

when you see anybody behind you he twists all around. If it's behind you, it twists around and set toward you. And if it's back here eating something, meat. It turns around. It don't want no meat to be behind him when he's eating. He don't want nobody to walk behind him. I don't mind them walking behind me but just as soon as anybody walks behind with a meat sandwich or boiled meat or white meat or anything--the kids you know, just accidentally you know, they don't know nothing about it you know. They just carry that plate of meat or something right behind me. I don't care if I don't see if there's anything in their plate if they carry it behind me, it just give me chills all at once. And I know there's meat in their plate when I do that. If I see anybody walk behind me with a plate. And when these events going on I can't sit in front of people that are eating. I always turn towards them and sit and eat. Or either I sit that chair behind me, 'nother chair, George always put that chair behind me and when I eat 'cause when you do that--another (not clear)--if you keep it like that try to take care of yourself and then that's what they won't make you lost your ways about it. "That's going to be the rules that I give you," that's what he said. "You've got to do that. Don't let nobody go behind you if they carry meat behind you. But it don't make no difference when you in a crowd when anybody goes behind you when you eating. It's alright but don't let them carry meat behind you. If they carry meat behind you, you have to turn around." What if I don't know--what if I don't know what they got in their plate then you feel it. And sure enough you'll know when anybody carries the meat behind you. Even when not looking you--you just feel like that chills come on and all at once.

(Did she give anymore of those?)

Uh-hum. That's all she gave me.

(That's the only feather she gave you.)