

-----AT 1315 HOURS-----87 DEGREES-----10 NORTH LATITUDE-----

**THE ENEMY THAT DOOMS THE NATION
LIES HIDDEN UNDER THE MIAMI SURF!**



Death from the Deep! A Stealth U-Boat Prepares to Strike Miami!



THE AUSLANDER DIVE, NAZI, DIE!

BY MICHAEL PATRICK SULLIVAN

AN ALLIED ARTISTS PICTURE
starring

ARTHUR FRANZ • DICK FORAN • BRETT HALSEY
With JOI LANSING • PAUL DUBOV • BOB STEELE • VICTOR VARCONI and TOM CONWAY
as Sir Ian Hunt

Produced by ALEX GORDON • In Association With JACK RABIN • Co-Produced by IRVING BLOCK • Associate Producer HENRY SCHRAGE • Directed by DRVILLE H. HAMPTON • Screenplay by SPENCER G. BENNET
Written by DRVILLE H. HAMPTON • Story by JACK RABIN • IRVING BLOCK and LOUIS DWYTT • Adapted from the novel by A. GORHAM • PRODUCTION

Can The Avenging Austrian Stop Hitler's U-Boat Henchmen?



A TRAITOR TO THE NAZI CAUSE IS THE ONLY THING THAT STANDS BETWEEN VICTORY OR THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE FLORIDA COAST!



A CASE FROM THE AUSLANDER FILES

DIVE, NAZI, DIE!

BY

MICHAEL PATRICK SULLIVAN

Not a single punch was thrown.

The man with the shocked-white hair and a trench coat full of doom experienced absolutely no difficulty gaining entry to Miami Harbor Marina #3. He was unaccustomed to simply going where he needed to be. Just the day before, in fact, he had fought his way through a nightclub, spilling tequila and blood alike. Here, however, there was but a brief moment of apprehension when a raisin-like security guard spotted him casing the fence line and asked him who he was.

The black-and-white man could rarely answer any way other than truthfully and his answer usually led to blood and broken teeth. Visiting any violence on this guard of advanced years and crooked spine filled him with dread, but still he answered the only answer he had. *“Ich bin ein Auslander.”*

It was the only answer he’d ever given to that question of his identity since the day he awoke in an American hotel room with a handful of false IDs, an unmistakable Austrian accent and no memory of his past.

“You related to the Cocoa Beach Auslanders?”

His operational readiness momentarily obliterated, the Viennese Vigilante simply uttered, “No.”

“Might think about changing your name,” the old guard offered. “This day and age, someone might mistake you for a Nazi. There’s a war on,

y’know.”

“Yes.”

“Gate’s down that way.”

And with that, the Auslander walked out on the docks with more freedom than he’d experienced since his mysterious reawakening. He was practically shopping for the right boat to steal. He sought something low profile, and so passed up a pair of yachts. There were several fishing boats to choose from, and not of the recreational sort. These boats clearly represented a livelihood, and while taking one would be a sacrifice for the safety of the United States, if not the world, he was reluctant to inflict that sacrifice on anyone. It was for that reason that Prussian Prowler decided on the *Katie Sue*.

She would be considered a derelict were it not for the rope that kept it from drifting to an oceanic oblivion. Such a vessel, using the term lightly, could not possibly be the center of anyone’s life and livelihood. If anything, its owner would be grateful for the insurance money. It was perfect for a mission from which he might not return.

Since he awoke a new man, he had bad dreams every time he laid his head down again. He surmised these dreams were remnants from a past life and clues of what to do with his new one. Each dream led him to acts of sabotage against the Allies. Plots about to be perpetrated by the Axis powers. His unconscious knowledge of so many such plots has led The Auslander to believe that he most probably was in charge of their oversight.

A recent dream led him not to this marina, but to a location several miles out to sea. He dreamt of numbers. They were coordinates, fifty nautical miles off the coast of Florida. There was nothing there. Not an island. Not a reef. Nothing.

“Nothing but a submarine,” the Avenging Austrian surmised to himself, “perhaps meant to deliver supplies or a spy, or to pick up vital intelligence on the Allies.” Ultimately, he decided the details didn’t matter. Whatever its purpose, a U-boat will find itself crushed beneath the bluest waters of the Atlantic.

Clambering aboard the *Katie Sue*, the Auslander made sure to keep a good hold of his constant companion, a 9mm Mauser holstered behind his back. He was also mindful of the several sticks of dynamite stolen from a highway construction project and secreted deep in the pockets of

his overcoat.

He stepped carefully on the creaking deck boards for fear that any one of them may break and send him crashing down. He was able to judge by the way the boat moved that it was weighed down with sufficient fuel to get to his final destination. Or was it?

The weight of the vessel shifted, ever so slightly. He was not alone aboard the *Katie Sue*. The sound of a pump-action shot gun ejecting a cartridge from the magazine into the barrel came from the darkness under the wheel.

"Hands in the air," said a voice like marbles in a car's muffler. Two barrels rose out of the black.

The Kraut Creeper crouched, slowly, so as not to antagonize his opponent too much more. He raised one hand in surrender while he sunk his other hand into his coat, slipping his fingers between the explosive rods.

The barrels got closer. A glint of light reflected off eyes for an instant. "Who are you?"

"That question again," the foreigner thought to himself. Any answer he could give would give him away. His accent has brought him nothing but difficulty in a country swamped with fear, propaganda posters, and sons dying at German hands. He pulled a fist from his coat pocket, dynamite sticks clutched between his knuckles, and punched toward the weapon approaching him. A stick went into each barrel.

"*Ich bin ein—*"

"Izzat goddamn dynamite?"

The master of the boat finally emerged into full moonlight. He had at least ten years on the elderly guard, if not more. The Auslander wondered if the creaking he heard was not so much the boat as it was this man's bones.

"Are you out y'danged mind?" The old man, his skin mottled with spots, tried to pull back the gun but the Amnesiac Adventurer grabbed it by the barrel with his free hand, forcing the situation to remain static for the time being. "Yer gonna git us both blowed up!"

"If it was your aim to kill me," The Auslander said, his voice dripping with Viennese enunciation, "it surely makes little difference to me if I am joined in death."

"It makes a big damn difference to me."

"You are free to release your weapon to me," The Auslander informed

the old man. "I promise not to kill you."

"You German?"

"Close enough."

"I'm supposed to believe a Nazzee?"

"I did not say I was a Nazi," the Auslander said, gently correcting the old man's pronunciation. He didn't deny the man's assumption, as he knew that somewhere in Berlin there was likely a form with his real name on it that would identify him as a member of the National Socialist Worker's Party.

"It's plain as day, you dirty Kraut." The crotchety man yanked at the gun again, but the foreigner's grip was too strong--strong enough to counter the yank and push it closer to his foe to make sure the trigger didn't accidentally catch on the man's finger.

"If you don't believe I won't kill you, then you might as well pull the trigger, *ja?*"

"Good point."

The old man released the weapon.

The old man, who introduced himself as Frank as he grew tired of being called "old man" every time the Auslander told him to be quiet, steered the frail vessel out to sea at gunpoint. However, lacking anyone to talk to for many years and apparently not fearing death after eighty long years on Earth, Frank couldn't help but strike up conversation.

"I could kill, y'know," Frank said. "If I had to."

The Auslander scoffed. Frank was clearly on his last legs. In fact, if his knobby knees weren't visible beneath the hem of his blue boxers, he'd have assumed one of his legs would simply have fallen off by now.

"I don't mean that I have the ability, but Godammit, I got the will," Frank went on, though the armed "Nazi spy" wished that he wouldn't.

"I was born at the wrong time. I grew up hearing about my Daddy's adventures in the Civil War--wrong side, not withstanding--he was a hero. I knew when I grew up, I'd go to war and I'd be a hero, but there weren't no wars for me. I signed up for the army and I got sent to the Spanish American War, but it were too short. I got there just in time to see the Rough Rider hisself galloping on home. By the time the big one rolled around, I was too old for the infantry and too uneducated to be an officer. Now look at me. World fightin' for its life and I'm lucky if I'm fightin' a marlin. More'n lucky if I win."

“How much longer?” the Austrian wondered aloud. He looked over the old codger’s shoulder at a chart of the coastal waters. Frank looked at him like he was a four-year-old with his nose down in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

“You know, there’s just certain things a real man ought know how to do,” Frank said. The Auslander remained silent. “Captaining a seaworthy vessel, that’d be one.”

“I am captaining a seaworthy vessel,” The Auslander groaned. “I’ve commanded you to take us out.”

“It ain’t complicated. All you need is a good eye and a compass.” Taps the compass nearby the wheel.”Got one right here, looks to like you got a pair of t’other.”

“I would as soon drive out this scow--”

“Scow!?”

“--myself, but I cannot leave you behind to send the Coast Guard after me and my eyes need to keep track of you, old ma--”

“--Frank, I toldja.” Shaking off the offense, Frank mutters “S’pose I should be happy you ain’t just dump me off as fish food.” Frank clammed up, suddenly and for the first time on the voyage. He didn’t want to give his pale-maned captor any ideas.

The Auslander’s blissful silence was short-lived. Suddenly, he was thrown from his feet as Frank spun the wheel wildly, barely remaining upright himself and only by virtue of having the wheel itself to hang onto. What sounded like the rattling of a diver bar’s entire stock came from below. The spotted old man turned to find that while his pirate was tumbled, his aim never faltered. His Mauser’s barrel never lost a direct line with the back of Frank’s head and continued to do so even as he regained his footing.

“Right the boat,” the foreigner commanded.

“We’re still on course.”

“No,” the Auslander countered, glancing at the compass. “We most assuredly are not. Right the boat.” He wasn’t even aware he had such maritime ability until that moment. Another unexplained piece left him by a man who no longer exists, and one that filled him with dread. “Did I have a notable history in the German Navy?” he wondered silently to himself. “Would the sight of a U-Boat reawaken a beast lying dormant within me?” The Auslander had no answers.

Frank had all the information he needed, but one more risk would cement his opinion as fact. “I ain’t doing nothing no Nazzee says. Guess you’ll just hafta shoot me.”

After the longest seven seconds of Frank Stefanowski’s life, the Nameless Knight holstered his Mauser. “You seem to be quite aware that I have no desire to do so.”

“Yeah,” Frank confirmed, “and it’s a little queer. Y’all are supposed to be the enemy.”

“You all?”

“Krauts. Germans!”

“A nationality presents a threat to no man. It’s ideologies that matter.”

“You saying you’re not a Nazzee spy?” Frank looked through one crooked eye at the Auslander, waiting for an answer.

Loathing lying, the Auslander dodged the question. “I’m saying I’m here to help.”

“I know,” Frank confirmed.

For the first time in living memory, which may not mean as much for the Auslander as for anyone else, the stranger was genuinely surprised.

“A man that can read charts and tell when the boat is off course doesn’t need me to get ‘im where he’s going,” Frank explained. “If you were Hunscum, you’d waste no time feeding an old man to the sharks. You got no want to do me harm, makes you a pretty good man in my book.”

The Auslander told Frank of his dream-inspired mission to go out to sea while Frank ferried them to their supposed rendezvous point. They shared a beer that the foreigner’s taste buds found to be flat and near flavorless. If some part of him must always be in the Fatherland, he was glad it was just his tongue. Once they arrived, they had only to wait.

* * * * *

After seventeen long hours, mostly in the blistering sun, the old man longed for the simplicity of a glass of lemonade and a ham sandwich. All he had was an open quarter-can of five-day-old beans he wouldn’t feed to a mean dog. Frank began to doubt the sanity of his guest. “There people that can corroborate,” Frank mangled, “...this whole ‘dream’ thing you got going on?”

The Auslander admitted to himself that his methodology sounded a bit mad, but was prevented from voicing any doubts he might harbor by a gigantic steel whale breaking through the rolling surface of the Atlantic. U-404 missed splintering the *Katie Sue* by a matter of meters.

Any doubts Frank still had about the invader aboard his boat were duly vanquished when he saw the reaction of the black-and-white man upon seeing the swastika emblazoned on the U-boat's conning tower. Even in his days living in the new frontier of the 1880's, he never saw a man draw his sidearm so quickly. And he did not wonder what a pea-shooter would do against the metal leviathan before them. He knew the answer. Nothing at all.

The hatch atop the submarine flipped open and spilled forth beings that both Frank and The Auslander very much wanted to feed to mean dogs.

"Get below," the Diabolical Deutschlander ordered. Frank instinctively followed the order. It was a remnant of his brief military stint. But he kept a weather eye and what's left of his good ear focused on the goings-on above deck.

He understood very little of it.

"*Wer sind Sie? Identifizieren Sie Ihre Selbst,*" barked the regal officer of the *Kriegsmarine*. Frank could tell it was a demand, probably for a name.

"*Ich bin der Major.*" The Auslander's voice carried a certainty that can represent nothing but the truth. "Ironic," he thought to himself. Since he doesn't remember carrying the rank of Major and holding the authority to oversee systematic sabotage stateside.

"*Ich hatte nicht erwartet, so geehrt zu werden, Herr Major. Ich dachte, ich von der Lizard Einheit erfüllt würden.*" The words oozed from the U-Boat commander's mouth as he climbed down to shake the hand of his colleague.

The Auslander chose to dispense with pleasantries and get down to business. He was also quite curious as to exactly what business it was that brought U-404 so close to the coast of Florida.

"*Bringen Sie die Waffen,*" the commander barked. Sailors in dark, sweat-stained uniforms began hauling rope-handled crates from the belly of the metal beast. They weren't marked, but the size and shape were familiar to the Amnesiac Avenger. Most of those that were not guns were ammunition. The rest appeared to be grenades or bazooka shells. "*Sie*

sollten ein größeres Boot gebracht haben," the commander joked.

Frank made the same assumptions about the cargo being staged on the U-boat's deck. It made as little sense to him as to his strange new friend. They both thought to themselves, "Why bring so many arms so far from the field of battle and the armies that use them?" Neither dwelled on the question, instead choosing to focus on what it was they were going to do about it.

Frank noticed that his strange new friend was angling to somehow get aboard the undersea vessel. If his mission was to "receive" the munitions, there would be no reason to do so, but still, he noticed the Auslander moving closer and closer to the submarine's hull. He frequently checked the security of his Mauser in its holster. With that, the Auslander's intentions became clear to Frank.

"Dumb bastard's gonna get himself killed," the old fisherman thought to himself.

And he was right. The Avenging Austrian knew, as did Frank, that his simple 9mm pistol would do no good against a German U-boat... on the outside. Inside, however, each bullet would cut a wild, unpredictable swath of destruction. Inside the cramped, steel quarters, a single shot would ricochet so much that it could strike multiple targets, damaging equipment and personnel. An entire magazine of bullets would bathe the sub's controls in the blood of its officers and drivers.

He also knew that if by some miracle he survived his own onslaught of random destruction, he would still face one of two grizzly fates. He would either be killed by any number of surviving crew or, in the best case scenario, the bridge crew would be dead or disabled enough that he could seal the bridge and set the boat in a steep suicidal dive. Either way, the Auslander would be buried at sea before the day was out.

Frank saw another option.

He turned to the vast collection of liquor bottles, his only companions until today and uncapped them, one by one. From the floor he scooped up an old tee shirt amidst many a disgusting scrap of undone laundry and began ripping it to shreds as fast as he could.

Glancing topside, he saw the Auslander climbing the conning tower ladder. "Damn fool probably asked for the kiddie tour or some such." Frank had to ask fast, but first he took a deep breath. He was about to be the hero he always wanted to be. And if it was the last thing he ever was,

he was good with that.

“Hey, Kraut scum!”

Officers and deckhands alike turned in surprise to see the craggy old man in his underwear throwing a bottle of Puerto Rican rum with a flaming cloth stuffed down the neck: a Molotov cocktail. The *Kreigsmariners* watched helplessly as it sailed through the air and shattered upon the crates of Nazi munitions. The rum spread itself over several of the wooden boxes, the makeshift fuel igniting on contact.

Frank knew his time was short and used their few seconds of stunned confusion to light another alcohol bomb. This time, appropriately enough, a bottle of vodka would give its life to fight the Nazi menace. He launched it with not a second to spare as he felt the first burning hot invasion of his abdomen. He'd been shot.

“Frank, no!” The Auslander drew his weapon and fired on his new hosts as they opened fire on the old man. It only added to the confusion on the submarine's deck. Sailors saw their “freunds” fall, but couldn't immediately discern why. In the moment it took them to realize that the white-haired ally was actually a black-clad foe, the Auslander dispatched several of them with his trusty Mauser.

The second Molotov hit the munitions. More fire spread. The wood of the crates was like a fuse and the Auslander had no idea how long it would take before they ignited U-404's payload. “Soon,” he hoped as he dove into the icy Atlantic to escape the hail of bullets that his once-comrades finally began to levy on him.

No sooner had the Shock-Haired Sentinel splashed down than a deafening explosion ripped open the forward hull of the German sub. Water gushed through the gash of twisted metal. The Auslander could hear the cries of the submariners inside as their fate was sealed before their eyes. The bodies of topside deckhands fell into the water around him. He noticed several officers struggling to stay afloat in the water. One by one they felt the Auslander's mighty grip pull them below the waves and the wreckage, like U-404, never to surface again.

As the last remnants of the hull sank to its final resting place, and after the last surviving Nazi had been dispatched, save the Auslander himself, the waterlogged warrior clambered aboard the *Katie Sue*, now pockmarked by German shrapnel. There he found Frank Stefanowski still clinging to life...and a bottle of Jack Daniels.

“You didn't need to do that,” he assured Frank as he struggled to breathe.

“I see what they mean when they say I'm too old to fight,” the old man wheezed. “Needed to keep you from doing whatever fool thing you was plannin'.”

The Auslander shook his head. He didn't understand.

“Gimme.” Frank darted his eyes at the bottle he couldn't bring to his mouth. The foreigner helped him to a swig. “I'm only good for one thing, and this was it. You got more you need to do. Couldn't let you waste it out here.”

The Auslander chuckled for what was probably the first time in months, if ever. The man had a point.

“I know I kept you entertained on the way out here, but like I said when we left, I ain't got much fuel so it's gonna be a long drift back to land. I don't think I got it in me to keep you interested.

“I have a few tales I could tell you,” the Auslander reassured him. He got no response. He never would.

The Coast Guard found the *Katie Sue* adrift off Fort Lauderdale a few days later. Her only occupant was the late Frank Stefanowski, sitting upright in his fishing chair with his American flag draped over his shoulders. Exposure to the sun had tightened his skin and, with a little help from rigor mortis, he had the biggest smile on his face and an empty bottle of Jack in his hand.

On a highway crossing the state line, a tall man with hair like snow and a coat like coal squished a little when he walked. At least it felt that way. The night before, he slept under a palm tree and had a dream. That night, he would make sure it wouldn't come true.

Not The End...

ON SALE NOW!

