

# Untold Stories

by Delbert "Greentongue" Jackson

## Introduction:

The year is 1927. Storms have lashed America for months and the great Mississippi River has burst its banks. At its widest, the river stretches over eighty miles bank to bank!

The flooding river churns with the destructive force of Niagara Falls, destroying levees and other attempts to contain it. People flee before the rising waters that cover an area the size of Connecticut, abandoning entire towns many miles from the river's normal course.

In a shadowy room. Several indistinct figures are about. The sound of rain begins and the glow of a few cigarettes spark around the table.

"It is our opportunity," states a voice that makes your blood run cold. "People are vulnerable, concerned with their very survival. They can be taken advantage of with ease. That is what we flourish on. That is why we are gathered."

"Let others struggle to make a profit. Let them strive against those who are strong enough to defend themselves. We will prey on the weak, the helpless, desperate."

A cigarette lighter flickers, a heavy ring glints. It contains an emblem of a bird. Not a proud hawk or eagle, but a vulture.

The voice continues, "The Reverend Toswell assists us though he knows it not. Wherever he preaches it rains heaviest. He may actually be in contact with God as he claims but, the rain he brings is a gift to us."

As the speaker snubs out his cigarette he states, "We need to move quickly, before the authorities have time to respond."

In another room far away from the first, a family huddles around a lone radio. The Sunday service is being broadcast and Reverend Toswell is wrapping up another sermon.

*"When the Lord shall have washed away the filth of the daughters of Zion, and shall have purged the blood of Jerusalem from the midst thereof, by the spirit of judgment, and by the spirit of destruction. Isaiah 4:4"*

*"This passage tells us that it is God's will that the sins of this world should be washed away."*

The sermon is interrupted by a sudden crack as lightning strikes too near. The radio briefly goes dead, while thunder rumbles and shakes the house.

In the echoing silence a wall of fog like a curtain sweeps through the house and right across the room, leaving a wet sheen in its wake.

As the fog passes, the sound of far off croaking from frogs and the patter of rain can be heard.

Suddenly, the radio returns to life and an announcer extolling the virtues of a new hair tonic drowns out the sounds.

Sometimes circumstances dictate that common people must step forward to fight injustice and unearthly horrors!

In Untold Stories, you are one of those people.