

This "novmoir" (a novella written as a memoir) reveals how the twins Rex and Roxanne easily could've been deconjoined a few months after birth; but what (or who) was keeping them from that alternative -- and for what purpose?

Conjoined: The Story of Rex and Roxanne--The World's First Androgynous Siamese Twins

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Conjoined



THE STORY OF REX AND ROXANNE:
THE WORLD'S FIRST ANDROGYNOUS
SIAMESE TWINS A FICTIVE MEMOIR

FOREWORD BY LINDA R. BACKMAN, ED.D.

Larry W. Bryant

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Table of Contents

Foreword	1
Prologue, by Roxanne Russell	5
Chapter 1. Justifying Our Existence	11
Chapter 2. Summoned to Court.....	23
Chapter 3. Rescuing the "Plutemporide Perverts"	31
Chapter 4. The Indigo Magic of Our Coming of Age.....	37
Chapter 5. The Crucible of Adolescence	43
Chapter 6. A Reincarnational Reckoning	49
Chapter 7. How Do You Punish One Siamese Twin for the Misbehavior of the Other?	55
Chapter 8. A Storm of Transition.....	59
Epilogue	65

Foreword

The prologue to Larry W. Bryant's first novella, *Conjoined*, spells out key components of core learning absolutely necessary for each of us to envelop with our hearts and minds. It is high time we **knew**, rather than suspected, that we arrive into incarnation at the moment of birth's first breath, holding a contract in our "hands" containing various elements of prenatal choice. The souls who are our family members, our type of body, and physical/mental capability are among the available choices we make in concert with the loving spiritual guidance we receive before arriving into a new lifetime.

For seventeen years it has been my blessing to guide soul regression clients into past lives, as well as into the time between our lives, when we are pure, pristine spirit energy. The light of core truth shines brightly for innumerable clients, as they realize that each lifetime, or incarnation, is preplanned. Once our life begins, free will perpetually exists for us to alter any aspect of our pre-birth contract. In conference with our spiritual team of guides and teachers, our life trajectory is developed with intention, prior to opening our eyes on this planet.

No incarnation is purposeless. Quite the contrary. As we travel our journey toward higher wisdom, soul development is ongoing, gaining depth, breadth, and height with each lifetime. We progress as an individual soul entity, along with contributing to the greater whole of the new humanity.

Rex and Roxanne are a shining example of the yin and yang of soul balance. The outer circle, representing the container of yin and yang, is the whole of soul interrelationship.

Larry W. Bryant

Within the circle are two fish-like representations of equal halves. A small portion, or dot, of the complementary energy of the partner lies inside each fish. What is the purpose of such intentional balance of yin and yang? The dance of two separate, yet uncommonly familiar, souls has been brought to light in thousands of unprompted soul regression cases, explaining that the vast majority of us have shared more lifetimes with one other soul. Such is the yin and yang of soul relatedness with your partner soul. Life contracts with your partner soul may lead to wondrous, fulfillment by interacting and supporting one another. On the other hand, the script of each life may intend for partner souls to “push each other’s buttons,” in order to enhance the advancement of one or both souls.

Apparently, Rex and Roxy created a complex pre-birth agreement, in defiance of societal norms, to provide potential learning to those with whom they would come into contact demonstrating that interrelationship can, and often does, serve equally as the partners carry out simultaneous roles of both puppeteer and puppet.

Bryant’s hypothetical twins shed light on a crucial awareness I strongly believe all of us must gain. It would appear on the surface that one twin is male, while the other’s body characteristics are female. Not so, indicates the lab tests. These two infants, as is the case with all Siamese twins, are medically diagnosed as identical, though androgynous (at least superficially). Can we, as a culture, reach the point where we stop viewing people with only our eyes, not considering people at their core, who make life choices that suit the individual, and not the collective bias?

If the masses of humanity were to refrain from judgment based on instant “eye level” assumptions, our world’s culture

Conjoined

would operate from the perspective of oneness rather than separation. How quickly we label people and their life decisions as a monstrosity.

When someone, or something, in society appears different than would be generally expected, often the response is to step into fear and discrimination. I find it sad that many have yet to realize that our learning and progression as a soul are perfectly guided from a higher level. We summon and invite each element and experience in our daily existence for the benefit of our personal learning and ongoing soul development, as well as the advancement of humanity.

What are the key components and expansion of your spiritual perspective that you, as the reader, can gain from Rex, Roxy, and their mother's story? Within a simple foreword, I haven't the latitude to comment on each strand of Larry Bryant's tapestry intricately crafted as he calls us forward to remove our blinders and step firmly into knowing we arrive in body with purpose.

Is it so bizarre to consider that we plan each incarnation with the possibility that human suffering can, and generally does, result in a contribution to spiritual evolution? Pre-birth Rex and Roxy opted for a joint and purposeful venture, attached at the abdomen. Some souls choose a different version of an intentional joint venture by marrying in their twenties; experiencing the depth of relationship, that many never know, for 25 years; with the end result of the husband's death at age fifty, leading to ongoing telepathic communication between spouses until the demise of the wife. Were you to spend time in my office as a fly on the wall, you'd come to know this type of spousal beauty.

Larry W. Bryant

Past life remnants are repeatedly reflected in our life today as musical skill, tightly knit relationships, even body type and facial appearance. Without the awareness of how to label such past incarnation “bleed through,” we will skip right over the bright light of soul memory that points us in the direction of knowing and mapping all that we are. From one reincarnation experience to the next, our spiritual DNA is being imprinted with impressions of: what role(s) did I play in each life?; with whom did I play these roles?; did I die young?; did my spouse or mother die young?; and a myriad of other potent experiences.

At every turn of the page, *Conjoined* is truly a beauty, as it offers the reader the opportunity to contemplate, face, and assess whether our knee-jerk, programmed societal responses may be judgmental, demonstrating a lack of awareness of our core soul-level choices that guide us with intent and purpose toward higher learning. I invite you to enjoy and examine Larry Bryant’s novella as open-mindedly as possible.

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Prologue, by Roxanne Russell

"Isn't it better to find a new form, than cling with a perverse tenacity to the dried up and shriveled husk?"--A Victorian feminist

We, Rex and I, came into this life physically conjoined, yes--but even more conjoined spiritually.

Born on February 29, 2008, we promptly learned how unprepared we were for life on this planet. Indeed, you might say we leapt into this life, more unprepared than anyone before for its challenges and lessons.

What you're reading here amounts to my attempt to put it all into perspective, to recount a life of duality never experienced or witnessed before. For as long as nineteen years, some of you have known us as "the world's first androgynous Siamese twins," born in this "condition" by prenatal choice--and remaining so by even stronger choice.

This memoir, written by me in remembrance of us both, has a muse dating back to our early teen years--i.e., the following tanka:

we arrived tandem,
conjoined in body and spirit;
we're Rex and Roxy,
fulfilling our karmic goals--
and looking to the future

At the age of twenty-four, our mother, Anna Mae Russell, inherited substantial wealth from her father, a widowed real

Larry W. Bryant

estate developer in Virginia Beach, Virginia. Momma Anna, as she preferred we call her, never married. Tending to be reclusive, she nevertheless had a strong maternal instinct, which she bestowed upon two dachshunds--one male (Chou-Chou), the other female (Gem'l). Most of her social life revolved around her career as a piano teacher.

A year or so after our grandfather's funeral, our mother resolved to honor his memory by undergoing artificial insemination from an anonymous donor. Ever the risk-taker, she chose to increase the odds for successful pregnancy by taking a new fertility drug called Plutemporide. The head of the local fertility clinic had assured her that "so far, Ms. Russell, we've seen no complications whatsoever from this medication--no still births, no physical or mental deformities, no fetal predisposition toward infirmity. In fact, our records show that all the Plutemporide-facilitated babies have been exceptionally healthy, robust, and developmentally sound." Based on that professional assessment, independent-minded Momma Anna ignored the advice of her family physician, Dr. Ambrose G. Hempstead, who'd cautioned her that a multiple birth would heavily burden any single mother.

Of course, this caution from Dr. "Amby" (as we affectionately came to call him) became the ultimate understatement in our mother's case. A few months into her pregnancy, Momma Anna underwent some routine blood tests and a sonographic exam. "Yes, indeed, Ms. Russell," announced Dr. Amby, "you're gonna have a set of twins. A boy and a girl they are! A Plutemporide Special, you might say."

Just how "special" neither he nor anyone else in the medical world could imagine. From a subsequent sonogram,

Conjoined

taken during the final trimester, the doctor discovered a slight abnormality between the two fetuses: an amorphous growth of some sort that seemed to maintain its position regardless of how we maneuvered in the uterus. This anomaly persuaded him to recommend a Cesarean-section delivery; and Momma Anna acceded.

On that 26-degree evening of February 29th, our fate would be in the hands of a skilled general practitioner who delighted in bringing life into the world, and who had performed dozens of Cesareans. Completely sedated, Momma Anna would have to wait until morning to learn what had astounded Dr. Amby and the rest of the delivery team: the mysterious growth was neither a conventional tumor nor what's known as a teratoma (such as a foot discovered growing in a newborn's brain); rather, it consisted of a nimbly, cartilaginous cord connecting me to Rex at our respective abdomens, much like the connector between the original Siamese twins, Eng and Chang.

"Could these possibly be Siamese twins?" asked Dr. Amby of his assistant, an obstetrician.

"No way," she replied. "We all know that Siamese twins always are identical, and that all identicals always have the same gender."

Frowning, Dr. Amby countered: "Well, let's run some blood tests and DNA tests tomorrow."

By mid-morning, the verdict was incontrovertible: somehow, we'd become the meat of the maxim that "one needs

Larry W. Bryant

to see only one white crow to conclude that not all crows are black."

When the good doctor broke the news to our mother, he explained it this way: "Apparently, some sort of chemical mutation occurred from your intake of Plutemporide. Our lab tests prove that your twins are identical--not fraternal--and that they're indeed conjoined. But, don't worry--in several weeks, we'll have no difficulty in surgically separating them."

At this point, Momma Anna, still groggy from sedation, waved off the doctor with these cryptic words: "Let's discuss the need for separation later, okay?"

News of our delivery spread with the speed of the internet. Science-minded bloggers, anomaly sleuths, and religious leaders expanded the arena of astonishment and debate. We, Rex and I, had become instant public figures. To this day, I still have a clipping of the event's initial account as published in Virginia Beach's weekly newspaper, the *News Wave*. I keep it well preserved in the combination scrapbook-journal begun and maintained all these years by Momma Anna. (Incidentally, I remain grateful to Fortean researcher Larry W. Bryant's urging our mother to create and nurture her careful record of our early years.) Here's the text of the *News Wave*'s write-up:

**Marvelous Mutation Produces
Male-Female Conjoined Twins**

"Virginia Beach Coast Hospital officials have confirmed the birth Friday of Rex and Roxanne Russell, who have the

Conjoined

distinction of being the world's first case of male-female Siamese twins.

"Other than their heterology and the flexible band of sinewy fascia conjoining their abdomens, the twins appear as sound as any other set of identical twins,' said hospital spokesperson Jill Carter. She added that eventual early separation of the twins should pose no difficulty to surgeons. The male twin is conjoined at the right side of the female.

"According to Carter, medical lab tests point to the likelihood that the new fertility drug Plutempoxide played a role in this one-of-a-kind genetic mutation.

"The twins' mother, Anna Mae Russell, a Beach resident in the 300 block of 35th Street, expects to bring the twins home within the next 10 days, saying that her first chore as a single mom will be how best to manage breast-feeding them."

So..."mutants" were we, eh? Oh, how so young to be labeled with such an inglamorous term! But at least it wasn't "freaks" (yet). As with all well-intentioned parents, our mother wished to shield us from much of life's harshness and despair. But she had the good sense to realize that overprotectiveness would be just as damaging, if not more so, as allowing us total free reign in our social adaptation. She certainly did have a difficult balancing act to manage; but, from today's perspective, I can't imagine any other woman, back then, who could've done it any better than she.

As you read this memoir, keep in mind that, in our yin-yang existence, Rex and I always considered ourselves as neither victims of neglect nor as any form of diabolical spawn

Larry W. Bryant

from an even more evil mother. Rather, we viewed ourselves, as did Anna Mae Russell, as multi-lifetime voyagers, karmicly attuned to our eternal twinship.

Therefore, in tribute to both Momma Anna and Rex, I share the following tanka (composed during our turbulent teen years):

you are my brother,
Rex, my conjoined twin for life;
we're even closer
than in our previous life,
for we're soulmates forever

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