

Mercy Through High Waters

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This is a school group project for gifted students that I'm currently working on. It will be published if it's any good so I decided to put some of it here. It is about the Dayton, Ohio flood of 1913. ENJOY!!!!

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The stress of the pushing waters soon became too much for the weak levees. As the levees began to crumble, the water began to sweep down the streets of Dayton. Jack ran to the window with the alarm.

Papa! Look at the water! Allystair started towards the window but was knocked over by the force of the impact of water slamming into the house. Now almost in tears, Jack rushed to try and help his father.

Papa! What s happening? Jack cried. Before Allystair could reply there was a loud cracking noise and the sound of flames igniting. *****

As the Pfeiffer family huddled under some old blankets, Anya began to get extremely thirsty. Did we bother to bring any water up here? she asked. Oh no! We didnt bring anything but blankets and food. Jacqueline said worriedly. Ah, quit your whining! Ive been through worse than this before. Why, when I was... As

Whitey began to tell another war story, the women turned their attention to the water problem. I have an idea, Mary announced. She carefully walked over to the pile of bottles that had contained Jacqueline s drinks. Mary picked up a short fat bottle and cautiously dipped it into the hole were the floodwater came through. Here, drink this, Mary said, offering Anya the bottle. Anya looked at the murky water. Is that safe to drink? Anya asked. Of course, why wouldnt it be? Mary assured her. Okay, if you re positive, Anya said as she reached for the bottle. The water tasted a little funny but, Anya gratefully drank it all.

***** Joseph looked up from his boring paperwork.

It was raining pretty hard. Going home was not going to be fun he thought. He sighed and went back to his paperwork. Mr. Shackelford? a women s voice said. Joseph looked up from his work. It was the new secretary, Miss Weibel. Yes? Come in, Joseph said. Mr. Shackelford, Mr. Patterson would like to see you in his office, something about a boat, she said. He better not send me out there, he muttered to himself. Joseph angrily got up from his desk, knocking over his chair. He pushed the stunned secretary and stomped out of the room. He knocked on Mr. Patterson s door, but without waiting for an answer, he went in. You wanted to speak to me? he asked. Yes, I need you to take a boat up to Sprague and Bank St. and look for survivors, Mr. Patterson ordered. But sir! Joseph protested. No buts! Now go! Mr. Patterson bellowed. Joseph let the room without a word. If only he knew I was afraid water he thought.

***** Finally, a dry house to wait out this flood! Igor sat down in a chair. Not only was this a dry house, this was nice house, Igor thought to himself. This chair was really soft, and Igor was really tired, he couldn t help but fall asleep. He wasn t asleep for long. Igor awoke to screaming. His eyes flew open. The house was on fire! The screaming continued, there must be someone else in the house, Igor realized. He darted out of the flaming room only to find more flames in the hallway. Igor followed the screaming to a room with a young boy and a man trapped inside. He didnt have time to think; Igor ran in and grabbed the boy, the man cautiously followed. Suddenly a large wave swept over them. Igor and the man were fine but the little boy had been taken. Papa! screamed a small voice. Igor turned to see the little boy in the water clinging to a floating dead horse. Hold on Jack! the man cried. The man dove into the water and tried to swim to his son. He was almost able to reach him but the came to an intersection, but the current separated them. Igor watched in pure horror as the boy turned the corner and man drowned. Igor sat there, at loss of what to

do. He couldn't swim to another building; the current was too strong now. He couldn't go back inside the house that was on fire. The fire! What if there were more people inside, Igor thought to himself. He climbed back up and pulled himself out of the water and over the window sill. He couldn't see anything; there was so much smoke! Npubet? he called, there was no response. Igor took a step forward, there was a loud cracking noise and before he knew it, Igor was falling into the flames below

There'd better be some survivors up here, or I'd had better get a raise, Joseph muttered to himself as he rowed down the streets of Dayton. He had been rowing for what seemed like eons only to find empty houses and dead horses. He decided a long time ago that he was getting a car when this was all over. Joseph continued to row down the street; everything was deserted: the shore store, the grocery, and even the bar. Joseph looked closer, there movement inside the bar. Someone was in there! Hey! Joseph hollered, Do you folks need some help?

An old black man poked his head out a broken window and smiled. Sure do! Just wait a minute, He called down to Joseph. William drew his head in from the window. Hey, Michael! he called, Some stuffy white guy is here with a boat- says he can help us. Praise the Lord, I'll go round up the customers, Michael replied. It took only a little while for Michael to gather the customers, by now, were ready to leave the bar. Is that everybody? Joseph asked. Yes, sir, William answered. What's your name, by the way? Joseph asked, not really caring. The name's William and that's my son Michael, William explained. Do you own that bar? Joseph asked. Yes, sir, William nodded. The men sat in silence until Michael couldn't take it anymore. May I ask where we're going, sir? he asked. Forest Avenue Church, Joseph said. If I don't get a raise for this.... he muttered impatiently. Pardon? William asked curiously. Nothing, Joseph responded, snapping back to reality. Help! Somebody! a shrill voice called out. The men turned to see a little boy clinging on to a dead horse for dear life. Hey, isn't that Jacqueline's little boy? Oh, what's his name.....Jack? William inquired. Well I'll be, William said. I thought that poor boy was afraid of horses. Must have been his only chance, Joseph exclaimed. Joseph rowed the boat toward Jack. William reached out to help the cold, shivering, panicked boy into the boat. Did you bring a blanket? Michael asked Joseph. No, just the boat, Joseph sighed. But he can have my jacket, Joseph offered. William wrapped the shivering Jack into Joseph's huge coat. The steady rocking of the boat eventually put Jack to sleep.

***** It's cold! Jacqueline whined. I thought she was supposed to be an adult, Mary whispered to Anya. Anya began to giggle but stopped when she realized Whitey was

looking at her. What's so funny? This isn't a time for fun and games! Our lives at stake! Whitey bellowed. Oh, my head! Do you have to talk so loud? Jacqueline wailed. Sometimes I wished I had a normal family, Anya said exasperated. Be grateful Anya, at least we have a family. A lot of people lost

their family and we only lost our grandfather's house, Mary scolded. Anya turned toward the flood below. Are we ever going to be rescued? she asked. I don't know, maybe it's just the alcohol, but I see a boat, Jacqueline said. Mary and Anya looked at the street. Sure enough there was a row boat making its way down the street. I see it! Mary exclaimed with joy. But it looks full of people, is there going to be enough room for us? Anya asked. Mary and Anya stood up, dropping their blankets.

Help! Over here! they shouted. The boat started to turn the corner. They don't see us! Mary shrieked. Jacqueline, come and help us, Anya yelled. Do I really have to? Jacqueline asked lazily.

Yes, you really have to, Anya said, pulling her aunt up.

Help. Somebody. Jacqueline said without effort.

The boat continued to drift farther and farther away.

Quick! Mary wave your blanket in the air. Anya ordered.
The two sisters waved frantically, screaming at the top of their lungs.
Hey, look! Isn't that the Pfiffer family? Michael asked his father.
Well what do you know. William said, looks like they got stuck on the roof. Joseph how many more people can we carry?
I'd say about three at the most, but Mr. Patterson wouldn't like it if I left them there. Joseph said as he started to row toward the house.
Look! Mary cried. They see us!
The two girls started to jump for joy, forgetting the cold and the fact that they were starving. Jacqueline was not as enthusiastic.
I'm hungry, she complained.
This is nothing. Why when I was stuck back in...., Whitey started to drone on.
Does he really think we care? Anya whispered to Mary.
No. I think he just likes to hear himself talk, Mary said.
As the boat got closer, Mary and Anya began to gather what was left of the food and the blankets. Jacqueline walked over to the fire and attempted to put it out.
It won't go out, she whimpered.
Mary sighed. Just a minute Aunt Jackie, she called. Mary helped pull her grandfather to his feet then walked over to her aunt. Mary just stared at the dancing flames.
Did you even try anything? she asked.
Well, I tried blowing on it a little, but it wouldn't go out. Jacqueline said.
Mary groaned and picked up another of the drink bottles.
Things will be so much better now that you've stopped drinking, Mary said as she poured water over the flames.
Mary! Anya hollered. The boat is here, but they say they can only take three of us.