

## FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Date 1 April 1979

Field Report

March 30, 1979

Following relocation from Martha's Vineyard to Washington, DC, BILL MULDER and his son are under surveillance to ensure compliance. Mulder's work on [REDACTED] is critical at this time. Work at SD, HQ, Pentagon and [REDACTED] location.

SUBJ FOX WILLIAM MULDER, 17 years of age, exhibits a photographic memory and a high level of intelligence. He has NBC as to the circumstances around [REDACTED]'s disappearance—agent may [REDACTED] to keep him in the dark SYD. Evaluate for future recruitment for [REDACTED] within SD.

Also watch his relationship with [REDACTED]; father [REDACTED] worked at [REDACTED] Air Force Base. Wife was [REDACTED]

Wife/mother TEENA MULDER remains in the family home and is not under surveillance.

-X

Field Report

April 1, 1979

CAPTAIN SCULLY recently relocated the family from Miramar Naval Base back to Annapolis, MD. Promotion to Admiral discussed. Transfer was initiated by [REDACTED]. Youngest child SUBJ DANA KATHERINE, born February 23, 1964. [REDACTED] vaccination 29510 on [REDACTED].

Aged 15 years, subject shows signs of seeing [REDACTED] and/or post death. Bears observation and testing R&I. Such [REDACTED] may help departments communicate with the [REDACTED] we have entered into a treaty with October 13, 1973, [REDACTED] Air Force Base.

Continue surveillance. Test with [REDACTED] protocol.

-SA Gerlich

On 1 April 1979 At DC/Maryland File # \_\_\_\_\_

By Special Agents \_\_\_\_\_ X \_\_\_\_\_ Date Dictated \_\_\_\_\_

Classified until  
01/03/2017

File Number 9781250119582  
DEVIL'S ADVOCATE / Jonathan Maberry

Craiger, Maryland  
April 1, 1979, 7:29 pm

"I want to believe," said Dana Scully.

Melissa Scully looked at her sister. Dana sat a few feet away, legs crossed, red hair tangled by the wind, blue eyes fixed on the darkening sky. Above the canopy of leaves the first stars of a brand-new April were igniting. The waxing crescent moon was low, slicing its way into the steeple of the empty church. Deep in the tall grass a lone cricket chirped, calling for others who were not yet born.

"Believe in what?" asked Melissa. She twisted a curl of her own auburn hair around one finger.

"Everything," said Dana. She sat with her knees up, arms wrapped around her shins, cheek on one knee. "The stuff you keep talking about. The stuff Gran always talks about." She shrugged. "All of it."

"So," said Melissa, giving her own shrug, "believe. What's stopping you?"

Dana said nothing for a long time, and the cricket was the only sound. Twilight's last fires were burning out, and the streaks of red and gold and lavender that had been painted across the sky were thickening to the uniform color of a rotting plum. Dark, purple, and ugly. A tidal wave of storm clouds was rolling in from the southeast and there was the smell of seawater and ozone on the breeze.

When Dana finally spoke her voice was soft, distant, more like she was talking to herself than to Melissa. "Because I don't know if they're actually visions or only dreams."

"Maybe they're the same thing."

Dana cut her a look. "Last week I dreamed that Bo Duke picked me up at school and we went driving in that stupid car of his and then we made out like crazy in the school parking lot."

"You never made out with anyone."

"That's my point. And when I do—if I do—are you going to sit there and tell me it'll be with some grown-up guy on a TV show? He's old. He's like twenty or something, so it would be illegal, too. You can't tell me I'm seeing my own future."

Melissa laughed. "Okay, so maybe not *all* dreams are prophecies, but some are. And sometimes those dreams are really important."

"How do you *know* that?" Dana asked.

"Everyone knows that. Dreams—okay, *some* dreams—are our inner eyes opening to the possibilities of the infinite."

Dana sighed. "You always say stuff like that."

They sat and watched the bruise-colored sky turn black. Way off to the south there was a flash of lightning that veined the inside of the coming storm clouds. Thunder muttered far away. The first breezes came spiraling out

of the night, whipping at the leaves and lifting the corners of their blanket. Melissa closed her eyes and leaned into the wind, smiling as it caressed her face.

"It's cold," said Dana.

"It's nice," said Melissa. "Mmmmm . . ."

The wind faded slowly, and then it was still again.

"Maybe if you tell me what the dream was about," said Melissa, turning to glance at Dana, "then I could help you figure out whether it was a dream or a vision."

Dana shook her head.

"Oh, come on. . . . You've been in a mood all day long. It's clearly bothering you, so why not tell me?"

High above, somewhere in the dark, invisible against the sky, they heard the flap of wings and the lonely, plaintive call of a crow. Dana shivered.

Melissa reached out and put her hand on her sister's arm. Dana's skin was covered with goose bumps.

"Geez, you want to go in and get a sweater?"

"I'm not cold," said Dana.

Melissa frowned.

Dana finally said, "I dreamed . . . I saw . . . something bad."

Her voice was small. It was younger than her fifteen years. Melissa moved closer and put her arm around Dana's shoulders.

"What did you see?" she asked.

Dana turned to her, and the moonlight revealed two pale lines on her cheeks. Silver tear tracks that ran crookedly from eyes to chin.

"I dreamed I saw the devil."

Craiger, Maryland

10:07 pm

The car sat quietly at the curb, lights off, engine off.

Two shapes sat in the front seat. There was a chill in the air, and they had collars turned up and hats pulled low. The street was silent and a light rain fell, plinking on the hood of the car, plinking in puddles, hissing in the grass. The wet asphalt looked like a river of oil as it wound up and curved around the darkened houses.

The two shapes watched the Scully house, first in darkness and then lit by a last flash of distant lightning.

"She'll do," said one of them, breaking the long silence.

"You're sure?" asked the other.

"Time will tell."

There was a sound from the backseat, and both men turned to see another shape there. Bulky and soaked from the rain. The third figure sat hunched forward, face his trembling hands, sobbing quietly.

The two men in the front exchanged a look and turned away.

Lightning flashed once more, tracing the edges and lines of the house with a blue-white glow.

The man behind the wheel smiled, his teeth as bright as the lightning.

"She'll do," he said again.

## The Scully Home

10:13 pm

Dana prayed she would not dream again that night.

She prayed hard, on her knees, hands clasped and fingers twisted together, trying to concentrate on her prayer despite the music from the other room.

Melissa's bedroom was on the other side of a thin wall. She was in one of those moods where she played the same album over and over again. Tonight it was the self-titled Fleetwood Mac record that came out four years ago, when Melissa was thirteen. Sometimes her sister played whole albums without pause except to flip the disk over; then there were long stretches where she'd play and replay the same song. Lately it was "Rhiannon." Melissa was rereading *Triad: A Novel of the Supernatural* by Mary Leader, the novel that inspired the song. Melissa believed that she, like the character in the song, was the reincarnation of a Welsh witch.

That was Melissa.

Dana took a breath, pressed her eyes shut, and tried again to recite the prayer to the virgin.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Dana was not as diligent as she wanted to be. Faith, like belief in anything that was part of the spiritual world, took effort for her, but at the same time it interested her. She liked the orderliness and structure of the rituals and prayers; they were like formulae to her. She went to church, but not as often as her mother wanted her to. There were answers there, she knew, but maybe not to her own questions. Or, maybe it was that her instincts told her that church wasn't going to answer all of her questions. She wasn't sure.

She finished the prayer, rose from her knees, sat down on the edge of the bed and opened her Bible to where she'd placed a feather as a bookmark. It was a crow feather she'd found on the walk back to the house. Dana used the soft, gleaming tip to brush the words as she read the passage. Second Corinthians, chapter eleven, verse fourteen. "*And no wonder, for even Satan disguises himself as an angel of light.*"

Those words troubled her.

Since moving to the town of Craiger, Maryland, a few months ago, Dana had begun having more vivid and frequent dreams. Back in San Diego her odd dreams had been strange but kind of fun. She'd dream the ending of a movie before the family went to see it. She'd know someone's name before being introduced. The dreams were like a freaky kind of déjà vu because she usually only remembered them when the substance of her dreams became the reality of the moment. Not that she ever had many of those dreams. A few, scattered through the months. They only turned strange and dark here in Craiger. Maybe it was the town. Maybe it was that Dana felt more like an outsider here.

She had no friends yet. No real friends. Melissa, who was two years older and a senior, could make friends anywhere. She was that kind of girl. Dana wasn't. She knew she was a difficult person to like because she was inside her own head a lot of the time. The switch from Catholic school to tenth grade in a public school wasn't helping. Dana was unnerved by the lack of structure here—she was used to everyone being in uniforms and everyone following the rules. She was struggling to fit in at school, while Melissa acted like she'd been freed from prison.

Dana set the Bible aside and got up feeling stiff and sore, so she unrolled her yoga mat. That was something new to try. Melissa had gotten hooked on it back in San Diego and swore that yoga was a pathway to enlightenment. Dana was just happy enough to have something to untangle the knots in her muscles. The mountain pose was an easy place to start. She stood tall with her feet together, shoulders relaxed, weight evenly distributed

through her soles, arms at her sides. Then she took a deep breath and raised her hands overhead, palms facing each other with arms straight. She reached up toward the ceiling with her fingertips. And held it there, concentrating on breathing and letting her muscles relax.

Yoga was probably another thing the kids in school would think was weird.

There was a definite animosity in school that everyone seemed to accept as normal. It was some kind of invisible dividing line between military brats like themselves and townies; she'd seen it in San Diego and it was definitely here in Craiger—although it never seemed to touch Melissa. Her sister always seemed able to go back and forth between those groups, and people just seemed to accept her. And like her. Dana knew that for her own part she was a harder sell.

If anyone at school here knew what Dana was dreaming about lately they'd really stay away. They wouldn't just treat her as a stranger—they'd know she was a freak.

That's why she'd kept them to herself.

After all, how could she ever explain that she saw the devil?

She hadn't told Melissa the whole truth tonight, either. She hadn't told her that she'd been having these dreams ever since they'd moved here—not just once but almost every night. There was something about the town. It wasn't right in some way that Dana simply could not describe. Or understand.

She tired of mountain pose and got facedown on the mat to do the cobra. She placed her hands flat with her thumbs directly under her shoulders, legs extended with the tops of her feet on the floor. Then she tightened her pelvic floor—an action that always felt a little weird and self-conscious—tucked her hips downward and squeezed her glutes. Then, very slowly and steadily, she pushed against the floor to raise head and shoulders and upper torso while keeping lower stomach and legs in place. At the point of maximum lift she tried to push her chest toward the opposite wall. The idea was to do the movement, relax, and repeat, but she held it, feeling the muscles in her lower back unclench. There were two small pops as something in her spine moved into place. That shift deflated a ball of tension that had been sitting in her lower back all day.

Okay, so maybe there was something to the yoga stuff after all.

She relaxed, and repeated, again holding the pose.

Through the walls Melissa sang along with the raspy-voiced lead singer. Talking about being taken by the wind. Talking about being promised heaven. That triggered another flash of the dreams Dana was having. The dreams were different and they came in fragments, like she was trying to adjust an antenna on a TV station just out of range. There were bits of images, snatches of words, but no real story in any of them. One thing was constant, though, and it made Dana feel strange, confused, and even a little guilty: In her dreams the devil always looked like an angel. So beautiful, so pure and handsome. With kind eyes and gentle hands and a smile that was a little sad. In the dream the angel came and sat on the edge of her bed and whispered secrets to Dana, secrets she could not remember when she woke up.

But she knew it was important to the devil that she believed him. That she believed he was not evil. That he was misunderstood. That he was really good.

Deep in her heart Dana wondered if there was even such a thing as evil. After all, if God created the universe and everything in it, then He had to have created evil and the devil, also. And why would He have done that? Didn't it make more sense that the devil was helping God by chasing confused people in the direction of faith and salvation?

She was sure the nuns in her old school would be furious with her for that kind of thought. So, was it that after leaving a Catholic school and going to school with kids who didn't even believe in God, was that the reason the devil was coming to her in her dreams?

Or was it her imagination?

Dana realized that she had been holding the pose too long and now the released tension in her back returned. She lowered herself to the floor, then rolled onto her back and stared up at the ceiling. Outside there was a distant rumble of thunder that sounded like laughter. Not raucous party laughter or her own dad's deep-throated laugh when he was in one of his rare happy moods. No, this was different. Darker. It was a mean little laugh. As if the night was laughing at a secret it didn't yet want to share. Wind hissed like snakes in the trees.

In the next bedroom, the song started again and her sister sang and the clock ticked its way deeper into the night.



Craiger, Maryland

11:59 pm

"It's okay," said the tall man. "I won't hurt you."

His voice was soft and young, and so was his face, but his eyes were old and they made the girl cringe. The girl's head hurt and the room seemed to stagger and tilt. There was something wrong with her head, she knew that much, though she couldn't remember exactly what happened.

The car? Something about the car? Yes, no . . . maybe?

Was she even driving?

The girl remembered leaving the party, remembered not liking the way one guy was pawing at her. Or the way the other boys looked at her and laughed. She felt like a piece of meat on a barbecue spit, turning and turning, being cooked on the hot flames of their smiles.

The girl tried to think, to clear her head, but it was so hard. Thinking hurt. There was a dull, constant ache, as if hands were squeezing the sides of her skull, and a heavy throb behind her eyes. It was almost as bad as a migraine, but it felt different. She felt different. Not sick to her stomach the way she was that time she had cramps so bad it triggered a migraine. This was as bad, but different. The pain felt raw, it felt new. Sharper.

With a jolt she realized that her thoughts were sliding away from the moment, and she jerked out of a semi-daze. She was in the corner, with nowhere else to go. Her shoulders bumped against the wall, and it was cold. There was dust and trash on the floor.

"It's okay, little sister," said the man, and she had to blink several times to clear her eyes so she could see him. See his weirdly old-looking eyes and his mean smile.

"Why are you doing this?" she asked, and her voice was a rusted-chain creak that didn't even sound like her. Had she been screaming? Her throat hurt, too. Was that why her voice sounded like that? Maybe. Screaming seemed like something she wanted to do. Something that maybe she should do.

"I'm not doing anything," said the man. "It's you who offered this gift to me. It's you who are helping us all open the door to paradise. And I thank you so much."

"N-no!" she barked. "I'm not doing anything. Please . . ."

"You've already offered this gift to us. The arms of paradise are open wide to embrace you, to thank you, to accept such a wonderful gift so freely given."

"Please . . .," she said, and then she realized that her legs were bending, that her traitor knees had buckled. She sank down before him as he approached. Behind him, through the cracked window glass, she could see the glare of headlights. Fixed. Parked. Her mom's car? Had he brought the car here or had she driven here? The girl wasn't sure. All she knew is that if the car was here then she was in so much trouble. It was too late.

Not by the clock, though it was late enough there, too, she had no doubt.

No. It was too late for anything.

The man squatted down in front of her, reached out, took her hands. He pressed her palms together and held them in front of her chest as if she was praying. Then he bent and kissed her fingertips. Very lightly, his eyelids fluttering closed.

"Thank you," he said in the softest of voices.

"Please," she begged.

It was her last word.

Then all she could do was scream.

**The Scully House**

**April 2, 1979, 12:01 pm**

Dana woke with a scream.

Small, strangled, painful. It punched its way out of her chest and past the stricture in her throat and then died in the dark, still air of her room.

It had not been a random, meaningless scream.

It had been a word.

*"Please!"*

Cried out with all the need and horror and desperation that any single word can bear to carry.

She sat up, panting, bathed in sweat, watching fireworks burst like magic in the shadows around her as the sound of her own cry faded, faded, faded . . . and was gone.

It took the memory of the dream with it.

Most of it. Not all.

She saw a flash of light on metal. She felt a burn in her own skin. Not one, but several, but when she dug and probed at her wrists and side and head, there was nothing. No cut, no lingering bruise, no trace of the warm wetness of blood.

Nothing.

Except the memory of the knife.

Except the feeling of dying.

Except the feeling of being dead.

And something else. A face. A teenager or young man. Tall, she thought, though he was squatting down. Broad shouldered. Strong. But his face was unclear. Not hidden by shadows, not exactly. It was more that it *was* shadows. That he had no real face. That there was only darkness where a face should have been.

*Please . . .*

She tried to recapture the word and listen to it again because she was absolutely certain it had not been spoken in her own voice, even though it had come from her own mouth.

The night grew quiet. The flashing lights faded, taking with them the shapes and sounds and strangeness, leaving only her room. She swung her feet out of bed and studied the darkness, trying to feel it, but it was like trying to coax a spark from a dead battery.

As the dream faded so did her belief that it had ever happened.

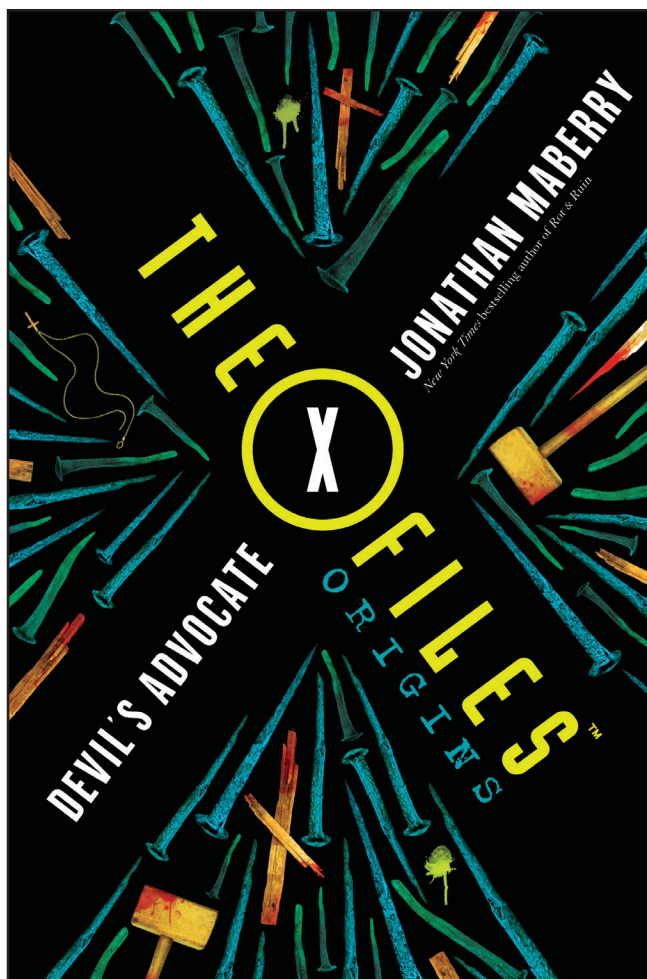
Dana sat on the edge of her bed for a long time, wondering what it was. Wondering if it was a dream or a nightmare. Wondering if it was a vision.

Wondering if maybe she was just a little bit crazy.

Can you handle the TRUTH?

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