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#2

KESEL
MALHOTRA
SCOTT
LOPES

THE *X* FILES™ YEAR ZERO



THE ORIGIN OF THE
X-FILES REVEALED!

YEAR ZERO

Previously on *The X-Files*...

For years, FBI agents **Fox Mulder** and **Dana Scully** toiled in the X-Files Unit, a one-office division of the Bureau dealing with cases deemed unsolvable and related to unexplained phenomena.

An anonymous tip has led Mulder and Scully to a case that seems to be connected to the very first X-File, which was investigated by FBI Special Agent Bing Ellinson and Special Employee Millie Ohio in 1948.

Written by:
Karl Kesel

Art by:
**Greg Scott and
Vic Malhotra**

Colors by:
Mat Lopes

Letters by:
Robbie Robbins

Editor:
Denton J. Tipton

Executive Producer:
Chris Carter

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Greg Gaskins, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Se. Graphic Artist
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"IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT A FEW MONTHS BACK.



"I HEARD SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE.

"I KNEW IT WASN'T MY HUSBAND. HE WORKS IN KANSAS, AND WE...



"...WE DON'T SEE EACH OTHER MUCH SINCE HE GOT BACK FROM THE WAR.



"IN THE KITCHEN WAS A STRANGE LITTLE MAN.



"HE WAS STARTLED WHEN I ENTERED, AND THERE WAS A FLASH OF SOMETHING ON HIS FACE.

"SOMETHING HARD.



"THEN IT WAS GONE."

SO SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, MRS. SEARS!

BUT SINCE YOU ARE AWAKE, DO YOU HAVE ANY STRAWBERRY JELL ON HAND?









I DON'T ADVERTISE THIS, BUT I HAVE WHAT SOME PEOPLE CALL **SECOND SIGHT**.

I CAN SEE THINGS THAT **AREN'T THERE** AND TALK TO PEOPLE **LONG GONE**. IT GENERALLY HAPPENS WHEN I **TOUCH** AN OBJECT, BUT THERE ARE **EXCEPTIONS**.

I THOUGHT "MR. X" WAS ONE SUCH **X-CEPTION!** HA!



YOU'RE A **FUNNY ONE**, MRS. SEARS. NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT.

BUT THIS MESSAGE YOU SENT **ME**-DID THAT COME FROM HIM?

YES, BUT HE DIDN'T GIVE IT TO ME UNTIL QUITE **RECENTLY**.



"THE 7 MYSTERIOUS MONTANA MURDERS END WITH 8 IF YOU MEET ON THE MOON OF THE 9TH. MOREOVER, TO GET YOUR MAN, **AIM UNTO** SOMETHING MORE MAN-ISH."

TRANSLATION, PLEASE?



WHAT CAN I SAY, MILLIE? MR. XERO ENJOYS **RIDDLES**.

GET USED TO IT-THERE WILL BE MORE FROM HIM. I'M ONLY THE **MESSANGER**.

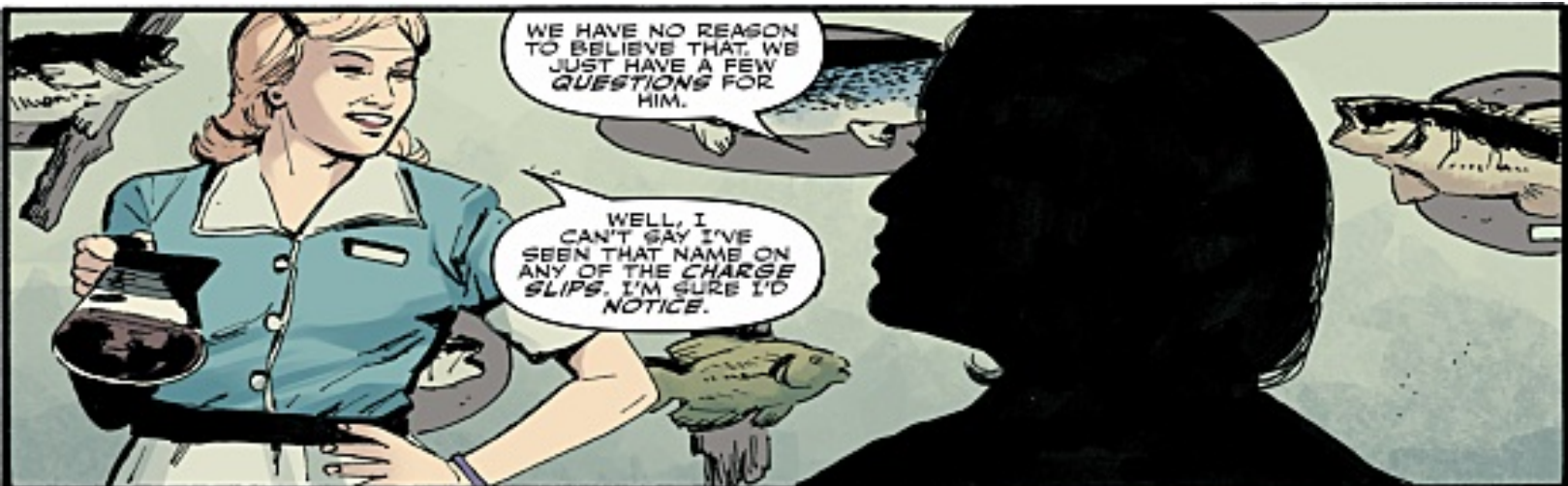
SO YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IT MEANS?

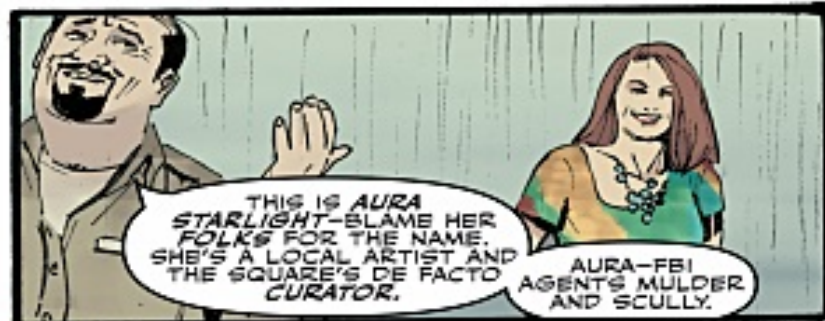
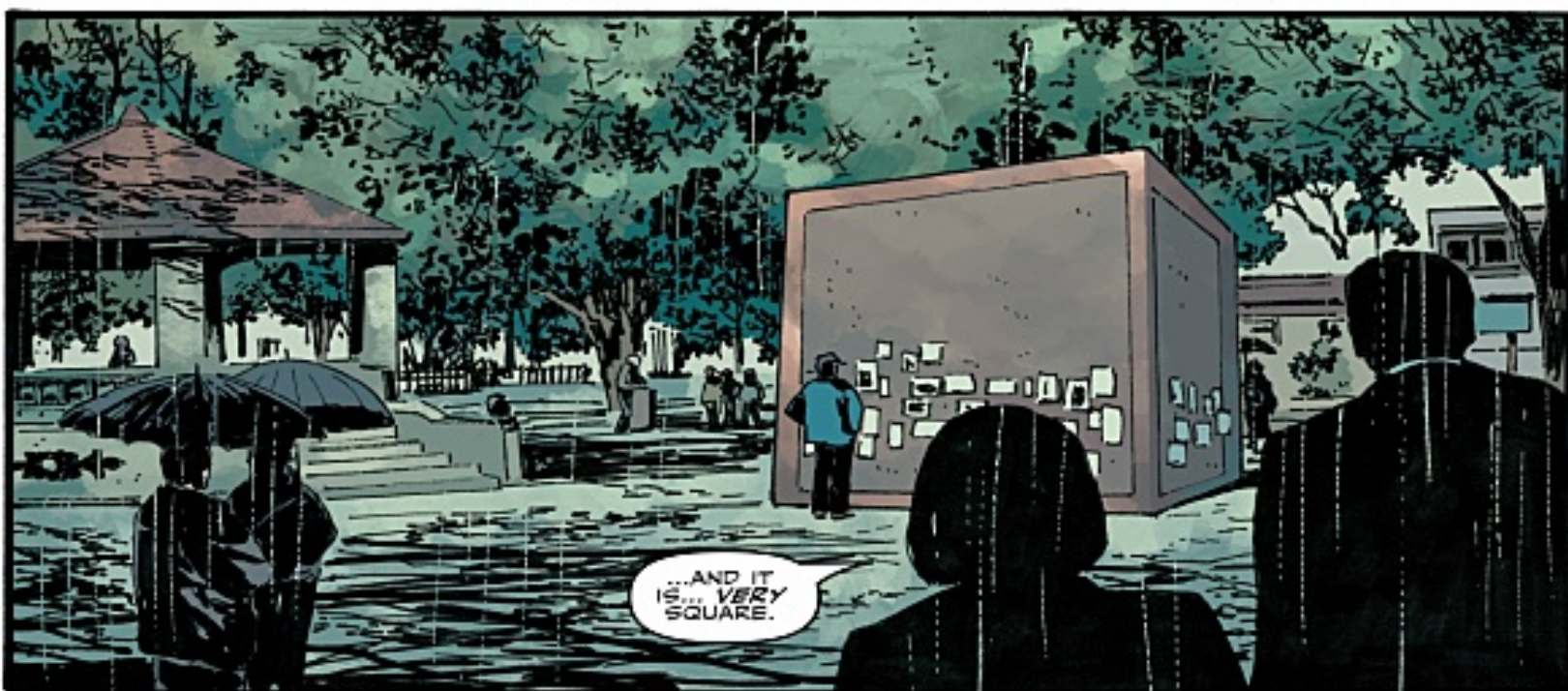


IT MEANS WE'RE GOING TO **MONTANA**.

















BROWNING, MONTANA
NOVEMBER 9, 1946

POLICE

...DEATHS WERE CERTAINLY *SUSPICIOUS*. MOST RECENT WAS ELEVEN DAYS AGO, BUT THEY STRETCH BACK A COUPLE YEARS.

ALL THE VICTIMS WERE *RIPPED OPEN* AND PARTLY EATEN, AS IF BY AN ANIMAL.

THOUGHT THAT'S WHY YOU FEDS WEREN'T INTERESTED.

THAT'S THE FBI FOR YOU—FEDERAL BUREAUCRACY OF INVESTIGATION.

DIRECTOR HOOVER HIMSELF ASKED US TO LOOK INTO THIS.

AND THEY HAVE *LADY* AGENTS NOW?

MISS OHIO IS MY ASSISTANT.

MORE AN ASSOCIATE.

THINGS COULD GET *HAIRY* OUT THERE, MISS. THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT?

I WAS STATIONED IN LONDON DURING THE *BLITZ*, SHERIFF.

I CAN HANDLE MONTANA.

WHAT—?

HEY, YOU! *XERO*!



HOLD IT!



WHO YOU CALLING A ZERO, MISTER?

HUH?

SORRY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE—

FORGET IT. MY MISTAKE.



NO! YOUR MISTAKE WAS COMING HERE! WE DON'T NEED THE FEDS HOLDING OUR HAND WHILE WE—

C'MON, CHARLIE, LET'S JUST DO OUR JOB.



SOMEONE SAW DICK WATKINS' FORD BEING TAKEN FOR A JOYRIDE BY THAT INDIAN KID.

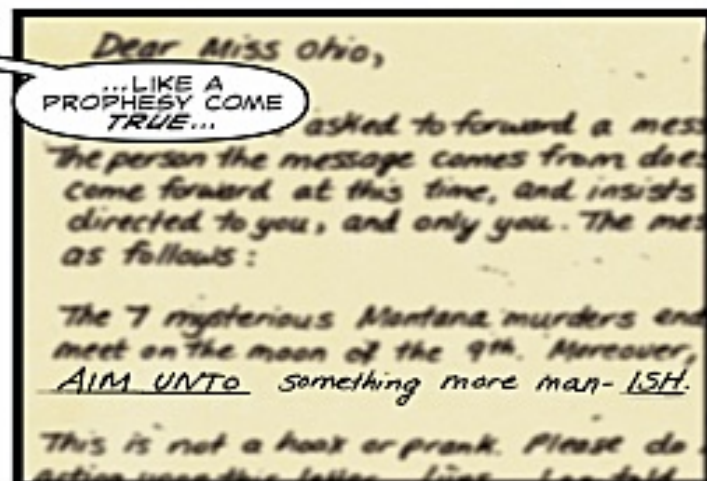
YOU KNOW—THE ONE NAMED ISH.



ISH?



WHAT DO YOU KNOW...



Dear Miss Ohio,

...LIKE A PROPHECY COME TRUE...

I was asked to forward a message. The person the message comes from does not come forward at this time, and insists it is directed to you, and only you. The message is as follows:

The 7 mysterious Montana murders end meet on the moon of the 9th. Moreover, AIM UNTO something more man-ISH.

This is not a hoax or prank. Please do action upon this letter. Love, Landell

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

...TIRE
TRACKS GO UP
TOWARD TWO
MEDICINE.

SOMETHING ELSE,
CHARLIE-ANIMAL
PRINTS IN THE ROAD.
WOLF, MAYBE. COULD BE
WHAT'S BEEN PICKING OFF
THE PARKER HERD.

BIGGEST
I'VE EVER
SEEN.



WELL, THAT'S...
UNSETTLING.

IS THIS
THE ONLY
WAY IN?

AND
OUT,
YEAH.

THEN PERHAPS
AGENT ELLINSON
AND I SHOULD
WAIT HERE.



WHAT? NO! I DIDN'T COME
ALL THIS WAY TO TWIDDLE MY
THUMBS WHILE OUR ONLY
POSSIBLE LEAD ENDS UP IN
THE HANDS OF THESE-

FINE
LAW-ENFORCEMENT
PROFESSIONALS,
WHO LET US COME
ALONG AS A
COURTESY.

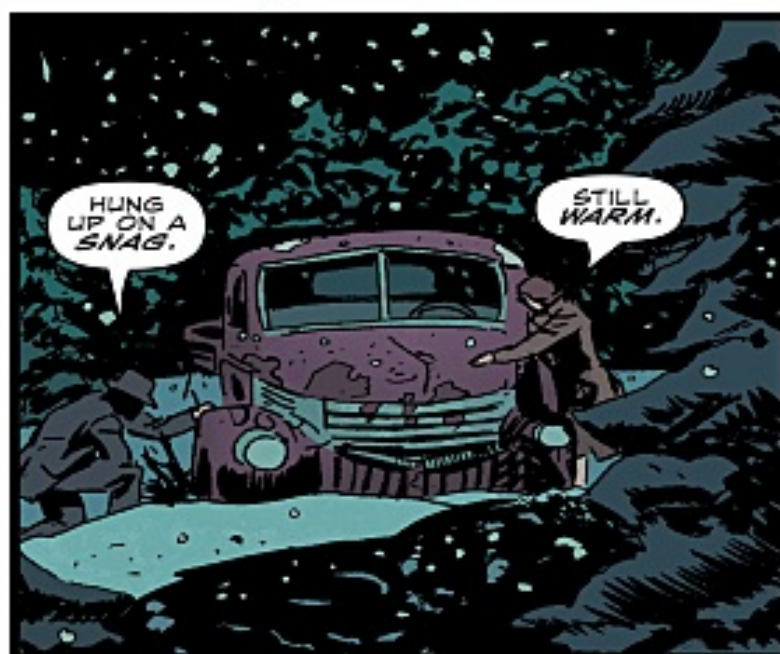
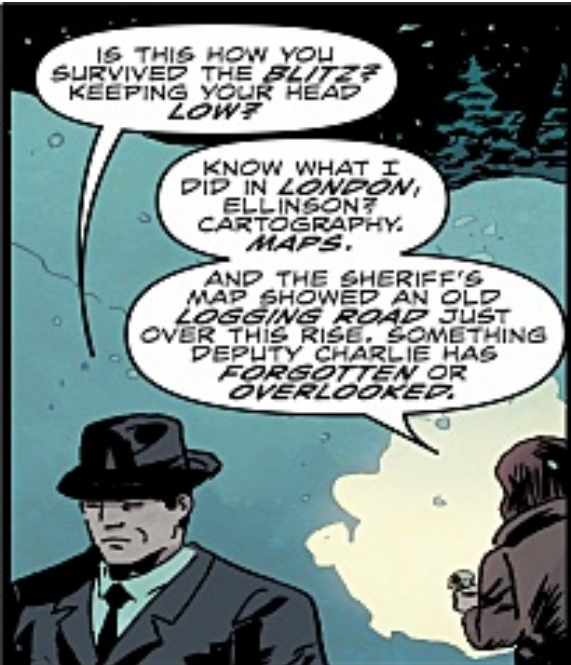


I THINK THE
LITTLE LADY'S
RIGHT-BEST
THIS IS AS FAR
AS YOU GO.



BRING
HIM BACK
ALIVE!





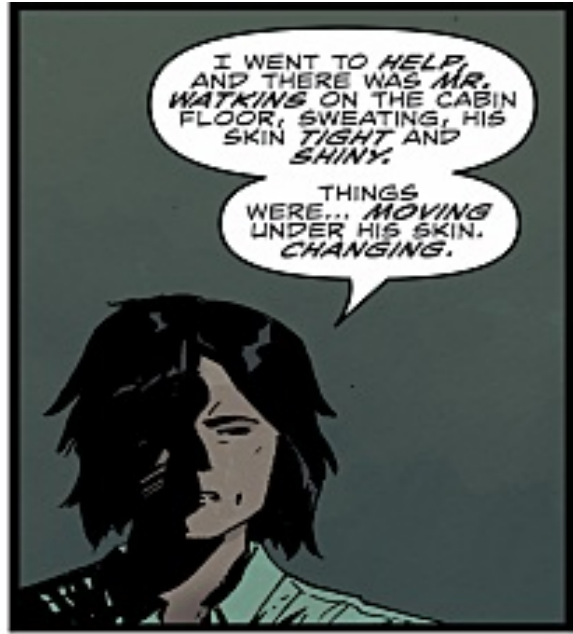




EARLIER
TODAY I... I'D
GONE FISHING ON
CUT BANK CREEK,
TOOK A SHORTCUT
BACK THAT WENT BY
THE WATKINS
PLACE.

I HEARD
THIS SOUND...
OF A MAN IN
PAIN.

NO-MORE
THAN JUST
A MAN. HIS
SPIRIT.



I WENT TO HELP,
AND THERE WAS MR.
WATKINS ON THE CABIN
FLOOR, SWEATING, HIS
SKIN TIGHT AND
SHINY.

THINGS
WERE... MOVING
UNDER HIS SKIN.
CHANGING.



HE SAW ME THEN.
HIS EYES WERE STILL
HUMAN, AND I COULD
TELL HE WANTED ME
TO KILL HIM.



AND THEN THE
EYES WEREN'T
HUMAN, AND I COULD
TELL HE WANTED TO
KILL ME.



THE SKIN SPLIT.
FUR AND FANGS AND
CLAWS CAME OUT.

AND I
RAN.



EVERYONE
KNOWS MR.
WATKINS LEAVES
THE KEYS IN HIS
TRUCK, SO I
TOOK IT.

THE MANITOU
CAME FOR ME,
BUT I DROVE FAST
AND FAR AS I
COULD.



"MANITOU"?



AN EVIL
SPIRIT WITH
A BLOODLUST
GREATER THAN
THAT OF THE
FIERCEST
BEAST.



THAT
BEAST MAY
STILL BE
TRACKING
YOU, ISH.





NO-THE
BUREAU
DOES NOT
KNOW I
HAVE IT.

YES-I
KNOW HOW
TO USE IT.



BEST NEWS
I'VE HEARD
ALL DAY.



RREEEEEEENK

MIND THE
DOORS AND
WINDOWS, WOLFIE
COULD COME
THROUGH ANY
OF THEM.



GRRRAAARR



TO BE CONTINUED!