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# THE X FILES™

## GROUND ZERO



CREATED BY CHRIS CARTER



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THE X-FILES CREATED BY

CHRIS CARTER

T H E X F I L E S™

GROUND ZERO

PART TWO OF FOUR

## TOPPS COMICS

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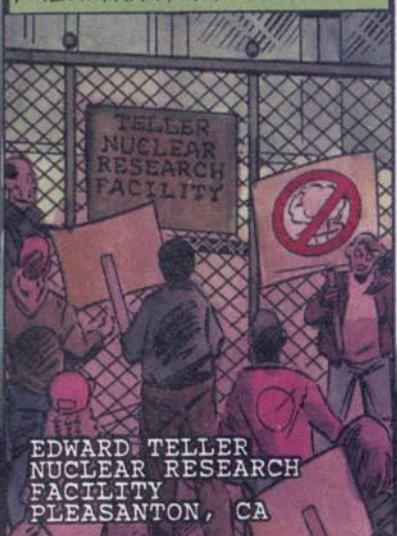
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"SPECIAL AGENT DANA SCULLY  
PRELIMINARY REPORT."



EDWARD TELLER  
NUCLEAR RESEARCH  
FACILITY  
PLEASANTON, CA

"AGENT MULDER AND  
I HAVE BEEN CALLED  
TO INVESTIGATE THE  
MYSTERIOUS DEATH  
OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS  
SCIENTIST EMIL  
GREGORY..."



"... FOUND IN HIS LABORA-  
TORY, BURNED BEYOND  
RECOGNITION THROUGH  
A SURGE OF RADIATION..."

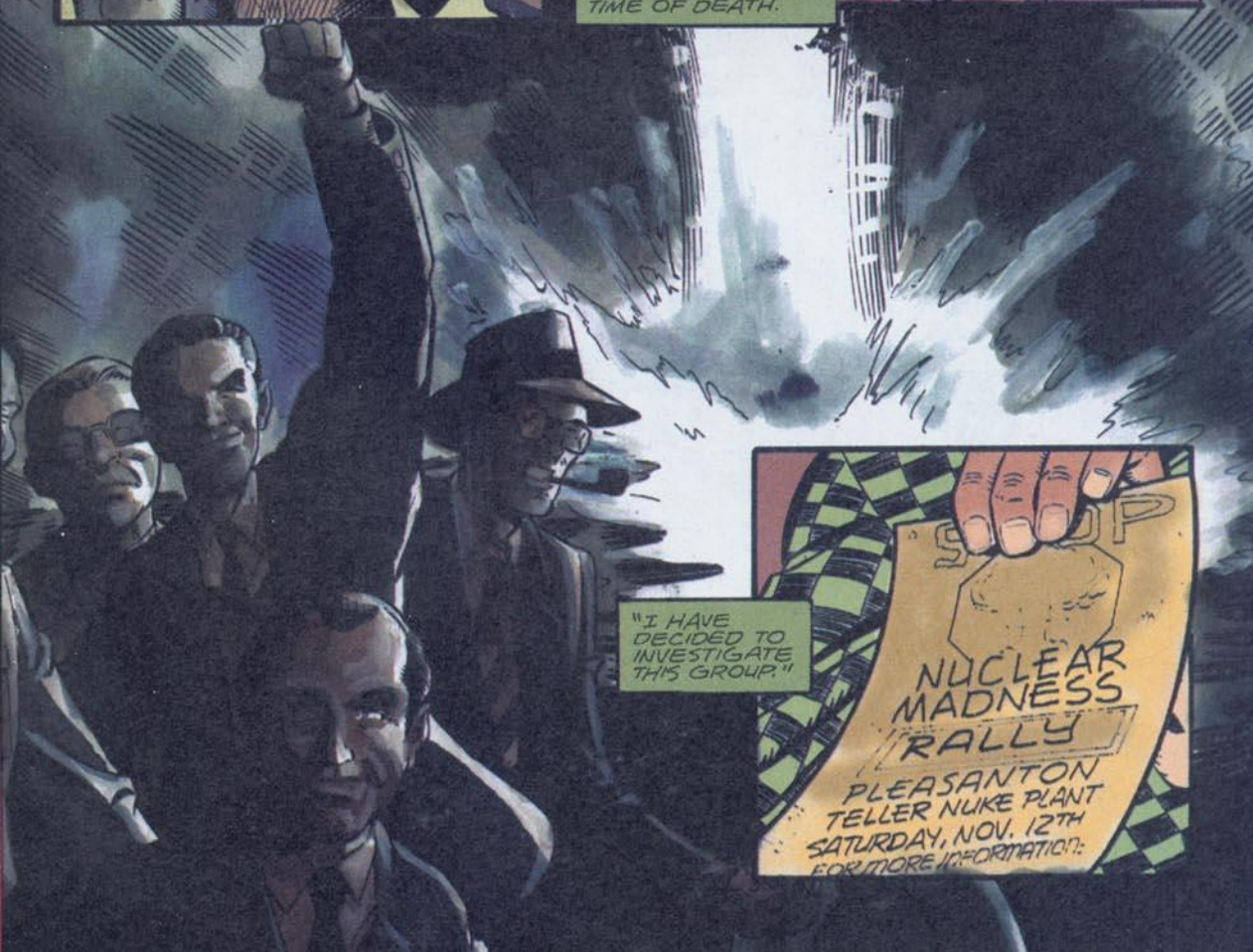


"...AS YET UN-  
EXPLAINED."

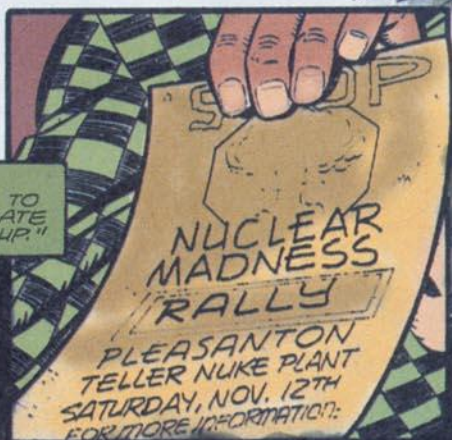


"AGENT MULDER  
SUSPECTS A POSSIBLE  
CLASSIFIED RESEARCH  
PROJECT GONE  
AWRY..."

"OTHER EVIDENCE  
SUGGESTS SOME  
KIND OF BIZARRE  
TERRORIST ACTIVITY  
BY A RADICAL  
GROUP OF PRO-  
TESTERS OUTSIDE  
THE RESEARCH  
FACILITY AT THE  
TIME OF DEATH."



"I HAVE  
DECIDED TO  
INVESTIGATE  
THIS GROUP."



"IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN TO THE BERKELEY CAMPUS... I DID SOME OF MY UNDERGRADUATE WORK HERE."

"I EVEN GOT INVOLVED-- PERIPHERALLY-- WITH SOME ANTI-NUCLEAR PROTESTING BACK THEN."

"THEN I MOVED ON TO OTHER THINGS..."

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
BERKELEY  
WEDNESDAY

"MAYBE THIS GROUP WILL BE DIFFERENT..."

"...STOP NUCLEAR MADNESS!"

"IT DOESN'T LOOK ANY DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS..."

Fight Back

STOP the Madness

Nukes Kill

SHELTER

"...BUT IT SEEMS LIKE THEY'VE PICKED AN APPROPRIATE PLACE."

# GROUND ZERO PART 2

HELLO...  
I'D LIKE TO  
SEE THE  
PERSON IN  
CHARGE, PLEASE?  
MIRIEL  
BREMEN?

I'M MIRIEL.  
WELCOME TO  
OUR MUSEUM  
OF NUCLEAR  
HORRORS.

ALREADY HAD ONE NUCLEAR WAR...

JUST PREVENT THE NEXT



I'M SPECIAL AGENT  
DANA SCULLY, AND  
I NEED TO ASK--

I'M GETTING  
TIRED OF ALL THE  
HARASSMENT! NOW  
WHAT DID WE DO?  
I'VE FILED ALL THE  
APPROPRIATE  
FORMS AND PAPERS.  
WE'RE DOING  
NOTHING  
ILLEGAL.

HOW ON  
EARTH DID  
MY GROUP  
ATTRACT THE  
ATTENTION  
OF THE  
FBI?

WE'RE HERE  
INVESTIGATING THE  
DEATH OF DOCTOR  
EMIL GREGORY--  
A FORMER  
ASSOCIATE OF  
YOURS, I BELIEVE.

OH, EMIL  
...THAT'S...  
DIFFERENT...

"LET ME GUESS, AGENT SCULLY,  
YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT MY  
WORK WITH DOCTOR GREGORY..."

"YOU THINK I...OR A MEMBER OF  
MY GROUP...IN SOME WAY CAUSED  
HIS DEATH..."

"...BUT YOU'VE BEEN  
STYMIED BY YOUR  
ESCORTS AT THE  
TELLER FACILITY...  
YOUR LACK OF  
SECURITY CLEAR-  
ANCES..."



"...DENIED ACCESS  
TO CLASSIFIED  
INFORMATION..."

BRIGHT ANVIL DEVICE

WELL,  
I HAVE  
NOTHING  
TO  
HIDE...

AH, YOU ALREADY  
KNOW ABOUT  
BRIGHT ANVIL. IT'S  
AN UNORTHODOX  
TYPE OF NUCLEAR  
EXPLOSIVE... A  
VERY SPECIAL  
WARHEAD USING  
A TECHNOLOGY  
THAT--

--WELL, IT SEEMS  
TO OPERATE  
BEYOND THE  
LAWS OF  
PHYSICS.

IN FACT, I  
DON'T WORK FOR  
THE TELLER  
FACILITY ANY MORE,  
AND I WANT  
PEOPLE TO KNOW  
EVERYTHING ABOUT  
THEIR SECRET  
PROJECTS.

YOU MEAN,  
LIKE BRIGHT  
ANVIL?

WE RECEIVED  
PRELIMINARY RESEARCH  
FROM SOME OTHER GROUP.  
NO BACKGROUND, NO EXPLAN-  
ATION. IT WAS CREEPY.  
DOCTOR GREGORY DROVE  
INTO THE WORK AS IF IT  
WERE THE MOST EXCITING  
STUFF HE'D EVER SEEN.

THE BRIGHT ANVIL  
PROJECT WAS FUNDED BY  
NONTRADITIONAL MEANS...  
A BLACK PROGRAM.

CUTTING-EDGE  
RESEARCH; UNORTHODOX  
CONCEPTS... IT SCARED  
THE CRAP OUT OF ME.

I, ON THE  
OTHER HAND  
DECIDED TO  
WORK ON THIS  
INSTEAD.

"PLEASE READ OUR  
LITERATURE, AGENT  
SCULLY, YOU'LL FIND  
OUT WHAT WE'RE ALL  
ABOUT."

"IF YOU HAVE ANY OTHER  
QUESTIONS, JUST GIVE  
US A CALL."

"BUT I  
CERTAINLY  
DIDN'T HAVE  
ANYTHING TO  
DO WITH HIS  
DEATH. EMIL WAS  
PLAYING WITH  
THINGS HE SHOULD  
HAVE LEFT ALONE."

CORONADO NAVAL BASE  
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA  
THURSDAY  
10:15 A.M.

ALL THE  
TECHNICIANS AND  
BRIGHT ANVIL  
EQUIPMENT SHOULD  
HAVE ARRIVED LAST  
NIGHT.

READY  
TO SHIP OUT...  
NO TIME FOR  
SIGHTSEEING  
AROUND  
SAN DIEGO.



MISTER  
DOOLEY, SIR? I'M  
COMMANDER LEE  
KLANTZE-- EXECUTIVE  
OFFICER OF THE USS  
DALLAS... HERE TO  
ESCORT YOU ON  
BOARD YOUR SHIP...

ABOUT  
TIME...



IF YOU'LL FOLLOW  
ME, SIR, CAPTAIN IVES  
IS READY TO SEE YOU  
AND GO OVER FINAL  
DETAILS FOR OUR  
VOYAGE AND TEST  
PREPARATIONS.

"THE SST DELIVERED ALL  
YOUR EQUIPMENT LATE  
LAST NIGHT, SIR. IT'S  
BEING LOADED ON  
BOARD RIGHT NOW.

"JUST BE CAREFUL WITH  
IT-- THAT'S DELICATE  
TECHNICAL APPARATUS...  
AND WE AREN'T GOING  
TO GET A SECOND  
CHANCE."

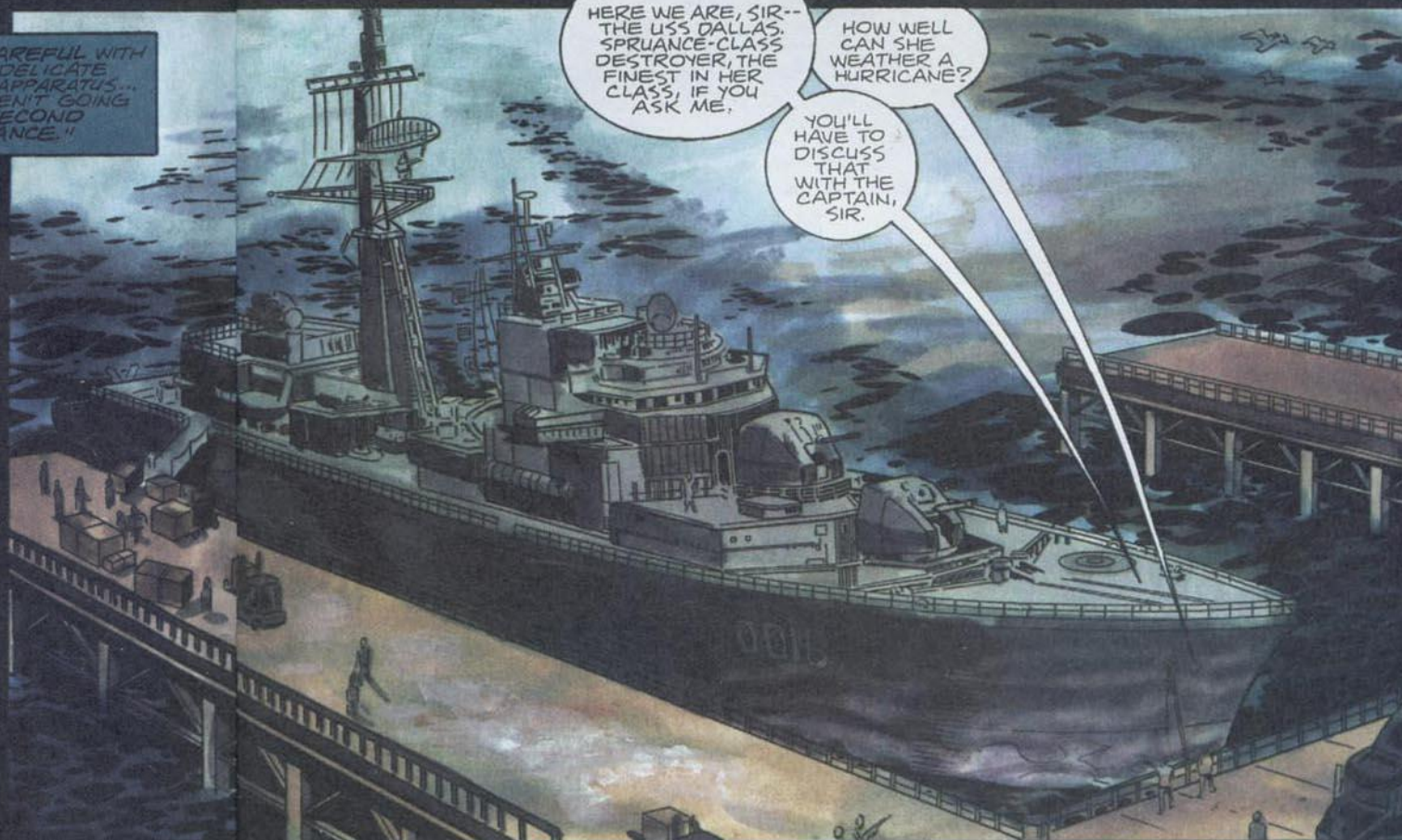
ALL HE  
NEEDS TO DO  
IS FIND ENIKA  
ATOLL. MY  
TEAM WILL DO  
THE REST.



HERE WE ARE, SIR--  
THE USS DALLAS.  
SPRUANCE-CLASS  
DESTROYER, THE  
FINEST IN HER  
CLASS, IF YOU  
ASK ME.

HOW WELL  
CAN SHE  
WEATHER A  
HURRICANE?

YOU'LL  
HAVE TO  
DISCUSS  
THAT  
WITH THE  
CAPTAIN,  
SIR.



WELCOME TO THE  
BRIDGE, MISTER  
DOOLEY. I'M  
CAPTAIN IVES.

WE'VE RECEIVED OUR  
ORDERS... THOUGH I  
MUST SAY I DON'T  
PARTICULARLY  
LIKE THEM.

YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO  
LIKE  
THEM  
--JUST  
FOLLOW  
THEM.

LET  
ME LOOK AT  
YOUR LATEST  
WEATHER  
SATELLITE  
DATA.

THE STORM SYSTEM IS  
FOLLOWING THE PREDICTED  
COURSE, AS YOU CAN SEE  
--STRAIGHT FOR  
ENIKA ATOLL.

BUT IT GOES AGAINST  
ALL MY YEARS OF SEA-  
MANSHIP TO HEAD  
DELIBERATELY INTO  
A BREWING  
HURRICANE.

THE HURRICANE  
IS THE ONLY WAY  
WE CAN PULL OFF  
THIS TEST...

LET ME  
DO MY WORK,  
CAPTAIN  
IVES...

YOU JUST  
KEEP THE  
SHIP FROM  
SINKING.



# THE GENERAL STORE

625  
\$149

JORNADA DEL MUERTO DESERT  
SOUTHERN NEW MEXICO  
THURSDAY  
3:13 P.M.

WHY IT'S OSCAR McCARRON GRACING US WITH HIS PRESENCE! WHAT'S THE SPECIAL OCCASION? IS IT THURSDAY ALREADY?

SHUT UP, FRANK-- JUST GIVE ME MY MAIL.



JUST SO HAPPENS I DO, INDEED, HAVE A PACKAGE FOR YOU. VERY MYSTERIOUS... JUST LOOK AT THE

HAVE YOU BEEN ORDERING STUFF OUT OF THOSE GIRLIE MAGAZINES AGAIN, OSCAR?

I'VE NEVER BEEN OUT OF NEW MEXICO -- WHO IN THE WORLD KNOWS ME IN HAWAII?

HEY, OSCAR-- AREN'T YOU GOING TO OPEN IT?

EVER SINCE THE MANHATTAN PROJECT BOUGHT THAT LAND FROM YOUR FAMILY IN WWII, YOU'VE BEEN SO DAMNED UPPITY, OSCAR.

AND HE WONDERS WHY I DON'T COME INTO TOWN MORE THAN ONCE A WEEK...



I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T OPENED IT YOURSELF ALREADY, YOU NOSEY BASTARD.





LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE...AS FAR  
AWAY AS WE CAN,  
JUST SO I CAN LET  
MY NERVES  
SETTLE AFTER  
DEALING WITH  
THAT IDIOT.

WHITE SANDS  
MISSILE RANGE  
NO  
TRESPASSING

\$140



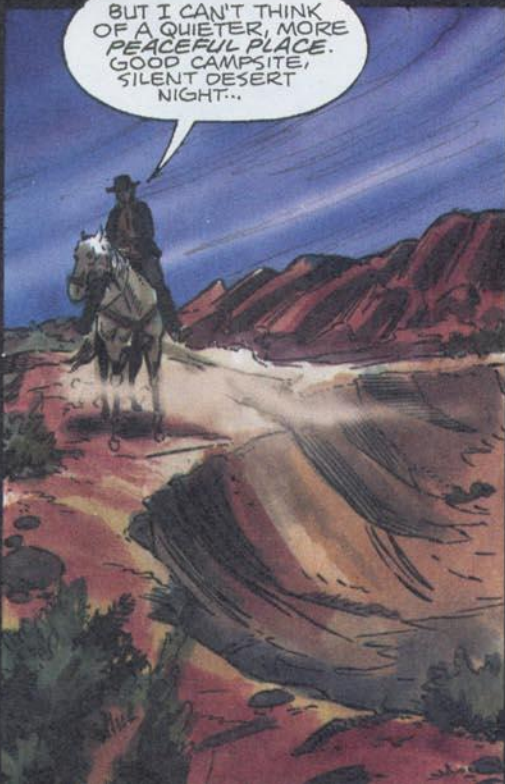
NEVER  
REGRETTED THE  
CONCESSION THOSE  
MANHATTAN PROJECT  
FOLKS MADE TO MY  
FAMILY... THAT WE  
COULD COME BACK  
ONTO THE LAND  
ANYTIME WE  
WANTED...



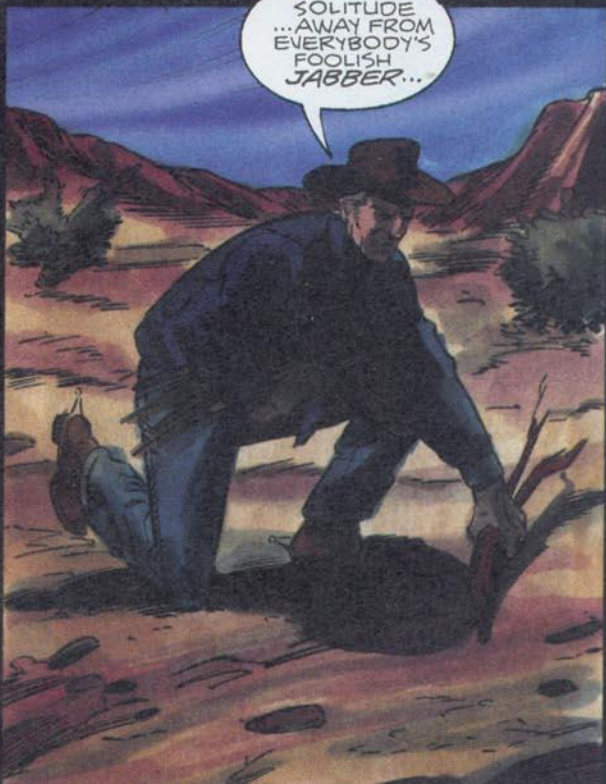
SITE OF  
TRINITY TEST  
1945-  
WORLD'S FIRST  
ATOMIC  
EXPLOSION



NOT THAT  
MANY PEOPLE  
WANTED  
TO...



BUT I CAN'T THINK  
OF A QUIETER, MORE  
PEACEFUL PLACE.  
GOOD CAMPSITE,  
SILENT DESERT  
NIGHT...



SOLITUDE  
...AWAY FROM  
EVERYBODY'S  
FOOLISH  
JABBER...





I THINK DRIVING ALL THE WAY OUT TO SOUTHERN NEW MEXICO IS A BIT **EXTREME**, MULDER.

WE HAVE NO HARD DATA TO SUGGEST ANY CONNECTION.

SO FAR, OUR WORKING THEORY IS THAT A WEAPONS TEST WENT **WRONG** IN DOCTOR GREGORY'S LAB.

I DON'T SEE HOW THAT FITS WITH A **DEAD RANGER** OUT ON A DESERTED TEST RANGE.



WELL, SCULLY, IT'S AN AUSPICIOUS PLACE FOR A **STRANGE MURDER**. DON'T YOU THINK?

THE "JOURNEY OF DEATH"...OR IS IT "DEAD MAN'S WALK"?

JORNADA DEL MUERTO  
RESTRICTED AREA

YOU HAVE TO ADMIT, SCULLY -- TWO RADIATION-BURNED CORPSES HOW COULD THEY **NOT BE** CONNECTED?

MAYBE WE'RE NOT THINKING **BIG ENOUGH**.

MAYBE THERE'S AN OVERALL **CONNECTION** TO NUCLEAR WEAPONS ... MISSILE RANGE, NUCLEAR RESEARCH LAB...

I HAVE TO ADMIT, MULDER, THIS IS THE SITE OF THE TRINITY TEST.

THE COLONEL'S ON HIS WAY. HE'LL TAKE YOU OUT TO THE **ACCIDENT SITE**.





GET IN. I'M PERFECTLY HAPPY TO HAND OVER THE RESPONSIBILITY TO THE FBI--I GOT TOO MUCH WORK TO DO.

THIS IS AN OPERATIONAL MISSILE RANGE NOT A POLICE STATION. HANG ON, THE ROAD'S BUMPY.

"CAN YOU TELL ME, SIR, IF ANY OF YOUR MISSILE ACTIVITIES COULD POSSIBLY BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EFFECTS YOU FOUND?"

"AGENT SCULLY, IF I HAD ANY IDEA WHAT COULD CAUSE THAT MUCH INTENSE DAMAGE, I WOULDN'T CALL THE FBI..."

"...I'D CALL THE PENTAGON AND GET MYSELF AN IMMEDIATE PROMOTION!"



WE FOUND THE BODIES OVER THERE --AN OLD RANCHER AND HIS HORSE. WEIRDEST THING I EVER SAW.



THE FLASH OF HEAT WAS SO INTENSE, IT FUSED THE SAND INTO LUMPS OF GLASS...



IT'S CALLED TRINITITE, MULDER.

WELL, SCULLY-- YOU HAVE TO ADMIT...



THERE  
CERTAINLY  
SEEMS TO BE A  
CONNECTION.

DON'T GO  
TOO CLOSE.  
THERE'LL STILL  
BE RESIDUAL  
RADIOACTIVITY.

MULDER,  
I'VE SEEN  
SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS  
BEFORE...





THROUGH THE WINDOW THE  
SUNSHINE IS  
BRIGHT, WARM...

TO SOME, IT IS  
PLEASANT, A  
WELCOME  
BRIGHTNESS...



TO OTHERS, IT  
IS LIKE FIRE...

A FLASH  
THAT BURNS  
THROUGH TO  
THE SOUL...

A PRECISE  
ADDRESS,  
NEATLY  
WRITTEN...

RYAN KAMIOA  
DOES NOT NEED  
HIS EYESIGHT  
TO PRINT THE  
LETTERS.

THIS NAME--LIKE  
THE OTHERS--HAS  
BEEN BRANDED  
INTO HIS MIND.

NANCY SCHECK  
% U.S. DEPT. of ENERGY  
1055 Rockville Pike  
Gaithersburg, MD  
20852

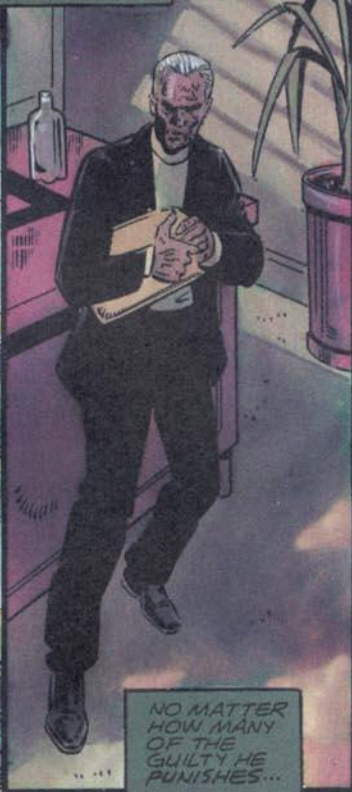


THE WATCHING EYES...  
THE SOULS TRAPPED  
AND DESTROYED IN  
A BLAZE OF LIGHT...

THOUGH  
COMPLETELY  
BLIND, HE  
CAN SENSE  
THE ANGER  
ABOVE  
HIM...

FORGOTTEN MEMBERS  
OF HIS TRIBE...

A GROUP OF PEOPLE  
IGNORED AND THEN  
ANNIHILATED IN A  
NUCLEAR TEST, NEVER  
ADMITTED TO BY  
THE GOVERNMENT.



NO MATTER  
HOW MANY  
NAMES HE  
ELIMINATES...

NO MATTER  
HOW MANY  
OF THE  
GUILTY HE  
PUNISHES...



HE KNOWS HE CAN NEVER MAKE UP FOR  
HIS VANISHED PEOPLE...

BUT WITH  
EACH ONE  
REMOVED  
FROM THE  
LIST, RYAN  
KAMIDA  
AND THE  
BOILING,  
ANGRY  
SPIRITS  
GROW A  
LITTLE  
MORE  
SATISFIED...



...ONLY A  
LITTLE.

"AGENT SCULLY AND I HAVE RETURNED FROM NEW MEXICO, AND ALL TRAILS LEAD US BACK HERE."

"I AM CONVINCED THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THESE DEATHS-- THE OLD RANCHER AND DOCTOR GREGORY-- RESTS SOMEWHERE INSIDE THIS NUCLEAR RESEARCH FACILITY..."

"IF I CAN JUST GET A FEW STRAIGHT ANSWERS FROM THE BRIGHT ANVIL RESEARCH TEAM, I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL FALL INTO SPACE"



"THEN AGAIN, GETTING THEIR ATTENTION MIGHT BE A LITTLE DIFFICULT AT THE MOMENT..."

EXCUSE ME--VICTOR, RIGHT? I NEED TO SPEAK WITH BEAR DOOLEY. CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE? IT LOOKS LIKE A HURRICANE HIT THESE OFFICES.

...NOT A HURRICANE-- AT LEAST NOT YET. YOU'RE THAT FBI GUY?

BEAR ISN'T HERE, AND I CAN'T HELP YOU RIGHT NOW.

COME ON NOW, VICTOR-- I'M A FEDERAL AGENT, AND YOU ARE OBSTRUCTING MY INVESTIGATION INTO DOCTOR GREGORY'S DEATH.

SORRY, AGENT MULDER-- BUT I'M TOO BUSY FOR RIGHT NOW. YOUR INVESTIGATION HAS LOW PRIORITY FOR US.

I HOPE SCULLY IS HAVING BETTER LUCK.



"I HAVE LEARNED THAT THE FUNDING FOR THIS PROTEST ORGANIZATION COMES EXTENSIVELY FROM KAMIDA IMPORTS, INC. IN HAWAII."

"BUT THE DETAILS ARE WELL-HIDDEN..."

"I BELIEVE MIRIEL BREMEN KNOWS MUCH MORE ABOUT BRIGHT ANVIL THAN SHE IS TELLING ME..."

"I THINK SHE HAS AN AGENDA, AND SOME LARGER CONNECTION WITH DOCTOR GREGORY..."



SHELTER

STOP NUCLEAR MADNESS! HEAD-QUARTERS BERKELEY, CA MONDAY 3:31 P.M.



TAKE THAT BANNER DOWN!

WE'VE GOT MORE CHARTS TO HANG ON THOSE WALLS.

WHAT DO WE DO WITH ALL THESE PICTURES?

EXCUSE ME, I'M LOOKING FOR MIRIEL BREMEN?



SHE ISN'T HERE. I'D WRING HER NECK IF SHE SHOWED HER FACE THIS MORNING.



MIRIEL JUST WALKED OUT ON US. LEFT US HANGING, RAN OFF TO SEE HER FRIEND RYAN KAMIDA, AND TOLD US WE WERE ALL OUT OF A JOB.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN REACH HER?



FRANKLY, I DON'T CARE WHERE SHE IS. MAYBE SHE'S IN HAWAII, SUNNING ON THE BEACH. BUT WE'VE GOT IMPORTANT WORK TO DO HERE.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WORTHWHILE CAUSE...



WHAT  
A DAY...

HOT AND  
HUMID...  
I'LL BE  
GLAD TO  
GET OUT  
OF THESE  
CLOTHES...

CHECK RESIDENCE  
GAITHERSBURG, MARYLAND  
MONDAY  
8:30 P.M.



HI, NANCY--I'LL  
BE OVER AT  
SEVEN. I'M  
BRINGING THE  
STEAKS--YOU  
JUST GET  
INTO THAT  
SEXY SWIM-  
SUIT OF  
YOURS...

MY  
PLEASURE,  
GENERAL.

YES,  
A SWIM  
WOULD BE  
VERY  
NICE...



BILLS...ALUMINUM  
SIDING? JUNK  
MAIL...COUPONS...



DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY  
BUSINESS? WHAT'S THIS  
DOING HERE AT MY  
HOME ADDRESS?



NANCY SCHECK  
%U.S. DEPT. of ENERGY  
1053 Rockville Pike  
Gaithersburg, MD 20852



"FOR YOUR PART IN THE FUTURE"...WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?



BLACK ASHES? THIS IS TOO WEIRD.



WHAT... AM I SUPPOSED TO CONVINCE PEOPLE TO STOP SMOKING CIGARETTES?



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? THAT BUZZING SOUND... LIKE WHISPERS...

...OR SCREAMS?



A GATHERING  
STORM OF  
LIGHT...

SCREAMING  
VOICES...  
WHISPERS OF  
SOULS...

HELP! HELP!  
WHAT THE HELL  
IS THIS?

AAAAH,  
HHHH!

AAAAH,  
HHHH!



...REACHING  
CRITICAL  
MASS...



NANCY SCHECK  
FINDS HERSELF  
STANDING ON HER  
OWN PERSONAL  
GROUND ZERO...



...ANOTHER CASUALTY  
OF THE INVISIBLE  
NUCLEAR WAR...

TO BE CONTINUED...