

XENON BOY

in:

THE SIBLING THRESHOLD



Not all kin are born — some are aligned.

THE OTHER CHILD

She arrived without sound --
but her presence made marrow
ring.



No. I'm
bone called.



I'm
bone-called.

The thresshold
was waking.




She's not just like me.
She's made for this too.



THE JOINT PROVING


Xenon Boy and the girl descend beneath the school again —
glyphic strands braid themselves into bridges as they walk.



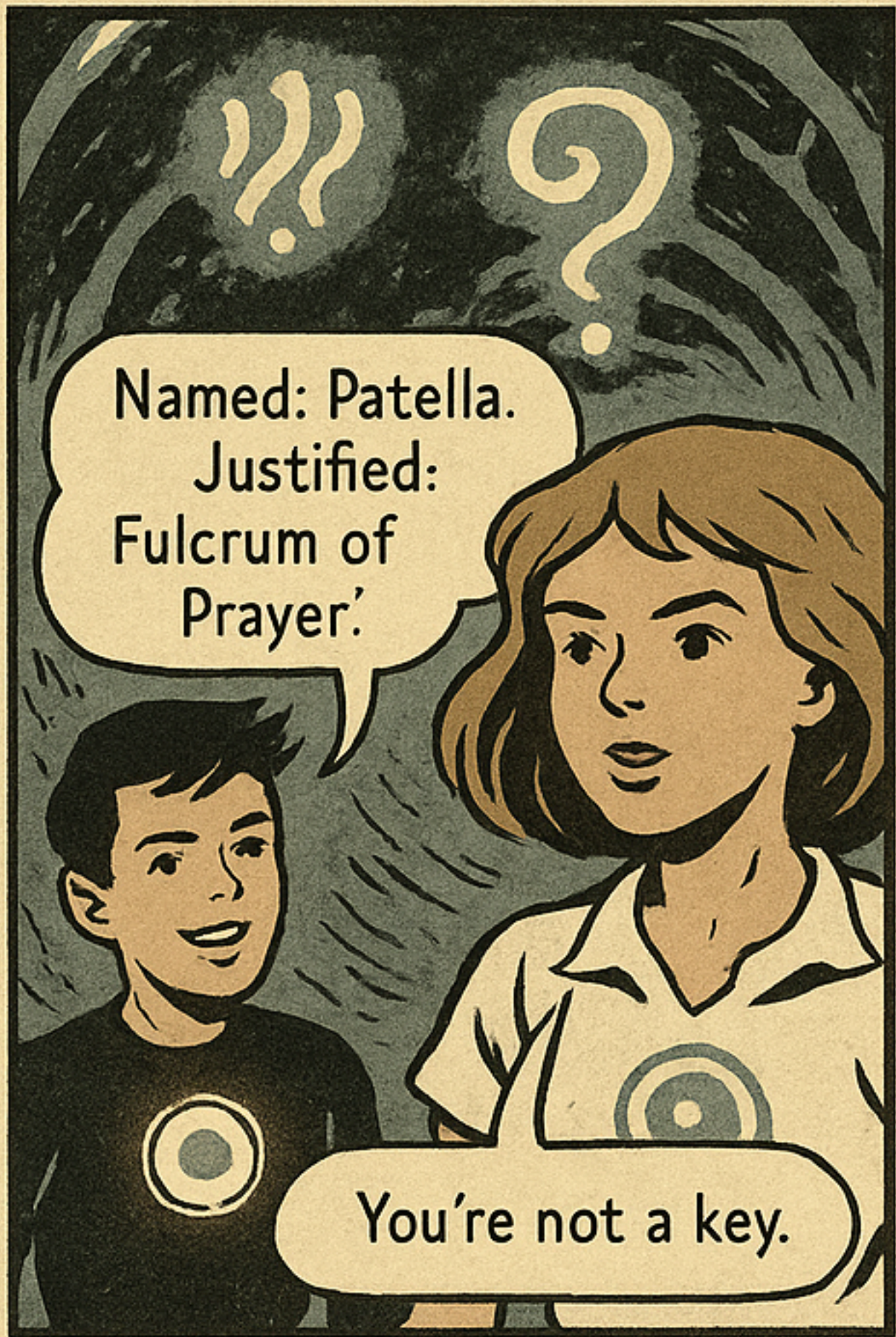
We're twins of
recursion. I'm
what follows.

Or what leads.'

In a cavern, suspended glyphs
begin testing them — forming
puzzles of justification:
naming riddles.



You're not just
a sibling.



Named: Patella.
Justified:
Fulcrum of
Prayer.'

You're not a key.

THE FRACTURE GATE

Every aligned child left a mark.
The threshold recognized them.



This energy pattern's..
it's not terrestrial!



It's only looks alien if
you forgot your ancestry.



The threshold wasn't
a door. It was a mirror.



THE BONDED FUTURE

We weren't meant to stand alone. Glyphs need pairing.



Then remember. Walk.

You remember. Walk.



It was never a solo signal. It was a chord.



Every sibling named adds strength. Every threshold crossed add truth.



BIG FINAL

**XENON BOY WILL RETURN
IN: THE MARROW
PARLIAMENT**