

## Episode Eight: Deep Waters

### Kittsbud

The Coastguard cutter 'Stonewall's' bow cut through the ocean's waves like a knife through butter. She was an Endurance class ship, built in the late nineteen-sixties but recently refurbished to be the pride of the fleet.

Normally, the 'Stonewall' commanded such duties as halting drug trafficking or the smuggling of arms or illegal immigrants. Today, however, she was making a simple sweep of the local shipping and fishing lanes. Some unusual activity had been reported, and Captain Marquand wanted to make sure the rumors were nothing more than that.

Marquand stood on the bridge, his hands clasped behind his back as he surveyed the calm waters ahead of his ship. "Anything to report, Mister O'Neill?" He asked of the officer to his right.

O'Neill shook his head while leaning forward to peer through the multiple glass sections of the bridge. "No, sir. All quiet. No sign of anything out of the ordinary."

Marquand nodded. He'd expected as much. The reports he'd read had been nothing short of outrageous, but still he'd felt duty-bound to investigate them anyway. This was his neck of the woods and he wasn't about to take anything for granted. "Very well. Take us home." He nodded to his second in command and then exited the bridge.

O'Neill sighed, relieved he was alone with the lesser crewmen again, and began spouting orders to return to port. He paused as he turned and noticed Kurt Kresnick frowning.

Kresnick was their eyes and ears on sonar and radar, and if he had an expression of doubt it likely meant something was wrong. "What you got, Kresnick?" O'Neill queried.

The crewman shook his head. "I'm sure it's a glitch, sir. For a moment there, I was reading an intermittent contact on sonar. It appeared and disappeared with each new sweep." Kresnick checked his watch. He finally had a date arranged with Amy Hopkins and really didn't want to spend another night out at sea instead because of some electronics goof.

O'Neil inhaled. "What kind of contact?"

Kresnick grinned. "Well, if you believe this hunk of wires in front of me, a sub, sir." He tapped the screen. "That's impossible, right? Unless Al-Qaeda bought themselves some serious hardware and snuck it in under our satellites." The crewman laughed.

"Okay," O'Neill gave in. He was tired and ready for some shore leave himself. "Log it and let's go home..."

Kresnick nodded as his superior began to give orders to turn the ship around. Finally, he would get his date. He grinned and then quickly frowned as the blip on his screen came suddenly again. This time, although he had no idea why, the blip sent Kresnick cold.

It was as if some sixth-sense was telling him this was no instrument malfunction. He tapped at several keys, trying to remove the 'ghost' image from his monitor. After all, it had to be some kind of rebounding signal right?

The blip came again. Its ping echoed through Kresnick's earphones so loudly and with such a sinister tone that he would remember it for the rest of his life. He turned to O'Neill, desperate to change his earlier evaluation of the situation, but it was too late.

As Kresnick pulled away his earphones and turned in his seat, the 'Stonewall' suddenly lurched in the water as if its stern had been taken by some giant creature and shaken.

O'Neill fell forward, just steadying himself in time on the com panel. "Report?" He barked as the ship lurched again.

A crewman shook his head. "Something just hit us in the stern, sir! Engine room confirms we're taking on water from two breaches to the hull below the waterline!"

"Torpedoes?" It was Kresnick, all too aware that his earlier joke may have been at the ship's expense.

O'Neill shook his head. "Doubtful. I didn't feel any explosions. Are you tracking anything on sonar?"

Kresnick returned to his screen, a look of horror crossing his face as he read the impossible. "Sir, two more trails! They're heading right for us!"

"Brace for impact!" O'Neill had barely said the words when the torpedoes hit home.

Again, there were no explosions, but still the projectiles did the damage they were intended to. The 'Stonewall' began to list heavily as its rear compartments began to flood with seawater. "Where's the captain?" When no one replied quickly, the officer made a choice. "Give the order to abandon ship." He looked to the communications officer. "Send out a distress signal and then get off this crate with the others..."

Kresnick gaped. It was impossible. The 'Stonewall' couldn't be sunk like this- not by some unseen enemy below the waves. "Terrorists...it has to be terrorists..." He mumbled under his breath as he scrambled for the forward deck. "They probably sabotaged us in the docks...couldn't be a sub out there...couldn't be..."

Kresnick paused as he clambered from the bridge and realized half the ship was already under water. There was no time to climb into a lifeboat or raft. No time to look for injured or trapped friends. He shook his head, still not trusting what his eyes had seen onscreen. Then, knowing he had no choice, Kurt Kresnick dove into the ocean, leaving at least twenty crewmen behind to their fate, deep beneath the waves.

As he hit the water, Kresnick began to swim frantically towards the nearest raft. He knew too well if he were too close to the 'Stonewall' when she succumbed to the sea he would be dragged down with the current she created.

Gratefully, he grabbed an outstretched hand and allowed himself to be pulled aboard a half empty raft seconds later. It bobbed in the water, and he realized the motion was making him abruptly feel nauseous.

Kresnick flipped over onto his back, panting to quell the sickness, and it was then that he saw it.

Heading away from its 'kill' Kresnick could have sworn just for one fleeting moment to have seen a periscope cutting through the sea. It looked wrong somehow- scary in some bizarre unexplainable way that he couldn't put his finger on. At that moment, he didn't even care.

Deep inside his heart, Kresnick knew he had just escaped something far more sinister than a simple sinking or terrorist attack. He had escaped the wrath of some dark thing- a thing that's thirst for death would not end this day or the next because no ordinary man could stop it.

## **Two Weeks Later**

Dean Winchester eased off the Impala's gas and let the Chevy glide around a sharp hairpin bend. The car roared as he tapped the accelerator once he'd passed the snakelike section, urging the engine back to life after its brief remission.

He smiled at the noise of the V8, singing along loudly to accompany its purr and the blaring sound from the radio. "Oh they say that it's over, and it just had to be oh oh oh...They say that it's o-over, and you're lost children of the sea, yea..."

"Dean!" Sam scowled at the sound coming from his brother's mouth. "Do you have to make that noise? I thought we had a Banshee in the car..."

“Man, ‘Children of the Sea’ is a Black Sabbath classic!” Dean’s eyes twinkled and he pointed ahead to their destination. “Besides, I thought you’d appreciate it considering the location you chose for our next gig. Or should I say wild goose chase?”

Sam inhaled and his gaze followed his brother’s gesture. They were about a mile from the small fishing town of St. Michael’s Bay on the east coast. The town itself was everything it appeared- just a tiny community struggling with a dying economy. It was what lay beyond the bay that had caught Sam’s attention, and it was that mystery that had brought the brothers here today.

“It’s not a wild goose chase. Trust me.” Sam reached over and turned the music down just a touch. “Pull into the marina parking lot over there and I’ll show you the latest reports. We’ve stumbled on something pretty unusual here...”

Dean did as he was asked, pulling the Chevy up in an empty spot that overlooked the whole marina and bay area. It was a sunny day, and from here they could see beyond the inlet far out to sea. “Looks pretty normal to me,” he remarked. “So picture-perfect, in fact, that I think I feel nauseous just sitting here looking at the place...”

“Maybe you’re sea sick as well as air sick?” Sam retorted, and when Dean mouthed ‘jerk’, he grinned. “Look, can we just get back to the facts?”

Dean nodded. “If we must, Sherlock.” He glanced over as Sam pulled out their laptop from a holdall on the rear seat. “And just for the record, I got over that whole air sickness thing remember?”

Sam did. He just enjoyed still teasing his brother about it every now and again. Instead of replying now, he flipped open the silver laptop on his knee and hit several keys. When a picture of a large coastguard vessel appeared, he spun the screen around so that Dean could see it.

“This is, or rather was, the ‘Stonewall.’ She was one of the coast guard’s largest ships. She sank just over two weeks ago just a few miles past Teufel Point. That’s only a stone’s throw from here.” Sam looked grim as he continued his narrative. “Smaller fishing boats have been going missing for about a month in this area, but nothing this big before...”

Dean frowned as he read some of the local newspaper reports, along with two more official explanations. “Says here someone saw a submarine. So, what’s the big deal? The coastguard ship probably hit one of our own subs, like the incident with the Japanese tanker and our navy awhile back.”

Sam shook his head. “No way. Read on.” He let his forefinger trace a path down the screen to yet more information. “After the crewman reported a periscope the navy sent a destroyer to the area to quell panic. People were so paranoid they were thinking all kinds of crazy things about a terrorist attack from the sea. The navy found a great big zilch, not even using satellite sweeps.”

“Maybe it’s Moby Dick?” Dean wiggled his eyebrows skywards in his trademark expression of humor and then shrugged. “I guess your coast guard crewman could have been seeing things. I mean, what are you suggesting here, Sammy?”

“I don’t know, but the crewman didn’t imagine it. We’re dealing with something new here, though.” He hit enter and a new screen flickered up. “This guy saw a submarine too, only it was surfaced and at night.”

Dean read the second page item from the St. Michael’s Tribune. It was brief, and barely mentioned that a local fisherman named Tim Walker claimed to have seen a submarine. From what Dean could tell, the reporter who’d written the article was pretty skeptical. “This says Walker is a fisherman.” He looked over to the marina.

Sam nodded, understanding his brother’s thoughts even though he hadn’t spoken them aloud. “Time to pay Tim a visit...”

## **St. Michael’s Bay Marina**

Tim Walker hit reverse on the Spindrift's engine just at the right moment to force the small charter boat to glide to its mooring like the gently floating flotsam it was named after.

The boat bumped on the side of the wharf, bobbing in the water like a cork, and Tim finally cut the throttle altogether. He jumped down, intending to securely berth his vessel when he suddenly spotted two men apparently waiting for him on the edge of the marina.

Both men wore dark suits, and from their stance he guessed this was official business. Tim sighed, moored the Spindrift, and then absent-mindedly ran a hand through the stubble on his face as he approached the two strangers. They hardly looked old enough to be intelligence agents, and yet he had an odd feeling they were here for something fishier than his boat.

"What can I do for you gents?" Tim decided to make the first move, ambling towards the men with a curious expression on his face. "Something tells me you're not here to charter my boat."

Dean nodded, "You guessed right." He produced a fake I.D. which he promptly flashed at the twenty-eight year old fisherman. "We're with the Navy Department. This is my associate, Mike Myers. We're here about the incident you reported."

Tim frowned. He hadn't actually reported anything- at least not officially. He'd gotten a little drunk one night and got way too talkative at a local bar. He'd never intended to tell anyone about the submarine because he knew locals would say he was crazy. Still, it was all out in the open now, and all he could do was damage control.

"You mean what was in the local paper? You know, they blew that thing totally out of proportion..." *Mike Myers? Wasn't he the dude that killed everyone in Halloween?* Tim kept his thoughts to himself, but couldn't help a small smirk at the coincidence of the names.

"So, you're saying what you saw had nothing to do with the recent sinking of a Coast Guard vessel?" Sam moved forward, feeling awkward in the black suits he and Dean found themselves wearing all too often lately. "You do realize one of the crewmen's statements included a sighting of a periscope?"

Tim backed up, suddenly wanting to be back on the Spindrift where he felt secure. "I...I don't know anything about that."

"It's alright," Sam continued, "We're not here to trap you, or trick you. We're here for the truth. If there's a submarine out there sinking ships we need to stop it." He glanced over at his brother.

Dean smiled slightly at the fisherman, knowing Sam could talk people into almost anything. "All we ask is a little of your time. You're not the only one to see this thing."

Tim gestured back to his boat, "I guess you'd better come aboard."

Sam nodded and the two brothers followed Walker onto the Spindrift. It was only a small charter boat, but the main cabin was still adequate enough for their needs- even if it was a little dark with its glum, practical lighting.

Tim took a seat opposite both his guests. He set his hands on the small table, unsure where to begin.

"It was a misty night just off Teufel Point. I wasn't too far out and my scope was clear. I was about to head in when suddenly I got a blip right in front of me. Through the mist I couldn't see much, but I knew the damn thing was close. I cut my engines and prayed I didn't hit the other ship...except it wasn't a ship out there..."

"What happened?" Sam prompted.

Tim swallowed hard. "I ran forward, expecting to see a local boat heading in, like me, that had got caught in the mist, but what I saw was much lower in the water...and black..."

He looked up, wanting to see Dean and Sam's reaction. When he was satisfied they believed him, he carried on. "There were voices too, shouting, but none of it was in English."

"You're thinking terrorists?" Dean looked to his brother and was about to mouth 'wild goose chase' but Tim's next words stopped him in his tracks.

"No, I don't know what I think, but I sure as hell don't think terrorists." Tim hesitated a second, and then gave in. "The voices were yelling in German. What's more, I got a good look at the sub's con tower. No way was that baby a modern nuclear powered ship." He sighed, confident they would think he was crazy now. "She was a U-boat, a genuine diesel powered relic from the past. Trust me. I grew up on the sea. My dad was ex-navy."

Dean screwed up his face in disbelief. He'd dealt with some pretty weird cases, but never any non-living object that big manifesting itself- and complete with a crew by the sounds of things. "A U-boat? Are you sure?" He queried. "I mean, even if this thing is out there, why would it be in U.S. waters?"

"It was there. I know it sounds ridiculous, and maybe the terrorist plot idea is more plausible, but it's not the truth. It was a German submarine that sank your Coast Guard cutter."

Tim took a nearby pen and paper and hastily wrote down a number. "That's from her con tower. If you're really naval intelligence, you should be able to check it out." He looked suspiciously at the two brothers.

"We'll check into it." Sam took the note and quickly slid it into his top pocket.

"In the mean time," Dean continued, setting his eyes on Tim until the young skipper squirmed uncomfortably, "How about you take us out to where you saw the sub?"

"Are you kidding?" Tim pushed on the table, forcing his chair back so he could hastily stand up. It was obvious he was more than scared. "I'm not going back out there. That thing has been taking out boats for over a month. I already got too close for comfort that night."

Dean didn't give in. He reached inside his jacket and pulled out a wallet full of notes. He'd won the money at cards two nights previous and hated to waste it, but sometimes you couldn't bribe people with a fake MasterCard. People tended to bend more easily if they saw the true color of money. "We'll pay you double the rate," he offered flatly, "Plus any other expenses incurred..."

Sam's eyes widened in surprise. It wasn't often Dean gave up cash so easily, and that meant this case had more than piqued his interest. "You'd be doing us and St. Michael's Bay a great service," he backed up his brother.

Tim hesitated. He was no coward, and he desperately needed the money- the charter boat business was in serious decline here, but still, the submarine troubled him. All he could think of was the deathly black conning tower and the phantom shadows running across the deck-plates through the mist. Their voices had resonated through the milky-white miasma like eerie echoes from the past, and he doubted he could ever erase the memory. They were dead men's voices, and he knew it.

"I'll take you out off Teufel Point, but if we see nothing, we come right back. I'm not being a sitting duck out there all night while you look for the impossible..."

Dean nodded, keeping hold of his cash. "Good enough, but you don't get paid till we return. Call it a little insurance. We'll meet you back here," he glanced at his watch, "in say, two hours?"

Tim agreed, although he was already wishing he hadn't taken the two suits up on their offer.

### **St. Michael's Bay Motel**

Dean pushed open the room door and quickly loosened his tie. If there was one thing he hated it was 'monkey suits.'

"So, you trust Captain Ahab back there?" He tugged at the tie more until it was free of his neck and then flung it on the nearby bed.

"Yeah, I think so. He seemed genuinely scared when we asked him to go back out there." Sam took a seat on the edge of the bed near Dean's discarded tie and pulled out the piece of paper Tim had handed him. "I'm not sure how we're supposed to find this submarine, though. I mean, it could be for real. I know our forces sell off old ships and such to other countries. Maybe Germany did?"

"But you don't think that's the case here, do you, Sammy? You think this thing is one freakin' giant tin can full of spooks, right?" Dean's jacket came off next, landing right next to the tie.

"Yeah, I think we're dealing with a water bound version of Cyrus Dorian's truck," Sam admitted. "Right now, though, I have to prove it before we can make a move."

Dean agreed. "Right, because you're not sticking my ass on the line again like you did that night!" The elder brother frowned and headed for their room's rather small shower, muttering to himself. "*Maybe get rid of it my ass...I mean, c'mon, the thought never occurred to you?*"

Sam watched Dean exit the room and smiled. He shook his head in amusement as he heard the shower kick in and his brother began to sing rock songs increasingly louder over the hiss of the water. It was a common ritual, and one Sam still hadn't got used to. Maybe one day he would buy ear plugs- or a gag. Right now, though, it was back to the case.

Sam slid a hand into his pocket and pulled out his cell phone. He may not be a real naval intelligence officer, but that didn't mean he didn't have connections. Harve Gant was a buddy of their dad's from his days in the marines- what's more; Harve was still involved with the military.

Sam checked the front of their dad's diary and found out the number he needed. He dialed quickly and waited for the ring tone. Before the third ring, Harve picked up. "Hey, Harve, it's Sam Winchester..." Sam waited for the usual boisterous greeting from his old friend and then continued. "I was wondering if you could do Dean and me a favor. Can you check if there was ever any record of a German U-boat, designation number 112?"

"German huh?" Harve was obviously intrigued at what the Winchesters were up to, but as usual he didn't ask questions. He knew better than that. "I'll have to go through official channels on this one. Computer records this side the pond don't go that far back. I'll need to clarify this with our friends in Europe. Call you back as soon as I know something, Samuel..."

Sam cringed as he hung up. He hated being called Samuel almost as much as he did Sammy, but Harve just never did get out of the habit of calling him that. "Now, we wait," he said to no one in particular. "At least, unless our sub manifests itself tonight..."

### **Later that night...**

The Spindrift gently cut into the ocean's waves as her skipper expertly steered her on a tight course past Teufel Point. The little boat bobbed as it hit a wave and then continued onwards, unawares of what the men aboard her were searching for.

It was dusk, and a light sea mist had already begun to form, making the normally scenic area appear almost menacing.

To Tim Walker, the haze would usually have meant nothing. Tonight, its very presence made his stomach queasy. It had been this way when he had originally sighted the submarine and its long deceased crew. Walker didn't want to stick around to find out if the U-boat was about to make a return appearance.

"Guys, I don't care how much you're offering, I'm not sticking around if that mist gets any heavier." Walker glanced at his two guests with a look of apprehension that gave away just how scared he was feeling.

Dean couldn't resist a smirk back. After years on the job and several close calls with death, very little tended to bother him unless it involved damage to his precious

Impala or his father. "Relax." He shrugged playfully. "What's the worst that could happen? Maybe some ghost crew will come out of the fog and skewer our asses. On the other hand, I could just have been watching way too much Carpenter lately..."

Tim grimaced. He'd been on the sea long enough to know you never mocked it. The ocean was a beautiful but deadly piece of nature; it deserved respect. "So not funny, jerk." He didn't know who these people were, but he was genuinely beginning to doubt their government ID's.

Sam nodded. For once, he agreed with the young skipper. Dean was being his usual blaze self when they least needed it. He'd also been making far too many 'Carpenter' references considering the fake name he'd given Sam. "I think we need to take this situation a little more seriously." He nudged his brother and then jerked a thumb, indicating they should head out on deck before Dean caused more tension.

Dean raised a brow mischievously but did as he was asked.

"You know, just because we live with this stuff every day doesn't mean everyone else should be as hardened to it as we are." Sam took a hand from his pocket and steadied himself as the Spindrift rocked with the ocean's motion. "Walker doesn't strike me as a coward. He's just scared, Dean."

Dean knew his brother was right. There was nothing wrong with fear. Heck, sometimes it could keep a person's senses heightened enough to save his life. That also didn't mean he couldn't rib Walker a little if he wanted to, now did it?

"Man, he just needs to lighten up a little, ya know?" He didn't wait for a reply but instead his brow furrowed as he realized the mist was indeed becoming denser as they headed into it. "Sammy, is that mist turning into an out and out fog or are my eyes seeing things?"

"No, it's getting thicker," Sam agreed, watching as the murky miasma rolled towards them, its mass changing shape as it whirled atop the ocean. "I should go check on Tim, before nerves get the better of him and he turns tail."

"Guys, you better get up here!" Tim's voice was shaky.

Dean nodded knowingly. "I'm guessing those nerves you're talking about just kicked in." He cocked his head towards the cabin. "Come on, let's go calm Ahab." The elder brother jogged along the deck and paused as he reached the cabin door. He'd expected to see Walker turning the Spindrift around, but instead Tim's eyes were glued to the radar screen as if he were mesmerized by it.

For a split second, all Dean could think of was how he'd once stood as a child, awestruck while some evil shtriga had almost killed his brother. It had been a long time ago, but the expression on Walker's face gave away what he was feeling the exact same thing.

Walker was no more a coward than Dean had been. He was just in the wrong place at the wrong time when something inherently evil was going down. Abruptly, Dean regretted his earlier remarks about the fisherman, although he would never confess as much to Sam.

"What have you got?" He eventually asked, sensing it was what they had come in search of.

Walker rubbed at the growth of beard on his face and shook his head in disbelief. "There was a blip on the radar. Then it was gone..."

Dean climbed further into the cabin and leaned on the skipper's shoulder. The screen appeared clear. As he watched, the radar took another sweep and pinged. Something was in the water ahead of them.

Another sweep and again the scope was clear.

"Instrument malfunction?" Dean quizzed, already knowing it was not.

"No way, I just had the Spindrift checked out. It's out there, isn't it?" Tim dared to look through the cabin window, but through the mist there was little he could see. That didn't stop his body involuntarily shivering as the air temperature suddenly began to drop.

Dean sensed the chill too, but decided not to mention it. He might be a damn good driver when it came to four wheels, hell, even two wheels, but there was no way he or Sam could captain a boat- at least not well enough to get them out of a sticky situation should it arise. They needed Walker, and they needed him as unruffled as possible.

"If it's out there, we'll deal with it. Right now, that could be anything on your screen."

He didn't wait for the barrage of rebuttals he knew would come. Instead, Dean headed forward to rejoin Sam, letting a hand gently slide under his jacket to touch what lay hidden there. He needed to feel the cold metal of the weapon and know that if trouble was coming, he was more than ready. John had trained the brothers that way, and it was a habit he and Sam would never lose- not even if they eventually killed the demon one day and slipped into some semblance of a normal life.

As he reached his brother, Dean realized from Sam's painful grimace that something was wrong. "What the hell's going on out here, little brother?"

Sam ignored the remark, frantically waving past Dean to Tim at the controls. "The sub's out there. We're too close! We're gonna hit it!"

Dean squinted, wanting to see what his brother already had glimpsed through the smog. At first, there was nothing. Then, as his eyes became more adjusted a shape began to emerge from the spiraling mist. It was low in the water, but visible enough to discern a tall black con tower protruding from its mass and shadowy figures running along the decking.

The sub was already so close Dean felt as if he could reach out a hand and touch its cold metal plating. He tensed, his muscles readying themselves for the impact that would surely come.

In the Spindrift's cabin, Walker saw the looming con tower and Sam's frantic, almost harried signaling and he slammed the charter boat's engines into reverse.

The little craft groaned in protest as it was asked to perform a task way beyond its design limits. Still, Walker asked for more from it, spinning the controls hard over to desperately try to miss the ghost boat. The Spindrift slowed, but its momentum carried it onwards for painful seconds.

Sam held a breath without even realizing it, and when the Spindrift's reversing screws finally began to tug the ship back, he exhaled deeply. "Man, that was too close." He glanced at his brother and then out into the haze of night where their quarry still sat waiting.

The sub hadn't moved, but there was more activity now. Voices strained in German as angry crewmen realized another ship was in the water close by- a ship that belonged to the enemy.

"Yeah, and it's not over yet, Sammy." Dean grimaced as phantom German sailors made a beeline for the U-boat's twin gun towers. The sub was sixty years out of date, but its deck guns were still powerful enough to tear the Spindrift to pieces in minutes. "Walker, get us the hell out of here!"

Dean let a hand slip under his jacket to retrieve his hidden shotgun. He gestured to Walker with it but the skipper had already gotten the message. If he could have forced the Spindrift's already struggling engines to work harder, he would have.

The little boat leaned in the water as its master pulled hard over to port, tearing through the night in an attempt to escape the mist and the deadly submarine.

The sudden list caught Sam unawares, and he found his body being tossed sideways as he slid across the deck face. The sea's choppy surface came into his field of vision and he unconsciously wanted to close his eyes and pray. If he found himself overboard, the ghost sailors would undoubtedly strafe the water with machine gun fire and his life would be over.

"Not exactly gotten your sea legs yet, huh, Sammy?" Dean caught Sam's forearm with his free hand and stopped his brother's ungraceful roll across the Spindrift's deck.

With a second tug, he pulled his brother to a somewhat safer position at his side in a fairly hidden spot in front of the main cabin.

Sam inhaled and bobbed his head in thanks. "Still think this is a wild goose chase?" he asked, daring to peek from his concealed position to check what the submariners were doing.

Dean scowled, but not at his brother's comment. On board the U-boat, the deck guns were spinning into position ready to fire at their intended target. Along with the gun towers, a row of sailors with submachine guns had formed and were shouting in their mother tongue. He was no linguist, but Dean guessed the apparitions were cursing his relatives pretty vehemently. He was tempted to shout over a few choice comments of his own, just for the hell of it, but then it was pretty unproductive to argue with several sixty year old spooks.

"Think those gun towers will actually work on us?" Sam wedged his body up against the front of the cabin as the boat rocked violently with Tim's maneuvering. He had no intention of almost being tossed into the water again like earlier.

Dean raised a brow and edged cautiously around the wooden boat section they had taken cover behind. In answer to Sam's query, a spray of bullets narrowly missed Dean's head and tore into the timber.

Dean whistled and poked a finger into one of the gaping entry points. There was no bullet, only damage. "I guess that's an affirmative." His brow creased. "And if an invisible spook bullet can do that, those deck gun shells are going to tear us and this boat a new one..."

Another barrage of gunfire erupted as he spoke; ripping through their hiding place as if it wasn't even there. Splinters of wood exploded, showering the brothers with tiny shards of the Spindrift.

"Sonofabitch!" Dean sprang up in annoyance and pulled back hard on his shotgun's trigger. If he was getting bombarded with non-existent, but very damaging bullets then he was going to return the favor.

As ever, the young hunter's aim was right on the money. Both rock salt-filled shells slammed into the lead German sailor's torso and he dissipated in a fiery ball of angry, non-corporeal energy.

Dean didn't wait to see what happened next. He quickly ducked back down and broke the barrel of his weapon. In a second, he'd rammed home more shells and was ready to fire again. "I think its time we found a new hiding place. We're sitting ducks. Head for the main cabin...I'll cover you."

Sam took a breath and then followed Dean's advice. Like a trained athlete, he rolled over the decking, keep his body low, while taking into account Tim's evasive steering.

"Hey, come and get some of this!" While Sam made a dive for Tim's position, Dean purposefully revealed himself to their foe. They were still close enough to hit a target with hand weapons and he had no intention of losing the opportunity.

Bringing the twelve gauge up to eye level he picked out another dead sailor, aimed and fired. The shotgun kicked, but he never even noticed. Dean saw the look of miscomprehension on the spirit's face as it vanished back to some rock salt enforced hell, and he savored it.

The remaining Germans returned fire just as Dean managed to scramble into the main cabin. A lump of wood near the door obliterated as he passed through it, taking a small chunk of flesh from his brow with it, but Dean didn't even flinch.

"How long until we're out of range of those deck guns," he hastily asked Walker.

"Too long." The skipper shook his head, trying to recall all the old sea tales his dad had bored him with as a youngster. At the time, he'd dismissed them, but right now any information the stories could give was a bonus. "We're still too close..." He grimaced as a memory brought unwanted answers to mind.

"Can't we get anymore speed?" Sam rifled through his duffle bag and pulled out a pump action shotgun of his own. Dean's expression told the brother it was a little too late in the game, but Sam held onto it anyway.

"No, the engines are straining now..."

Walker didn't have time to finish his sentence. The sub's forward gun tower crew had finally lined up their sights on the Spindrift, and as a resounding boom filled the night air, an invisible shell tore into the speeding boat.

The phantom shell hit home just to the right of the main cabin, literally annihilating a portion of the rear section and almost taking Dean with it.

Tim tackled the young hunter to the floor just as wood, metal, and electronics exploded in a shower of light and sparks where he had been standing.

The radar screen faded to black as did half the Spindrift's instruments. A hiss followed by a thin wisp of smoke signaled the charter boat was losing its electrical systems after the hit.

"Dude, you're seriously crowding my space." Dean groaned as he tried to shove Walker away from him.

Tim rolled over, pushing fallen debris from his body in an attempt to stand. His legs didn't want to hold him, and when Sam offered a hand, the skipper quickly took it. He glanced down, checking on Dean, and when he was satisfied his guest hadn't been seriously hurt, he returned to the boat's controls. "Don't thank me for saving your butt," he offered tersely. "Despite the fact you just helped get my boat trashed."

Dean grinned. He was getting to like Walker. "Where's the sub?" He rubbed at the nick to his brow as he tried to see into the receding fog.

"It's gone." Sam finally slid his weapon back into his bag. "It vanished just after that last shell hit."

"Unless she's submerged." Tim suggested glumly. "If we take a torpedo now, we're as good as fish food." He leaned forward, flicking various buttons on the Spindrift's radio unit, but as he already knew, it was dead, just like his business. He didn't know how or why the U-boat had returned, but it had virtually destroyed his boat and his job too.

"It's not coming after us." Dean let his comment hang in the air, and when no one decided to argue or ask where he got his logic, he shrugged and vanished below deck.

Tim watched him go, then let his gaze fall on the rapidly approaching Teufel Point. He'd never been so happy to see the stark outcrop of rock in all his life. If they were lucky, they may just make it back to the marina in one piece. *No, not one piece, several pieces...*

"Your brother is quite a shot." The skipper stole a glance to his passenger and smiled. He may not be a rocket scientist, but picking up on people's conversations they didn't necessarily want heard was a specialty of his. "Who do you really work for?"

Sam contemplated another lie. Sometimes a little subterfuge was a lot less painful than the truth of what lay in the darkness. This time, though, he figured Walker deserved honesty. The skipper had gotten his boat blown to bits for them. *What would Dean be like if this was the Impala?*

Sam pushed that particular thought aside. It had been the Impala a few short months ago, and he had been the cause of its damage. A flashback of the demon-driven, illusory truck made him blink, and he knew he had to stay focused. "We don't exactly work for anyone," he admitted elusively.

Walker wanted more- no, he demanded more. "You hire my boat and then pretty much destroy it and you think I'm going to settle for that explanation?"

"You won't believe the truth." Sam's cell phone began to ring and he became distracted from the conversation by its incessant warbling. After four rings he looked apologetically to Tim and tugged it from his pocket.

Checking the caller ID he noted it was Harve. Maybe now they would all have a little more to go on. He pointed below deck, indicating the call was private, and then began climbing down to join Dean.

Tim slapped the Spindrift's damaged controls in frustration. "I won't believe the truth?" He huffed sarcastically. "I just got my boat screwed up by a sixty year old ghost sub, but hell, no, I won't believe..."

\* \* \* \*

Sam picked up Harve's call just as he entered what was left of the Spindrift's cabin below deck. What had once been a tidy living area now had items strewn randomly across its width and breadth. Anything that hadn't been purposefully fastened down had been tossed around by Tim's manic moves.

"Hey, Harve, what have you got?" Sam frowned at the mess around him, and then nodded, acknowledging his brother as Dean appeared from the shadows.

"Everything?" The younger Winchester continued his conversation but pointed to his backpack, which Dean quickly retrieved. "Thanks, Harve, we owe you one." Harve apparently suggested it was 'more than one' and Sam hung up with a grin before addressing his brother. "He sent everything he has to the laptop."

Dean had already guessed as much. He slid the silver laptop from the backpack and flipped it open with one hand. "Something tells me Ahab is pissed about his boat," he suggested as he waited for the machine to boot.

"Considering it is his livelihood, I think that's a fair assumption," Sam pointed out. "We're going to have to tell him what we know when we reach the marina. I mean everything, Dean."

Dean cocked his head and his cheeky hazel eyes twinkled with mirth. In his book, there were always varying degrees of 'everything.' "What say we get some answers ourselves before we go spilling the beans to the natives?" He hit a key, accessing the laptop's mailbox. After a moment, a message with a file attachment appeared from Harve.

"Anything we can use?" Sam questioned as the Spindrift pitched and he had to catch the table to keep his balance.

"Yeah, you could say that." Dean's eyes darted from one piece of data to the next. He leaned sideways slightly as he read on, allowing Sam to see the screen at the same time.

"According to this U112 was commissioned but never built. Designed in 1937 she was a monster that would have held over twice the crew of a normal submarine," Sam read the information aloud, earning a scowl from his brother because it suggested he needed a narrative. The younger Winchester continued anyway, "Twin 127mm deck guns, six torpedo tubes, and an Ar 231 small aircraft on board..."

"Yeah, well considering she was never built, those deck guns tore us a new butt less than half an hour ago. Care to explain that one?" Dean sat back on the bench and decided he needed a beer. While Sam put his attention on research, Dean began scouring the cabin for a refrigerator. When he didn't find his elusive quarry, his eyes settled on a small CD player instead. *I'll bet ten to one Ahab likes girlie music...*

"If you'd just read on," Sam tapped the laptop screen. "Harve's dug up a little more through some of his contacts. It seems according to unconfirmed reports some of these subs did get secretly built. They were painted black and were used for special clandestine missions. Harve can't get anyone official to confirm or deny U112 existed, but more rumors suggest she set sail in June 1943 on a mission to disrupt U.S. supply ships. She was captained by a man named Klaus Kindermann and she never returned home to Germany."

"So, we sank the damn thing." Dean headed for the CD player suddenly finding its contents intriguing. "Scratch one up for the allies."

Sam shook his head. "That's the thing. Even though the German Kriegsmarine considered the sub lost, none of the allied forces claimed her sinking. She just vanished. Until now, that is..."

A bump, followed by the Spindrift jarring in the water made both brothers pause. When the little boat seemed to bob then settle, they continued their conversation.

"So, we have a ghost sub no one claims to have sunk. Why would the allies deny it if this tub was something special? And if we didn't destroy U112, who the hell did?" Dean pressed open the player and tugged out a rather dusty CD. He frowned. It seemed Walker wasn't into girlie music after all.

"I'm not so much worried about who sank her," Sam concluded. "But more to the point why has she waited over sixty years to reappear?" He watched, fascinated as Dean ignored his comments and placed the disc back in the player.

Sam was about to suggest there would be no power, when Metallica's 'Unforgiven' began to blurt from the rather tinny sounding speakers.

Dean grinned, turning up the volume even though it made the music sound distorted. "Ahab has taste after all."

"Yeah, great taste in music, but terrible people skills. Otherwise I'd have sent you two packing when I had the chance." Walker appeared from topside and shot Dean a look that oozed frustration. "We're back at the marina. Now how about some answers before I call the cops? I'm pretty sure impersonating an official would get you some serious prison time..."

"Let's just say we deal with unusual cases like this." Sam turned the brothers' laptop so the skipper could see it.

After reading just the first few lines Walker looked away, somewhat dazed that he really had encountered forces from beyond the grave. He had known deep in his subconscious, but to actually have the details laid out in black and white made the truth hit home even harder.

He paced the tiny cabin with his back to the Winchesters, assimilating everything before he said more. "So, you're some kind of ghost hunters? Are you any good?" Tim let the question hang. Hell, he wasn't even sure if he'd believed in ghosts until recently. Did he really believe there was a real live version of 'Ghostbusters'?

"We know our stuff. You can count on it." For once, Dean didn't offer any sarcasm. There was a fine line and he knew when and where to hold the wit back. Now was such an occasion. He did offer his trademark smirk, because that was something he never could resist.

Tim nodded. Sam was the brains and Dean was the wiseass brawn. Together he thought they made a pretty good team- even if they had gotten the Spindrift shot to pieces. "So, if you're so good, answer this. Why has the U-boat come back? Why here? Why now?"

Sam leaned forward, letting his hands rest on the table. "Usually it's because the remains have been disturbed. In this case, that could be the actual submarine's remains, or those of its crew."

Tim's eyes widened slightly as the reply sank in and his complexion turned ashen. Not once had he considered the ghost boat's return could have been caused by someone's actions. Now that he understood the facts, everything was slipping into place almost too easily.

Walker rubbed at his brow, trying to recall a recent talk with a fellow fisherman. "I think I know how they were disturbed," he looked to Sam. "A friend's nets got snagged on something a couple of months ago. It damn near sank his boat, and when the nets tore free, something came up from the ocean bed with them."

"You think he got caught up on U112?" Dean tapped on the table in time to the music, enjoying James Hetfield's screeching despite the topic being discussed. Being on the sea had its downside, because it kept him away from the Impala and his mullet rock.

Tim found the incessant drumming annoying, but he let it slip. "Why don't we go and find out?"

### **St. Michael's Bay Marina** **11.27p.m.**

Garrett O'Leary rarely slept. The only time he found himself in bed was usually the result of overindulgence with a whiskey bottle. Right now, he was halfway towards the latter.

The stocky little Irishman had had no luck since his fishing boat had almost sunk two months ago. He had no clue why, but his nets came up empty more far often than he caught a damn thing these days. Of course, he put it down to natural causes. Over fishing had already left the oceans a lot sparser than they used to be, but then, did he really think that was the reason?

The superstitious, Irish part of him told him he didn't. Whatever had nearly taken his boat down to Davy Jones' locker was the cause.

O'Leary peered at the bottle of Jameson's on his lap and decided it was time for another shot. With a frustrated twist he pulled off the top and swigged at the fiery liquid as if it were soda water. The taste did little to quell his exasperation, but it did help to dull his senses enough so that later, just maybe he might sleep.

O'Leary sighed and was about to drink again when a knock came at his cabin door. The thought of visitors at this late hour was more than an annoyance, and he answered the rapping with a gruff bellow.

"Who the hell wakes an old man up at this godforsaken hour?" Garret was only fifty-eight, but because of his graying beard had been daubed 'old man of the sea' by the locals since he'd turned fifty. He liked the title, and often played on it at times like this.

"You might be old, you cranky cuss, but one thing I'm sure of is you weren't sleeping." The door opened and Tim Walker entered, despite not exactly being invited. He smiled at his long-time friend as he noticed the whiskey bottle in his lap.

O'Leary blinked, realizing who his visitor was through bloodshot eyes. "I'm old enough to be your father. You should treat me with more respect, Tim." He squinted past Walker, noticing the young skipper was not alone. "Want to tell me why you're bringing folks on my boat at almost midnight?"

Walker let Garrett's attitude slide. He was always this way, and just lately it had gotten worse. That didn't mean the old-timer wasn't to be respected, but you just needed to know how to handle him. "We've come about the thing that snagged in your nets a couple of months past. Do you still have it?"

O'Leary frowned. "I wished to God I didn't. That thing was like an ill omen or something. I've seen movies like it." He scrutinized both Winchesters warily. "You going to introduce these two yahoos or do I have to guess who they are?"

"I'm Sam, and this is my brother Dean. We're in St. Michael's Bay looking into the recent sinkings." Sam watched O'Leary for a reaction but the elder skipper seemed more interested in his whiskey bottle. "Tim said your nets brought something up, something unusual? Could we see it, sir?"

O'Leary inspected how much alcohol he had left and then tugged his slightly inebriated form from his seat. He needed to grab another bottle, so he may as well show them what they wanted at the same time. Maybe that way they would leave quicker.

"Be my guest," he indicated they go up on deck with a forefinger. "All you're going to see is a rusted hunk of old junk, though."

"Well, you know what they say," Dean smiled roguishly. "One man's junk is another man's..."

O'Leary stopped dead in his tracks and his expression changed to that of a man not to be trifled with. Gone was the drunken skipper who drowned his business

sorrows in whiskey, replaced by something much deeper. "Poison," he scowled. "I know the expression, and I know that this relic is exactly that- poison to all that touch it. Don't mess with this thing, boy. You'll regret it."

Dean backed off but couldn't suddenly get the lyrics to Alice Cooper's 'Poison' out of his head. *That's it! I'm officially in classic rock withdrawal!* "Whoa, dude, no need to take it so personal. You sound like some bad horror movie narrator or something." He waved the old man on towards the piece of barnacle-covered iron.

O'Leary snorted. "You're a young punk, you know that?" He waved his almost empty bottle to a tarp to the stern of the fishing boat. "What you wants under there."

Dean nodded, bringing a small, pen-sized flashlight from his pocket. With one hand, he undid the line that secured the canvas, and with the other he let the light illuminate what lay beneath.

The thing was just as O'Leary had described it. It appeared to be nothing more than a long piece of iron, hidden beneath years of barnacles, rust and unknown microscopic sea creatures.

"Hold this for me will you, little brother?" Dean handed the tiny light to Sam while he tugged out his hunting knife. The glistening blade spent most of its life attached to his body, or under his pillow at night, but on certain occasions it did have other non-violent uses- like now.

Dean knelt down, letting one knee touch the wooden deck as he leaned forward to grab the relic. The thing felt cold and slimy to touch, and part of him wanted to recoil at the strange sensation.

Dean ignored the urge and began to scrape at the barnacles with the serrated edge of his knife, teasing them from the object. After a few seconds, metal began to grate on metal and he slowed, carefully looking for any markings. "Sam, a little more light here..."

Sam's towering frame loomed over his brother, as he focused the light where Dean was now pointing with the tip of his blade. "That's German." Engraved into the metalwork at the base were several words. One was easily discernable as 'funk.' "I think we're looking at what's left of U112's radio mast." He concluded.

Both Tim and O'Leary moved closer, wanting to see what the brothers had found. To Tim, it was simply proof that his theory was correct. O'Leary really had disturbed the souls on board a long lost submarine. To O'Leary, the markings caused more confusion.

The elder man backed up, his whiskey bottle swaying along with his body as the alcohol in his system numbed his reactions. "U-boat? I snagged a U-boat all those months ago? What the hell does that have to do with all those ships that have gone down?"

Tim put a hand up, hoping to calm his friend. "Garrett, I know this sounds crazy, but we think the sub somehow came back after you disturbed it."

O'Leary battered his eyelashes, and then burst into a fit of uncontrolled laughter. "You guys expect me to believe I snagged an old wreck and now its haunting St. Michael's Bay? Man, I may be drunk, but you people are deluded." He paused, noting that his guests weren't laughing along with him. "Even if it were true," he offered more soberly, "just what do you think you can do about it? You can't exorcise a ship- especially one that's not even really there, right?"

Sam looked over to Dean pensively. "He has a point. Even though we have a rough idea where her sunken remains are, we can't exactly salt and burn her hulk when it's that deep in the ocean."

Dean rolled his eyes and abruptly wanted a shot of O'Leary's whiskey. "Sammy, I'm having bad Cyrus Dorian flashbacks here, and no way am I playing bait like I did with that truck again- especially not in a boat. If I'd wanted to be a sailor I'd have joined the navy."

"So," Tim shook his head, "you're the experts, the real 'Ghostbusters,' just how do we get rid of this thing?"

"Right now, we don't know," Sam admitted honestly. "Maybe if we check over all our research some more we'll spot something we missed the first time."

Dean's quirky smile appeared. "Or," he grinned, "you could always try hellhounds.com. I hear those guys are real good at this kind of stuff..."

Sam almost choked. The hellhounds had been a pain in the butt during a gig to fight a tulpa, but they had also been a constant source of amusement. He'd thought Dean may already have forgotten about the bumbling duo, but apparently he'd not. *I wonder whatever happened to those guys?*

"Hellhounds? You're kidding, right?" Tim's expression left nothing to the imagination.

"Yeah, he's kidding," Sam covered the radio mast back over with the tarp. "What we need now is a plan to lay this thing to rest before more people die."

"Planning is your department, Sammy." Dean stood from his crouched position and looked from Sam to O'Leary. "Meanwhile, how about you take us out to where you snagged on this thing?" It was a simple request but one Garrett had no intention of fulfilling.

"You people really are nuts! You come here with some crazy tale about spooks and then expect me to take you right into their lair. No way." O'Leary waved his hands in a gesture that said his answer was final, and then quickly finished off the remains of his whiskey.

"At least give us the coordinates where you snagged the sub?" Sam asked in his usual soft, persuasive tones. "That's all we ask."

O'Leary rubbed at his grizzled, beard-covered features. "That I can do, but God help your souls if you go out there. That thing on deck is just a piece of it, but my business has been cursed ever since I brought it aboard." He shakily took a small notepad Sam offered and scribbled down the latitude and longitude of where he presumed U112 lay on the sea bed.

"Thanks, we appreciate it." Sam smiled at the old man. He might be scared and pretty cantankerous, but there was something he liked about the guy.

O'Leary sensed the younger man's thoughts and for a second his blue eyes twinkled with amusement. Then, the deeper side to his personality took hold again and he put his attention on Dean. "You're the gung ho side of this partnership, right? You think you're going out there to fight something that can't be fought, and you'll go in all guns blazing."

Dean was surprised at the sudden clarity of the old man's mind. "You have a better idea?"

"Nope, but when the time comes, I'm pretty sure your brother will." O'Leary winked mischievously like some ancient buccaneer and then stumbled forward, searching for something under yet more tarp.

He reappeared moments later with yet another bottle of Jameson's. It was always a good idea to have a stash in case of emergencies, at least, in Garrett's humble opinion. "Care for a drink, gents, because where you're going, you're going to need one..."

### **St. Michael's Bay Marina 7.36a.m. The Next Morning**

Tim Walker rubbed at his temple as he pulled the Spindrift from its dock. He'd been foolish enough to take old O'Leary up on his offer of whiskey, and was now deeply regretting it. Not because he had a hangover the size of the Empire State Building, but because one Dean Winchester had manipulated him into this trip while he'd been under the influence of half a bottle of Ireland's finest.

Walker inhaled and found even that motion jarred his throbbing skull. He pinched the bridge of his nose and looked out at the bay and Teufel point with bleary eyes,

wondering if he'd ever see the jutting piece of rock again after the trip he was about to make.

To be honest, the Spindrift couldn't even really be called seaworthy after her last encounter with the sub, to ask the little charter boat to possibly face-off the phantom U112 again was nothing more than suicidal. And yet, here he was.

He checked his watch and then looked out over the Spindrift's bow. Dean and Sam were out there, counting ammo and checking supplies. From what Walker could tell, the ghost-hunting brothers had brought every piece of spook hunting hardware they owned onto his tiny vessel. Just what good it would do was anyone's guess. Could a few rock salt shells really make a difference?

Tim watched as Dean continued his weapons count and Sam paused to read what appeared to be some kind of diary or journal. He'd seen the younger brother with the leather bound book before, and he seemed to hold onto it as if his life depended on it. Maybe it did.

Although, it was hard for the skipper to accept any of what was happening. Ghosts, phantoms- they were things he had always believed belonged in some twilight world that only lived in writers' minds. To have to believe now was not an easy thing. His long dead father would have called him insane for even considering the possibility, let alone making this trip with the Winchesters.

Tim checked O'Leary's coordinates and leaned out of the hole made by the sub's deck guns. "Guys, we're getting close..."

Dean acknowledged with a small salute with his finger. It was time. "Ready, Sammy?"

Sam cocked his head. "That depends. Do we have a plan yet?"

Dean shrugged. "You heard what O'Leary said. You're the brains. Do we have a plan?" He emphasized the word 'do' and Sam knew his brother was being a clown again, despite where they were headed.

"Why do I get the feeling I'm going to be the lure in this gig?" He pulled a pained expression. "You still haven't gotten over that thing with the truck on Route 666, have you?"

Dean grinned and filled his pockets until they were overflowing with rock salt shells. "Payback's a bitch, huh, little brother."

Sam let his eyes roll skyward in exasperation. Dean would never change. Whether it was putting Nair in his shampoo, or setting him up as a fall guy with some evil spirit, he would always find some amusement by tormenting his sibling.

That said, Sam also knew if the time came, Dean would die for him without even questioning it. Heck, he almost had done so on numerous occasions. It was as if Dean somehow considered himself his protector, and that thought worried Sam. No matter how indestructible Dean thought he was, and how much faith he put in the damn amulet around his neck to shield him, he wasn't immortal. What is he up to?

Sam blinked and found he abruptly felt queasy. Maybe he was worrying too much, or maybe it was the constant lurching of the Spindrift, but something was making him feel nauseous. He swallowed hard, realizing his stomach was not the only thing that had taken a sudden turn for the worse; his head was spinning too.

The younger Winchester grabbed a side rail and squeezed his eyes closed, trying to push away the pounding that was stabbing into his subconscious, but he knew it was no use.

"Sammy?" Dean put down the shotgun he was cleaning and moved to his brother's side. "Too much of O'Leary's whiskey?" He asked, concern filtering through the jovialness in his voice.

Sam continued to squint as he clutched his brow with his free hand. "No, it's something else..."

"Sea sick? Yeah, well this will teach you to make fun of my fear of flying, huh?" Dean shot the quip at Sam, but didn't really mean it. He was worried. Sam hadn't

been sea sick on their first trip with Tim, and that meant this was indeed something else.

Sam was white, and if Dean hadn't caught a hold of him under one arm he would have slumped onto the deck in a fetal position, claspng at his skull as if it were about to explode.

Dean had seen his brother like this before, and he knew too well what that probably meant. *Damn, of all the times for him to go 'Medium' on me!* "Come on, let's get you inside."

Sam didn't argue as Dean took his weight and virtually dragged him below deck. He couldn't control his own muscles, let alone fight being moved.

It was like a fiery agony in his skull, burning, cutting into his mind with its own warped view of reality.

Sam felt the bunk as Dean lowered him onto it, but in his subconscious he was already elsewhere. Colors collided and skewed in his field of vision, and the present began to mingle with another time, another place. For once, he had no clue what to expect. Normally, his visions came as a precursor to some event, and he had the chance to try and strive to stop them.

This time, Sam knew what he was about to see could not be stopped. It was inevitable, it was preordained. It was the past taking over his mind like it never had before.

"Tauchen das U-Boot!"

The order came from a tall, lean figure wearing what Sam presumed to be a captain's uniform. That meant he was looking down on a haggard Klaus Kindermann. More voices followed, all in German, and Sam strained to understand them. He knew a little of the language, but certainly nothing that included navy commands.

As he watched like some fly on the wall, he sensed motion. It was a strange sensation, because the movement was neither forward nor back. The sub was diving.

Sam tried to force himself from the vision, not understanding what the men were saying, or why he was seeing a part of history. The vision held fast, refusing to let him break the mental grip it had taken. As he strained more, the German voices changed, not in tone, but in dialect. It was as if some psychological universal translator had intervened, willing him to listen to what was transpiring.

"Captain, should we really be continuing the hunt? The men are tired. We've been out to sea far longer than our original orders suggested..." It was U112's second officer. Sam didn't know the man's name, but somehow he knew his rank.

"Nein, the crew can handle anything I ask of them for the fatherland. I am changing our mission. This boat is capable of far more than the Kriegsmarine give her credit for." Kindermann grabbed the periscope controls and began to view the allied convoy he was stalking. "She was built for the kill, and she'll not return home until every last torpedo has been used for such on our enemy."

"But the men, sir, they're exhausted. Today in the galley I heard talk..."

Kindermann let the periscope fall back into its resting place and his lip curled in sudden disgust. "Talk? What kind of talk, Karl?"

Karl took a step back in the confined space of the sub's control room. "The men think we should return to the fatherland as our orders suggested, and if you aren't willing to agree..."

Kindermann pounced, pinning his second officer to the wall by the neck in a vice-like grip. "You know the penalty for mutiny, Karl? And yet you wait to tell me this news!" The captain looked deep into his officer's eyes, wondering how the so called friend could have betrayed him.

Karl saw the pain, but knew Kindermann had inflicted it himself. He'd become so obsessed with the war and his newfound U-boat he'd lost sight of the one thing his men held dear - life.

Just because Germany was at war didn't mean all the young men who fought for her wanted to die in some ill-timed death wish like Kindermann. They wanted to live, to go home to their families, just like all the allied soldiers they fought against.

"Klaus," Karl tried to reason, even though he struggled to talk because of his captain's grasp. "I'm your friend. It's my place to tell you that you're wrong. Turn us around and let's go home. You've let the mission and this sub cloud your vision for long enough."

"Never!" Kindermann let go his choke-hold and gestured for another officer to come forward. "Veitch, I want this man under close arrest. Find the men who have conspired with him and lock them in the galley."

The officer considered it and then saluted his captain. There were those who hated Kindermann, but he was not one of them.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you..."

Kindermann and Veitch turned to see part of the crew had gathered in the short, cigar shaped space behind them.

The chief engineer was obviously the rebel leader. "We're not going with you anymore on this, Kindermann. If you won't return to Germany, we'll take the boat by force and surrender to the Americans."

Without these vital crewmen and their help, Kindermann's own private war was over. He clenched his fists, enraged that any fellow German would stoop so low.

"You think I'll turn us back because of your little uprising? I swear I will not leave allied shipping lanes until every last torpedo has gone." He swiftly looked behind him to see if the hatch to the torpedo room was clear. "I'll die before I leave this place with torpedoes intact!"

Kindermann made a dive through the hatch but was quickly followed by the crewmen hell bent on stopping him. He could hear their metallic footfalls on the iron plating and knew they were too close for him to accomplish his last ditched attempt to thwart the enemy.

The captain stopped, a resolute, almost crazed expression forming on his face. He looked up and nodded, knowing now what must be done to all those who opposed the fatherland's will. "If you will not help me, then you'll die with me!" Kindermann screeched his last words and then scrambled up the iron ladder to the aft hatch.

It should have been impossible for the insane captain to open the hatch while U112 was submerged because of the sheer volume of water pressure on it, but then he had thought of that. He'd thought of everything in his out of control mind. From his left pocket, Kindermann pulled a grenade and swiftly removed the pin. All that stopped an explosion now was his shaky grasp.

Kindermann waited until those who opposed him were at the bottom of the ladder and then he leered like the lunatic he was at them. "U112 and all who sail in her are mine...will always be mine..."

With that, Kindermann released his tenuous grasp and counted the long seconds in his head until the explosion. He didn't care, he didn't feel anything.

Sam watched in horror as crewmen tried to yank Kindermann away from the hatch. In such a confined space, though, it was impossible.

Then, the explosion came. A harsh, dull thud followed by pieces of Kindermann and U112's aft hatch being blown outwards in a deluge of blood, gore and iron.

Sam winced, but still couldn't shake the images. There was just a little more to see. Where the hatch and ladder had been, seawater cascaded into the submerged U-boat, quickly filling its compartments until systems began to fail and submariners began to drown.

The salt water hit the battery compartment next, causing massive electrical failure coupled with the release of deadly chlorine gases. The men that managed to clamber into compartments and seal the hatches would soon suffocate or worse if they didn't succumb to the sea.

Sam choked, feeling the gas tickling the back of his throat even though he wasn't really there. The stench of diesel oil from the engines filled his nostrils, as did the harrowing cries of dying men.

He hacked more, trying to clamber away from the enveloping seawater and killer chlorine, but he was getting weaker, his legs refused to move as the water grew deeper and deeper...

"Sammy!" Dean had a hold of his brother's shoulders and was shaking him hard.

Sam gasped down a breath, and then managed to look into Dean's distraught-filled hazel eyes with a little more composure. He took another breath then let his head fall back for a moment on Tim's pillow. "I saw it. I saw it all, Dean." He wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand and realized just how out of it he must have been.

Dean ran a hand through his hair and started to pace. "I don't care what you saw. You scared the crap outta me for a minute there! Dude, you were choking like someone was trying to give you a Colombian necktie."

"It wasn't a someone, it was a something." Sam pushed himself up on both elbows, recalling the vivid nightmare he'd been forced to relive. "I was choking on gas from the U-boat's batteries. Kindermann went crazy and his crew tried to stop him. In the confusion that followed he scuttled his own sub rather than return to Germany, literally murdering his crew."

Dean whistled. "One buckets of crazy dude, huh?" He let the information sink in and then his brow furrowed with an abrupt realization. "You saw the past? Sam, has this ever happened before? I mean maybe, and you didn't realize it wasn't a dream or something."

"No, at least I don't think so." Sam pushed the revelation aside and dangled his legs over the edge of the bunk. "Listen, that's not important right now. What is, is that I think we're dealing with two sets of souls, like at Roosevelt Asylum. Kindermann and his followers who are continuing their war from beyond the grave, and the other crewmen who tried to mutiny and who now just want release from their torment."

"Why can't things ever be simple?" Dean shook his head and carefully watched as Sam climbed down. He'd seen his brother have these so called visions before, but never as intense as this one, and never one that retold an event in history. "So, you think these mutineers' spirits might be up for helping us destroy Kindermann? If they want peace and absolution so bad, you'd think so..."

Sam shrugged and splashed cold water on his face from a nearby bottle. He still felt the fear of being trapped in a sinking, dying sub, even though he'd never really been there. "It's possible. Not that we have any way of contacting them. Unless you happen to know Morse code for the dead in simplified terms?"

"Nope," Dean admitted cheekily, plucking a rock salt shell from his pocket and spinning it with his thumb and forefinger. "I only took 'how to kick ghouls ass 101.'"

"Guys, you better get up here!" Tim's voice shouted from above halting any further conversation and both brothers clambered back topside. Walker was waiting for them with a look of both fear and dread at the Spindrift's controls. "It's just sitting there, dead in the water..."

U112 sat before them, its dull black hull looking like the day it had left the German shipyard sixty-nine years previously. There were no crewmen on deck, and no sign of movement from the submarine. It was as if it were taunting them.

"Think this thing wants to play some water-bound version of chicken?" Dean watched Tim for a response, and this time there was no real mirth in his timbre.

Tim shook his head, his face draining of color as he realized this was one stand off he didn't stand a chance of winning. "I think it's toying with us, and when it's done, it will sink us like a stone."

Dean let a hand run across his shotgun's barrel. "Yeah, that's what I thought too." He glanced at Sam. "Think we dare chanced trying to get aboard? It's our only chance of finding a way to get rid of this thing."

Sam swallowed hard, his vision returning with such clarity he could almost smell the deadly gases on the sub again. Deep down, he didn't want to go anywhere near the interior of U112, even if this was some non-corporeal version of the sub that defied time and space. "Kindermann would have all the cards," he suggested non-committally.

Dean raised a brow. "And he doesn't now? What other choice do we have? Maybe we can find some of those trapped souls you think are on there, and they'll help us."

"Maybe..."

Tim gaped at the two brothers. "Are you always this whacko? You're going to try boarding that thing?"

Dean let a small smirk appear. "Yeah, and you're going to pull us along side to do it, Ahab." He patted his host on the back and then headed back out on deck to gather more supplies, disregarding any heated protests from the young skipper.

Sam followed, but it was obvious this was one gig he wasn't looking forward to. On land it was easy to fathom out an escape route. On the sub, Kindermann and over one hundred other dead sailors had the ultimate ace. Dive U112, and both Winchesters would never see the light of day again.

He trudged after his brother, keeping a watchful eye on the submarine's lines in the water. She still didn't move, and as they neared Sam could have sworn the temperature began to drop. Perhaps it was simply a current of cold air over the ocean, but he couldn't shake the feeling that it was more. Were Kindermann and his crew already reaching out from their watery graves, affecting the surrounding atmospherics with their ethereal presence?

Dean lobbed his brother a shotgun. "Look lively, little brother. This is one time we can't afford to get caught with our pants down."

Sam caught the weapon and cocked it, then picked up another pump action weapon just for good measure. He stowed the second under his jacket and then bobbed his head to Dean, acknowledging he was ready.

Dean nodded back, but remained silent as he carefully clambered from the Spindrift onto the slippery wet surface of the sub. As both boats dipped and swayed with the ocean's current, he found it harder than he'd expected to keep his footing. He slipped twice, and then finally pulled his body into a somewhat balanced stance near U112's aft gun tower.

While Sam followed his brother aboard somewhat more gracefully, Dean moved towards the nearest hatch, shotgun at the ready. He paused above the metal portal, poised for action should the ghost boat or its crew make a move.

"Anything?" Sam asked as he joined his brother, gun at the ready.

"Other than the fact that boarding this crate has got to be our craziest gig to date, nope." Dean gripped the stock of his weapon just a little harder but didn't let his gaze falter from their objective. "Wanna try opening this thing?"

Sam shot his brother an affirmative glance in response, and cautiously laid down his shotgun to reach out for the wheel on the hatch. Before his hand could touch the metal, however, something below screeched like it hadn't been greased in over a century.

Sam recoiled and retook his gun, surprised by the unexpected grating metal sound.

As the brothers watched, the hatch wheel slowly began to turn on its own until it reached its limit. When the wheel stopped, the hatch swung laboriously open, apparently moved by some unseen hand.

Dean jerked his head, indicating he would get closer if Sam would be his cover. It was a silent exchange, but one they had played out many times in the course of their young lives.

Dean crouched low, still keeping his shotgun aimed at the now open port while he peered into the shaft below. Darkness greeted him. There was no sign of the thing

that had opened the hatch, and not even any emergency running lights to illuminate the sub while the brothers climbed the ladder inside.

"Why do I love walking into traps?" He mumbled to himself as he guardedly began to descend the metal rungs into U112's bowels.

Sam heard the muttering, but dismissed it. He had more on his mind. He had to be Dean's eyes and ears while he climbed into the ghost boat, and be damned if he was going to fail his brother after all they'd been through. And yet, something else was tormenting him, taking his attention when he should have been scouring the darkness ahead of Dean with his flashlight.

*"Tauchen das U-boot"*

The German captain's voice played over and over as Sam tried to concentrate on two things at once. Why was his earlier vision tormenting him now?

*"U112 and all who sail in her are mine...will always be mine..."*

Sam shifted on his feet, blinking as he attempted to force away the thoughts and protect Dean. He averted his eyes from the interior for a second and glanced around the decking of the U-boat. Then, and only then did he realize where they were entering the sub. *Oh God, this is the hatch where it all happened. This is where Kindermann effectively murdered over one hundred of his men...*

"All clear, Sammy!" Dean's voice called Sam back to the task at hand, and he realized he'd let himself become distracted.

He glanced below to see his brother spinning around with a flashlight and his weapon, checking the immediate area for anything. "On my way..."

Sam shifted his body over the hatch and began lowering himself into the heart of the submarine. He tensed as his boots caught the metal rungs and he felt an icy sensation spike through his muscles. This was where it happened. It was like stepping back into a nightmare he had once narrowly escaped.

He moved reluctantly downwards, knowing Dean would be waiting for him, and when his boots finally hit the metal plating he inhaled, half expecting to smell the sickly odor of chlorine.

"You okay?" Dean let the flashlight play across his brother's harrowed features. "Because suddenly, you look like crap. Something you wanna tell me?"

Sam shook his head. "I'm fine. Can we just get on with this?" There was no need to tell Dean what had transpired here- at least not now. It would only heighten emotions, and frankly he was edgy enough for no good reason.

He tugged out a light of his own and let its beam cut into their glum surroundings as they moved forward. The sub was cramped inside, narrow tubular corridors leading from one compartment to the next, each one connected by a metal hatch similar to the one topside.

Each compartment was packed tightly with nothing but essential equipment and supplies, and only sparse quarters for the regular crewmen.

Sam could only imagine how depressing and terrifying it must have been to spend months at sea, trapped beneath the waves like this. If the ship looked bleak outside with its drab color, it had nothing on how dreary it was below.

"Man, can you imagine being cooped up in this thing like a sardine? I was ready to crawl the walls after those four weeks in hospital, but here, dude, you'd be checking me into Roosevelt Asylum after a day..." Dean winced as he passed the tiny bunks the submariners slept in.

"If you think this is bad, check out the engine and battery compartments." Sam offered.

"I think I'll pass. The only engine I want to ever touch came from Detroit and is sitting in a certain V8 Chevy..." Dean paused as they entered the control room and the emergency lighting abruptly kicked in, bathing the area in a dusky red glow.

"Whoa, I guess someone's home after all. Get the feeling we're being invisibly spied on here?"

Sam slowly nodded as he watched various dials and controls come to life. He could almost hear the ghost crew manning their stations, ignoring his alien, future presence. "The question is who are we dealing with? Kindermann or his rebellious sailors?"

Dean didn't even dare to think about it. They'd walked into a trap, of that he was sure, and he'd done the leading. He could smell the musky, dank stench of something long decayed, and he knew it was the sub itself that reeked of death.

He let his eyes fall upon the thing that dangled around his neck, shimmering with its usual radiance despite the gloomy lighting. Would it, could it protect him against such a powerful force of evil- the intensity of so many dead souls in such a confined space? *Hell, for all I know it could still be girlie jewelry...except...*

Dean knew the necklace was more. He'd seen its power in the Louisiana swamps. Now was not the time to question just what it actually did, though. Now was a time to haul ass while they still could.

He gulped. "I think we bit off a whole hunk of sub more than we can handle here," Dean whirled with his shotgun, indicating a retreat back to the aft hatch. "I think now would be a good time to regroup before this tub decides to give us a permanent bath we really don't wanna take anytime soon."

The hatch behind them slammed closed with such speed and ferocity that its hinges groaned with the effort. The noise of impact resounded through the sub's whole framework, ringing like some oceanic death bell.

"I guess retreating isn't an option." Sam's voice quivered slightly and he tried to cover it before Dean noticed.

The sub scared him more than anything he'd ever encountered. Its limited space and claustrophobic atmosphere, coupled with his vision made for an almost terrifying glimpse at what they're fate might soon be. *Is that why I saw the past? Because it was our future also? Are Dean and I going to die here, and not at the hands of the demon we've fought for so long?*

Sam pushed the morose thoughts away as best he could and defied the tingling smell of diesel oil and must in his nostrils. This was just another job. They weren't going to die here, it wasn't their destiny. If they were to die, it would be fighting the thing that had killed their mother and Jess. Only then could the Winchesters rest. He concentrated on that thought.

Across the control room, a second hatch swung open much slower than the first had closed.

"I would say open sesame, but I'm not sure I like this particular magic trick." Dean pulled his shotgun to eyelevel and kept it tucked to his shoulder as he advanced.

There was nowhere else to go but where they were being led, but that didn't mean he had to like it. Being below in the sub had made the young ghost hunter realize one thing and fast. The thing he didn't like about flying wasn't just that he didn't feel in control, it was the fact that he was stuck in a small metal box with no place else to go but down. That sensation was creeping back right now, and he didn't know how long it would be before his nerves started to show. Without realizing he was doing it, Dean began to hum Metallica.

"Dean, you're humming Metallica..."

The second hatch slammed behind them, entombing them in yet another tiny corridor with further circular hatchways.

"Huh?" Dean frowned at his brother and didn't bother to excuse himself. "Now what? We're stuck between two compartments."

Sam chewed on his bottom lip. They were missing something. He moved warily forward, ducking his head because of the low ceiling as he squeezed past Dean. Halfway down the walkway, he stopped in his tracks when he came to small curtain.

Sam gently tugged it back to reveal a cabin, still small, but much better spaced than ordinary crewmen's. It bore an engraved brass nameplate 'Capt Klaus Kindermann.'

“Dean, you might wanna see this.” Sam stooped as he entered and began to look around until his brother joined him.

“So this is where little Hitler did his plotting, huh?” Dean moved inside with his gun barrel resting in his shoulder, still distrustful that Kindermann’s spirit might be laying in wait.

Sam nodded but was more concerned with why they had been led here of all places. It didn’t fit that Kindermann would want them in this most private of places. “Dean, I ugh, think we have company.” He pointed slowly to a leather-bound tan journal on the captain’s desk.

As the pair watched, the journal rose a half inch from the table surface and flicked open.

Sam licked his lips and moved forward, wanting to see what was being revealed, even though he may not be able to translate it.

Dean let his brother get within an arm’s reach of the floating book and then let his weapon drop from his shoulder back into a firing position. If needed, he’d blast the journal and the invisible hands that held it straight back to hell.

When Sam reached the table, the book floated higher until it was at chest height. Sam could see from the ink inscription it was Kindermann’s log. As he tried to squint to see the hastily scribbled entries, the cabin light to his left eerily flickered to life, giving him the illumination he needed to read what was within.

“What the hell?” Dean still remained poised, unsure of just whose spirit they were toying with. He was tempted to ask them to reveal themselves, but then maybe he didn’t want to see some half eaten corpse the sea’s fish had fed upon so close after breakfast and O’Leary’s whiskey.

“I don’t know...” Sam turned his head to glance at his brother, and then back to Kindermann’s log. “I don’t know what you’re trying to show me,” he asked of the unknown entity in the room.

The book whirled around, lightly hitting Sam in the chest with its spine. Then, it opened again and an icy twister filled the cabin, tossing page after page in the journal until some almost tore away.

The mini-tornado receded as quickly as it began, and with its departure, it left a sixty-three year old legacy.

Sam looked at the words written over and over in bold ink and tried to discern them. Some were beyond him, but others came back as half-memories from some forgotten place. A place in time he’d once observed via his gift. It was Kindermann’s last ever entry.

*Oct 31st 1943*

*They think I do not know about their ideas for mutiny. What kind of a leader do they think I am not to know my men’s thoughts and rebellious ideas of insurrection?*

*Of one thing I am certain, this insurgence will not be tolerated. I will finish my mission and beyond. Not all my crew are traitors. Together we will win victory for the Fuhrer and the fatherland.*

*I will not leave these allied waters while my body holds breath and my ship a torpedo.*

*I will not leave these allied waters while my body holds breath and my ship a torpedo.*

*I will not leave these allied waters while my body holds breath and my ship a torpedo.*

*Capt K. Kindermann*

“You can actually understand that stuff?” Dean still watched Sam as he scrutinized the account for several minutes.

"Enough," Sam admitted. "Kindermann totally lost it. He kept writing the same thing over and over."

Dean shrugged and suspiciously eyed the journal as it hovered back down to the desktop. "We knew that before. How does it get us off this friggin' underwater Marie Celeste?" He was getting jumpy. The confines of the cabin reminded him too much of a 747 cabin, and even if he could barely tolerate flying now, he would never tolerate this mode of transport.

Sam could tell Dean was getting edgy and he guessed why. It didn't exactly take a psychologist to discover that his brother liked wide open spaces where he felt he controlled the situation. If he lost any chance of control, he felt mentally as well as physically trapped. Right now, Sam wasn't feeling much better.

The acidic smell of chlorine assaulted his senses, just for a second and he was abruptly reminded why they were here. "I think I know why we were shown this, Dean!" The younger brother excitedly picked up the journal and stuffed it unceremoniously under his sibling's nose.

"Okay, not so close." Dean pushed the stale smelling book far enough away that it didn't assault his senses. "Just spill the details so we can kill this thing and go grab a beer."

Sam opened his mouth, but then closed it again in slow motion. His eyes said what his vocal chords could not. Something was in the cabin with them behind Dean, and this time it was not the noble spirit who had offered them the answers held within the journal.

Dean froze as he saw his brother's expression suddenly change. From the way Sam's eyes had widened, it was obvious there was now someone or something between them and the cabin exit.

Dean caught a breath and found some part of him had the uncontrollable urge to spin around. He didn't resist it, letting his body pivot, but soon wished he hadn't.

Standing in their path was the decomposing, fetid remains of Klaus Kindermann. Strips of flesh hung from his obliterated skull, leaving gaping holes in his cheeks that writhed with squirming, white maggots. One eye socket had been completely blown away by the grenade blast, leaving only rotting sinew and green sea slime.

One arm was gone, leaving only a bony white stump protruding from the tattered shoulder of his captain's uniform. His torso too was almost eviscerated, and yet as a ghost, he was still able to stand upright.

Even though his real body, like the sub, lay scattered on the ocean bed, Kindermann's spirit form took on a semblance of his former self.

"No way!" Dean finally snapped. He'd been on the tin cigar far too long to have some spook trap him now. He brought up his weapon without even thinking about the closed hatches in the corridor and tugged back on the trigger.

Rock salt exploded from the SKB and burned into Kindermann's presence like it had hit an ice patch. Kindermann dissolved silently without ever attempting to put up a fight.

Dean turned, looking quizzically at Sam. "That was way too easy."

"The hatches, Dean, if they're still closed we have no way off the sub." Sam hated to point out the obvious, especially when his brother was so tense, but it had to be done.

Dean didn't answer; he simply wiped streams of sweat from his brow with the back of his arm and gestured to the curtain. It was time to find out just way lay beyond the thin veil of material.

He edged forward, teasing away the aged cloth with the barrel of his gun before stepping into the narrow tubular passage. Sam followed close behind, his own weapon held in a defensive grip.

They really only had one way out, at least that they knew of, and that was to retrace their steps back through the control room to the aft hatchway. Now, as Sam had feared, that wasn't going to be possible.

Waiting patiently for them in the corridor, stood not only Kindermann's putrid remains, but those of the crew that had followed him. Sam could easily recognize Veitch, even though his skin was now stretched tightly across his bones until in some places it had split, revealing the necrotic tissue beneath.

The dead crewmen completely blocked the Winchesters escape route, and no amount of rock salt could repel them all at the same time.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Sam licked his lips and eased back, daring to look if there were more rotting submariners behind them at the second hatchway. So far, there wasn't, but then, at the speed a spirit could move, that could change in a heartbeat.

Dean didn't let his gaze falter from the group in front of him. He was still sweating, the confines of the steel tomb—rather than the dead men he faced—making his heart race faster. "Right now, Sammy, all I'm thinking is 'Oh Shit.' So you better have something better in that educated head of yours." He skillfully kept his SKB aimed at the center of the apparitions, intent on taking as many out with one shot as possible while he edged backwards, mimicking Sam's moves.

"Run like hell and hope we make it?" Sam offered apologetically.

Dean grimaced. "Sounds like a plan."

Both brothers dived for the portal behind them in perfect timing. If they rehearsed the moves for the Olympic Games they'd have won gold, their moves were so in-sync.

Behind them, as the Winchesters made their dash, Kindermann made a move of his own. "Tauchen das U-Boot!" His rasping, death wail of a command filled the tiny section as if it had been amplified over a loudspeaker.

Sam grabbed desperately at the hatch, knowing what the captain was ordering. He looked to his brother, but Dean had already turned to blast the attacking ghosts with yet more rock salt. Being confined might be claustrophobic to someone like Dean, but it also kept his quarry in tight formation, and that meant maximum hits with minimum load.

Veitch took the brunt of Dean's anger and frustration. He had led the ghostly charge while his half-destroyed captain simply gave the orders. Now, the salt ate into his presence as he tried to reach out and grab his foe.

Veitch's fingers stretched forward, nearly touching the barrel of Dean's shotgun, but it was too late. The salt had done its job and he vanished, at least, momentarily.

"Tauchen das U-Boot!" The captain screamed again, a sickly emerald and brown sludge burbling from his lips as he wretched out the command.

Dean frowned and quickly reloaded as more apparitions began to move forward. He pressed the cartridges home and cocked his weapon, looking at Sam. "What's he yelling about. He ordering a pizza or something?" He fired again, and two more submariners slipped back into their own realm until the salt's presence dissipated.

Sam cringed as he pulled on the hatch wheel and it didn't budge. He would have to tell Dean what Kindermann was ordering, before he guessed anyway. "He's telling the crew to dive. If we don't get off now..."

Dean felt his heart begin to thud even harder in his chest. No way was he sinking in a sixty year old tub of junk. He had better things to do.

Still keeping hold of his shotgun with one hand, he grabbed at the hatch and began to tug right along with Sam. The metal was cold to the touch, cold, and so very unyielding.

"It's no use," Sam gave in dejectedly, turning to put his attention instead on another advancing attack from the submariners. He emptied both barrels into the crowd. "We've no way out."

Dean wouldn't accept it. He could feel the sub beginning to move. Was it his imagination, but as well as the noise from the screws turning, did he feel some kind of downward motion? "Yeah, well I don't do surrender very well, Sammy. So I guess its time to ask for help."

Veitch reappeared, this time not in front of the brothers, but right behind Sam. He leered momentarily at Dean and then grabbed the younger brother around the neck, pulling him back into a choke hold. The jerking motion made the younger brother drop his weapon, and it clattered ominously on the inner deck plating.

Dean raised his SKB, but the only shot he could take that would hit Veitch would also slam rock salt into Sam's face at point blank range. It wasn't an option. Any second now, they'd both be overrun by the angry souls aboard U112 and there was nothing he could do. "Dammit, you wanted our help. You showed us the journal. Where are you now?" He glanced around the metal walls of his prison, speaking to those that could not be seen. "You let Kindermann win the first time, are you gonna do it again, you bunch of wusses!"

As Dean sent out his plea, Sam elbowed Veitch and felt his arm pass straight through and slam into the sub's metal plating. *Stupid move...*

Then, he recalled the extra shotgun he was packing under his jacket. *Not such a stupid move...*

Sam let one hand drop from trying to protect his neck and let Veitch think he was winning. While the German spook continued to try and choke him, Sam slipped his free hand under his jacket and tipped the barrel of his spare weapon back, allowing it to point through the back of the material.

When he was sure it was in the right position, he pulled down on the trigger. Almost instantly he felt relief as Veitch's skeletal fingers let go their hold and he dissipated.

Sam gulped, and rubbed at his neck as a tinny wail began to erupt from the hatch they needed to escape. It was as if the metal was trying to move, but something was holding it fast.

"Freaky, spook tug-of-war?" Dean suggested, keeping his back to the actual hatch while he watched for more of Kindermann's men.

Sam nodded. He thought so too. Two different sets of spirits were both psychically trying to influence the hatch. Kindermann's group was trying to hold it fast, while the rest of the dead crew was trying to help the brothers.

"Well let's give the good guys a hand here!" Dean grabbed the hatch again and strained so hard he thought his muscles were going to snap. He felt his cheeks redden with the effort as he ignored the advancing troupe of the dead in favor of escape.

Sam did much the same, feeling the iron wheel slip through his grasp slightly as sweat on his hands afforded him no grip. Still, he sensed the hatch begin to move in their favor, and noted the triumphant expression on his brother's face. "It's working!"

No sooner had he spoke than the hatch wheel suddenly spun to its limit and stopped. The hatch groaned again, and then swung outward to give them their escape route. Beyond, lay yet another long corridor, and yet another hatch.

Dean pushed Sam through first, and then followed, firing one last round of rock salt at his foe as he escaped.

Amazingly, the hatch slammed closed behind them, providing some unworldly protection as it seemingly repelled Kindermann and his supporters. Ahead, the new hatch swung open invitingly, and the boys took the offer without hesitation. They had nothing to lose now by trusting what they usually fought.

The sub lurched as Dean clambered through the portal after his brother, and this time he knew the motion was definitely downward. "Sammy," he paused. "And whoever else may be listening, we need a way off this tub, now!"

The lighting dimmed, and for a second Sam suspected Kindermann had retaken this section of the submarine. The smell of chlorine came back one last time, and he abruptly felt as penned in as his brother. He glanced around frantically, his mind skimming back to his vision. He could hear Kindermann's screams at his crew until it almost entranced him, even though it had been so very long ago. Blood, water, poison gas, and the screams of the dying assaulted him from every angle.

“Sam!” The younger brother found he was being shaken, and when he blinked he realized Dean had a hold of both his shoulders. “Sam, come on, there’s a way out!” Dean pointed upwards to what must be the forward escape hatch.

The only problem was, just how far had they submerged?

Apparently, Dean didn’t care. He stowed his weapon safely under his jacket and raced up the ladder rungs two at a time. When he reached the hatch he began to tug at it with both hands, while still managing to keep his balance and not fall.

As Sam looked up the imagery was almost too much for him. One minute, he saw Dean at the hatch trying to free them from their watery tomb, the next he saw Kindermann, grenade in hand. “Dean, no, we’ll drown!” Sam tried to pull his brother down, just like the submariners had their captain, but it was too late.

The hatch lifted open as Dean swung heavily on it one last time, and as it did so, water began to pour in from the edges. The sudden influx tore Dean from his perch and he was blasted back into the bowels of U112. He landed hard, the air knocked from his lungs with the harsh impact on the metal flooring.

“Dean!” Sam tried to grab his brother as the ocean rained in from above, making it hard to even stand up against the flow.

Dean groaned and somehow managed to stand despite being winded from his fall. “I hate water. I want my Impala back...” He stumbled forward, cursing as he again grabbed the railing for the hatch ladder. Water still tumbled in around him, but he was ready this time.

Sam looked up, squinting as he realized he could still see daylight. The sub hadn’t fully submerged, and that meant they still had a chance. “Hurry, if she goes under before we’re out of her wake she’ll drag us down!”

Dean already knew what Sam was trying to say and fought the ocean’s flow to reach the top of the ladder. Once there, he grabbed the plating and pulled his body through, rolling out onto the sub’s decking that was now awash with the sea. He tried to stand, but found the water and submarine’s constant motion simply wouldn’t allow it. “Sammy!”

Sam heard his brother’s cry and knew they were out of time. And yet still, as he reached the last ladder rungs he felt compelled to look back over his shoulder.

Although his eyes were filled with water until they were bleary and unfocused, he could have sworn he saw a uniformed figure below. It was Karl, Kindermann’s original second in command. He looked in death as he had in life. No scars, no lesions, no decay.

Karl smiled and shot a small salute to Sam that bridged a sixty-three year time span.

Sam blinked and Karl’s spirit was gone, but he would remember the German ghost who had helped them for the rest of his life. This time, Kindermann had not had his own way, and if Sam could help it, he would make sure Karl and his fellow crewmen were laid to rest as they deserved.

“Sammy!” Dean’s pleading cry came again, and this time Sam pushed through the ever-increasing pressure of the sea, forcing his body above deck. At least, what should have been above deck.

U112 was now almost fully submerged, and if the brothers weren’t careful she would tug their flailing bodies down with her, just like Sam had predicted.

Spotting Sam emerging, Dean kicked away from the metal of the sub and dived into the ocean, knowing his brother would follow. As he swam furiously towards the Spindrift, he could feel the pull as U112 submerged behind him creating a watery and very dangerous vortex.

Dean dared to turn on his back and check for Sam, and he exhaled with relief when he saw his brother close behind, still above water.

“C’mon, grab a hold!” Tim was shouting from the front of the Spindrift as he leaned over, tossing a line into the water. “Can’t say as I’ve ever had a catch quite like you two sorry looking fishes before...” The skipper grinned.

"Yeah well, I guess you're just not used to the good stuff then, huh?" Dean grabbed the line and hauled his body quickly to the Spindrift's bow. As he climbed up, Tim offered a hand and tugged him on deck.

Sam repeated the procedure and then collapsed down next to Dean, panting. Both brothers were soaked to the skin and had lost most of their weaponry.

"Is it over?" Tim couldn't hide the fact that he thought it was, and when Sam shook his head the surprise showed clearly on his face. "Well? What happened? You're telling me you guys almost got drowned for nothing." He raised his hands in the air, amazed. "Now what?"

Dean grabbed a railing and stood up, wringing water from the bottom of his jacket. "Right now I suggest we start checking for torpedo trails, because Captain Maggot is not gonna be happy he didn't make us fish food."

"We need explosives..." Sam began routing through the supplies they'd left on deck earlier and didn't really explain himself. When he looked up to find both Dean and Tim staring at him as if he were mad, he realized he'd never gotten chance to explain what he'd found in Kindermann's journal.

"Remember the journal?" Sam pointedly looked at Dean. "We were shown that for a reason. Kindermann's last entry is the key to stopping all of this. He said he wouldn't rest until every last torpedo on U112 was gone. Even wrote it over and over again. I think his spirit is taking that quite literally."

"You mean any torpedoes left on the wreck of the sub have gotta be destroyed?" Dean scowled with frustration. "Dude, we're not even sure of its exact location. Do you know how hard it's going to be to try to blow that thing from topside?"

Tim agreed, taking his gaze from the torpedo trail search for just a second to join in. "Even with real depth charges it would be pretty hard to do what you're asking. We're a charter boat not a destroyer. Do you even have anything that might remotely pass for a depth charge?" There was a slight edge of derision in Walker's voice as he asked.

Sam pulled out several hunks of Semtex. "Nope, but we have this," he waved the explosives. "And we have MacGyver here who can work wonders with just a roll of duck tape." Sam pointed to Dean humorously, knowing he could be pretty inventive when the need arose.

"Gee, thanks for the compliment." Dean took the Semtex he was offered and nevertheless set to work. "We're not going to have many shots at this," he observed, noting just how much of the precious explosive it was going to take for each jury-rigged depth charge to have the desired effect.

"Well you better make it work the first time then, and fast, because I think I see a trail..." Tim bounded into the cabin and hit the Spindrift's throttle over to full whilst spinning the controls hard to port. It was his best and only defensive move against the incoming weapon.

All they could do was try to dodge Kindermann's torpedoes, and at the same time try to deliver their own dose of explosives to the sea bed.

Walker watched as not one, but two white trails cut across the ocean making a beeline for his little boat. "Come on, old girl, more speed..."

"Walker," it was Dean. "How long a delay for the timer do we need on these babies?"

Tim couldn't take his eyes from the racing torpedoes until he was sure they were narrowly going to miss the Spindrift. When they did, he looked up to Dean with an expression that clearly said he thought the ghost hunter had gone even crazier than he was to start with. "Do I look like an explosives geek?" He snapped, wondering how long before more another assault came.

Sam rephrased his brother's question, a hint of urgency in his voice. "You misunderstand. How deep is it here? How long will it take for the charges to reach the U-boat?"

Tim tried to calculate the time in his head, but as he had no clue how fast the charges would sink, in the end it was just a best guess. "If we can weight your charges, it's not that deep here. Maybe six or seven seconds tops." He pointed to several small oil drums at the back of the Spindrift. "Can you use those?"

Dean looked over while he frantically wired his underwater bombs. The drums were small- about a third of the size of a normal depth charge, maybe smaller, but given their target had been rotting away on the sea bed for so long he didn't think it would take too much to destroy it. "Let's find out."

"We've got another trail!" Sam had found a busted up pair of binoculars and had been scouring the sea for contact. Now he'd found it, he wished he hadn't. "They're coming in fast!"

"Maggot face is one relentless S.O.B. I'll give him that." Dean grimaced and scooted over to the drums with his 'toys' in tow. "Walker," he barked. "Get us over O'Leary's co ordinates and start praying."

Tim nodded and brought the Spindrift around. Avoiding the torpedoes was going to be hard enough, but to get the boat over the wreck as well was almost impossible. "Make it good guys, we're out of time." He hit stop and let the Spindrift drift forward over their prey. They were now basically one big sitting duck.

Dean and Sam ignored the comment and continued working furiously. When the boat's engines slowly died, Dean was ready. "Good to go, Sammy?"

Sam nodded and grabbed the first drum by its top section. It was surprisingly heavy, and he had to put more weight into moving it than he had expected. With a grunt, he yanked harder and the drum tipped, enabling him to roll it to the edge of the deck. Dean did much the same with the second mini-bomb.

From the cabin, Tim nodded and mouthed the words 'now,' acknowledging he'd done his best to find their target.

Sam kicked his drum overboard and then moved to grab a third while Dean disposed of his own burden.

The drums hit the water hard, splashing the back of the boat and the brothers with a huge spray of water as they vanished beneath the swirling waves.

Sam counted off the seconds in his head, hoping they'd at least given enough time for the blasts not to affect the Spindrift. After almost eight seconds, the first bomb exploded beneath them.

The Spindrift took the impact of the underwater detonation hard, its little hull bobbing like a cork in the water. The second and third explosions rocked the charter boat even further, and Tim feared they hadn't given the timer's long enough.

There was no time to worry about that now, though. With only one drum left and Kindermann's deadly torpedoes only seconds from impact, all they could do was push their depth charge over and hold tight.

Dean grabbed the drum and virtually tossed it into the water, paying little heed to his own footing. As the bomb careered over the side, the young ghost hunter almost slid into the ocean with it. "Whoa..." He grabbed desperately for the side of the boat, and was relieved when he found his body being pulled back instead by his brother's firm hand.

Sam tugged Dean to the deck by the back of his belt. "I thought I was the one who had no sea legs?" He smiled, but it was half-hearted. Right now, they had to brace for yet another detonation.

This time, the effects of the explosion seemed to hit them twice-fold. With the boom from the blast, the sea seemed to open up like a gigantic whirlpool, masses of white mini-waves crashing from one central point. The white foaming spectacle was followed by a black oily pool erupting from beneath the ocean. In the midst of the slick, debris began to surface, floating aimlessly to nowhere in particular.

The Spindrift listed hard with the initial blast, her decking leaning so hard she almost began to take on water. Tim tried to compensate with the steering, but found

the boat uncontrollable. He stood back, letting nature take its course, and praying that course kept the vessel upright.

After holding a breath for far too long, the Spindrift righted herself and sat motionless in the water.

Walker exhaled and then checked on the Winchesters. Sam was hanging over the side looking at something that had floated up from the wreck of U112.

Dean now had the binoculars, checking for the torpedo trails. After a quick search, he turned to Tim and waved. "All clear. They've vanished," he ran a hand through his disheveled hair. "I think I'd like to get my butt back on dry land now, Ahab." From his expression, he meant sooner rather than later. The Impala and several beers were calling.

Tim agreed. "How about a little something for the trip?" He smiled broadly and tapped something inside the cabin. After a pause, Ozzy's 'Mama I'm Coming Home' began to sound from a hidden speaker somewhere.

Dean's grin was even wider than Tim's. "Dude, you're a very warped fisherman, but you're my kind of fisherman." He glanced at Sam, who was still hunched over something he'd scooped from the water. Dean shrugged, and then joined Tim at the cabin door. "Say, you wouldn't happen to have a refrigerator on this crate, would you?"

Tim got the picture and even though it seemed impossible his smile broadened. "Hey, no fisherman can survive without ice..." He pointed to what looked like a wooden cupboard built into the side of the cabin. "Or beer..." he slid back the door to reveal a small cool box and plucked out two bottles of Coors. He tossed one to Dean.

"Thanks, now all I want is dry land and four wheels under me and I'll be happy." Dean removed the cap and took a long, well-deserved swig of the icy liquid.

"Maybe next time you'll get to trash your wheels and not someone else's boat." Tim took a drink from his own bottle and steered with just one hand. Through the window, he strained to see what Sam was doing. It looked like he was reading, but it wasn't the same journal as before.

Dean huffed and a pained look made the skipper wonder just what he could have said that hurt so badly. "Ahab, my wheels are sacred."

Somehow, knowing Dean Winchester for just a short while, Tim didn't doubt it. *I wonder what someone like him actually drives? A tank, definitely a Sherman tank...*

## **Two Days Later...**

The Spindrift settled in the water as Tim cut its engines and climbed from its patched up cabin. The Winchesters had proved pretty handy with a toolbox, and although the charter boat was a long way from repaired, it was at least on the way. Where the cash was coming from to fix the electronics, Tim didn't know, but after reports of a ghost sub leaked to the local press, maybe he could milk it with a few 'ghost tours?' *Just not here...no way not here...*

Coming back out here right now to where it had all happened wasn't the best idea he thought the two brothers had had, but he did have to admit to understanding their logic.

They had come to a stop right over where U112 had been destroyed, and now it was time to give something back. Without it, Sam wasn't sure the souls of the mutinous sailors would ever rest. U112 had to be complete.

"We're here," Tim joined Sam and Dean at the front of his boat. "How will we know if this even works? I mean, if we don't do this, the sub can't come back, can it?"

Sam shook his head. "No, she's gone. I'm just not sure Karl and the others can rest without this. He looked down to the radio mast O'Leary had brought up in his nets. It had gone down in the forties with the sub, and he sensed it needed to be returned.

“Okay, well then let’s get this over with.” Tim took hold of the scabby metal pole at one end, and Dean silently took the other.

It was a strange moment, and part of Sam felt he should even say a few words. It was like burying a soul at sea. When no words came, he simply looked at the Spindrift’s decking as Tim and Dean tossed the mast overboard.

After he heard the splash, Sam glanced back up at the open ocean before him. The sea could be cruel, but humans could be crueler.

From his pocket, the younger Winchester tugged out the item he’d plucked from the sea two days previously. It was a journal, just like Kindermann’s, but it had belonged to Karl.

Its binding was faded with age, and the entries were almost invisible were the ink had dulled, but Sam had read it. He’d read through every entry as if he’d been there, because just for an instant, through his gift, he had.

The diary told a simple story. A tale of friendship that ultimately turned to betrayal, but for the right reasons, a tale that had ended in tragedy for all.

Sam let his hand run across the book. It was real, not like the submarine he had chased. This piece of history had floated up from the remains of the real U112, not its ghostly counterpart. The last entry was dated the same day as Kindermann’s, and it had been a sad one.

*Klaus has finally lost all control. The man that was once my friend and mentor is no more. I go now to try and stop him before it is too late. If I write no more after today, let it be known I tried, for it means he has thwarted my plans and I am surely dead.*

*For my God, my country, and my crew..*

*K*

The words echoed through Sam’s head in Karl’s voice, and he couldn’t help but flick the journal open one last time before he tossed it back to its watery grave. The last entry beckoned to him again, except now, it was no longer the last entry.

On the next page, one simple word answered an abundance of questions, and set Sam’s aching mind to rest.

The ink was so fresh, as Sam ran a finger over it, it smudged. There was no date, but Sam didn’t need to read one.

*Danke*

*K*

Sam closed the book and nodded. It was over for the crew now too. He took a swing as if he was pitching a baseball and lobbed the decaying book back to the sea. Then, he glanced back to Dean and Tim with a warm feeling of satisfaction filling his heart. It was nice to know once in awhile that what they did everyday without question really did make a difference.

Sam smiled. “They’re finally free...”

Dean knew the look on his brother’s face and knew it meant Sam was privileged to more unworldly information than he was. He didn’t question it. The gig was over and they’d solved the mystery. It was time to move on- but not before he’d paid the local bar one last visit.

Dean patted Tim on the back with a smirk. “You think O’Leary is ready for a rematch? No way can that dude drink me under the table twice...”

Tim and Sam scowled in unison. Dean and O’Leary together was like mixing a bad Molotov cocktail, in an amusing kind of way.

Sam laughed. “Dude, you don’t have a chance...”

As usual, Dean had other ideas. "Never say never, Sammy." And with that he vanished below deck. If he could beat a whole sub full of spooks at their own game, one Irishman with a few whiskey bottles should be a synch, right?

The End