

**OLD GODS OF APPALACHIA**  
Season 1 Episode 2.5: Let There Be Green

In the ruins of a mountain schoolhouse, a little girl sleeps. And I wish I could tell you that after the past few days that she was sleeping deep and dreamless but that would be a lie, family. And I do my best to always speak true. Sarah Avery tossed and turned in the corner of the schoolhouse where she had settled for the night, her body twitching and spasming, her head tossing from side to side as nightmares danced across her heart and mind like turkey buzzards circling a corpse.

She saw her momma in the tree. Heard the growls and the snarls of the things that came in the house and chased her through the woods, smelled the stench of her uncle and daddy burning and dying a second time. Saw the pain in her uncle's face as he gave up his very soul to give her a chance to get away. The sounds of the bear as it ripped her uncle's shell to shreds. And then, her own words echoed back to her: *Take it back. You can have it all back.*

Who was she even talking to? In that moment, everything was lost. Was it God? Was it Jesus? Neither one of those felt right. The way the sunlight filtered through the green overhead – the trees, the leaves, all of it – *that* seemed to be what could keep her safe, and when all else had failed she turned to the mountains that were more of a mother to her than her own could ever be, she turned to the Green.

And as the horrors of the past few days sank into the murky depths of her subconscious, another voice rose. A voice that echoed from far away and not far away. A voice ageless, both old and young at the same time. A voice that rose from the mountain itself and spoke what almost sounded like a prayer. But Sarah knew it was so much more. And before Sarah could bring herself to wakefulness, she sat bolt upright, her eyes still closed, her body moving automatically as she walked toward one of the few desks left standing in the schoolhouse. Her face still slack, her eyelids still closed over her rapidly-darting eyes. On the surface of the desk lay a composition book; Daniel Calloway's name was written on the cover, though Sarah Avery could not see that through her dreaming eyes.

She opened to a blank page and started to record what the voice was saying.

[The Witch Queen's droning narration through Sarah Avery:] Let there be Green... Let there be thickened trees and unshorn grass... Choking weeds and hand-harrowing brambles. Let there be honey venom flowers and sap-sticky vines that will not break. Let there be kudzu with suffocating canopy, light swallowing gorges, the dark places where sunlight goes to be cinders. Let them rapture and extrude, let them come roaring forth, bursting tember and cornerstone proving that we have built nothing of

permanence here. Winter chained them to old locust trees, let them be food for the dark wet tongue of the shifting mountain.

[The Witch Queen continues:] Let them scream as fishers grind their black scabs together to become blood brothers with the God of fire and soot that they have worshipped with paystubs like altars, families as burnt offerings. Let them split their throats crying, '*elahi, elahi, lama shabaqtani...*' And receive only silence in return. Let us finally admit we were digging graves this whole time and what we were burning was the daylight promised to those we called precious, and baby, and little man. Let us confess that tomorrow's never mattered to us, that promises were enough, that it was good enough for you, will be good enough for them, even when there is no good left...

[Witch Queen:] Enough. Let us throw sizzling sticks of dynamite down howling black shafts, let the place where knees truly learn to bend blacken and ripple like the sea floor. Let the monstrous dome throats finally choke, let these temples fall because their God is dead, had been dying for decades. Let us mourn him properly now. They do not need our darkness to burn any more. So let us end this. Let there be Green. Great looming swathes of endless breathing mouths. Let them sing of our absence. Let the cities go dark for the lack of our smolder and let the stars find these mountains as they were made: whole, Green, and blessedly... *empty*.

[Narrator:] And with the last words scritch'd into the damp paper, Sarah Avery calmly replaced it in the leaves of the composition book, closed it, smoothed the cover with her hands – her eyes never opening, her face never changing. The air in the schoolhouse was still and calm. The rain had long since stopped and a cool wind blew now. Sarah stood, walked calmly back to the corner where she had been slumbering before, laid back down, and promptly faded into a deep and dreamless sleep that she so richly deserved.

[Through God's Dark Heaven Go I by Those Poor Bastards]

I hope you've enjoyed your first interlude episode, family. We're gonna say goodbye to Sarah Avery for a little while, but we'll find out real quick in our Appalachia goodbyes don't last that long.

Old Gods of Appalachia is a production of DeepNerd Media. Today's interlude was written by Steve Shell. Our outro music is by Those Poor Bastards. The voice of the Witch Queen was Veronica Limeberry. We appreciate all of you who have completed your social media ritual, finding us on Facebook and Instagram as Old Gods of Appalachia and on Twitter @OldGodsPod. We also want to thank everyone who has joined us on Patreon and contributes those few or more than a few dollars a month to

help us keep this show in production and to help fund some of the amazing things we have coming, family.

I had a conversation/meeting today about something *super* exciting, so if you would like to commit yourself to a tithe or just place an offering in the plate – a dollar, 5 dollars, 10 dollars, 15 dollars, 20 dollars, your first born, a fatted calf – really, it all spends. You can do that at [www.Patreon.com/OldGodsOfAppalachia](http://www.Patreon.com/OldGodsOfAppalachia) For a few dollars a month you can rack up some really, really sweet treasures that are gonna start shipping out in the month of december. Come join us, family. [www.Patreon.com/OldGodsOfAppalachia](http://www.Patreon.com/OldGodsOfAppalachia) If you're not a member of the Old Gods of Appalachia Fellowship Hall group on Facebook, come find us. If you're scared of Facebook – I don't know what to tell you, that's where we gather. Ha! But thank you so much for your support.

For more information about this show including cast and creator bios, join us [www.OldGodsOfAppalachia.com](http://www.OldGodsOfAppalachia.com) We're gonna be returning to Barlo next episode. We're gonna be jumping back in time. We still haven't figured out how those 51 miners got back up, now have we? Seeya next time, family.

*Through God's dark heaven go I, go I*

*Through God's dark heaven go I.*