

Mama, Sorry for Telling A Lie on Di Puss

Dear Mama, Mi conscience a ride mi and I feel like I cannot go to mi bed tonight widout apologizing for something that happened forty years ago.

Mama, remember the vase? The expensive blue and white chinese vase that you did get as a present for being an outstanding worker? Well although I did tell yuh that is di puss did climb up on the 'what not' and meck it drop off, is not so it did really go. What really happen is dat di puss did climb up there. That part is true. But because mi could not stand him, I fling mi shoes after him, and that is how di vase mash. I knew you would have been vex, but is either mi was going to get punish or yuh was going to give way di puss. Him never have any use anyway because him could not ketch one rat. From di day yuh give him way till now, every night I go a mi bed an dream bout dis puss... like him a haunt mi. Every time I see a puss outa street, I wonder if is him or pone of him pickney dem. I now know it is wrong to tell a lie on a dumb animal, that is why I had to confess. Now mi conscience clear.

- A consceence free Jamaican daughter