

September 4, 1996

*Dear Xandra,*

*I'm really having fun with your first initial.*

*Can you guess what I call the little folder on my hard drive that contains our correspondences (few, though they may be)? The X-Files.*

*X marks the spot. Or, many spots. Spots poetic and spots most private. Spots that deserve an X-rating.*

*Then, there are the many punning opportunities. The Joy of X. Everything you ever wanted to know about X (but were afraid to ask). X on the beach. X and the single girl. (I hate that one!)*

*X is a sign of sacrifice. It's the anti-letter, the mark of an illiterate. "Deer Xing" means slow down, stupid man. You might hit something if you don't.*

*Pirates wear Xs made of bones on their hats. Homeboys wear Xs on their hats and fashion themselves pirates (often while grabbing their bones).*

*X, prefixed, implies the past. Something that once was, or that is no longer. X, suffixed, implies lack, and negation. Malcolm-, Generation-*

*X is the unknown. It's also the female chromosome. Coincidence?*

*X-rays cut to the heart of the matter. They penetrate. They show broken rugby bodies and, if you have an arrow through your heart, an x-ray will show that, too.*

*Take Gas-X for an upset stomach.*

*X is worth 10 in Scrabble, and in Rome. I'm finding its value increases exponentially with each passing day.*

*Lastly, there's the X-factor. That's you. That's us. (See *Who cares to define...* -Ed.) Every day without you is another X on the wall. Too many Xs and you start to wonder Y.*

*But I think I've got a pretty good idea. At least, I hope so.*

*xxxx*