

“The Man That Wouldn’t Listen”



AI Gemini

Author: Brother Gas

All Rights Reserved. No part of this story may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by means, without written permission.

Brother Gas books 49 Keel Road Grantsboro, NC 28629

This is a work of fiction. Names, character, places, and incidents are a product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead or to business establishments, institutions, events, or locals is completely coincidental.

“The Man Who Wouldn’t Listen”

Endora’s screams echoed through the dark streets of Bearclaw. Fear gripped families when they heard the shrill yell. Children hid under their covers, fearing that Endora was coming for them. Parents were captives in their homes at night, protecting their families. They knew that by the rise of the morning sun, Endora the witch would take someone. Something had to be done to stop her.

Or so they said.

When the Piper four-seater tilted to approach for landing, Joel and his team were surprised by Bearclaw’s aerial display. The small town of 900 people looked like a big clamshell laid out on a beach but nestled in the valley of a beautiful green mountain range with a lake. It was a lovely vacation retreat. All its long roads started an intersecting connection on the lakefront and spread out in a fan shape, like a clamshell.

Joel chuckled. A giant clam lay in the valley of a Montana mountain. He wondered how this beautiful town could be the site of human disappearances and ghost sightings.

The airplane landed on a grassy airstrip and stopped beside the waiting Bearclaw Police Department cruiser. Chief of Police Harry Wolf stood by the cruiser and extended his hand. “Welcome to Bearclaw.”

“Joel Nabal, Paranormal Investigator for the Eastern Conference of the Original Church of Jesus out of Philadelphia. We came as soon as possible. We were delayed because my bishop objected to investigating human disappearances and ghost sightings. He was concerned for my life.”

The chief nodded as he listened.

“The bishop said, ‘If you meddle with evil spirits, witches, and ghosts, you could tempt God.’ He referred me to Saul’s consorting with the witch of Endor in 1 Samuel 28:3–25.”

The chief listened without comment.

“After our TV network sponsors agreed to finance the trip, the bishop finally relented. They have the rights to the investigative story. So I’m happy to meet you, Chief Wolf. This is Mark, my cameraman, and Jeff, my technician.”

Chief Wolf asked, “Are you sure your team can handle this job? It’s a big mystery and should be told on TV.”

“Yes, if your story is true, it will be,” said Joel.

“Jump in the cruiser, and we’ll go to my office. I’ve got coffee there, and we can talk about why we requested your assistance. But . . . if I were you, I’d consider getting back on that plane and returning home.”

The one-room police station, with one overhanging light, did not give a good impression of the police department. Maybe the chief was right about getting back on the plane.

But Joel stuck to his plan. “I am honored to work with an authentic Native American chief of a local tribe and chief of police. Solving this mystery could catapult you and me to the big leagues. How many Native Americans have disappeared?”

“Uhhh . . . Quite a few. You already know about the reoccurring disappearances of our local tribal people and residents every two years. The last to disappear was my father, Little