

**SECOND HONOURABLE MENTION
IN THE BOATHOUSE WRITING CONTEST**

LETTA 'OME

**By Mango Rastaman III better known as
Barry Daniel (Phuket)**

This letter washed up on the beach of Pulau Gaya island off the coast of Sabah in a sealed Singha bottle in December 2005.

Apparently the author...one Mango Rastaman III, had intended that it would float off to his island home of Jamaica where it would be read by his brother Solly.

In his blissful state of holiday inebriation, Mister Mango had been blind to the geography of southern Asia and its prevailing currents, not to mention the laws of statistical probability. None-the-less we must give him full marks for his optimism and the élan with which he executed his missive.

Where Mister Mango is currently residing is anyone's guess.

Hey yo Solly mon.

Yo Jamaican rasta whach doin' mon?

I's tellin' you mon der be no betta place dan dees Kata sands for da chillin' and da swillin' on dis here island dey be callin' Phuket in da Land o' Thai.

Mon, when I first make it ova ere I thought I been smokin' too much of da weed, 'cos I be finding dis Ska and Reggae ba right down on da beach. Soon as I sit in dis bar 'ere, I's tinkin' I's back in Jamaica mon wid my old time reggae boys like da great Bob Malley, da Petta Tosh and da king o' dem all de Prince Boosta.

We's all jamming an' groovin' to da sounds with da true Thai rastamen and der Thai rasta chicks pouring da icy cold beers which dey be callin' da Singha and da Chang instead o da Red Stripe like we be dinkin' back 'ome.

Mon it be hoppin' for shoo.

Hey dis Kata Beach is da cool place mon, with de soft silky sand jus like a rasta chick's thighs and all de sailin' boats out der bobbin' in da bay. Ya walk along da beach mon past da rich folks chillin' place dey be callin' da Mom Tri Boatin' House. Den ya keep on going 'til ya reach da big tree at da fah end of da sands. Just follow da cool reggae beat mon and yo can't miss da Ska Ba and da cool lay-back rasta people who's hangin' der. Yo wont miss it mon, it being right unda dat big tree der, in among da roots and all.

In da evenin' de sun be settin' in da ocean off da Kata Beach 'bout six tirty, dat's wen da Ska Ba be startin' getting' down. Der's de seafood places next door fo' da eatin' and dat before we getting' into da grooves fo shooa mon.

Den we start chillin'.

Hey dey got da rasta cocktails mon an I jus dreamin' about Kingstown and tinkin' I's right back der wen I drikin' da special "No Woman No Cry" or da "Reggae Beach" cocktails.

Da Thai rasta cats who ownin' da bar are da real ting with da dreadlocks and da fa away look in da eyes like da true rastamen back 'ome.

O.K da Thai boys dey no speakin' da Jamaican talk, but hey mon afta de first few rasta cocktails no mon unastan' wot any odder mon talkin' bout anyways. We jus all chillin' and groovin' to da ska sounds and watchin' da cool chicks walkin' by.

Da Thai rasta boys dey playin' da bongos and da didgeridoo to da ska beat. Hey mon dat didgeridoo it's da long piece of wood from a lan' downunda' dey call 'Stralia, but we no care mon where she come from, she jus makin' da good jammin' sounds.

But mon it's da funny 'ting. Bout midnight wen we all real mello and dat, den some nights da rich folk come inta da Ska Ba from da Boatin' House and from da boats out ina bay. Some folk say dey like slummin' it with da rasta men down 'ere unda da big tree.

I no know mon I jus tink it kinna funny dat dey got so much money, but dey still like da cool sounds and da cool winds in da 'ole Ska Ba on da end o' Kata beach.

So I's sittin' der one starry night and dis real cool rasta chick be walkin' by. I mean she a Thai girl fo shoo, but wid de dreads and de natty tats and all.

I says "hey daling' yo want to blow de pipe with ole Mango?" and she say she do. Hey, we have de great night o' smokin' and stokin', I tell yo mon dis chick is real hot. Den she say she has da twin sister jus like her at 'ome up in some place she call Eesan an' her sista want ta meet a rasta boy too, so I thought o' yo mon.

Hey when yo get dis letta yo betta get on da firs plan over here to Thailand and meet me right on dis Kata Beach at da Ska Ba and den we take it from dere with da Thai rasta twin sisters.

Me mon, I no care. I jus goin' ta keep on hittin ma bongos, wearin' ma beanie and dinkin' my rasta man cocktails until da cock be crowin' an I got ta get back to my bungalow an' ma rasta chick.

Mon it's a chillin time fo' sure here in Thailan' on da Kata Beach.

Yo come on down soon my bro, and join 'ole Mango.