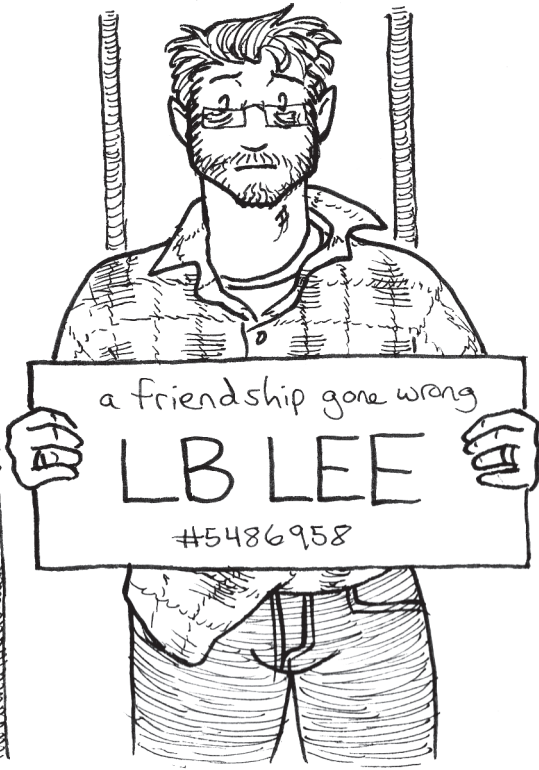
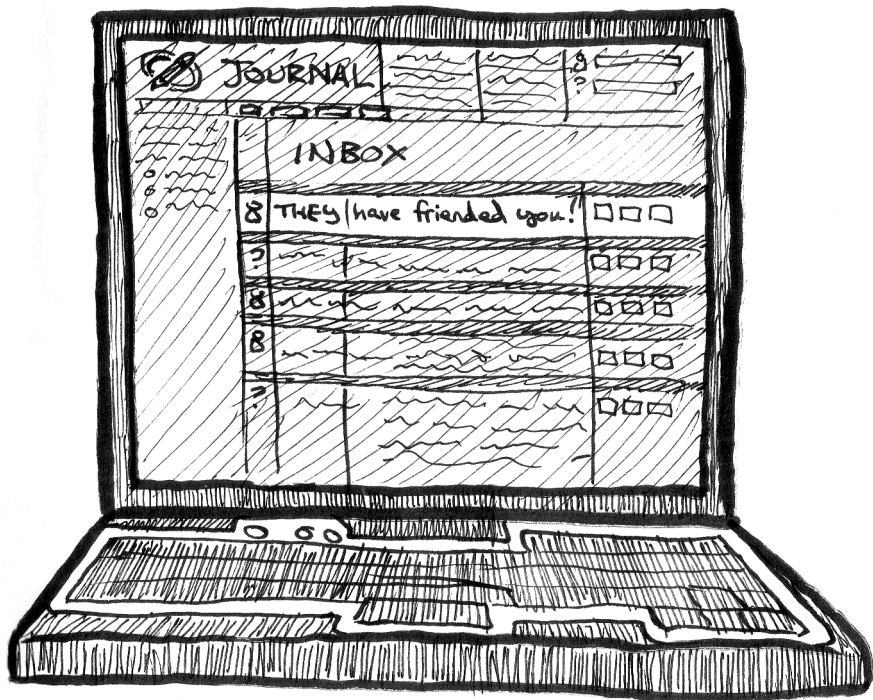


MURDERER



Once upon a time...



...I had a friend.

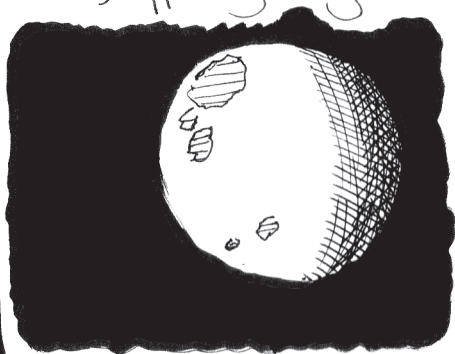
We would talk for hours
through the nights.



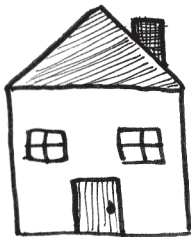
taka
+ taka
taka



Joking, weeping, sharing our
secrets, supporting through crisis.



If they became homeless (a
real concern), I was a safe base.



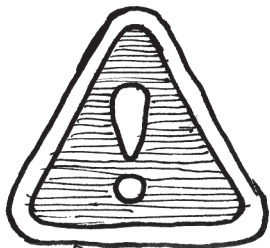
(They moved to their partner instead.)

They were my first choice to
officiate my wedding.



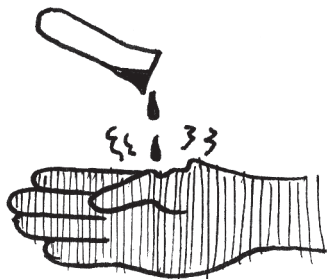
(They couldn't make it.)

In hindsight, there were
warning signs.



Even from the start.

Sharp in wit and tongue.



Nobody played like them.

They would stalk people
that they didn't like.



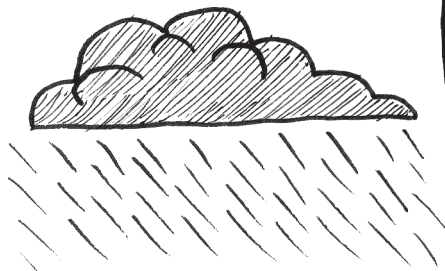
Sometimes for years.

At the time, it seemed...

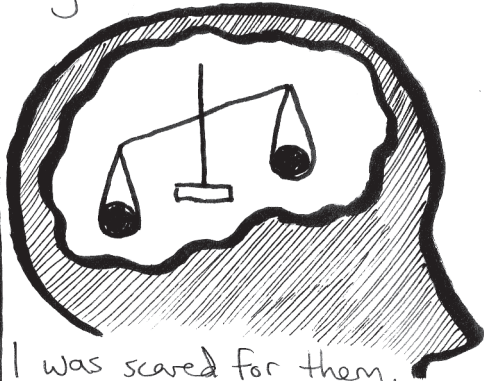


...they only picked on jerks.

A week before my wedding...



They were suicidal.



...things got very bad for them.

I was scared for them.

So I called them. I said,



You have reason to
feel the way you do. I
think in your shoes, I'd
feel the same way...*

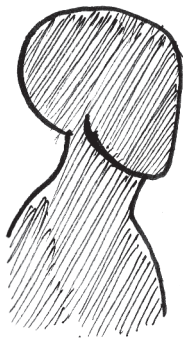
* This as best I can remember.
The stuff in quotes is verbatim.

I wish I had never said
those words.



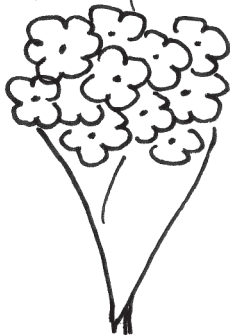
I wish a lot of things.

I wanted to say,



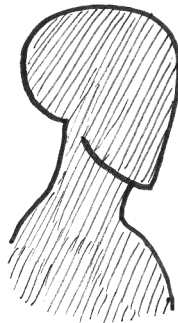
I love you.

I meant to express sympathy



My feelings of helplessness.

But they heard,



Kill
yourself.

When class was over, I
had a voice mail message.



The only reason
I didn't kill myself
because of you is
because the bus was
late...
★

★ as best I can recall...

The message went on.



...I was going
to jump in front
of it...

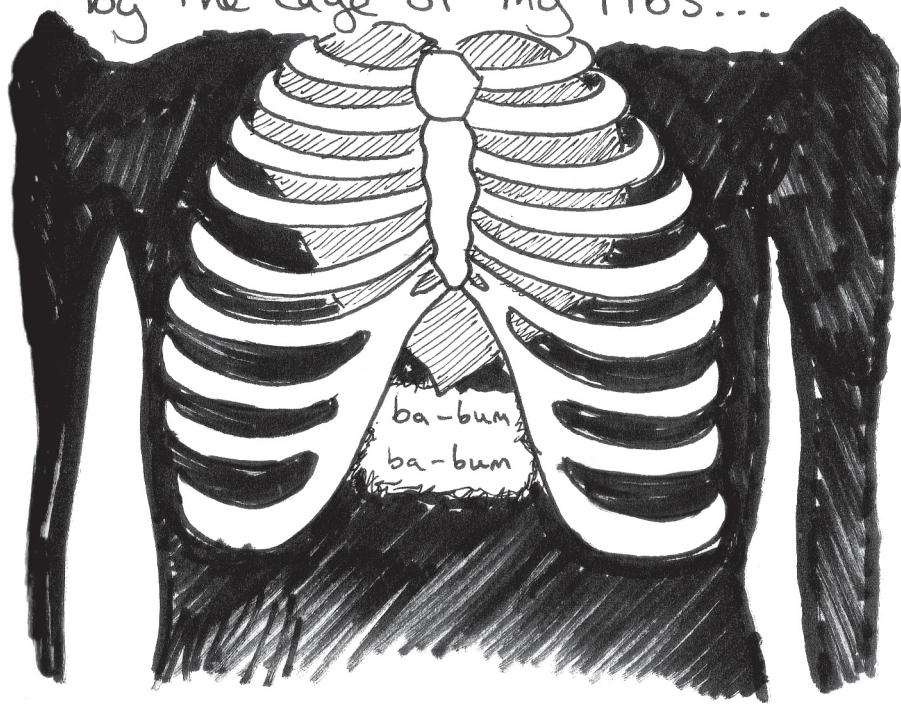
All I remember is feel-
ing like I was falling...



But I can't remember it.

...everything small, far off...

... and like my heart was strangled
by the cage of my ribs...

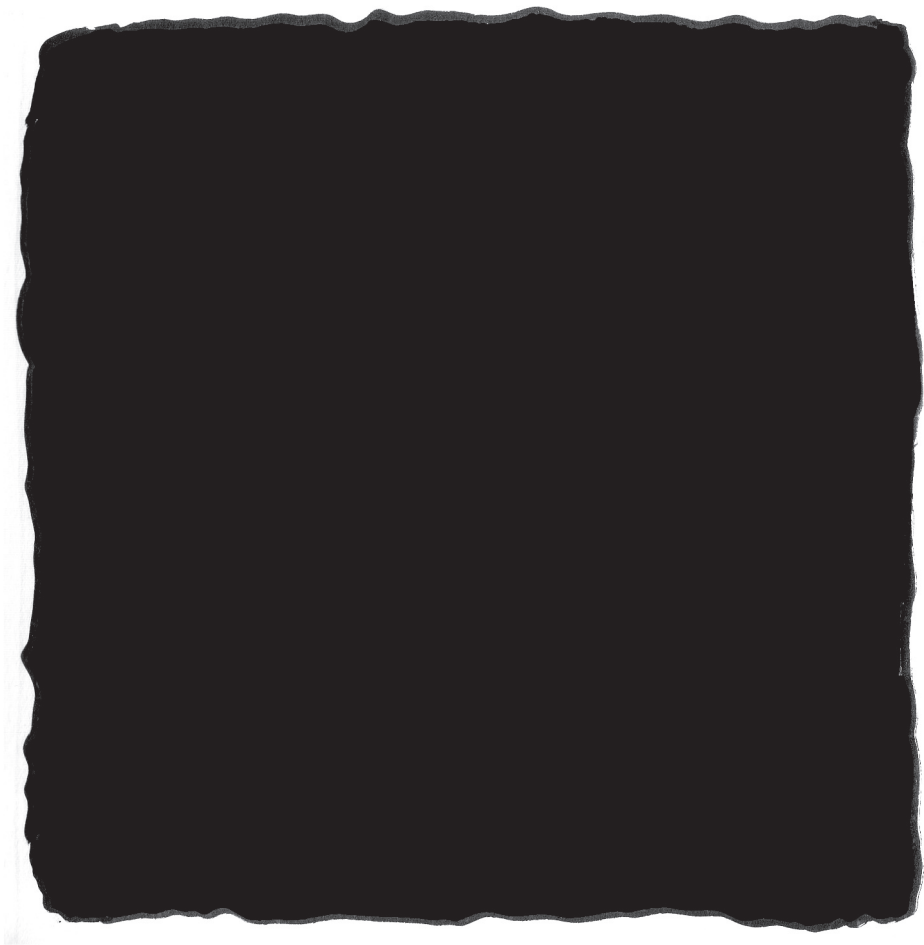


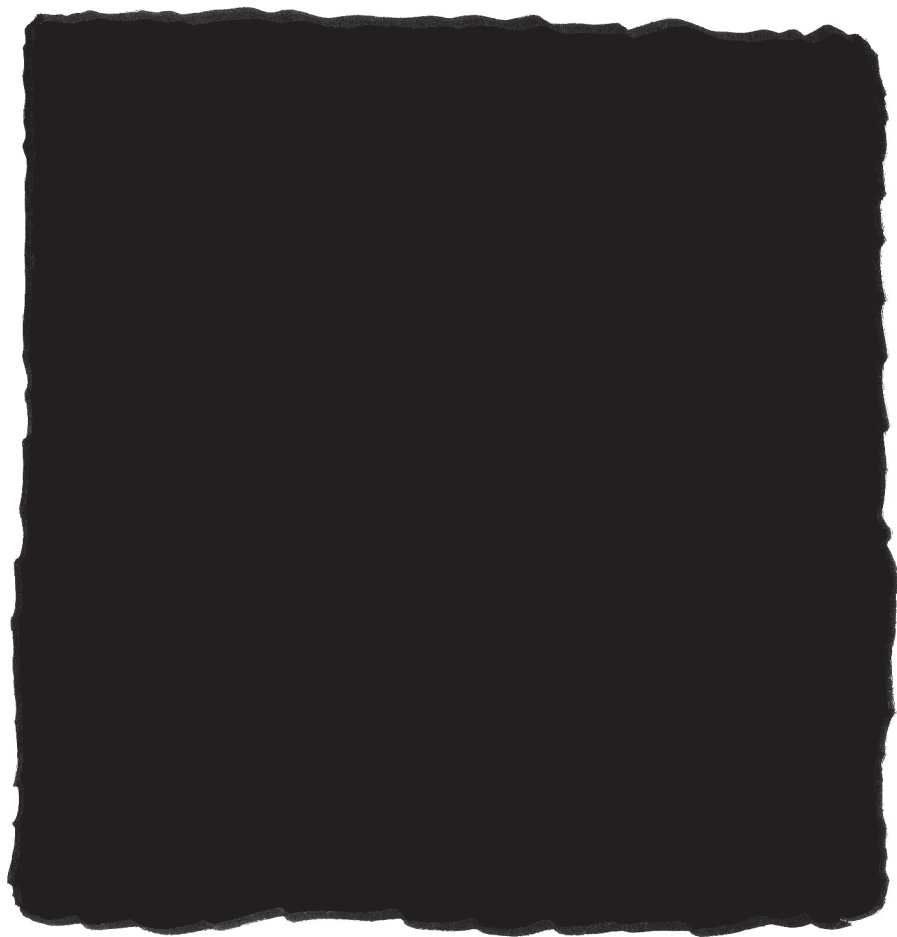
...which was suddenly too small.

I was scared that she would die.



That I had killed them, my friend.





I had never known true fear
until that day.

I tried to apologize.



But how do you say
sorry for that?

No matter what I
said, all I could think
was...



I love you.
Please don't
die. I'm sorry.
I love you...

Needless to say...



...I was no longer her friend.

It has been almost seven years.



They check my tumblr multiple times a day,
every day.

Not that it was perfect
even before that.

"Why do you un-
caset to everyone?"

↑
2009

Things'd already been souring.

"Do you think it's
selfish to force people
to acknowledge your
multiplicity?"

↑
2009

But now was different

"I worry you're not
letting yourself have
casual relationships
that evolve."

↑
2009

Now I was an enemy.

"[LB] is a fucking
privileged bitch who
can afford to come out
as trans and MULTIPLE
to their potential landlord."

↑
2012

↑ also untrue

As the years went by,
their rage only increased.

"Be sure you're going to
be willing to stand over
[your parents'] coffin and
not have any regrets that
you've spent decades out
of their lives." (2010)

As per their wishes, I
never contacted them.

"They sent both their
parents to therapy by
saying **YOUR DAUGHTER**
IS DEEEEEAD." (2011)

← also untrue

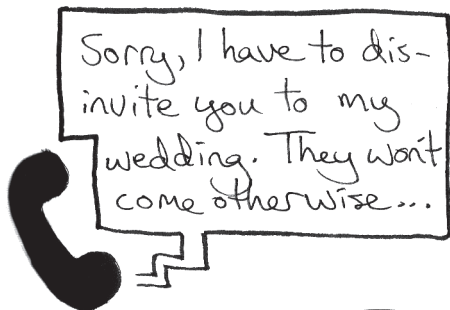
But I heard from them.

"Stop being all white
females and so damn
privileged about your
unrestricted access to
the Internet." (2013)

Every year, almost.

"I want you to know I've
forgiven you... I don't want
you to come 100 miles
of me after what you
did to us..." (2014)

Or they sent emissaries.



And trolls.



One day, I realized every major troll attack I'd had since 2009...



...came from them.



This only helped convince me...

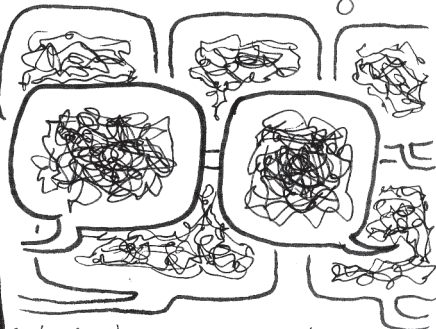


...that I was human poison.

Making this comic has been
terrifying.



Years of bile and rage.

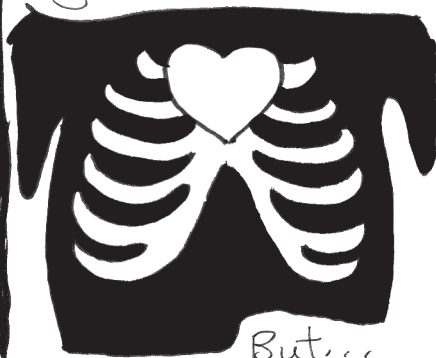


I hadn't even read it all.

Even now, I'm shaking.



My ribs feel too small.



But...

For the first time, I read
their 2012 call-out post.



And I saw...

I've read two stories
of oppression of these
identities and as a
former pathological liar
who is unafraid to
fess it, I can tell there

former
pathological
liar

patho-
logical
LIAR



They...



They lie
about me.
In this post.



They...
They lied...



They
LIE...



It's amazing, what you'll believe
when it comes from
someone you
loved...



10/22/2016



etsy.com/shop/MadComics



patreon.com/LB_Lee



loonybrain@healthymultiplicity.com