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## **The mystery Blueberry Pie woman**

A Short Story  
by  
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### **Preamble.**

I have recounted this story to a couple of folks, and they die laughing [re: youtube.com, look up Quadruplet Babies Laughing]. It seems prudent to put it down in a form suitable for splashing on [www.haywoodtp.net](http://www.haywoodtp.net).

### **Chapter 1.**

It starts of on a Friday before a Haywood Community College Board of Trustees meeting scheduled for 3:00pm the following Monday. I received an advanced agenda of each meeting. Why, because I asked.

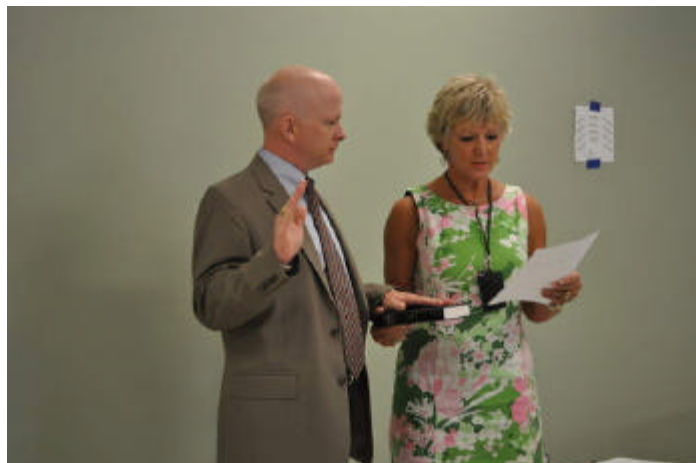
The agenda indicated two people would be sworn in at that meeting, Bill Barker, a prior member, and Mitchell Powell.

The meeting was held in the 3300 Building, a building being renovated for classes in the fall. It was the first time an HCC Board of Trustees meeting was held there. A security guard was present at the door and escorted Patsy Dowling, a board member, and myself to the meeting room. Other than the security guard and a bunch of worker-bees working on the place, the only other people there were board members and associated staff.

June Ray was present for the swearing in. This is the first time since I have been attending these board meetings that June Ray showed up. She was in a nice flowery summer dress and had a nice tan. Must have been to the beach recently.

I took the opportunity to speak to her on an urgent vital matter and we spoke for a couple of minutes.

The meeting started, June Ray swore in Barker and Powell. Each said only a few words after the swearing in. [Photo courtesy of the Mountaineer.]



Teresa Starrs then took the group on a tour of the building. Not much for looking at a bunch of empty rooms, I hung back, and decided to go out to the parking lot, and make a phone call to a friend, reporting about my recent conversation with June Ray.

There I was, minding my own business, talking on the phone, when this gorgeous woman walked out and does the same thing. She came out of the building, and ostensibly started talking on her phone. I walked down the parking lot a little, so as not to bother her with my conversation. I did not recognize the woman. She was smartly dressed in a black and white outfit, black hair, slightly shaded glasses, and lots of jewelry, looked like a million bucks.

I concluded my call and went back inside

I stayed through about 3/4 of the meeting, and then following a critical vote, Peggy Melville decided to leave. I decided to leave right after her.

I hopped in my smarty-pants car, and as I was backing out, I noticed a gray Honda Odyssey minivan leave a gravel driveway behind me to leave. I thought that must have been Peggy Melville. The windows were tinted enough so that I could not make out the driver. Since this was the first time the Board of Trustees meeting was held at this location, I figured Melville didn't know the way out, and would follow me. I pretty much knew the route, so I left, with the gray minivan following.

I hopped on 74, and headed back to my place, calling my daughter to report that Mitchell Powell was sworn in after all.

I had called Barber's Orchard earlier in the day to see if they were open for the season yet. Yes they were. There goes my diet.

The gray minivan was still following throughout my call to my daughter.

As I approached my exit near the Walmart with the grey minivan following pretty close, I slowed down because of a poky driver, to about 50 mph. The gray minivan slowed accordingly.

I then made a command decision to go for the pie! As I approached the exit, I stepped on it, went around the poky driver and into the fast line. Since there were cars entering from the on-ramp, I increased my velocity to 60 mph (in a 55 mph zone). The gray minivan made the same sharp maneuver. I stayed at 60 mph for the rest of the time in the fast lane until the Barber's Orchid exit. Since it is a sharp exit, I maintained velocity until nearly the last second, blinked the blinker, slowed and made the exit to the left. The gray minivan made the same maneuver.

What a coincidence, I thought. Peggy Melville must be wanting a pie also!

I drove another block and pulled under the roof of Barber's Orchid pie shop, and the gray minivan, encountering a little traffic back at the turn-off, followed shortly. She then pulled up behind me and parked her minivan. I could tell she was talking on the phone, but could not see inside to see who it was.

I popped into the pie shop and went directly to the counter to see if they had any blueberry pies.

Yes! They did.

As soon as I verified the pie inventory, guess who walked inside?

The gorgeous woman who I had seen earlier in the afternoon in the parking lot outside the 3300 building. She looked as gorgeous as ever, had the glasses on, and no greeting nor any eye-contact? Just stood next in line for a pie after me.

What?

At this point, I still had no idea who she was.

I purchased a blueberry pie for \$14.45 and walked out.

## **Chapter 2.**

Befuddled, I was interested to know who this person was. She never made an appearance in the board room at HCC while I was in the room.

What was a woman like that walking around the 3300 Building if she was not associated with the meeting? The only other people in the building were a security guard and workers. She was definitely not a worker!

I related the story to a couple of people, then decided to call one of the folks that remained behind during the tour of building 3300 at the Board of Trustees meeting. I related the story, knowing I would be asking a question at the end of the story. This person could hardly contain their laughter when I got to the end of my story, and I asked this person if they knew who this woman was.

“Sure. That was Mrs. Powell”. She had come in at some point while most everyone was out during the tour and was talking to Laura Leatherwood, and announced herself to Laura as Mrs. Powell - (Jamie Powell).

## **Chapter 3.**

I checked my file photos, and came up with a picture of Jamie Powell... [Photo courtesy of Jonnie Cure.]



This is a photo of the mystery Blueberry Pie woman, Jamie Powell, a brunette back then, at the GOP County Convention in March 2013.

Behind her are the usual suspects, left to right, Kevin Ensley (RINO), Jim Blythe (UNA), and Ron DeSimone (UNA). What were these three buddies doing at the convention? They are waiting for Sen. Jim Davis to lobby him for an Occupancy Tax Increase! And this happened right in the middle of the Haywood County Republican Party 2013 annual convention!

The woman I saw at HCC and the pie shop had black hair. I suppose people can change their hair color.

Why did Jamie Powell stay out of the room while June Ray was swearing her husband, Mitchell, in? Why didn't she attend any portion of the official Board of Trustees meeting?

How did she know the precise time I left the meeting? Did Mitchell sneak in a quick text message to her, alerting her to rev up her engine?

Why did she follow me to the pie shop?

I honestly thought about inviting this mystery woman, not knowing who she was, over to my house for a piece of blueberry pie, but didn't. I'm now glad I didn't. Always go with your first instincts.

## Epilog.

Well, I can say a couple of things about Jamie Powell.

- She can dress up really nice!
- I compliment her for having the same taste in pies that I do (but would she have chosen a **blackberry** pie instead of a Blueberry pie?)
- She has the same potty mouth as her husband. [re: a series of text messages she sent out that was brought to my attention].

Text message from Mitchell Powell's wife on May 10, 2013 at 11:01 p.m.:

**\*\*\* WARNING \*\*\* \*\*\* GRAPHIC LANGUAGE \*\*\***

"Girl, why aren't u calling Mitchell back?  
Johnnie is loony. She had been feeding  
everyone lies and is the cause of this shit.  
You know Mitchell. Think about it!!  
Call him or me. I see no republican qualities  
in these folks. Wtf"

Mitchell Powell also has a real temper. From a portion of one of the grievances that was filed against him with NCGOP:

“At the most recent Haywood County GOP meeting last Thursday on June 13, 2013, Mitchell Powell verbally assaulted me twice [re: recording], once during the meeting when he threatened me that there were no secret meetings, and the second time, in a burst of uncontrollable rage [re: recording, his lips were quivering] in full hearing of practically everyone at the adjournment of the meeting outside, threatened me against filing a grievance.”

Both of these people have really mean tempers. Don't ever get in the middle of these two if they are having an argument.

The end.