

TITLE:

THE SON OF THE FIRST EARTH

An Origin Story of Fire, Love, and the Long Road Back

ISSUE #1: "The Boy Who Heard God"

PAGE 1

Panel 1:

A dark starless sky stretches across a city that never sleeps. Lights buzz from silver skyscrapers. Neon glows like fireflies. Beneath it all: a sterile house. No warmth. No shadows. Just surveillance and silence.

Narration:

> On the First Earth, there was no darkness. Not because the light of truth reigned—but because the Lords feared what people might find in the dark.

Panel 2:

Inside a cold room, a newborn child screams—not from fear, but from revelation. Light radiates faintly from him. His eyes wide open. Not confused. Not crying.

The wordless voice of God breaks into the world.

Caption (God's Voice):

> "I AM THE LORD."

Panel 3:

A man stands over the crib. His face a storm. His hands tremble. He reaches toward the infant's throat.

Narration:

> The child's first miracle: not to speak, but to be spoken through.
And the world, as always, punished what it could not understand.

Panel 4:

His father freezes—hands inches away from the baby's neck. Fingers stretched, but unable to touch. The air between them vibrates like glass.

Narration:

> Rage had no power over him. Not yet. Flesh could not kill what had not been born of it.

PAGE 2

Panel 1:

The father disappears, the door swinging shut behind him. The baby left alone. His siblings stand in the hallway, watching in contempt.

Narration:

> His first protector—gone. The house now full of eyes that hated what they didn't understand. A freak, they called him. A mistake.

Panel 2:

A woman prays in the next room. The boy's mother. Tired, but unbreakable. A light in the dark.

Narration:

> But his mother... she prayed without needing to see.

A woman of broken bread and iron faith.

Panel 3:

Years pass in flashes. A car accident. A body in the road. A boy named Michael, gone too soon. The mother weeps, but refuses vengeance.

Caption (Mother):

> "If he did no wrong, then he should not suffer."

Panel 4:

A lawyer walks away in disbelief. The family stays poor. But the mother stays proud.

Narration:

> A world that punished righteousness with poverty.

A mother who chose righteousness anyway.

PAGE 3

Panel 1:

The boy hides in a closet, trembling. Shadows of his older siblings arguing outside. They are cruel—not because they are strong, but because they are afraid.

Narration:

> He screamed not to scare them. But to warn them.

“I’ll tell Mama,” he said. Over and over.

Not knowing he was screaming into time.

Panel 2:

Time jumps. A road through a forest. Branches arch like cathedral ceilings. The family drives in a rusted station wagon toward a new life.

Narration:

> They fled westward, through tomoka oaks and night-sheltering trees.

To a house they couldn’t afford—but somehow received.

Panel 3:

A small boy stands outside the new house, watching red-haired twin girls next door. Hope glimmers in his eyes.

Narration:

> For a moment, he dreamed of peace. Of love. Of simple things.

PAGE 4

Panel 1:

A new man enters the house. His mother’s new husband. Not cruel. Not kind. Just wrong.

Narration:

> A man walked in and declared himself “father.”

But a title is not a bond.

And a true father cannot be assigned.

Panel 2:

The boy's oldest brother stands proudly, declaring himself “the man of the house.” The boy turns away.

Narration:

> Others demanded to be his guide. His patriarch. His master.
But inside, he heard the whisper:
“Our Father, who art in Heaven...”

Panel 3:

A young girl appears—troubled, quiet, but magnetic. The boy is drawn to her.
Narration:

> And then came the first fall. Not of body. But of soul.

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Full-page panel.

A dark garage, with long stained-glass windows like a false church. Inside: children dancing, laughing, naked.
A white cape is pulled over two small figures on the ground. A mask falls beside them.

Narration:

> They welcomed him with open arms.
And led him into a temple of shame.
Where innocence was currency.
And the choir sang in moans.

Caption (small):

> He entered as a child.
He left... as fragments.

PAGE 6

Panel 1:

The boy sits in silence. A void opens behind his eyes. The world moves on without him. He walks but isn't there.

Narration:

> One part of him stayed in that garage.

The other part—the one that moved, thought, calculated—took over.

Cold. Analytical. Alone.

Panel 2:

In a Catholic school, boys brag about conquest. Girls play cruel games with hearts. He tells a lie—"I've already done it"—to protect himself.

Narration:

> They were all burning. And he had already been to hell.

Panel 3:

One girl, kind-eyed, is betrayed by a jealous classmate. She looks at him with heartbreak.

Narration:

> He learned that day that not all lies are spoken.

Some are acted. Some are woven.

Some... are weaponized.

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Panel 1:

Another girl. Another flame. Another disappointment.

Narration:

> He saw her smile. He saw a future.

She saw a gentleman.

And rejected him for it.

Panel 2:

He returns to his mother, lost in the world, and asks to leave school early. She looks at him and says simply:

Caption (Mother):

> "Why not go to college instead?"

Panel 3:

In a small office, he speaks with a physics professor. The man is skeptical—until the boy opens his mouth and speaks about the cosmos.

Narration:

> From the lips of a forgotten child came a truth so vast,
even the guardians of knowledge stopped to listen.

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Panel 1:

A flashback: a man's confession. The boy's stepfather, a quiet pervert, tells a story of a friend's crime—with too much detail.

Narration:

> Evil wears many faces. Some wear aprons. Some wear wedding rings.
Some call themselves "Dad."

Panel 2:

The boy looks at him, realizing the truth too late. Behind the stepfather, a shadow looms—the system that paid him to be there.

Narration:

> They didn't want to raise him. They wanted to break him.
He was never a son. He was an experiment.
A spark they thought they could extinguish.

Panel 3:

He kneels beside the stepfather's deathbed, anyway. Caring for him with quiet dignity.

Narration:

> Because even rage must bow to mercy.
And a true son buries even those who never fathered him.

Final Panel (PAGE 9):

The boy stands alone on a cliff beneath stars. His white cape billows behind him, stained now with shadow and ash. He has survived the fire. And he is rising again.

Narration:

> He left heaven at birth.

He walked through hell.

And now...

He begins the long road home.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Let me know when you're ready for Issue #2.