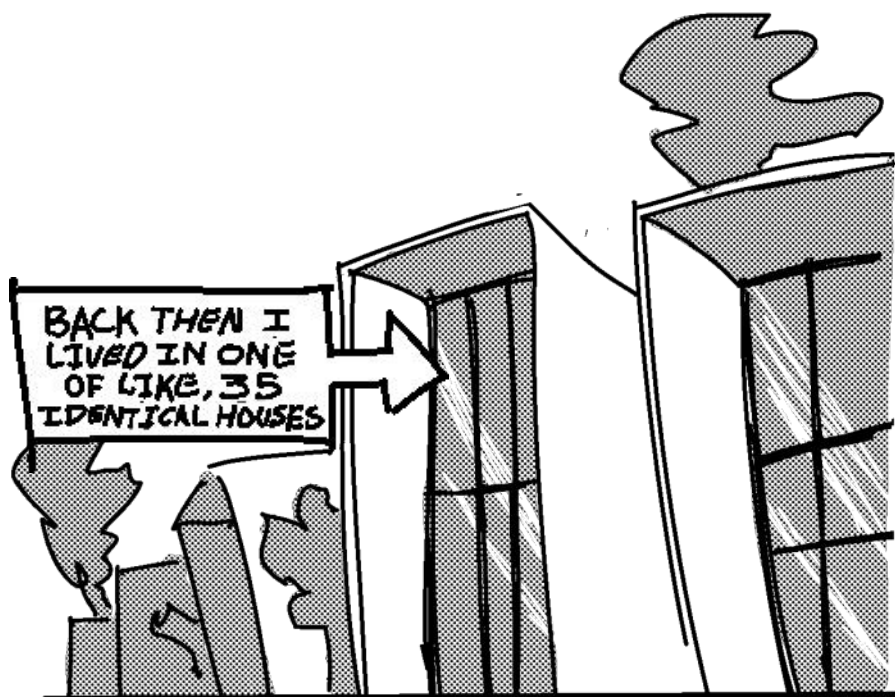


WHAT'S MY GODDAMN PROBLEM?

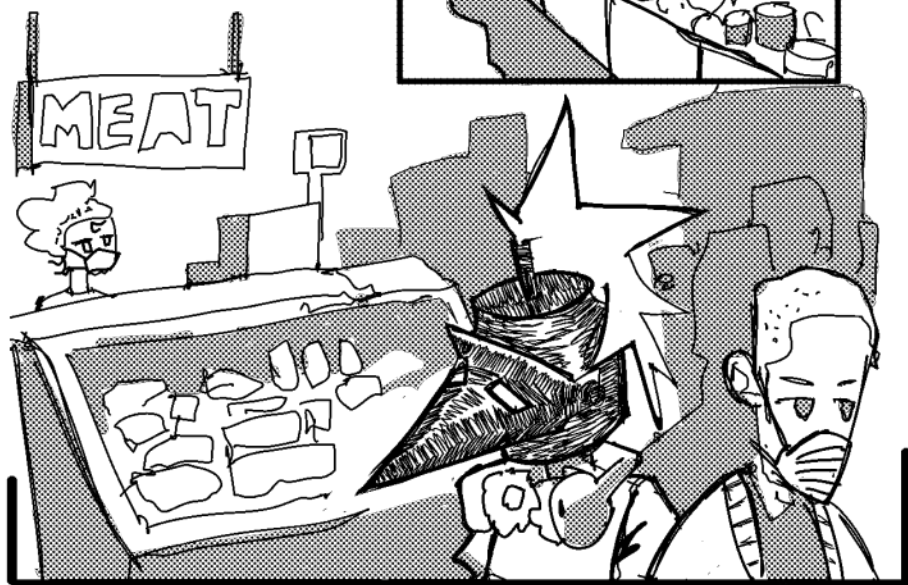
Fig. A. CRANIAL ANATOMY
OF ONE MR. [REDACTED]






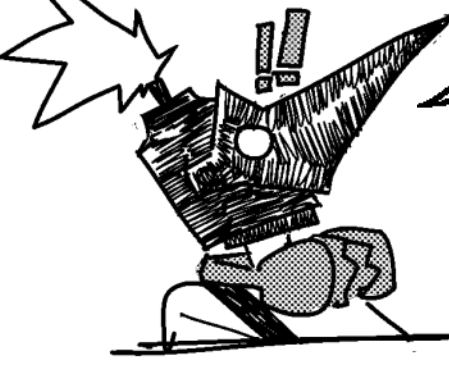








OH, IT'S YOU. BBQ
PORK ROLL AND A RED
BEAN BUN, RIGHT?



Y-YES!!
THANK YOU!!!



SHE SOMETIMES
RECOGNISED ME
WHEN I WORE MY RED
HEADPHONES. SO I
WORE THEM A LOT.

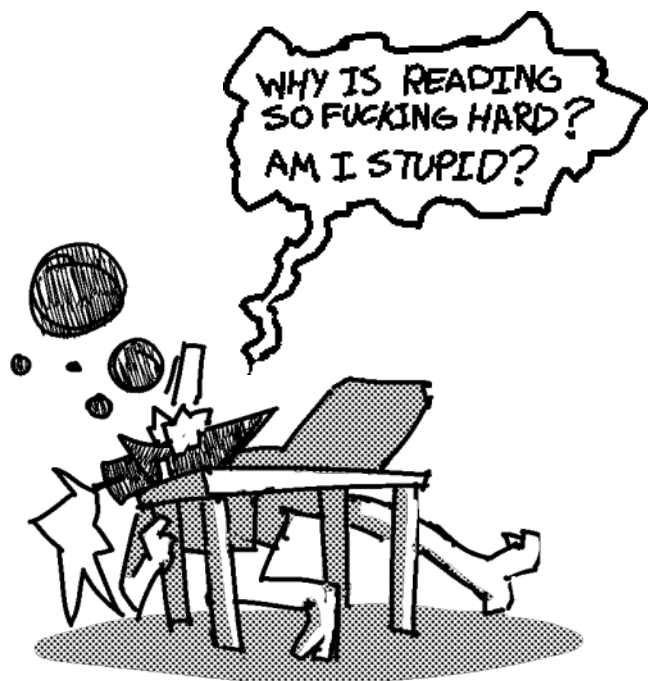
IT'S YUMMY...

Munch
Munch



THAT WAS THE CLOSEST THING
TO A CONVERSATION I HAD
THAT WEEK.





Meanwhile...





Google (Melbourne psychologists)



(Melbourne gender psych

Hi!
I am looking to talk to
a professional about stuff that's
been troubling me lately with
gender or whatever _

I EMAILED LIKE 7
AND NONE REPLIED.

A YEAR LONG
WAITLIST?



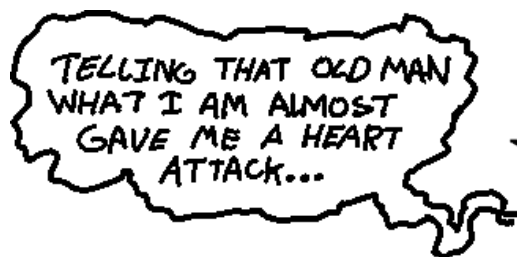
YOU KNOW A GP
CAN JUST PRESCRIBE
IT TO YOU IF YOU
ASK, RIGHT?



{Online friend}

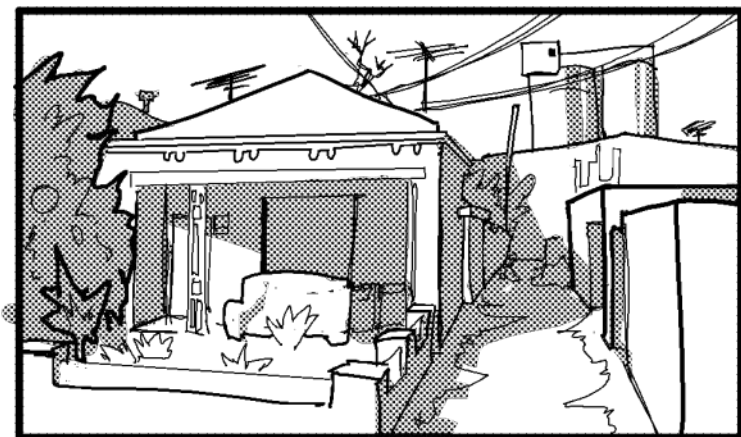
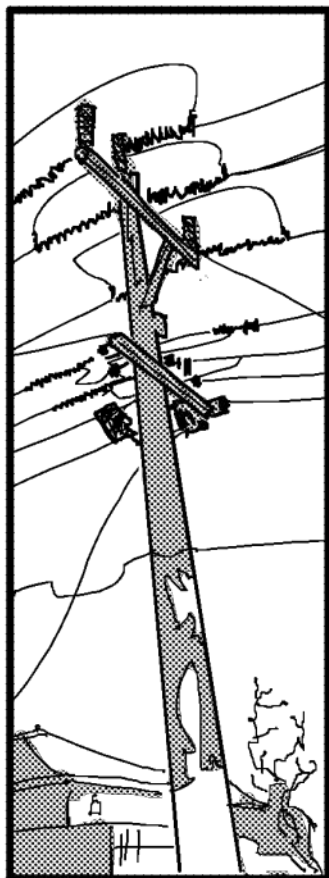
HUH!





I GAVE UP FOR A WHILE.

{Brunswick}





THE PEOPLE HERE FEEL
DISTANT AND UNKNOWNABLE.

IN REALITY, WE'RE FRIENDS.
I'M JUST SO WRAPPED UP
IN MY HEAD I CAN'T CLOSE
THE DISTANCE.

... ONE OF THEM'S A GIRL NOW.





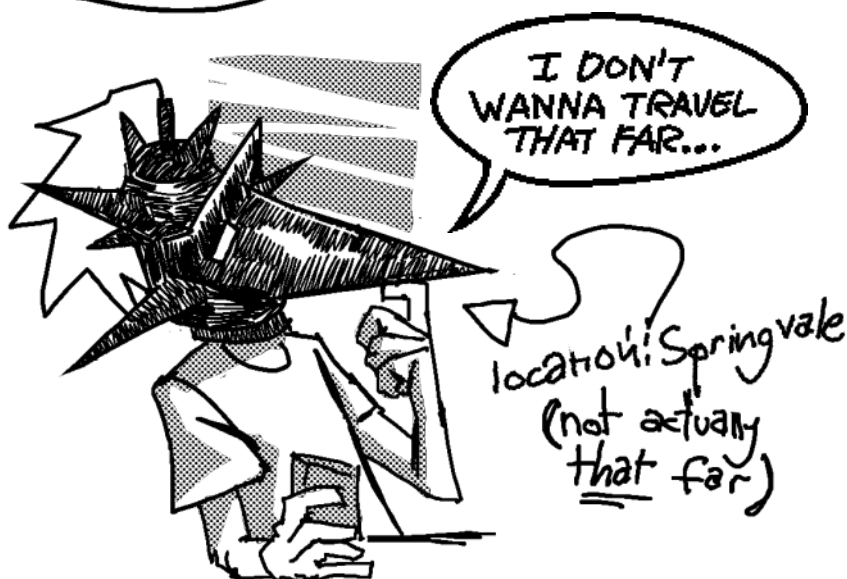
THAT'S OKAY!
I GOT IT
COVERED.



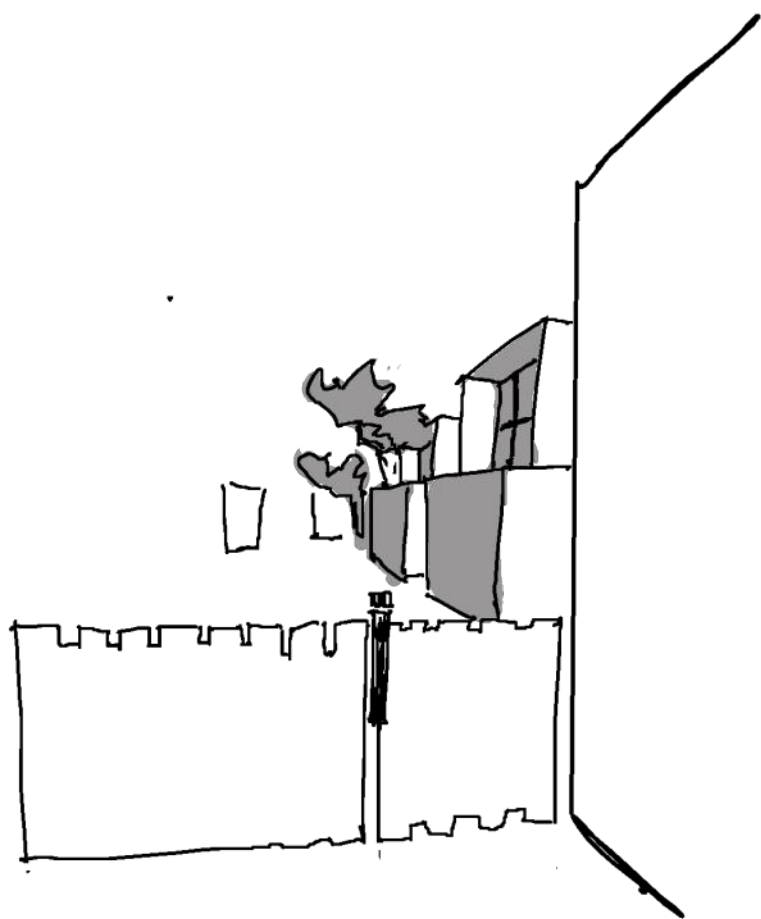
{ List of informed consent }

HRT doctors

- location: Brunswick
- location: Brunswick
- location: Coburg
- location: Parkville
- location: Prahran
- location: Brunswick



...I DID NOT, IN FACT,
HAVE IT COVERED.



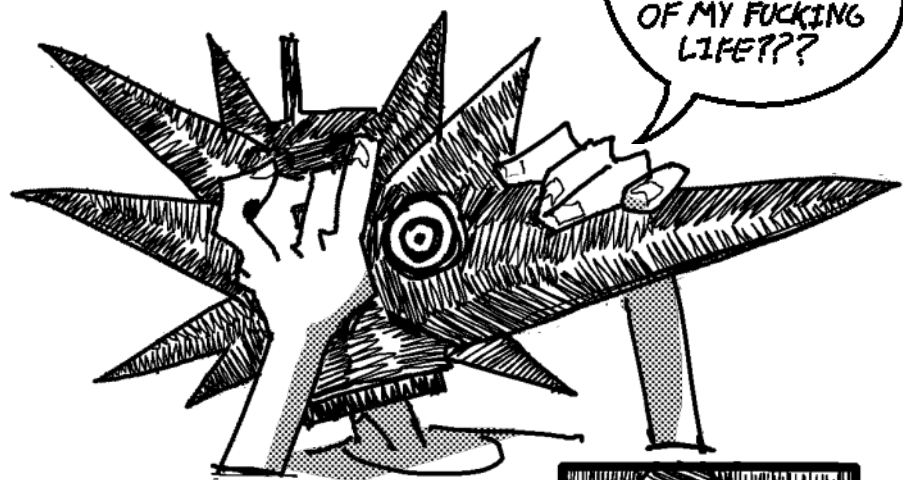
FINAL
GRADE: 81

INVITATION TO
GRADUATE





OH FUCKING HELL,
WHAT DO I DO
NOW????



GET A JOB??
LIVE THE REST
OF MY FUCKING
LIFE???

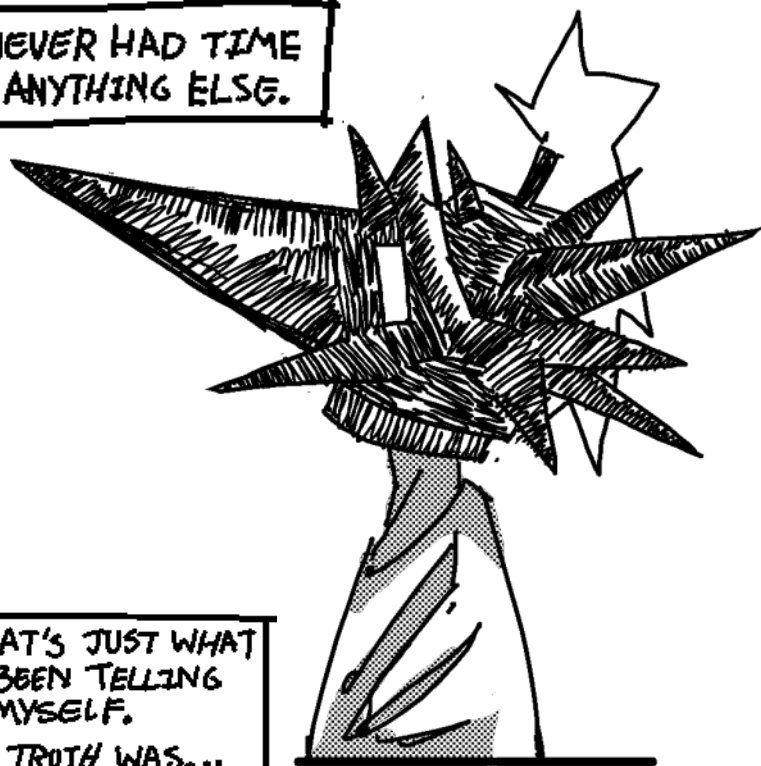
I DIDN'T PLAN FOR THIS.



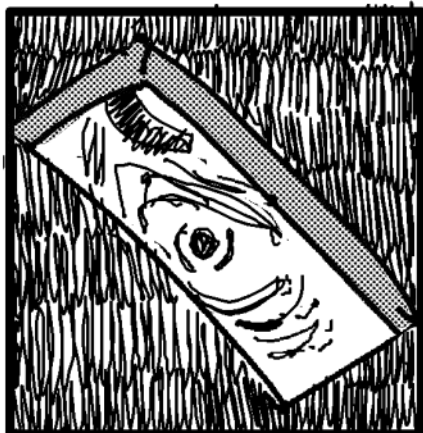
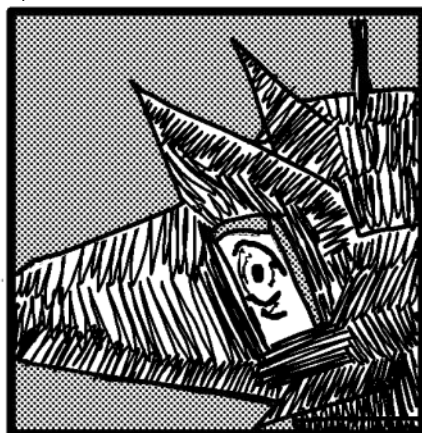


FOR MY WHOLE LIFE I'D PUT
ACADEMICS FIRST. BUT
SUDDENLY I DIDN'T HAVE THAT
OBLIGATION HANGING OVER
ME ANYMORE.

I'D NEVER HAD TIME
FOR ANYTHING ELSE.

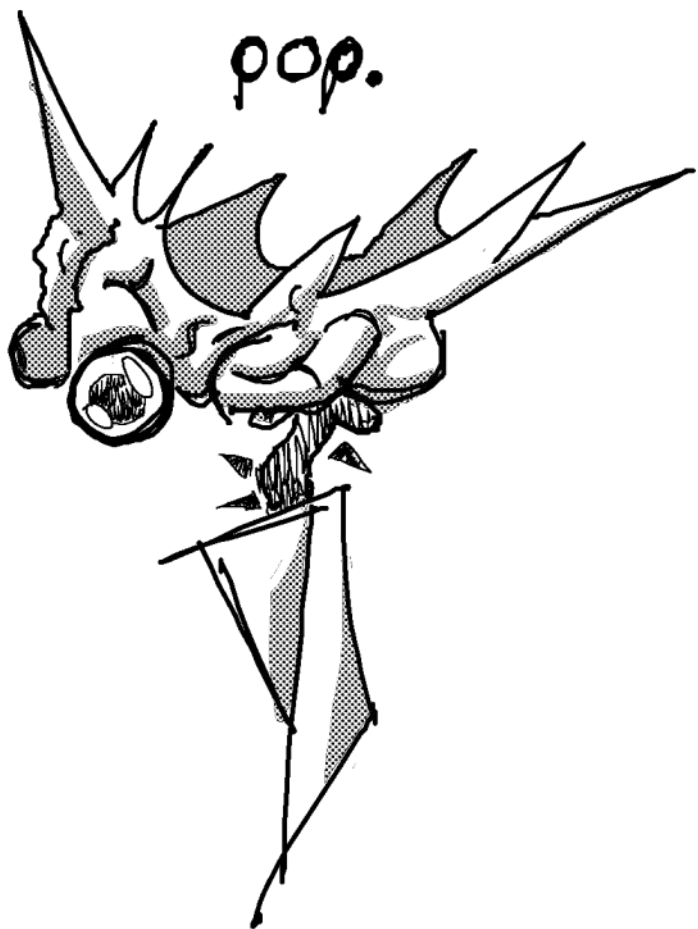


BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT
I'D BEEN TELLING
MYSELF.
THE TRUTH WAS...



... I'D JUST NEVER MADE TIME.

pop.



I HAD TIME THE WHOLE
FUCKING
TIME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



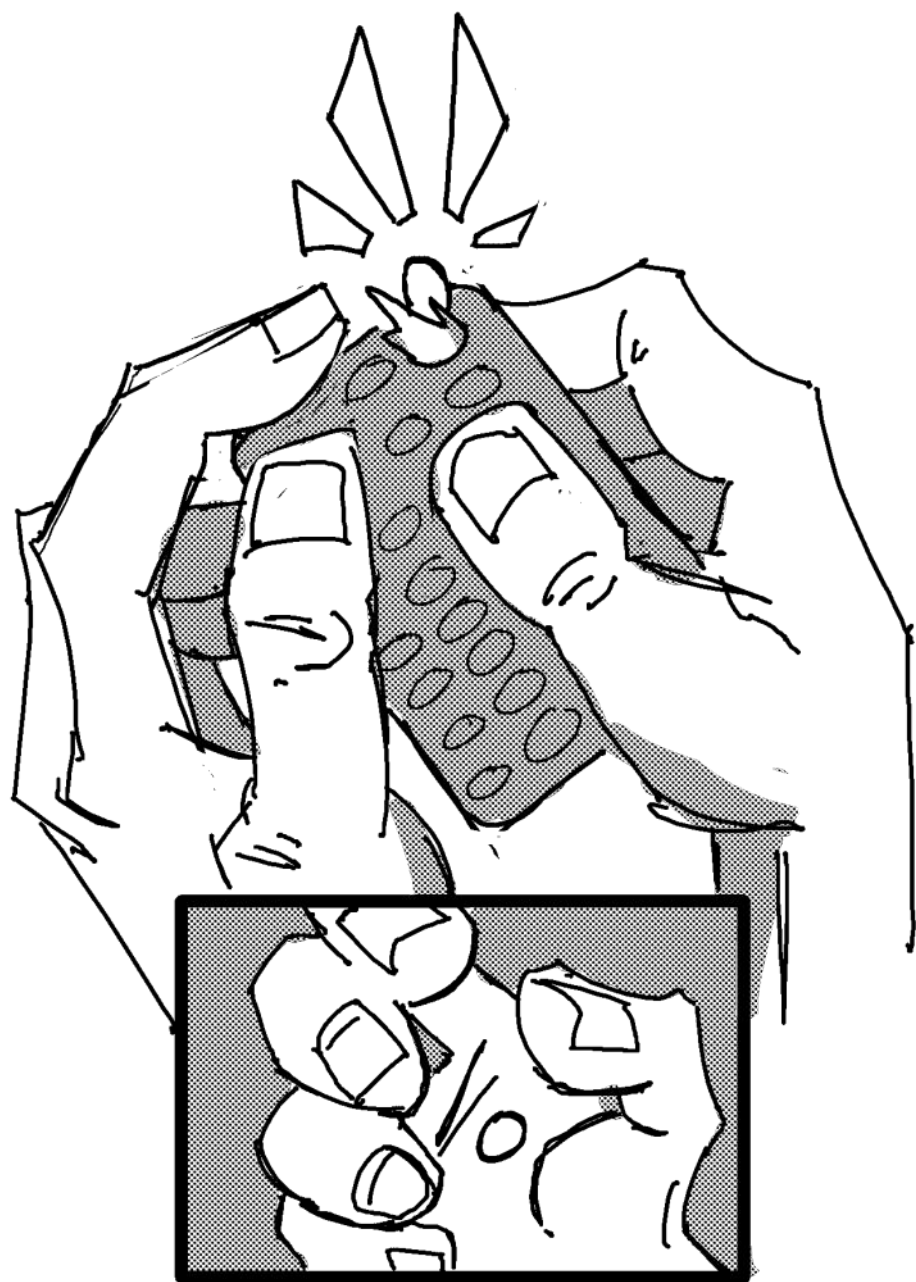


...APRIL 2022

HERE'S YOUR
PRESCRIPTION.

PRESCRIPTION
PICK UP













Man, I should
have done that
years ago...



POST TRIP.

I took my first estrogen pill almost three years ago at this point. A version of me died when I did that, but a new version of me started to live, too. It changed everything. It felt like opening the windows in a stuffy room for the first time. But like, for the soul.

I knew I was trans for
years before I did anything
about it in real life.
The prospect of living for
my own sake was too
frightening. I was
hopelessly devoted to the
pursuit of a life I hated, as
if not wanting it meant I
couldn't fail...

Transitioning was incredibly
scary at first. Looking back,
it's hard to remember why. I
guess I thought the people
around me would kill me or
something? Not always an
unrealistic fear to have, to
be honest. Such things do
happen. But they didn't. A lot
of other stupid shit
happened, though. Mostly
self inflicted, to be honest.

My only regret is waiting.

If you think you might want
to take estrogen, just do it.
Don't ask for permission.
Get it illicitly if you have to.
It's much, much easier than
you'd think. You don't have
to be a girl. You don't even
have to tell anyone about it.

Don't wait to live. Please.

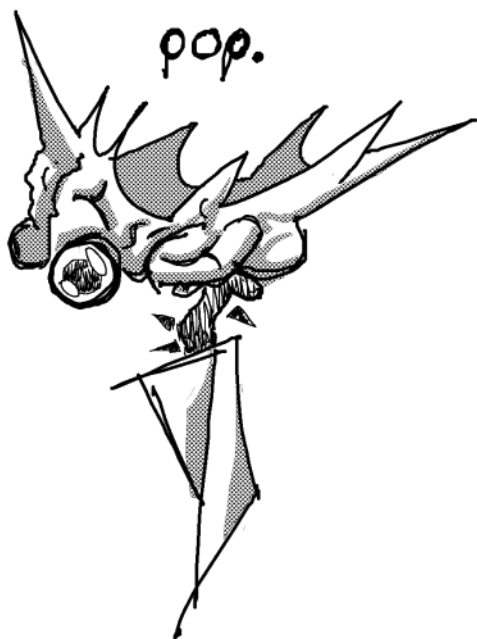


Calliope Neurotoxins is a Melbourne-based artist. She's writing this in third person because that's what she's seen other people do in like, artist bios in the back of real books or whatever. Isn't it sorta weird to do that? Maybe placing the viewpoint outside herself makes self-description less embarrassing?



Well, whatever. She paints and writes and does other such things. Sometimes for money! You can find her other work online at:

`<neurotoxicity.github.io>`



IT IS NEVER TOO LATE.

this is an autobiographical comic
about the last few months of my
life before I transitioned.

NEUROTOXIN
A COMIC BY TIGER
2025

