

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 Eyrtille Ransom

**Editor's Note:** We are beginning weekly installments of a book written by local educator, Eyrtille 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....

Now she spoke in a vapor tone of voice, "Zelma." Zelma stood up, looked around at all of the fellow participants with a big smile on her face and walked rapidly to the top of the mound. She was Afro-American. Zelma was no more than a straight stick. She had no shape at all. Her bra and bloomers that she was wearing were black with dazzling sequins all over them.

Dr. Sybil looked at her for a moment. She must have realized how shapeless Zelma was. She popped her on her buttocks with her left hand. Zelma's buttocks increased in size a small amount. After five or six pops, her buttocks were out to a normal size.

Zelma now stood there with normal buttocks, but with a miniature bust. Dr. Sybil began to massage them, and they began to swell. She must have realized the size of the bra and stopped immediately. She reached into the trunk and produced two pieces of cloth. With small latch pines, she increased the size of the bra by a godly amount. Dr. Sybil then continued to massage her bust until they became the size of cantaloupes.

Zelma was now well proportioned, and looked very attractive. "Oh my God." Dr. Sybil turned to her and removed her top two front teeth. Dr. Sybil placed her hand on Zelma's shoulder. The two of them smiled at each other for a moment. After the big smiles, Zelma went back to her seat.

With increased volume, Dr. Sybil echoed the name, "Notch!" Notch stood up and walked to the top of the mound.

One thing I had noticed about Dr. Sybil was she would not have any kind of response to the participants as they approached the top of the mound. She would not bow or offer any kind of response, except to stand there and smile gracefully.

Notch was an Italian with a physique out of this world. He was the first male participant who did not wear boxer shorts. His skimpy shorts were a silver color with a small hole in the seat of them. I looked at Dr. Sybil with my right eye, but she showed no different response, except to smile lovely.

Notch had a head and chest full of black hair. He was a handsome man except he had an extraordinary large nose.

Dr. Sybil took her left hand and rubbed Notch's chest for a moment or two. Every hair on his chest disappeared. After all the hair disappeared, there were left two large protruding breasts. This was quite unusual to appear on a man. Darn if Dr. Sybil touched each one for a moment and they became even larger. She turned slowly and reached into the trunk and brought out a bra. As Notch stood there she gracefully and with perfect precision placed the bra on his body.

I thought to myself, to take a man with such a beautiful and masculine body and do this to him, I don't believe it.

Dr. Sybil took her right hand and placed it over Notch's nose. In about three seconds, she removed her hand. Oh my God. I didn't believe what I saw. His nose was about the size of a peanut. She reached into his mouth and pulled his two top and two lower teeth. With such a lovely smile she threw them into the trunk.

Dr. Sybil took Notch by his left hand, squeezed it for a moment, released it and Notch went back to his seat.

After what happened up to this point, I wanted to see the expression on the faces of the participants. Each and everyone of them had the most tranquil smile. Their smiles revealed no hostility or remorse. I took an inventory of myself. Darn if I wasn't sitting there with the biggest smile imaginable. I had lost all sense of time. I felt no anxiety. I was relaxed and writing like crazy.

"Bunny!" Dr. Sybil said with a voice of authority. A huge Caucasian lady stood up. Bunny could easily have weighed three hundred pounds or more. She lumbered up to the top of the mound, turned around and faced her fellow participants.

Bunny had on a pair of old, faded, red and white polka dot bloomers. On her left side, the side next to me, there was a rip down the side. She had closed the top of the rip with a four inch latch pin. I really don't know if the latch pin also helped to hold up bloomers. Her bra was a coarse type of cloth. It was a faded blue. She had the largest boobs I had ever seen. Bunny's hair was a dirty brown color and hung down to her shoulders.

Upon close observation of Bunny, you got the impression that under ordinary circumstances she didn't give a darn about anything. Boy! What a beautiful smile she was wearing.

Down in my stomach I wanted to laugh so badly but the only thing I could do was to continue smiling.

Dr. Sybil stood for a moment or two looking Bunny over. Dr. Sybil then crossed over to the other side and stood for a moment. She had not done this with any of her other participants. I did not know if it were a bigger challenger or indignation on her part.

With a graceful movement, Dr. Sybil went to the trunk and took out a beautiful pink ribbon. She fastened it in Bunny's hair. The ribbon did not match her bloomers. Dr. Sybil took her left hand and rubbed across Bunny's mouth. As she did all of Bunny's front teeth were removed, except one in the top and one in the bottom. With great care and ease, she placed them in the trunk.

I must admit seeing Bunny standing there, weighing around three hundred pounds, red and white polka dot bloomers on, a pink ribbon in her hair, only two teeth showing and a million dollar smile, I had cramps in my stomach from wanting to burst into laughter. But really, the only thing I could produce was the smile I had been wearing all afternoon. If this was happening to me, I wondered how the rest of the participants were reacting to this scene. With my left eye I watched the participants. I could see no signs of emotion whatsoever. In fact during the entire performance, they had shown no emotion. They would not even look at the participant as they left their seat, or when they returned.

Dr. Sybil after placing the teeth in the trunk, walked around to the front of Bunny, stopped and stood for a moment. She then took a finger on her right hand and pushed on Bunny's left breast. Show then took a finger on her left hand and pushed on her right breast. With my own eyes I began to see her breast shrink. Dr... Sybil repeated the process one more time. I'd swear Bunny's bra fell off her boobs onto the top of her stomach. Bunny's boobs retreated to the size of baseballs. Dr. Sybil walked around to the back of Bunny and stopped for a second. She then took her right hand and slapped heron her buttocks. When Dr. Sybil slapped her, Bunny let out the loudest noise. Soon as this loud noise was made, there was a big disturbing cackle from the back row, the last eat on the right. Occupying this seat as an Oriental gentleman.

This was the only sound that had been made other than Dr. Sybil's since the performance had begun.

None of the participants looked around to see who had cackled. They stared straight ahead to where Dr. Sybil was standing. Dr. Sybil showed no sign of a change in her composure. I thought I would burst, but I could not make a sound.

Dr. Sybil with a pause of three or four seconds, said sweetly and softly, "Wung." The participant who stood up was the same one who had let out the cackle. Wung walked briskly to the top of the mound, turned quickly and faced the participants.

Wung was short and very heavy. The way he looked and moved, he gave the impression that he might have been a wrestler. He was wearing mild, white boxer shorts. But as he walked up the mound, I noticed he had a tad of yellowish substance on the seat of them.

Wung was almost back, with just a small patch of hair at the back of his head. He also had a very large nose, which must have been broken in the past. It was bent and twisted to the left on his face.

Dr. Sybil reached into the trunk and took out the rest of Eagle Feather's hair. She placed it on the bald spot of Wung's head. She gave it a soft pat with her left hand and it blended in perfectly with the rest of his hair. She took her right hand and placed it over his nose. She must have left it there three seconds. When she removed her hand, Wung's nose was as flat as a sidewalk. Dr. Sybil then placed her left hand over his left eye and her right hand over his right eye. She nodded her head four times, then removed her hands. Wung's left eye was looking left, his right eye was looking right.

Then Dr. Sybil backed three feet away from him. She was standing on Wung's left. He could see her because his left eye was looking left. Dr. Sybil nodded twice. Wung turned his head and looked directly at Dr. Sybil, let out a big cackle, turned and went back to his seat.

I could not understand why she didn't slap him on the shoulder or buttocks.

Dr. Sybil stood for at least a minute without any kind of movement. Then with a mystical glide she was standing at the foot of the mound. She raised her two arms and then placed her hands on her chest. With a ghostly echo she said, "Participants, what I do, I can undo."

"A crap. I've heard that before," I said to myself.

"I heard that. You write."

I glanced at my writing pad for a second. When I looked up she was standing on top of the mound. She stood for a minute looking back and forth at her participants.

With a voice of pure exhaustion, she half whispered the name "Sol!"

From the front right, a very tall participant stood up. Darn! I hadn't seen this participant before. Sol walked gracefully to the top of the mound and turned to face his fellow participants.

Sol was wearing tight fitting bathing trunks. They were a bright yellow in color, with a gold buckled belt.

Dr. Sybil looked at him for a moment. At this particular time, Sol walked gracefully to the top of the mound and turned to face his fellow participants.

Sol was wearing tight fitting bathing trunks. They were a bright yellow in color, with a gold buckled belt.

Dr. Sybil looked at him for a moment. At this particular time, Sol was much taller than Dr. Sybil. She took off his belt with the golden buckle, and threw it in the trunk. With almost the same motion she pulled from the trunk some red yarn. She made Sol a belt out of red yarn.

In an instant, Dr. Sybil was standing in back of Sol and was the same height as he.

Dr. Sybil placed her hands on Sol's shoulders. She began to press down on him. As she did, Sol began to become shorter and shorter.

During the entire performance she on occasion would only look at me and smile.

As she pressed down on Sol she turned her face to me and gave me a big wink. I swear, when this happened, I awoke!

## Letters to the Editor

### Long time Indian prisoner believes he is subject of discrimination by DOC

To Whom It May Concern: My name is Cardell Spaulding. I am Lumbee Indian from the Burnt Swamp Community, near Union Chapel School I am currently housed at the Troy, N.C. Correctional Institution. I am 65 years of age and in grade "c" health. I desperately need any and all the help I can get in regards to the fairest possible treatment to inmates, such as medical treatment, custody review, parole eligibility and medium custody. I am being housed in maximum and close custody and segregated lock-up for a period of 27 years. As we all know, the department of corrections has a long history of discrimination against the Native Americans. I've been incarcerated since 1969, approximately 34 years. At the beginning of my sentence in July 1969, I will admit that after getting my 20 to 30 years sentence in progress, I was involved in some serious charges. In 1974, Vernon R. Walters and I was charged with first degree murder and the results from this charge, the judge gave us each death sentences in Halifax Superior Court. Mr. Walters, who is white, is now off segregated lock-up, living in population and in minimum custody. He didn't do 5 years of segregated lock-up time. I have been held on segregation for 16 years, taken off in 1988. Since then, I've been put back on segregation, where I am at present. The prison administration has informed me that they are thinking of leaving me on segregated lock down, "indefinitely." I am putting my mercy in the care of whom it may concern. The only infractions I've had against me in the past 25 years has come from other inmates and in exchange, they would get special privileges from the prison administration. Some of the inmates have filed statements against me that I didn't know about.

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### LRDA staff & board to reunite

Attention! All former staff and board members of Lumbee Regional Development Association, Inc. (LRDA)...A reunion is planned for Thursday July 3, 2003 at 3:00 pm at the LRDA Office Complex. A short program is planned and food will be served. If you are interested in attending this exciting event, please contact Shelby Dial Rogers at 910-522-2120 before May 2, 2003. Please leave a message if Ms. Dial is unavailable.

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