



Previously on X-Phil's

'Who is this?' You say into the mobile phone.

'Is that any way to speak to your long lost brother?'

'Who are you, why are you trying to trick me like this?'

'It's too dangerous to talk about over a mobile phone connection. Meet me in person.'

You see Billy Draven running off through the trees. Quickly you run after him and come out onto a main track just in time to see Billy carrying the little girl disappear to the right behind the trees. A quick check of your map reveals that the grid reference your brother gave you is the other way, to the left down the track. Time to make a choice.

'James?' you ask, 'Is that you?'

'In a way.' Now you can see him clearly for the first time. His skin is blotchy and his eyes are a clear milky white colour.

'You're not my brother.' you state.

'I am, but only a part of me is.' He spoke but his mouth did not move at all and you wonder how it is he can speak.

'I have to go now. We have found out what we wanted to know. About you.'

A bright light fills the air and a dark shape moves across the sky directly above you. You try to keep your eyes on that shape but the light becomes unbearable and you have to close your eyes. When you reopen them a few moments later the sky is clear and the being who claimed to be your brother is gone. You are stood there too stunned to move for some moments afterwards.

Suddenly a gunshot breaks the silence and you know you have failed to save Krystal. You fall to your knees and cry for the girl you abandoned to chase your brother's shadow.

Stood at the end of the track is FBI Assistant Director Palmer.

'Come with me, you've got some explaining to do.'

X-PHIL'S 5

It has been a difficult two years for you. Formally disciplined by the FBI for abandoning your pursuit of escaped kidnapper and murderer Billy Draven and following a personal mission which the FBI saw as nothing more than a hoax and wild goose chase. A means of getting inside your head and distracting you away from the case at hand. You know differently of course but nobody would ever believe the things you saw that night. After a lengthy investigation you were given a six month discharge followed by several months of psych evaluation and what they called 're-training' before telling you that the X-Files would remain closed and that you would return to criminal profiling. You told yourself it would only be for a short while but that was over a year ago now and with a stack of paperwork three feet high sat in your in-tray it doesn't look like you'll be getting back to the paranormal investigation work any time soon. Attempts to continue your work outside of FBI time have proved fruitless. It seems like you are no closer to discovering what happened to your brother twenty years ago than you were before that night two summers past when you saw the half human, half alien clone that looked exactly like James. All of your contacts are unwilling to cooperate and the mysterious individual known as 'Patriarch' seems to have disappeared off the face of the earth. The only bright spot in it all seems to be that FBI Assistant Director Palmer is very pleased with the work you are doing and firmly believes you've given up on that bizarre X-Files nonsense.

Which is why the phone call came as such a surprise. You had just returned from the postbox where you'd dropped off a birthday card for your father and the phone was ringing as you opened the apartment door. You dash to the phone and pick it up quick.

'Hello.' You say hoping you've caught it in time.

'We need to meet.' It's him, the mysterious individual known as 'Patriarch'. The first time you heard from him was during the Litchfield case some five years ago when undeniable proof of alien life was snatched right out of your hands. His invariable contact since then has been of great assistance to you when it was unclear what to do next, however, you don't really know much about the man and you've never seen him in the flesh which is why you know this must be something really important for him to offer a face to face meeting.

'When, where?' You ask reaching for pen and paper.

'Now. Silchester Church car park.'

'I can't now, I have to get to work and . . .'

'That is not your real work and if you want a chance to ever do your real work again I suggest you take the day off from the FBI today. It's your choice, I'll be waiting.'

It seems like this is too important an opportunity to pass up, in your excitement you don't even bother to call in sick, but head straight back out of your apartment to your car and set off for the village of Silchester wondering what this could be about.

