

# DESTINY

A Dramatic Reading

by  
Mark Littleton



**Wetmore Declamation Bureau**

**Box 2695  
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**[www.wetmoredeclamation.com](http://www.wetmoredeclamation.com)  
Email: [speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com](mailto:speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com)**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other-without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

DESTINY  
A Dramatic Reading

Mark Littleton

Copyright by the author. Permission to publish as a dramatic reading granted by the author to the WETMORE DECLAMATION BUREAU, Sioux City, Iowa.

Consciousness slowly broke through the haze in Jeremiah Delms' mind. He had been sitting in church. Every Sunday he occupied the usual seat: right side, 5th pew from the front, third person in. He came to hear his wife's preacher. "Putting in my time," he always said. Even now he smiled.

But suddenly there was pain in his chest, shortness of breath, no breath.

Then he had seen that great light - blinding, razing light, hurling its rays like boulders. And he'd heard the voice. It sounded awful, like a train slamming into a truck, recapping his life, the whole sordid mess.

He still wondered, *How had He known everything? Everything!*

Jeremiah had knelt before the voice, saying, "Your will be done," as if he had a choice. And then it was over. He had agreed. Justice was demanded and exacted.

But now his mind was filled with feathers on the wind. Each logical conclusion slipped away.

He found himself dropped - no, falling - somewhere. But where?

"When it brightens up a bit, I'll take a look around," he murmured. His voice had a whispery sound, as when you think something so clearly it sounds as if you've said it out loud, but you know you didn't.

Jeremiah strained his eyes, looked to his left and right. Nothing.

"Where am I?" he repeated, this time quite distinctly. But again, his voice vanished with an eerie, shadowy tone.

"What is this nonsense?"

Ignoring his voice, he decided to begin to feel his way around. *I may be blind*, he thought. *Have to feel things. Maybe I've had an accident.*

He shoved his hand out into the darkness slowly. *You never know what you might strike if you do it too fast*, he thought. *Could hurt myself.*

Only moments before he had begged - screamed - to get out of that scorching light.

Moving around in the darkness, suddenly he trembled. His hand still seemed to be attached to him. He sensed its weight. But he found nothing to touch.

He stopped, cocked his head, and listened. *No sound near, far, or anywhere. No hum of traffic. No cricket chirps. No snoring, breathing.*

He shouted, "I'm here! I'm here! Where is everybody?"

No one answered. Not even an echo.

He bent down to feel madly along the bottom of wherever he was. But there was no floor.

*No floor! I'm standing on nothing.* "But how?" he screamed. "How?"

"What kind of trickery is this? Where am I?"

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---