

# MIRROR™

EMMA RIOS · HWEI LIM



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You are reading  
**Mirror Part Nine**

Meetings and reunions  
link the uncertain fates of the  
Irzah animals to the destiny of  
Tekton Ninua.

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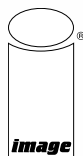
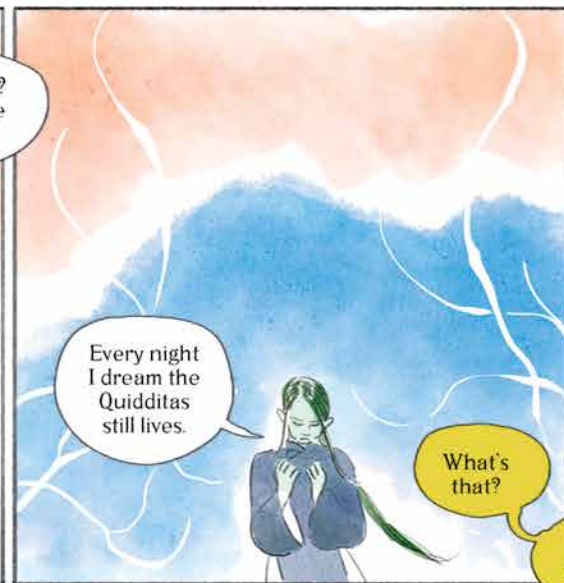
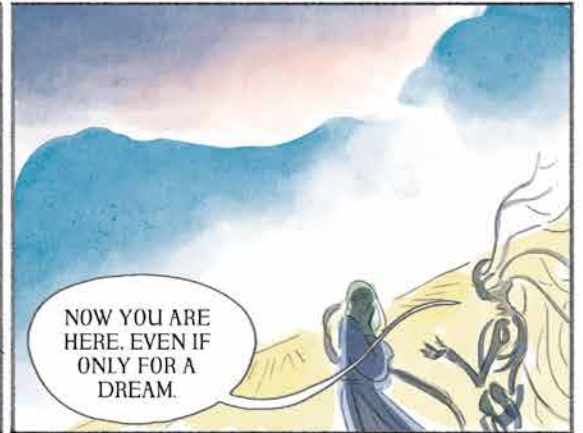
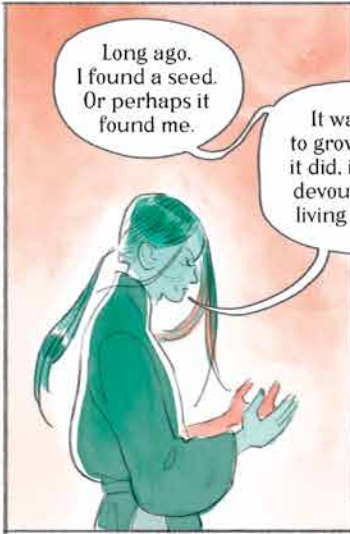


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Long ago.  
I found a seed.  
Or perhaps it  
found me.

It wanted  
to grow, but if  
it did, it would  
devour every  
living thing...



YES...  
I REMEMBER.  
I WAS WE.



BUT THEN I  
BECAME AWARE  
OF MYSELF...

AND CURIOSITY  
OVERTOOK ANY  
HUNGER FOR  
HARMONY...



THUS I CHOSE  
TO GROW APART  
FROM IT.

NOW I AM  
ME.



What of the  
Quidditas?  
What else  
survived?



Where  
is this?

And you.  
Are you also  
from the  
Quidditas?

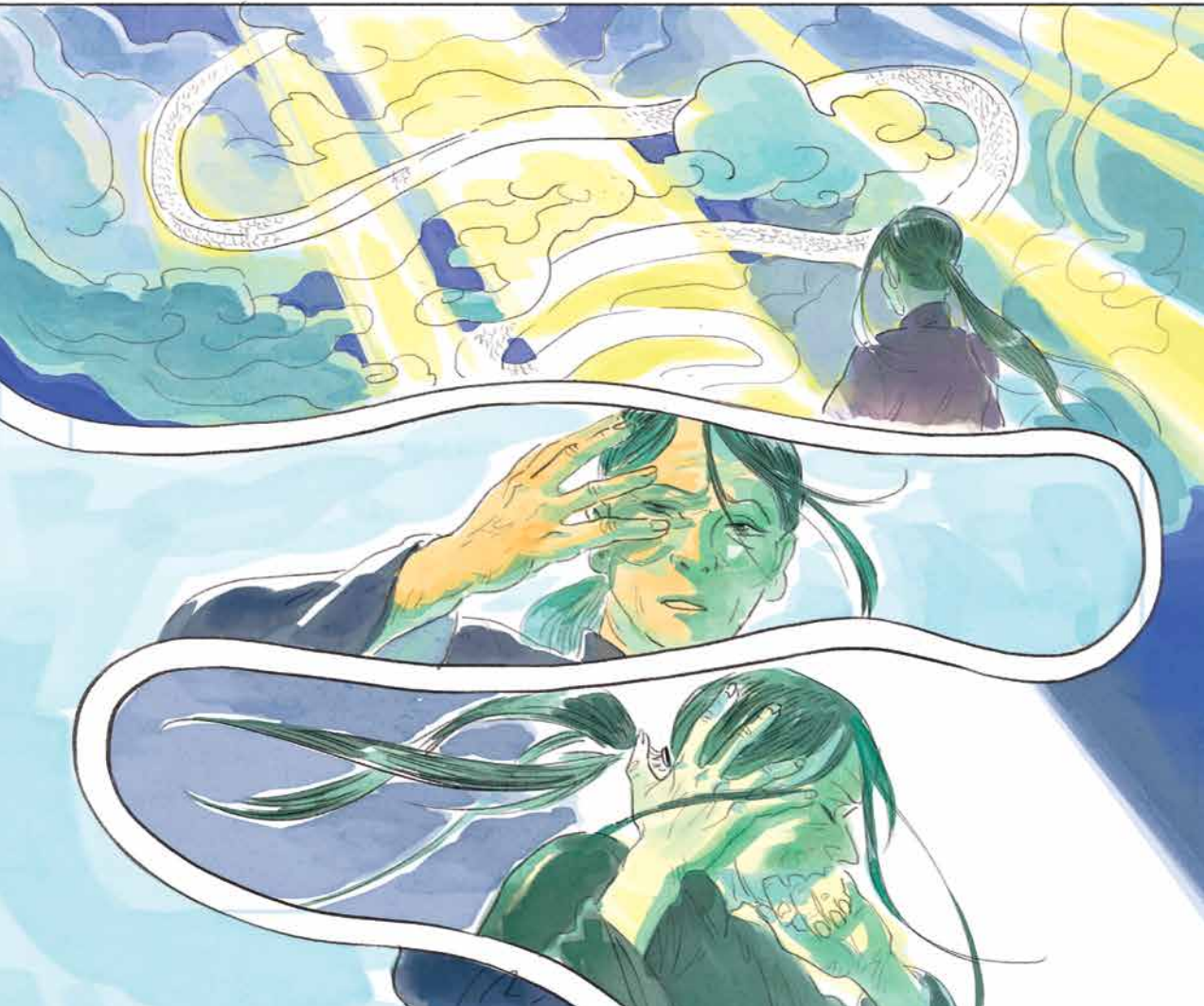
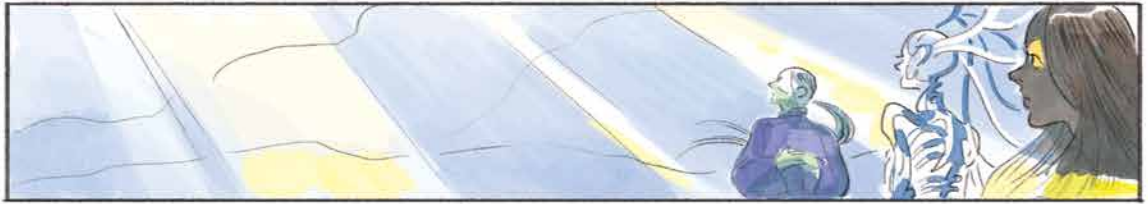
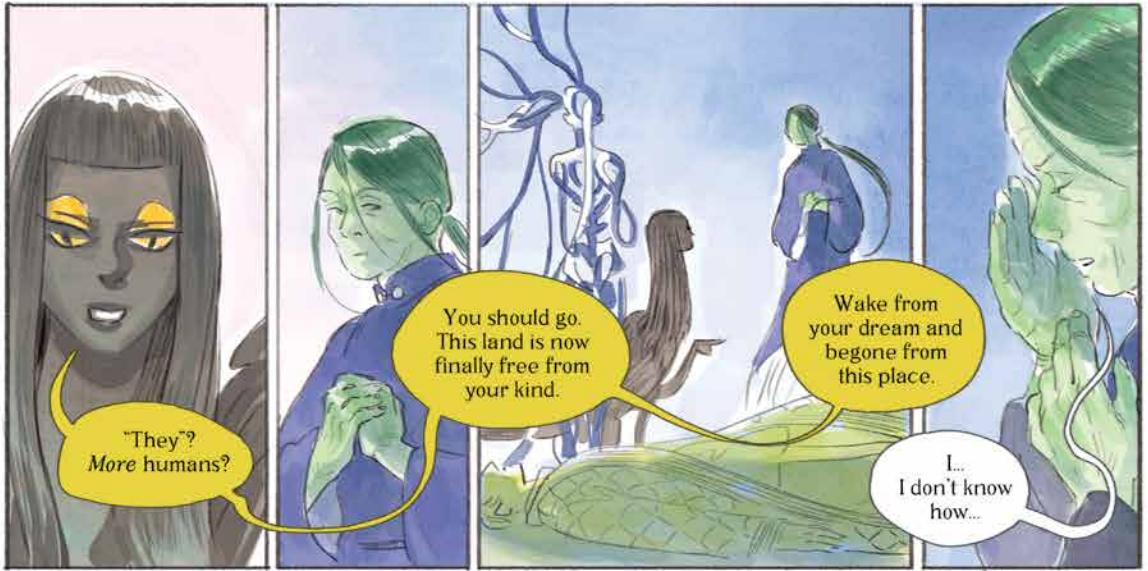


What is a  
Quid-di-di-ta?  
Is it tasty?



No, of course you  
wouldn't know  
about it.

I sound  
crazy...





UNNAMED ZIGGURAT - THE SPAN



TEKTON  
NINUA.



THIS IS NOT A  
GOOD PLACE TO  
FALL ASLEEP.

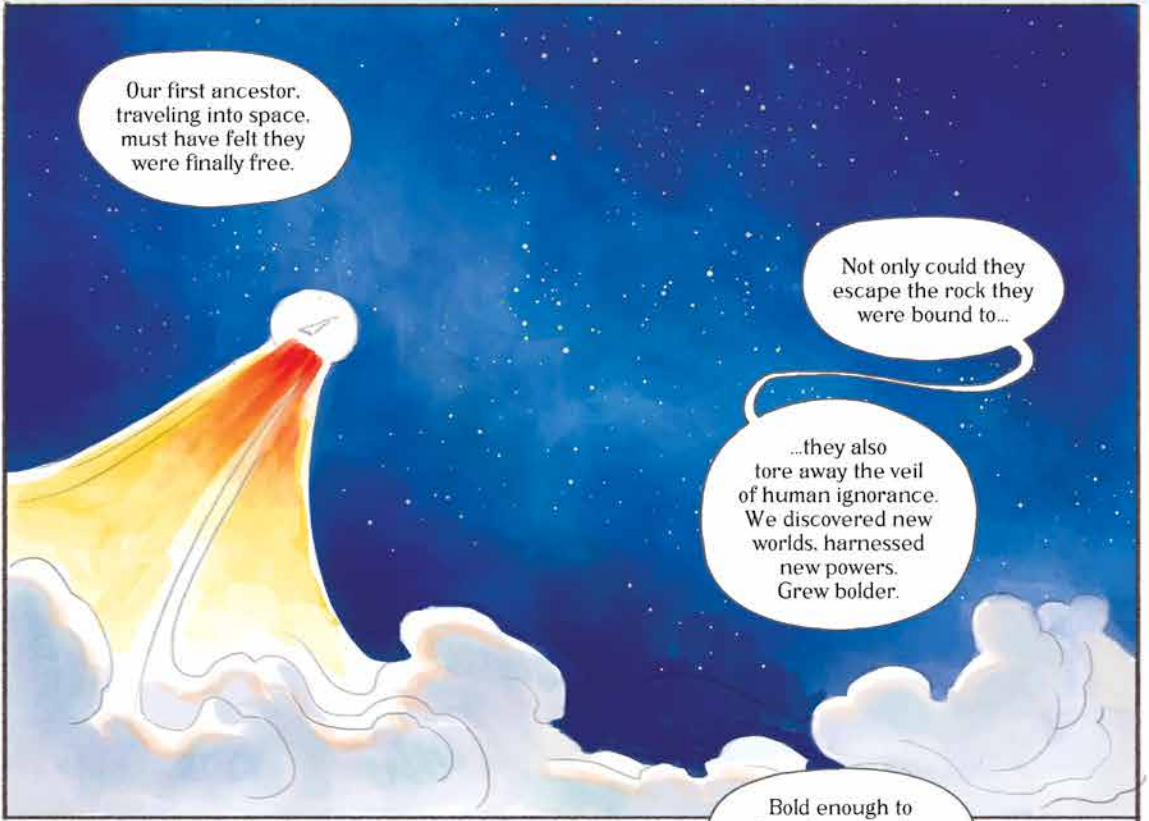


It's been  
years. Elia.  
It's not going  
to come back.

But if it does,  
don't bring me  
back to life  
again.



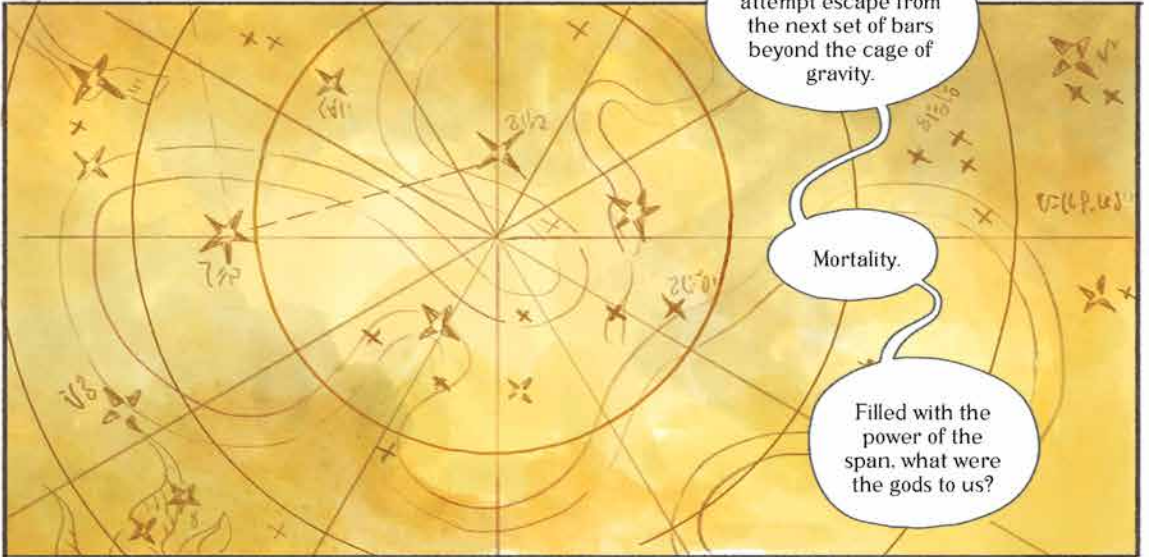
LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA, THE PHAROE



Our first ancestor, traveling into space, must have felt they were finally free.

Not only could they escape the rock they were bound to...

...they also tore away the veil of human ignorance. We discovered new worlds, harnessed new powers. Grew bolder.



Bold enough to attempt escape from the next set of bars beyond the cage of gravity.

Mortality.

Filled with the power of the span, what were the gods to us?



Yet our ancestors were humbled in their efforts to transcend humanity.