

Ketching Janga In Di Black River

I am a St. Bess (St. Elizabeth) man. One of mi favourite memores is when after school every evening we boys used to go down to di river and ketch janga (a kind of river shrimp).

Some of us could swim but some of us could not. But the need to catch and eat di sweet janga made all of boys eventually learn how to swim. There was a boy in our group name Bertie, and his father had a shop. Well, no matter how much beaten him get, him used to teef out him father flour and cornmeal so wi could meck dumplin to eat wid the janga. Wi had an old butter pan (cheese pan), and when I think bout it now, I wonder how wi never dead from germs. Wi used to build a wood fire right on the edge of the river and 'run a boat' (outdoor cooking). Sometimes wi belly swell because di dumplin dem never cook so good, but we were so happy. Dem deh was di good old days inna Jamaica for me.

- Mikey, Miami If you have any fun stories you'll like to share, send it to u