

CONFIDENTIAL INTELLIGENCE DOSSIER

FILE NO: 742-I-B

DATE OF INTERCEPT: OCTOBER 31, 1981

SUBJECT: UNSANCTIONED SOVIET NAVAL CONTACT - NORWEGIAN SEA

ASSET: SUBMARINE SILA - INTERNAL REPORT LOG

SOURCE ORIGIN: HELSINKI COURIER DROP / RED SEALED

ENCRYPTION: LEVEL 22 / NEED TO KNOW BASIS

"THE VODYANOI'S PATH" - FIELD DESIGNATION [UNVERIFIED]

AUTHORIZED EYES ONLY

DO NOT DUPLICATE / DO NOT ARCHIVE

RETURN TO CENTRAL ANALYSIS UNIT - FILE ROOM C

UNITED STATES INTELLIGENCE COMMAND

RESTRICTED - CLASSIFIED - 1981

**CLASSIFIED DOSSIER: FILE 742-I-B - THE
VODYANOI'S PATH**

Date: October 31, 1981

Location: Secure Line - US Intelligence

SYSTEM VOICE (female, clipped):

Secure Line Established - Channel 18 - File 742-I-B - Begin Recording.

ANALYST 1 (steady):

Alright. You on the line?

ANALYST 2 (clear, slightly strident):

Yeah. Go ahead. You said this one came through Helsinki?

ANALYST 1:

Courier drop. Red-sealed file. No carbon.

Soviet naval log. December '79. Norwegian Sea.

Submarine Sila.

Internal investigation. Never reached Moscow central.

[Paper flip.]

Debrief by Captain Second Rank Arkady Sorokin.

Interviewee: Senior Navigator. Name redacted. Age 32.

[Tone shifts - reading calmly, with gravity.]

"We tracked a pulse. Not sonar. Not natural.

Heavy. Rhythmic. Moving against the current.

XO Dmitriev warned the Captain... said it didn't feel right. Captain Krasnoff dismissed it as ice shift. Ordered pursuit."

"03:33... blackout. Power drop. Hull pressure spiked.

Two crew lost in the aft sections.

The hull screamed... like it was being crushed from the outside."

ANALYST 2 (quiet):

God...

ANALYST 1:

Dmitriev requested an emergency surface.

Krasnoff overruled... steered toward the signal.

But Dmitriev acted on instinct.

Broke protocol. Clipped in.

Entered the aft... water already breaching.

He forced the hatch open. Found them... alive, barely.

Then came the second strike.

ANALYST 2:

Jesus Christ.

ANALYST 1:

Frame gave way. Bulkhead folded inward.

Pressure tore the compartment apart.

Dmitriev was thrown back... unconscious, ribs shattered.

They dragged him out by tether.

Said he was screaming...

"They were still moving... when the steel buckled."

ANALYST 2:

What happened to them?

ANALYST 1:

Gone.

No remains. Compartment imploded.

Sub stabilized at 215 meters.

[Short pause.]

Dmitriev got promoted.

Official citation:

"Bravery under catastrophic conditions."

Now commanding the Volchitsa, Delta-II, Northern Patrol Line.

ANALYST 2: Krasnoff?

ANALYST 1: Reassigned. Shore duty near Murmansk.

No reprimand. No press.

He hasn't stepped aboard a submarine since.

[Page rustle - soft, deliberate.]

Sorokin's margin notes - unofficial:

"Strike came from below. Focused. Crushing.

Like something wrapped around the hull... and squeezed."

ANALYST 2 (uneasy):

So what do they think it was?

ANALYST 1 (low):

The old timers in Russia call it...

The Vodyanoi's Path.

ANALYST 2 (half-laughs):

Come on. The Vodyanoi? What's next... Baba Yaga in a torpedo tube?

ANALYST 1 (quiet):

They don't joke about it.

It's more than a myth to them.

A route, or zone, out in the Dead Channel. Avoided on old naval charts. Dead sonar. Static. Metal fatigue without cause.

ANALYST 2:

Or... a psychotronic weapon test?

Mind-field, acoustic disruptor, some experimental deep-sea pressure system?

ANALYST 1:

Maybe.

But if it is... it thinks.

[Slight pause.]

It waited for them to be inside. Then it crushed them. Not the hull... them.

ANALYST 2:

You're saying it targeted the people?

ANALYST 1:

I'm saying... it left the sub intact.

Just broke the part that mattered.

[Click. Line disconnect tone.]

SYSTEM VOICE:

Transmission complete. File 742-I-B archived. End recording.