

Otis Adelbert Kline



*The Thing
That Walked
in the Rain*

Otis Adelbert Kline

The Thing That Walked in the Rain



Published by Good Press, 2022

goodpress@okpublishing.info

EAN 4066338089397

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOREWORD

I. — THE MOUNTAIN OF MYSTERY

II. — THE DIARY

III. — THE THING THAT WALKED IN THE RAIN

IV. — IN THE POWER OF THE ADEPT

V. — THE SACRIFICE

VI. — THE LAST SACRIFICE

THE END

FOREWORD

[Table of Contents](#)

IT all comes back to me as I take up my pen—a horrid shriek of pain and terror from high in the air, an enormous thing, taller than a tree, silhouetted against a background of lightning-illuminated storm clouds, like some gigantic tumble-weed, striding over the jungle, walking on its branches. And weaving high above the tree tops in the grip of those branches, a limp and helpless human being.

Again I feel a great, green snaky think strike me—knock me down, A band of stinging, burning agony, encircles my body. I hammer it ineffectually with my empty gun.

Once more I see Anita, hopeless terror in her eyes, a green arm around her slender waist, dragged away with incredible swiftness.

But I must begin at the beginning.

I. — THE MOUNTAIN OF MYSTERY

[Table of Contents](#)

CERRO VERDINEGRO is only one of the lesser volcanic peaks that clutter tip the Nicaraguan landscape in such generous numbers. But to the members of our party, trudging doggedly toward it through the dense tropical jungle, it had an importance out of all proportion to its diminutive size.

Pedro Ortiz, our guide, a swarthy mestizo with a thin, carefully trained black moustache, an admirable tenor voice and a penchant for flamboyant raiment, usually avoided speaking its name, when he had occasion to refer to our destination, but merely mentioned it as "that mountain," or "that place." When its name was spoken in his presence he invariably crossed himself piously with a fervent: "Maria Madre preserve us!"

The two Misskito Indians whose keen machetes were carving the way for us, and the eighteen others who trudged behind in single, file, bearing our supplies, had grown more fearful day by day as we drew nearer our destination, so we were kept in constant trepidation lest they bolt and leave us stranded.

Tall, gaunt, bespectacled and bewhiskered, Professor Charles Mabrey, explorer and naturalist, had undertaken the leadership of the expedition for the purpose of clearing up the mystery surrounding the strange disappearance of his friend and colleague, Dr. Fernando de Orellana. And he made it plain that he did not, for one moment, countenance the weird, incredible story which linked that disappearance