

## OLD GODS OF APPALACHIA

Season 4, Episode 69: Nice and Easy

*Old Gods of Appalachia is a horror anthology podcast, and therefore may contain material not suitable for all audiences, so listener discretion is advised.*

Doc Underwood and his employer stood looking up the hill at their destination: a tall, skinny farmhouse in the shadow of Mount Mitchell with a sagging roof and a front porch that skewed left at an angle that didn't look quite safe. They had discussed their plan at some length on the way here. To wit, they would meet with the owner of the property, the widow Olivine Maxwell, and use their considerable gifts of gab to win the old girl's trust, waltzing out of there with a veritable smorgasbord of antiques and occult artifacts of varying shapes and sizes. What they found instead of an aging family home occupied by a single woman in the twilight of her days was a small army toting furniture and other items out the open front door and loading them into wagons. Some were lifting dressers and wardrobes while others carried boxes of clothes and who knew what else out to men standing by the wagons, who would inspect each item, making note of it in a ledger before tossing it into the nearest horse-drawn cart. One of the laborers carrying a box of pots and pans caught sight of them, and after delivering his goods to the nearest wagon, trotted over, hat in hand. He swallowed shakily and greeted them with some trepidation.

NICKY: Jack. Doc.

JACK: Nicky. Thought you said this would be an easy job, son. Sweet old lady with no clue of what she had and so forth.

Nicodemus Hart was a flim-flam man of the highest order, recognizable to most as the purveyor of "Hart's Remedy," a patent medicine to cure what ailed you. Never mind that it was three parts alcohol and two parts sugar water, people bought it by the case. Nicky Hart was Jack's man on the ground in western North Carolina and a longtime acquaintance. The two had drained many a pint together to toast their mutually beneficial endeavors, but in the given situation, he recognized that putting a little extra respect in his voice when addressing his old friend might be in order.

NICKY: She just up and died three days ago, Mr. Fields, sir. No idea what happened. The family came to town to hear the will read and fight over the china, and lo and behold, turns out the old girl was years behind on her property taxes. It's a wonder the county didn't toss her out on her fanny years ago.

Jack narrowed his eyes in frustration

NICKY: Even worse, it seems like she's not paid more than half a payment on her mortgage in well over two years. So it's the county and the bank picking the bones clean instead of her grandbabies.

Jack surveyed the scene, focusing his attention most closely on the men receiving goods by the carts.

JACK: I don't see Johnny Law out here, so I take it this here's the bank come to get its share before the government can claim all the choice bits for themselves?

Nicky Hart nodded.

NICKY: They only been at it for an hour or so. By the time the tax men show up tomorrow, they'll have to burn down what's left down and sell the ashes.

JACK: Ok, let me think. We ain't out of the running just yet.

Jack took his wallet from his inside jacket pocket and pulled out the business cards he and Doc had planned on using in their attempt at relieving the sweet old lady in question of her more unusual possessions. Doc watched as Jack shuffled the two bits of paper like playing cards, then closed his hands over them and squeezed. When he released them, they no longer identified Mrs. Underwood and Fields as traveling antique buyers for an auction house out of Glamorgan. Doc's card now looked much more official and bore an austere black and white federal watermark along with a false name. "Contracted laborer" was printed beneath it. Jack's now bore the seal of the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, a relatively new federal

office that folks down here wouldn't know from Adam. He handed Doc his new credential and grinned.

JACK: Hand me that satchel would ye, Doc?

Doc leaned down and picked up the leather shoulder bag that Jack sometimes carried on jobs and handed it over. Jack's satchel had been known to contain any number of items, from the occasional firearm to a lockpicking kit to a canteen and snacks. It was truly miraculous the number of times Jack had pulled the exact item he needed at the exact moment he needed it from that old sack. This time he rummaged around and extracted an official looking badge, which he neatly pinned to his lapel with a grin.

JACK: Looks like the tax men made it here today after all. Who's in charge of this little operation?

Nicky pointed to a tall bald man pawing through a box as he sat in the driver's seat of a large wagon with "BAKERSFIELD BANK & TRUST" stenciled across its black painted veneer in gold lettering.

NICKY: That's Homer Yelton — president of the bank himself, out here cleaning out a widow's house before her body's even in the ground.

Jack eyed the man, then motioned for Doc to follow him as he approached the illustrious president of the Bakersfield Bank & Trust. It was time to get to work.

Less than an hour later, Nicodemus Hart watched in near-awe as Jack and Doc emerged from the widow Maxwell's house toting a heavy steamer trunk retrieved from the basement between them. Jack had informed the man from the bank that they were there to collect evidence of the Maxwell family's deliberate attempts to defraud the United States government, and that any attempt to impede them in the removal of the items they had come to acquire would not go well for them. They were, however, otherwise free to go about their business. Once Homer Yelton and his workers understood that their pillaging was not to be interrupted, they didn't begrudge two representatives from the government what appeared to be a beat-up old steamer trunk,

especially when Jack flashed that dazzling smile and assured him that the bank could take whatever it wanted and the revenueurs wouldn't say boo about it.

When the county's tax collectors showed up on the morrow and found the property stripped bare, the folks from Bakersfield Bank & Trust were likely to have a fight on their hands, but that wasn't Doc's problem. They had gotten what they'd come for, nice and easy, just like Jack had promised.

[ "The Land Unknown (The Bloody Roots Verses)" by Landon Blood ]

*These old roots run  
into a ground so bloody  
Full of broken dreams and dusty bones  
They feed a tree so dark and hungry  
where its branches split and new blood flows  
And the ghosts of a past you thought long-buried  
rise to haunt the young  
The shadow falls as judgment comes  
Tread soft, my friend, amongst your fellows  
Make your bond your word  
Lest you get what you deserve*

In the dying light of the day, Jack and Doc ducked into the backroom of a safehouse Jack maintained between North Carolina and West Virginia to divvy up their spoils of the day's work. This particular set of rooms sat over a general store in Johnson's Depot, a wide spot in the road near where the city of Tipton would one day blossom on the floor of the Tennessee Valley. Better to get this part out of the way so Jack could just drop Doc off at home without taxing the patience of his beloved. Lee Underwood couldn't wait to tell her how wrong she had been about the level of danger involved with this last job.

The haul from the Maxwell house was a mixed bag, as far as Doc was concerned. Jack seemed excited about a set of small leather bound books — journals, perhaps — whose pages were filled with the diverse penmanship of multiple generations. Spidery notes and diagrams covered the pocket-sized tomes' thin onion-skin pages from edge to edge. He'd been especially interested in

an old and rusted sword-cane, the handle of which was chased silver in the form of a wolf's head.

Doc had opted for a thick folio of what appeared to be a mix of apothecary recipes and botanist's notes from another age, whose cheery yellow cover bore the title "A Most Complete and Thorough Guide to Deadly Plants and Their Parts to be Used in Goode Works." He thought Marigold would particularly enjoy the work, even if she might turn her nose up at its origins. Next he found a box of matches whose packaging insisted they were "ever useful and ever burning." Doc slid the matchbox open, only to meet a miniature inferno that nearly singed all the hair off his arm before he managed to slide it closed again.

Jack scowled, transfixed by a tarnished pocket watch, muttering to himself as he counted the hours circling its strange, intricately detailed face, coming out with a different number every time.

Doc lifted a wooden jewelry box from the bottom of the steamer trunk and peered at the lock. He expected a labyrinth of old runes and sigils to encircle it — some sort of supernatural binding or trap to keep its contents secure — but instead found only a simple latch. Placing the box on a worktable, he slid the tip of his pocket knife into the slot where the key would fit, and with some trepidation, turned it to the unlocked position. Nothing. No trap, no fireworks, no hidden needle popped out to prick him with lethal poisons. The box swung open, and inside, on a bed of threadbare green velvet, sat a ring. It was soft gold, scuffed and dented with wear, and without luster. Its stone, an old scratched-up tiger's eye, looked flat and dull in the evening light.

Lee Underwood was not a man seduced by glittering objects or outward shows of wealth, despite how well dressed and polished he could appear in public. Something about this ring, though — it called to him. It was an odd size — small for a man's hand, but perhaps too large to fit most women — and then Doc realized it was a pinky ring. Just the sort of subtle flash he loved to add to a nice suit from time to time. Against his better judgment, he picked the ring up and turned it over in his hands, looking for any marks of enchantment or other such workings. While the outside of the ring was adorned only with its single stone, the inside was another matter entirely.

A series of faded markings had been engraved under the setting of the stone. Doc couldn't quite make out their shapes, but inside the band were words in Latin and in English that he could read. On one side, in Latin, was *paterfamilias*, and on the other, *For Daddy. May it keep you well.* The words seemed to dance before Doc's eyes, as if they'd floated right off the soft metal and into the air. Peering closer, he thought the sigil under the stone resembled a protection rune.

Huh. Well how about that. A ring given as a gift to someone's father. That was oddly fitting. He himself was about to become a *paterfamilias* for the first time, and if this ring was indeed a ward against harm or even a well intended non-magical gift, then this was the cherry on top of this cakewalk of a job. The ring, in all its battered glory, felt warm in his hand. He imagined his own little girl or boy bringing him a wrapped box on his birthday, or maybe for Christmas. Doc's heart swelled, and his eyes brimmed with happy tears at these imaginings, when behind him, Jack's voice brought him back to the present.

JACK: Doc? You alright, son?

Doc shook his head, clearing the cobwebs of his little reverie, and slipped the ring into his pocket as he turned.

DOC: Oh. Yeah. I'm fine. You get what you were looking for?

JACK: There's some goodies in here for sure, but a couple of things are missing from Nicky's manifest.

Jack held up a thin sheaf of papers he'd pulled from his satchel. The items that were meant to be stored in the old trunk had been neatly cataloged in two narrow columns on the yellowed pages. In a different hand — Nicky's, Doc assumed — cramped notes had been scribbled in the margins, highlighting pieces of particular interest. The ring he had pocketed was listed as "tiger's eye jewelry, family heirloom," Doc noted, accompanied by none of the marginalia that marked the more esoteric trinkets.

JACK: The old girl did in fact have a few things that your average granny shouldn't, but the real

fascinating items aren't here. I don't know if somebody beat us to them or what, but all in all — for the amount of work we put in — not a bad haul.

Jack glanced at the pile of artifacts and curios Doc had selected for himself, and nodded approvingly.

JACK: Come on, family man. Let's get some rest so we can get back on the road come morning. I got to get you back to West Virginy before that wife of yours comes looking for us. I ain't in the mood to tangle with the likes of her.

Doc scrutinized the remaining items that had been extracted from the steamer trunk, orphans left unclaimed by either of them: an old candlestick, a pair of wooden false teeth, and an assortment of vials and bottles filled with the dregs of mysterious potions and tinctures.

DOC: What about this stuff we got left over?

Jack peered at the pile of oddments, consulting the manifest.

JACK: Help yourself to whatever's there. I wouldn't take the bottles — no telling what sort of nastiness is in there or how old it is. They're just listed as "Annie's potions," whoever she might have been. Like I said, a lot of the big fish we were hoping for are still in the wind. I got no use for the rest of it. If you see anything that catches your eye, just pack it up.

Doc poked around for another minute and tossed the candlestick back into the trunk, which he had claimed in the interest of easily transporting home his share of the spoils. Then he lifted the whole kit and kaboodle and placed it at the foot of the narrow cot where he would lay his head for the night. Jack yawned and stretched dramatically, though Lee knew his old friend almost never slept.

JACK: All right. I'm across the hall if you need me. Good night, Doc.

DOC: Good night, boss.

Jack closed the door behind him. As soon as the latch clicked shut, Doc pulled the old ring from his pocket. He took a handkerchief from the other and began polishing up the little trinket. Within minutes, the once-dull stone shone with a warm golden glow. Doc smiled, turning the tiger's eye this way and that to admire its flash and running his fingers around the small band. Finally, he slid it onto the pinky of his left hand, beside his wedding band. He laid down on his bunk and held his hand up to the light of the half moon that shone through the window above him.

DOC: *Paterfamilias*. That suits me just fine.

Doc and Jack made the journey back to Oak Mountain with little trouble beyond a spot of rain in Virginia that necessitated only a stop to cover their cargo with the waxed canvas tarps Jack had stowed in the back of his wagon. Their little excursion to North Carolina couldn't have gone much better, Doc reflected as Jack's horse began the ascent up the mountain to his doorstep. It was a fitting end to what had been a lucrative partnership for some years, but had at last run its course. It was time to put the exploits of youth behind him and focus on the future and his family, as a father should, he thought, the thumb of his left hand idly pushing the new ring back and forth around his pinky finger.

Marigold met them at the door. She smiled politely at Jack, but when her gaze found Lee's, he could see the anxiety written clearly in them. He smiled and kissed her, and assured her that all was well — the job had gone just as smooth as butter. He'd brought home the items he intended to keep — the apothecary's notes that might interest her, and a few more notable finds — and Jack would sell the remainder of his cut and send the money along directly. For his part, Jack promised her that brokering sales for Doc's cut would be his utmost priority, so they would have a nice little nest egg when the baby came.

Before the hour could grow any later — and potentially necessitate an invitation to dinner that Marigold would be reluctant to extend — Doc's old friend stepped back up into his wagon, wishing them a good evening, and left them to their private reunion. They stood on the porch, watching Jack ride off into the sunset, and Marigold asked him one more time if everything had gone according to plan — was he absolutely certain? Was there any reason at all to expect a knock at their door announcing the arrival of the law — or worse? When Lee turned to reassure



her, she looked into his face for a long moment, searching for any signs of prevarication or doubt. When she found none, she nodded, satisfied, and led him into the house for supper.

Doc settled quickly back into life at Oak Mountain. There were sick folks to tend to and bones to set, various ailments to diagnose and batches of liniment to brew for soothing the old timers' aching joints over the course of the winter. And of course there was still plenty of work to be done at home. There was wood to chop and fences to mend, plans to make for the coming spring planting and for the arrival of their firstborn. Jack sold the first few items from the job pretty quickly, and forwarded Doc's share as promised, tucked into a letter wishing them well. It was a tidy sum, and Lee thought perhaps his wife had begun to understand the necessity of it when she asked him to send Jack her best when he replied to the letter.

A few weeks after he returned from North Carolina, they received word that Goldie's mama had fallen and broken her ankle. Marigold fretted about leaving him alone while she went to look after Judith and Lester Graves, but Lee just laughed and assured her that he'd be fine.

DOC: How you think me and daddy got on after Mama passed? I make a mean pot of soup beans, I'll have you know, Mrs. Underwood. Your daddy's the one you oughta worry about. I don't think that man's ever touched a cookpot in his life. Go on, now. Your mama needs you.

So Marigold packed a small bag and went to stay with her parents in town for a little while, at least until the worst of the pain had passed and her mama was well enough to get around with a crutch. In spite of his protestations that he could look after himself, she left a big pot of stew on the stove that would last at least a few days, and on the evening of her departure, Doc settled himself comfortably into a chair at the kitchen table with a bowl and a mug of beer. He had brought the little botanist's folio to the table to peruse, and was looking forward to a quiet evening.

He was deciphering a fascinating page of notes on the proper soil composition for growing wolfsbane when he heard the front door swing open. Lee raised his head, his brow furrowing.

DOC: Goldie? You forget something, honey? Are they driving you crazy already?

There was no answer.

DOC: Goldie?

Lee Underwood rose to his feet and walked into the parlor in search of his wife, or anyone else who might have come calling — some sick neighbor in need of a remedy, perhaps? — but he found the room empty. The door stood open, a cold draft blowing through, riffling the pages of the newspaper set on an end table by the sofa and stirring the embers in the fireplace, causing the flames to flicker and dance.

*Must not have latched right and been blown open by the wind*, Doc thought to himself, shutting the door firmly on the cold. He bolted it, and made a mental note to check that latch tomorrow. The parlor felt cold with the invasion of the icy night air, cold enough to make him shiver in his shirtsleeves, so Lee put another log on the fire and spent a few moments stoking the flames before returning to his supper.

His bowl was still hot, and his wife's thick, rib-sticking broth went a long way toward restoring the sense of cozy comfort he'd been enjoying before the wind invited itself in. Turning back to his reading material, he found the folio now open to a new section — the pages stirred by the draft, he supposed — which appeared to be a short treatise on the most effective remedies for colic. *That ought to come in mighty useful soon*, he thought, dog-earring the page to return to later. He twisted the gold band around his pinky thoughtfully as he perused a few pages before flipping back to the chapter on aconite.

Lee slept poorly that night, his dreams fitful, full of shadows whose shapes he couldn't quite distinguish and indistinct faces he almost recognized. He jerked upright in the raw, mean hour before dawn, his skin prickled with sweat, and decided he was done with sleep for the night. The air was frosty as he rose from bed — cold enough that his foggy breath hung in the air. The fire in the woodstove in the kitchen must have burned out in the night, he thought. Shivering, he pulled on his robe and slippers and padded downstairs to relight the stove and make coffee. At the bottom of the stairs, he glanced into the parlor and found the source of his chill.

The front door stood open.

DOC: Goddamnit!

Doc knew he had bolted the damn thing before he went to bed. He stomped over to the threshold and slammed the door in irritation, sliding the bolt home with a thump. He glared at the door for a long moment, daring it to open again, before heading into the kitchen to stoke the fire and brew a pot of coffee. First order business today, he would see to that confounded latch.

When the house had returned to a tolerable temperature and Lee was dressed and properly caffeinated, he carried his toolbox into the parlor to inspect the front door. He could find nothing visibly wrong with the latch — no fault in the mechanism that he could easily perceive — so he reinforced it as best he could, and set about constructing an old-fashioned bar that could be secured across it from some scrap timber left over from the construction of the house. The project took up the better part of the day, but when he had finished, he felt satisfied that the door would withstand any windy nights in future.

That unexpected task completed, Doc sat down in the kitchen long enough to drink another cup of coffee and eat a snack, then began tending to the day's chores. He washed dishes and swept the house first, then pulled on his coat and headed outside to walk the property line, checking the wards they had woven at key points around their land and inspecting fences.

He was halfway around the mountain when he found the breach in the fence line. He had expected the previous evening's high winds might have caused a bit of damage in the weaker areas that he hadn't found time to shore up yet, but this... this was another matter entirely. Something had torn through the wood-and-wire barricade with enough force to drag twenty feet of fence line askew. The heavy barbed wire that served to keep most animals at bay had been shredded at the point of impact, the earth beneath churned up by the heavy tread of... something. Some animal. Had to be.

A bear maybe? Black bears were common in the area, and large enough to pull down a fence, but he'd never heard of one tearing through wire like this. They would typically stomp over it and keep going, if motivated enough. But what would tempt a bear to rip through barbed wire this

time of year? Lee pondered. The few crops they had grown this first summer had long since been harvested, and in any case, bears hibernate during winter. A cougar maybe?

Crouching down to inspect the disturbed earth near the twisted, torn wires, Doc frowned. The tracks he found were strange, nothing like he would expect from a bear or any sort of cat. Hell, nothing like wolf prints, even. They were as large as a bear's, but strange — elongated, with what looked like three toes and something like a claw at the heel, resembling no animal's tread he had ever seen before.

As he knelt there, pondering the unusual tracks, Doc Underwood felt a chill crawl down his spine. The hair rose on the back of his neck, and he had the distinct, unpleasant sensation of being watched. His head snapped up, and he peered into the trees ahead of him. Seeing no sign of any observer, be it man or beast, he turned his head on a slow swivel, scanning the woods around him for any signs of life. There was nothing. No one he could see, no sounds of critters moving through the brush or birds chirping in the trees. Not even a blade of grass stirred. Doc twisted the gold band around his little finger nervously. Nothing. There was nothing. And yet the feeling persisted, the unmistakable sense that he was being observed, pinned under the cold regard of something alien and—

*Stop it.* Doc shook himself, standing up and dusting his hands off on his pant legs. What was he, some kid, scared to be alone in the woods? His *own* woods, he reminded himself — his land, which he had investigated thoroughly before he purchased the property. He hadn't found anything larger than a fox denning on Oak Mountain. If a bear or cougar or some other big animal had torn through his fence last night, it was probably gone by now. Nothing for it but to shore up the fence, maybe see about building a stronger one next time.

But that was a problem for tomorrow. The sun was sinking fast, and the temperature along with it. It was time to get back to the house. With a last, shivering look around him, he marked the spot where the fence had been torn through in his memory, and began walking up the backside of the mountain toward home. When he emerged from the surrounding oaks into his backyard, Doc Underwood stopped dead in his tracks.

The windows glowed cheerily in the fading light of sunset. Inside the house, the lanterns had been lit in the kitchen, in the pantry, in the room he shared with Marigold upstairs. Lee was sure he had turned the flames all the way down when the sun came up this morning — no sense wasting oil, after all. Was Goldie home already? Surely not — not unless something was wrong, anyway.

Doc walked up the back steps and let himself into the house through the kitchen door, careful to make damn sure it latched behind him. There was no sign of his wife in the kitchen, and yet his eyes did not deceive him. The lamps had been lit, and not just here. He could see light spilling through the hallway from the parlor. Frowning, he peeked into the little workroom she had set up on the backside of the pantry. Had she perhaps come back for supplies?

Marigold's workroom was dark, the batches of dried herbs hanging from the ceiling casting long shadows in the light from the kitchen. Her tools were all stored neatly, either in the drawers of her little apothecary cabinet or hung from pegs on the wall. There were no signs of recent occupation. Doc frowned, returning to the kitchen, and called out to her.

DOC: Goldie?

There was no answer. Slowly, he began making his way through the first floor, peeking into every room, alert for the presence of a note or some other evidence that his wife had come and gone while he was out. There were none. The house was just as he had left it, save for the lanterns that seemed to have somehow lit themselves. And that wasn't possible, so... what then? Someone else? Maybe local kids playing a prank on good ol' Doc Underwood? Or worse, some sort of threat?

Lee's jaw clenched with anger at the thought, and his footsteps grew heavy on the stairs as he proceeded to the second floor, seeking some further sign of intrusion. He threw open every door, from the bedroom to the washroom to the linen closet, ready to tear into anyone who might be crouching in the depths of his private spaces. Finding nothing, he stomped back downstairs and conducted the same inspection, consumed by a sudden fury at the idea that someone might have invaded their home.

Again, Doc found nothing. Working that pinky ring round and round his little finger again, he stood in the parlor and peered around with menace. By god, if any man thought to harm his family, he'd find out just how easily the hand that heals can turn to harm, Lee thought furiously. He would tear them limb from limb. He would crush their skulls under his boots and—

With a start, Lee came to himself all at once. Where the hell had that thought come from? Looking around him at the empty parlor — occupied only by the usual items, sofa and coffee table and cozy chairs by the fireplace — he shuddered. It was cold in here. Unaccountably cold. Shivering, he knelt by the hearth and began stacking logs and kindling to build a fire. The motions of this familiar ritual soothed him, easing his troubled thoughts.

He must have neglected to douse the lanterns this morning. There was no other reasonable explanation. If Marigold had stopped by the house, she would have left a note. It was an unfortunate slip — dangerous even; what if there had been a fire? — but folks made mistakes all the time, even him. He'd been distracted by that damn door, his plans for the day thrown out the window, and had simply forgotten. That was all.

His nerves had begun to settle, and warmth was finally returning to his bones, when the knock sounded at the door. Startled, Doc rose to his feet and crossed to the window set into the wall by the front door, peering out into the night. The waxing moon was nearly full, and he could see a shadowy figure standing in the front yard. Doc squinted. He couldn't quite make out any features, but it surely must be a man, if a large one, bears and such not being known for knocking politely on doors. Then he blinked, and the figure was gone.

Huh. A trick of the light, maybe. He stepped away from the window, thinking he might return to the fire for a few minutes before heating up some more of Goldie's stew for supper.

*Yeah? And what about that knock?* a little voice whispered in his head.

The wind. Just the damned wind kicking up again. No wonder it had blown the door open last night.

*BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!* This time the knocking was thunderous, and right next to his ear. Doc Underwood flinched. He hurried back to the window, looking out onto the porch, and felt his blood run cold.

The thing on the porch grinned, its white teeth glistening in the moonlight. And then it spoke.

THING ON THE PORCH: Little pig, little pig, let me in.

[ “Atonement” by Jon Charles Dwyer ]

Well, hey there, family. Yep. We did that. Mhm. I know what you’re thinking, how in the world are we gonna get through whatever’s happening with Doc, get back to the trial and Miss Marigold and Jack and the Harbinger and the whole mess, and end this season? Well have faith, family. What’s coming is a lot, and it’s gonna shake what you think you know about our world down to the foundation, but I think it’s gonna be worth it. So come on back with us for the season four finale next time, and see how all this comes out in the wash. I hope you will. I bet you will.

This is a reminder that tickets for the 2024 national tour, Unhallowed Grounds, are now on sale over at [oldgodsofappalachia.com/tour](https://oldgodsofappalachia.com/tour), and they are moving fast, especially on the first leg that makes its way through the Durham, NC; Athens, GA; Knoxville, TN; and Greenville, SC. Those tickets are going fast. Don’t miss out on your chance to come fellowship with us, and make sure you get your tickets right from the source over at [oldgodsofappalachia.com/tour](https://oldgodsofappalachia.com/tour).

This is your “we got a whole lot to get in one episode next time — that’s ok, I don’t sleep well anyway” reminder that Old Gods of Appalachia is a production of DeepNerd Media distributed by Rusty Quill. Our intro music is by Brother Landon Blood our outro Music, “Atonement,” is by Brother Jon Charles Dwyer. Today’s story was written by Steve Shell and Cam Collins. The Voice of Doc Underwood is D.J. Rogers. We’ll talk to you soon, family. Talk to you real soon.

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