

The Carolina Indian Voice  
**Editorial & Opinion Page**  
 Send letters to the editor to:  
 P.O. Box 1075, Pembroke, NC 28372  
*The editor reserves the right to edit libelous and/or lengthy letters*

**The Oddest Things Happened**  
 by Eyrle Ransom

*Editor's Note: We are beginning weekly installments of a book written by local educator, Eyrle Ransom of Rowland. It is entitled "The Oddest Things Happened." We hope you enjoy it. If so, contact Mr. Ransom at 4893 Union School Road, Rowland, NC 28372.*



*Continued from last week...*

Dr. Sybil raised her right hand and said very softly, "Wardell and Burdell." Two Caucasian men stood up. They were seated in the middle of the group. As they stood their clothes fell from their bodies and remained in their seats. I was unable to determine which was Wardell or Burdell. I do know that their bodies were abnormally proportioned. One was short and very fat while the other looked like a bean pole. My guts told me to laugh, but all my face would produce was a beautiful smile.

Dr. Sybil must have realized that I was having difficulty knowing which was Wardell and which was Burdell. She repeated softly, "Burdell." The fat one moved out and went to the front of the mound. All he had on was his boxer shorts and a wrist watch. His shorts were the color of the flag, red, white and blue. I observed later that he had a big black patch on the buttocks part of his shorts.

"Wardell," Dr. Sybil said softly. And the skinny one moved forward. Wardell's shorts were with red crescent moons all over them. He had a tattoo of a snake on his chest.

This pair was so comical looking I couldn't image Dr. Sybil adding or subtracting anything from these abnormal bodies.

The two of them stood side by side at the top of the mound. Dr. Sybil surveyed them very carefully for a moment. As she stood about three feet from them, all of them were wearing their beautiful smiles.

Dr. Sybil walked or moved over slowly to where Wardell stood. took his right arm and gently stretched it out. With such graceful movements, she slowly extended the length of each of his fingers about ten inches. After this was accomplished, she raised his right arm and extended it about three feet. I didn't have the slightest idea why she would be doing this. He was already over six feet tall.

Dr. Sybil then turned to Burdell. He now seemed to be much fatter and shorter than he really was, standing beside the elongated Wardell. Burdell's stomach was so large and seemed to come to a point at the naval. Dr. Sybil with her left hand started massaging his stomach. After a few moments the point at his navel had disappeared, and the stomach had become flat but still sagged. Dr. Sybil reached into the trunk and came out with a black magic marker. She drew a square box on Burdell's stomach. It had to be at least a foot square. She then drew a small circle in the center of the box.

At this point I had no earthly idea what was going on. I was afraid to imagine what might be taking place. I was well aware that she could read my mind.

After the circle she made numbers from zero to twelve within the box. She then drew an arrow from the center to the zero. Dr. Sybil then turned and reached in the trunk and pulled out one of Eagle Feather's hairs that she had taken from his head. She took one end of the hair and tied to the shorts or Wardell, the other end she tied to the shorts of Burdell.

Dr. Sybil walked over to where Burdell stood. She reached and turned the little circle now to six. She tapped him on his stomach and a picture appeared within the box on his stomach. There was no volume, just the picture. Now I understood, Wardell was the antenna and Burdell was the television. She tapped the two of them on their shoulders and they returned to their seats.

Dr. Sybil stood for just a few moments looking at her participants. I wasn't sure whether she was trying to make up her mind on which participant to call next, or just giving herself a moment of relaxation.

She held out her left hand and said softly, "Cocker." Cocker, an Afro-

American, stood up. As he did his clothes remained in his seat. Cocker was of normal stature. His left eye was much larger than his right. He made his way to the top of the mound, turned and faced the participants. His shorts were red with white stripes running through them. His hair was very short and he had an ear ring dangling from his left ear.

Dr. Sybil put her right hand on Cocker's head and began to massage his scalp. Before you could say one, two, three, he had long wavy hair stretching down to his shoulders. Dr. Sybil took the ear ring from his ear and put it in the trunk. She took out of the trunk one of Eagle Feather's strands of hair. With graceful movement she broke the strand of hair in half. She took one half of the strand and placed in his right ear lobe. She reached back into the trunk and produced two small silver bells. She took the little silver bells, held them up toward the participants and rang them.

This was the first sound of any kind I had heard since the perfor-

**Food Bank Yard Sale to help feed the Hungry**

On Saturday May 3rd, residents from the tri-county area will get the opportunity to help feed their hungry neighbors through the Gloryland Road Food Bank Yard Sale. The yard sale begins at 8 a.m. and runs until . It is being held in Pembroke at the old Revel's Motel, which is better known as the former offices of the LRDA. Donations are coming from both Cumberland, Hoke and Robeson counties who are supporting the establishment of a permanent food bank in the area. Over 175 families were served in two scheduled give aways with generous boxes of food and household items. The next date for distribution unless it is an emergency is May 10, 2003. Training and certification of workers involved with Project Share has been completed for the May registration for food bundles. People who are interested may sign up for their food bundles. People who are interested may sign up for their food bundles at the yard sale with vegetables and meat which must be prepaid for before delivery. Telephone calls have flooded the food bank for assistance. Donations are being accepted for the yard sale by calling 843-8384, 522-7623, or 272-8531.

mance had begun. She then took the bells and tied them to the strands of hair she had placed in each of Cocker's earlobes. Each bell hung down about four inches from his ear lobe.

Dr. Sybil turned Cocker toward her. She was looking directly into his eyes. She put her hands on his eyes and covered them. In a second or two, she removed her hands. Darn if Cocker wasn't cross-eyed. She then turned him back toward the participants, slapped him on the head, and he returned to his seat. As I looked at him with my left eye, he had the most beautiful smile on his face.

I said to myself, "This can't be real."  
 "I heard that! You just write," she responded softly.

Dr. Sybil looked back at the participants and in a moment, she raised her right hand and said softly, "Zola."  
 An attractive Caucasian woman stood. All she had on was her bloomers and bra. Her bloomers looked to be some what too skimpy. Zola's hair was long and very dark. She was wearing an excessive amount of make up. Zola walked to the top of the mound and stood on the left side of Dr. Sybil. Her bra was a bright red, the same color as her bloomers, except her bloomers had white butterflies all over them.

Zola's black hair was so beautifully styled. She must have had it done recently. Dr. Sybil looked at her for a moment or two with her lovely smile. Of course, Zola was smiling back at her. Dr. Sybil took both of her hands and gently began to massage Zola's hair. Darn if it didn't turn completely white, and fell loosely down on her shoulders. Dr. Sybil then took her left hand and rubbed it softly over Zola's face. All of her make up disappeared. She looked like a ghost.

I thought to myself, "God, what is she doing?" Dr. Sybil did not respond to my thoughts. Now I have it; if I think, she can't read or know my thoughts. But if I talk silently to myself, she can hear me.

Dr. Sybil took her right hand and reached into Zola's mouth and pulled out her upper two front teeth. She took the teeth and put them in the trunk. Meanwhile, Zola stood smiling until Dr. Sybil slapped her on the shoulder. She then walked gracefully back to her seat.

Dr. Sybil paused for a minute or two, as she observed her participants. Then with her right hand, she made a kind of "come on" motion, and said very softly, "Jon."

On Dr. Sybil's right, second row from the back, Jon stood up. Darn! How had I missed him? Jon was a very old Caucasian male. The rest of the participants were much younger. Jon walked slowly to the top of the mound and stood along side Dr. Sybil. His boxer shorts were a dingy off white in color and quite ragged. As he smiled, I could not see a tooth in his mouth. His face was a bundle of wrinkles. He had a narrow patch of hair that started at one ear and went around to the other ear. Jon's standing there smiling accentuated all of his facial features.

Dr. Sybil reached into the trunk and pulled out several strands of Eagle Feather's hair. She rolled it around her hands for a moment and then placed it on the bald spot of Jon's head. She massaged his head

for a moment, and when she stopped, Jon had a lovely head of black hair. Dr. Sybil took her left hand and massaged his face for a moment. When she stopped, there was not a wrinkle visible. She went into the trunk, got Zola's two front teeth and stuck them into the upper gum of Jon. Lastly, she pushed his nose back so they would not touch his lower lip. Dr. Sybil looked at Jon for a moment, slapped him on his shoulder and he walked slowly back to his seat smiling.

Dr. Sybil clasped her hands together, and brought them up in front of her chest as in a prayerful manner. She spoke softly and said, "Raz." A very short man stood up on the back row. I believe he was of Hispanic origin. He walked to the mound and stood on Dr. Sybil's right.

Raz's hair was short, black and well groomed. He looked to be as big around as he was tall. Dr. Sybil looked at him for a moment or two. Then she took two of her fingers on her left hand, started at his forehead and made a runway or highway through the center of his head, or hair. She took the hand full of hair and put it in the trunk. While she was putting Raz's hair in the trunk, she also pulled out three strands of Eagle Feather's hair. She took the three strands of Eagle Feather's hair, tied them together and made a rope. Dr. Sybil slowly and gracefully tied the rope around Raz's stomach, in a draw string fashion. When Dr. Sybil pulled on the hair rope, Raz's stomach shrank and his height increased. After three or four pulls, I noticed that Raz's yellow shorts began to drop. I also noticed he had a tad of a taint in the rear of them. Dr. Sybil must have noticed the same thing.

She stopped, reached into the trunk and pulled out a pair of red suspenders. She attached them firmly to his yellow shorts. Dr. Sybil continued to pull and tighten the hair rope. When she finally stopped, I would imagine that Raz was over six feet tall, and a waist or about thirty-six inches.

Dr. Sybil untied the hair rope, placed it back into the trunk, and resumed her place beside Raz. She slapped him in his shoulder and he returned to his seat.

Dr. Sybil moved gracefully down to the edge of the mound. She cuffed her left hand in her right, and held it in front of her waist. She gazed at her participants from left to right, then with her smile of assurance and confidence, she spoke absurdly, "What I do, I can undo."  
 "like hell you can," I said to myself, knowing all she had done to these participants. "I heart that, you write." I had forgotten and made the mistake of speaking to myself, rather than thinking to myself, I also thought to myself, now she will end this charade. But instead, she went back to the top of the mound, seemingly with more determination and confidence.

*Continued next week....*

**UNCP's Regional Center honors top business leaders, students**

*Pembroke, N.C.*-UNC Pembroke's Regional Center and the North Carolina Small Business and Technology Center will honor the county's top business people at the annual Business Visions on Tuesday, May 6, 6 p.m. at the University Center on campus. Entrepreneur of the year, business person of the year and the "Spirit of Unity" awards will be named along with UNCP's top graduate and undergraduate students will be named. This is the seventh year for the Business Visions awards and reservations may be made by calling UNCP's Regional Center for Economic, Community and Professional Development at 522-8410 or email at re@uncp.edu. Last day to make reservations for individuals or eight-persons tables is May 2. Keynote speaker will be J. Phillip Horne, founding director of the Foundation of Renewal for Eastern North Carolina. The foundation attempts to unite the 41 Eastern N.C. counties in growth strategies. The Regional Center's mission is to foster the broader development of Southeastern North Carolina by using the resources of the university and encouraging the collaboration of communities. The center sponsors business certification programs and programs to combat some of the region's problems, including infant mortality and juvenile delinquency.

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