

Wraith 101 By Scribblesinink

"What the hell...?"

Dean instinctively ducked his head at the blue streak of light that zipped toward him out of nowhere. It missed by an inch, singeing his hair, and the air in its wake stank of ozone.

"Wraith!" Dean glanced back at the man behind him, who was angrily shaking something that looked like an oversized cellphone. "I thought Zelenka said this planet was safe!"

More blue slashes of light came flying at them, and Dean dove for the nearest cover, a small space between two walls—only to find it already occupied. He squeezed himself tighter into the narrow gap, not caring about the indignant squeak that his jabbing elbow brought out of Rodney McKay. Those blue whatever's looked and smelled deadly, and *fuck*, sci-fi movies weren't supposed to be real.

"What the hell is that thing?" Right before dodging out of the bolts' path, Dean had caught a glimpse of what seemed to be a Goth concert reject with bad skin. Tall creature too, at least as tall as Sam.

"It's a Wraith," Rodney repeated, as if that should mean anything to Dean. "Alien hybrid race. They may appear humanoid, but genetically they're actually closely related to the Iratus bug, from which they inherited the ability to regenerate. Nasty little creature, that bug." He scrunched up his face in disgust. "Oh, and the Wraith feed on humans. They've got this—" Rodney flapped a hand in front of Dean's face and pointed at his palm—"organ here that sucks the life right out of you, leaving nothing but a dry husk." He shivered visibly.

Dean stared at Rodney. Most of what the scientist had just said sounded like gibberish to him, but the fear and loathing was evident in Rodney's expression.

"So...", Dean peered cautiously around the corner, and another blue bolt of whatever zapped past him. He quickly pulled back behind the safety of the wall. "So, they're evil?"

Rodney pursed his lips together in disapproval. "What part of *they feed on humans* don't you understand?"

Dean glared. Just because he wasn't *from* here was no reason to treat him like an idiot. "How do I kill it? Salt? Silver? Iron?"

"What?" Rodney stared at him. "No. No no no." He shook his head vigorously to underscore his words. "Did you also miss the part where I said they regenerate? That means they *heal* themselves."

"I know what it means." Dammit, this guy was worse than Sam at his geekiest. "What are you saying? They're immortal?" Dean had yet to meet a creature that was impervious to any and all weapons.

"Of course not." Rodney rolled his eyes. "There's no such thing as immortality. If a Wraith gets injured badly enough, it won't be able to heal fast enough, and it dies. Say, if you blow it up, or if you cut off its head—"

Dean grinned. "Like *Highlander*?"

"What?" Rodney blinked.

Dean turned away and risked another glance around the corner. Didn't matter, anyway. He'd left the machete in the trunk of the car, and his baby was... well, not *here*. Down the track, the Wraith was approaching steadily, and they didn't have much time left.

He realized Rodney was still talking.

"...or if you shoot it with enough bullets. You know, that's usually what works: we fire our weapons until they drop, and then run away before they can get back up."

Dean smirked. He checked his Colt 1911 and made sure the gun was fully loaded, cocked and ready. "That," he said, rolling out of their hiding place and raising the weapon, "I can do."

Disclaimer: this story is based on the Warner Bros. Television/Wonderland Sound and Vision/Eric Kripke/Robert Singer series *Supernatural* and the Sci-Fi Channel/Cooper-Wright Productions/MGM Television series *Stargate Atlantis*. It was written for entertainment only; the author does not profit from it nor was any infringement of copyright intended. Please do not redistribute elsewhere without the author's consent.