

February 11, 2000

## Snow In Laurinburg

Blame it on El Nino, the Y2K bug, Saddam Hussein, Pokemon or whatever you will, but it SNOWED in Laurinburg. That wasn't just cotton balls and glitter there. After the first few flakes on the 22nd, when most of us heard the reports that more snow was a-coming, we scoffed. Most were expecting nothing more than a paltry half an inch, (what we call a "dusting" up North).

Then late in the evening on January 23rd, it really started. The town of Laurinburg shut down at about seven o'clock. I found this out, while trying to get myself a little Taco Hell.



I found myself involved in several snowball fights before the night was through, and I drank several cups of hot cocoa and other beverages for keeping a body warm. Some friends in Granville made a six-foot snowman and after taking pictures around it we beat Frosty down. It was all in the effort to prolong the fantasy that perhaps we could have a real winter here at SA for once. We all knew that the white stuff would be gone in the morning like a good buzz, although some optimists predicted a snow day. Snow day? I hadn't heard that since high school. Eventually, with my hands nearly frost-bitten and my toes in a state of semi-paralysis, I drifted off to sleep.

At about six am Marty Woodward received a phone call from a man who sounded like Sunshine himself. Marty thought it strange to be able to hear a smile. It was one thing to know when someone is smiling while they speak, but this was different. After a brief pause, Marty asked the caller to state his business.

"It's Warren Board," the sunshine man said.

"Oh."

From there we can assume Marty jumped out of his bed and ran to the shower. This was parallel to the Commissioner calling Batman. It was time for action. Once in the Batmobile (a sturdy Pontiac) our hero cranked up his favorite tape and put on the turbo boost. Zoom.

At six fifteen he picked up Betty Johnson and headed towards the St. Andrews campus. Not much later, Marty, with the aid of Sergeant Aycock of the SA police, went and scooped Tony Jackson, Jean Wilkerson and Dora Smith right out of their beds, this time in a four-wheel-drive SUV.

Back at the campus with staff, and with food cooking on the stoves, Marty paced the floors.