

**Until the Big Water Takes them is a story that will grab your heart!  
An intriguing, emotional novel with an ending you will never guess.**

Owen Martin is a self-made man, a one-time orphan, and a skilled wielder of tools. Wandering from gig to gig in the north country, he can't ignore the timeless simplicity of the slightly worn Palisade Point resort on Lake Superior's North Shore. There he meets two very different sisters, Ann and Roxie Martini, who are both attracted to Owen for different reasons. Tragedy strikes even before he's hired on, and the summer unfolds in a series of life-altering events that puts the Martini family and its cherished Palisade Point squarely in the crosshairs of corporate interests. Soon, the sisters find themselves vulnerable and alone, with only a new friend to trust.



John Jensvold is a Minnesota-based fiction author. He and his wife, Madeline, have three adult daughters: Brielle, Mallory, and Liza. Together, they have made many excursions into the north country, particularly along Lake Superior's legendary North Shore. When not writing, John is the Vice President of one of the largest Asian-American-owned commercial construction companies in the U.S. John holds a B.A. Degree from St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, and an MBA from the University of St. Thomas in St. Paul, Minnesota. His work has appeared in From the Depths, Tin Can Literary Review, Alligator Juniper, and Santa Fe Writers Project.

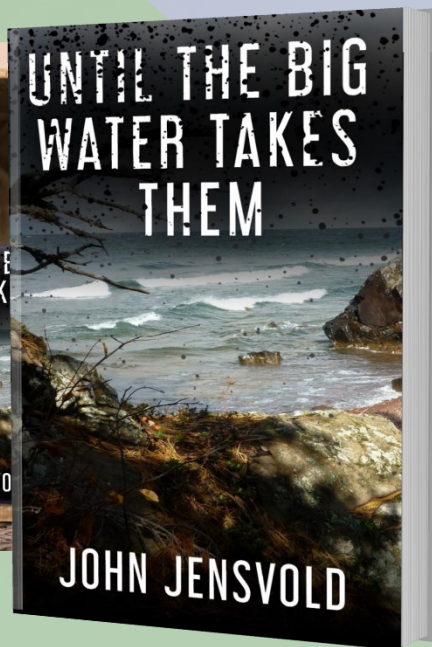
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John Jensvold  
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# UNTIL THE BIG WATER TAKES THEM

BY JOHN JENSVOLD



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## EXCERPT

I hadn't been across the kitchen table from Ann Martini for fifteen minutes when the explosion shook the cabin. The shockwave tipped over a saltshaker, and the antique cuckoo clock on the wall crashed to the floor in a splintery thud. She stared at me, wide-eyed, paralyzed, frozen in place. Dust hung in the air and there was a ringing in my ears that was mildly painful. Instinctively, I went to the window thinking for certain a propane tank had ignited and burst. It was that loud.

"Holy Christ," I said, surveying the damage.

"Just tell me," Ann asked in an anxious whisper, still locked in place with her slim shoulders pulled in close.

"A huge boulder just took out one of your cabins. The ditch caught it before it got into the road. It's rocking back and forth. My God, never seen anything like that."

"Which cabin?" Ann was barely audible.

"The furthest one." I marveled at the destruction; a swath of flattened birch trees and shorn bushes yielded easily to the rampaging chunk of stone. It looked like a precision tornado had spun straight down the property's natural incline toward Highway 61. The boulder continued to expend its remaining energy, rocking back and forth in the ditch, much like a hissing and spitting locomotive that had stubbornly ground to a halt. It was squarish, the size of a commercial dumpster, copper-colored, and jagged in places. "I hope no one was in there." I looked back at Ann Martini. Still no movement from her. "Go out there and look at it. Please—please, do it right now," she stuttered.

I went outside, and as I got closer to the scene, I slowed down and began inching my way forward, with trepidation. The wood-frame cabin had been literally sheared in half, cleanly, along the line of an interior bearing wall. An exposed bedroom and part of a living room and hallway were all that stood. A neatly made bed with silver sequined pillows looked serene and blissfully unaware of its close call. A framed picture hung above the bed on the rear wall, and it was comically cockeyed. From a distance, the picture looked like a lighthouse on a cliff, probably Split Rock, but it was hard to tell. A smear of twisted and snapped two-by-fours, mixed with spears of split lap siding and shredded asphalt shingles, formed a debris trail from the damaged cabin down to the road. I had seen enough violence in my life to half expect something horrific spread along in the debris, so I squinted defensively, scanning for any tell-tale signs of crimson. I carefully stepped around the mess, but there was nothing to suggest that anyone had been inside. The cabin was empty.

"Well?" Ann's voice quivered and she hesitantly stepped outside her cabin door with her gaze fixed firmly on her feet. She was about fifty yards away and I couldn't hear her well, but I understood.



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