

THE RACE CARD

SECOND EDITION (2015)

By Floyd Larck

Published by Floyd Larck at Smashwords

###

Laus Deo

Proofread & Edited by:

Debbie Larck & Kim Rose

Discover other titles by Floyd Larck at Smashwords.com:

[Floyd Larck at Smashwords](#)

Connect with Me Online:

Twitter: <http://twitter.com/FloydLarck>

Facebook: <http://facebook.com/FloydLarck>

For more of my work please visit my web site at www.awdur.com.

Thanks for reading this book!

Copyright 2011, Second Edition 2015, All Rights Reserved

† This Old Barn †

Two months had now passed since Doctor Lindquist had visited Fayola and bandaged up her hand. She had been working diligently on her repairs list for the house and had actually made good progress on getting items crossed off it. Soon enough though a new problem started to appear that was related to money. Or rather the lack of money caused by the steady drain on her bank accounts as she worked on getting the place fixed up. Issue one was her food supply which was dwindling more with each passing day. Issue two was the aforementioned financial situation of monies going out for materials but none coming in.

One thing she was grateful for was that the local Ace Hardware store had an informal delivery service set up which helped tremendously. So between the materials she already had on the farm and Ace Hardware the repairs went rather well. But the food was a different issue because none of the stores had any kind of delivery service which was quite understandable with the economy like it was. One time she convinced the Ace Hardware delivery gal to bring her some critical things she needed but Fayola knew she couldn't do that all the time. To keep from running completely out of everything she started rationing herself because she had foolishly used up all of her coffee up. She just loved the flavor of Maxwell House coffee but she did manage to pay the price for drinking too much of it.

With all of these financial problems on her mind she made up her mind to call Lance to see if he knew of any employment opportunities available in the area. Nursing was out of the question as her credentials and licenses were all from New York City. They were transferable but the fees would have to be paid for their transfer down to Hattiesburg. Fayola had spoken to a person on the phone at the Mississippi Board of Nursing named Tammy who was very helpful. Tammy told her there were several classes she would need to take which were required by Mississippi which New York did not require. All that added up to more money from her ever shrinking bank accounts.

And then there was the transportation issue; she had no means of getting around. She never owned a car in New York City. Parking rates in East Harlem

where she worked were ten to fifteen dollars a day alone added up to three to four hundred and fifty dollars a month just for parking. Then there was the gas, upkeep, tolls, or insurance either. So she, like a lot of New Yorkers, relied upon public transportation to get around. She had considered buying a car for down here but reconsidered when she was faced with the expense of moving it down to Mississippi. Now that she was living in Mississippi she couldn't finance a car because she had no income. There was an old flatbed truck out by the barn which she assumed had belonged to her grandfather but it was hardly something she could use for a daily commute. Of course all of that was based on the assumption that she could even find a nursing job in the area.

One of the main reasons she had spent so much of her own money on the house was the barn located some hundred and fifty feet from the house. Fayola remembered Lance telling her that there were supplies and materials in the barn she could use along with some tools as well. But that wasn't all that was down in the barn.

~~~~~Ω~~~~~

One day Fayola was working on the railing for the stairway to the second floor was the day that she decided it was time to visit the old barn. Though the barn was but a hundred and fifty feet away from the house it might well have been a mile. From the outside the old gable style barn with its steeply sloped roofline and weathered exterior Fayola expected to see Freddy Kruger himself walking about it. On the side of the barn which was visible from the house there was a lone window up near the peak of the roof. It had a several panes broken out of it which was an oddity considering the location of the window. It was through those broken windows that Fayola had witnessed a nightly flow of bats as they exited on their nightly hunt for mosquitoes and other flying insects. Every now and then she would hear stray cats fighting in or around the barn sounding as if they were fighting to the death.

She needed some wood, nails, and other things to fix the railing for the stairway and decided to tough it out and visit the barn to get what she needed. But she did decide to do it during the daytime. High noon actually to make sure

everything was well lit. Fayola decided to forego lunch until *after* her visit to the *spooky barn* as she preferred to call it. For protection so she grabbed a piece of the broken stairway railing to carry with her just in case she needed to defend herself. Against what, she didn't rightly know but it made her feel better carrying the piece of wood in her hand. The barn seemed to loom larger and larger as she got closer to it. Suddenly a slight breeze caressed her face almost as if someone had just touched her. She raised the stick up higher as if it made a difference. She was determined to enter the barn if only to prove to herself that she could do it.

Positioned around the barn and the adjacent barnyard was a wood fence made up of wooden planks with upright posts to keep animals from roaming around the main house. Or out onto the road. Fayola stood at the double-gated entrance to the yard still gripping the piece of wood even tighter as she opened one of the gates and stepped into the pathway that led up to the barn. The pathway was wide enough for a truck to drive on with pens of some sort on either sides of it. While she wasn't exactly a *farm girl* Fayola imagined the pens were used for keeping horses, or maybe a bull. She walked towards the barn doors waving her free hand to clear her nose of the odor from the pens.

Standing now with the large double doors before her Fayola realized they were taller than they looked from the house. Each of the ten foot high wooden doors looked to be nearly as wide as an automobile. The fear gripping her was unlike anything she had experienced before and yet she couldn't understand why she was so afraid of an empty old barn. With club held high she pulled one of the large barn doors open but just far enough for her to step inside though.

"Hello. Is there anyone in here?" she asked as if expecting someone to answer.

"Dummy. What would you do if someone had answered back?" she thought to herself.

The inside of the cavernous barn was smelly, even worse than the animal pens outside, but the odor didn't stop Fayola. The odor inside was actually worse due to the accumulation of guano from the bats and pigeons living high up in the rafters. Sunlight beamed in through small windows of the barn creating small

islands of light on the barn floor. The floor itself was made of clay soil which is as hard as concrete. Almost like the dark, rich soil of Mississippi is prone to be in certain parts of the state. There were a couple more pens inside similar to those outside only smaller in size and just as smelly.

In the far corner of the barn Fayola saw an area where all of the supplies and tools appeared to be stored so she walked in that direction. Lance MacIntyre was right about one thing, there were a lot of materials and supplies in the barn but she didn't know what some of it was used for. She was able to find what she needed to fix the stair railing which pleased Fayola because it was money she could save. She gathered everything she needed and put it into an empty five-gallon bucket sitting nearby. With everything in the bucket except for the stick she brought with her for protection she started towards the door of the barn. Suddenly an ominous feeling crept up over her as she was making her way towards the open door. About half-way to the door it slammed shut, the loud bang it made echoed throughout the barn.

"Who the hell's out there?" she yelled as she dropped the bucket onto the dust ridden barn floor.

Fayola reached into the bucket and pulled out a hammer to use along with the club in her other hand.

"I ain't messing around now. Show your ass before I use this here hammer on your head."

With fear and adrenaline running through her she failed to realize just how ridiculous her last statement sounded since no one else was around. Yet.

Some of the pigeons up in the rafters fluttered from perch to perch after something disturbed them. Before Fayola could calm herself a banging noise started up in the corner of the barn. Just behind where she was standing. It was the corner opposite of the one where the supplies were stored. Earlier it appeared to be empty when as she loaded up the bucket with tools and supplies. Her boldness had just been overtaken by pure fear. Oddly enough she began walking towards it.

What Fayola found was an area which appeared to have served as a spot for butchering hogs and whatever else her grandparents raised to eat. There was a

good sized sink on one wall. Another wall had hooks on them of various sizes. In the center of the area stood a good sized wooden table which must have been where they butchered their livestock. A few feet from the table stood a five or six foot high wall of sorts facing out into the barn. Over in the corner she found the source of the banging noise which had scared her half out of her wits. A small window had become unlatched and was banging back and forth in the wind. She reached up and closed the window and managed to pull the latch closed. When she turned back around from closing the window she was able to see the other side of the wall with photographs and what looked like wanted posters plastered all over on it.

To say the pictures were shocking would have been putting it mildly. Fayola had seen her share of gross things while working as a nurse in New York City. Fastened onto the wall were all sorts of racist materials and pictures that shocked and angered her at the same time. She had a hard time comprehending why her grandparents allowed such trash on their property. Especially posted out in the open like this. The worst part was the pictures, about a dozen or more of them. There were various photos of blacks either being hung or already hanging dead at the end of a rope. Most of the dead were black men, some were black women, and one picture had a picture of a black man and a white woman hanging from the same tree branch. Others depicted blacks' hanging inside barns like the one Fayola was standing in. As if that wasn't enough of a shock to her there was a picture of what appeared to have been an entire family hanging from a railroad trestle. She assumed it was a family only because there was a man, a woman, two small children who looked to be around eight or ten years old.

"I'll be," she swore, "looks like my dear old granddaddy done been collecting this trash a long, long time."

Something white in the old cardboard box at her feet drew her attention away from the pictures and posters on the wall. It was a piece of white material of some sort. When she pulled it out of the box she found it to be one of the conical hats that Klansmen wore.

"As I live and breathe," she said as she held it up to the light coming through a nearby window.

That could only mean one thing – her granddaddy was KKK. She couldn't see how it was possible seeing as how blacks weren't exactly liked by the Klan. To her having a black as a Klansman was totally unheard of as far as she knew. She tossed the thing over on a barrel and began rummaging around in the box some more. There in the bottom of the box she had pulled the hood from were two more items. The first was a set of spurs which wasn't unusual considering her grandparents ran a farm. Then there was a handgun in a leather holster like you see in the cowboy movies. To Fayola's utter amazement the name inlaid into the holster was her grandfather's first name.

“Well, I'll be,” she said aloud, “my granddaddy rode with the Klan. How on earth can that have happened?”

She pulled the cell phone out of the back pocket of her jeans and dialed a number. Someone needed to know about her find.

## About the author:

Floyd Larck lives in Sumter County, Florida with his wife Debbie, their lovebird named Peaches and a cockatiel named P.J. Floyd is an amateur radio operator and has been writing for six years as of the writing of the book you have just read.

Discover other titles by Floyd Larck at [Smashwords.com](http://Smashwords.com):

[Floyd Larck at Smashwords](http://Smashwords.com)

Connect with Me Online:

Twitter: <http://twitter.com/FloydLarck>

Facebook: <http://facebook.com/FloydLarck>

For more of my work please visit my web site at [www.awdur.com](http://www.awdur.com).

Thanks for reading this book! I hope you have enjoyed reading it as much as I have enjoyed writing it. If you don't mind I would appreciate it if you would return to where you downloaded **The Race Card** and leave a positive review of it for others to read. Most purchasers of eBooks base their decisions on the reviews others have left about the book they are interested in.

Thanks again for reading **The Race Card!**