

Sweet TnT

MAGAZINE

Issue #18 October 2015

Farmers in Felicity

Farmer Fyzul Khan with his wife Deborah "the mastermind behind the sale of the fruits of his labour" are happy and ready to do some farming in Felicity, Chaguanas. See their daughter Candida's story on Page 7.

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Women in Art exhibition

Calypso, pan, tassa, African drumming and Indian dance in Petit Valley

Red carpet show at Film Festival

Clash of the Pot Spoons cook-out

Proud to make fudge and toolum

Trip down Manzanilla

Bamboo Cathedral in Chaguaramas

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Sweet TnT
MAGAZINE

Lifestyle
Creole Language
Food
Places

Trinidad and Tobago culture for so!



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Racing on Republic Day

Cyclists race around the Nelson Mandela Park in St Clair at the Michael Phillips Republic Day Cycling Classics on September 24. See more cyclists and winners on Page 4



Editor's note

This October issue is filled with so much delightful stories and photographs of joyful people, caring families, and exciting events that it seems very possible for these positive happenings to actually outshine the negative ones in Trinidad and Tobago.

In the Lifestyle section, a young lady pays tribute to her parents who are hardworking farmers in Chaguanas; red carpet action is at Movie Towne as people support the talented local movie makers for this year's Film Festival; there is an amusing story about a pesky crapaud in our feature writer's backyard; an exhibition featuring T&T culture by talented women; Republic Day events of cycling races and a musical concert; and interviews with young women, one who represented T&T at an international symposium and one who fights for her sight while giving back to her community.

The Local Writings section features several interesting poems including topics on Mount St Benedict and Botanical Gardens, and a commentary on growing up with a weakness for mangoes.

There are some mouth-watering delicacies in the Food section displaying fudge, toolum, sno-cone, a family enjoying grilled foods on an outing, and several local dishes at a cook-out on Wrightson Road.

The family theme continues in the Places section with an interesting trip to Manzanilla. Readers may tour Chaguaramas and see the remarkable view of the Bamboo Cathedral. Also, take a visit uptown and downtown Port of Spain and see some prevalent buildings.

At the back of the magazine, we introduce our Classifieds section, and we invite readers to support local entrepreneurs by liking and sharing their Facebook pages with friends.

Congratulations to our team, and thanks to all our readers, fans, feature writers, contributors, and advertisers for making the October issue a great success.

Enjoy.

Joyanne James
Editor

Sweet TnT
MAGAZINE

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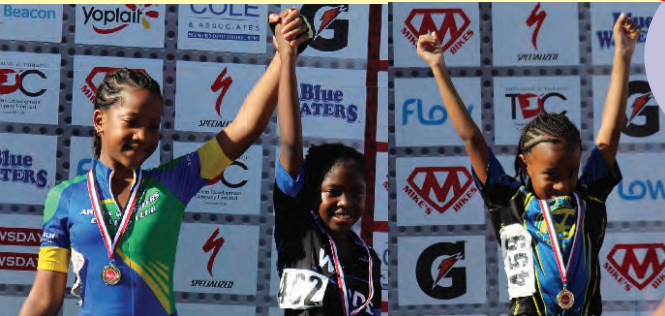
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MAGAZINE

Michael Phillips REPUBLIC DAY CYCLING CLASSIC



We won.



Happy girls.



Tiny winners.



Got the trophy.



Mean teens.



We did it!



Photo time.



Thumbs up!



Proud winners.



Cross section of spectators.



Cyclists race in the main event.



Tinymites cross the finish line.



Elite cyclists race.



Masters battle.

Keeping
T&T sweet!

A Sweet TnT series
MAGAZINE

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Cycling fun for everyone

Cyclists of all ages raced in perfect sunny weather at Michael Phillips Republic Day Cycling Classics which took place at Nelson Mandela Park formerly King George V Park in St Clair on September 24, 2015.

The event was a day of fun for cyclists and spectators who enjoyed beverages, snacks, and lunches provided by sponsors and vendors.

Entertaining night of calypso, pan, tassa, African drumming, Indian dancing and classical music

Republic Day was celebrated with calypso, pan, tassa, African drumming, Indian dancing and classical music at Seasons II, a free community concert, at the Valley Harps pan yard in Petit Valley under the patronage of the Diego Martin Carnival Commission and the Ministry of Community

Development, Arts and Culture on September 24, 2015.

Members of the audience included Dr Nyan Gadsby-Dolly, MP, Mr Lutz Görgens, German Ambassador, and patrons of all age groups. The entertainers made them sing along, laugh, tap their toes, and cheer.



Dr Nyan Gadsby-Dolly, MP, Minister of Community Development, Arts and Culture.



Funny singing 'Sweet Sweet Trinidad'.



Relator tells the story of his red shirt in song with his guitar.



Unity tassa group livens up the atmosphere.



Ramdanie sisters perform an Indian dance.



National Steel Symphony Orchestra play sweet music.



Luta brought new songs for the audience.



Peter Telfer and the Mawasi Experience make a grand entrance before performing their African drumming piece.



Cross section of the young and not so young members of the audience.



Trinidad Reo tells of his experiences with the electricity company T&TEC.



Members of the audience enjoy the concert. Mr Lutz Görgens, German Ambassador, sits third from left.



Classical music performed by Trinidad and Tobago Philharmonic Orchestra.

Central's carefree crapaud

By Nadia Ali

The natural habitat in Trinidad is full of frogs and snails and puppy dog tails - no, make that toads as big as whales. Yes, toads as big as whales! The larger than life toads resemble something that hopped out of pre-historic times. The one in my backyard can barely jump because of weight issues and stares without blinking regardless of how many of my camera flashes goes off in his face!

The toad species is known as a cane toad and locally called a crapaud. Its scientific name is "Rhinella Marina" and Google reinforces the reference I made to size as it states it is a "giant neotropical toad".

The rough-skinned amphibian has moved into my blissful garden causing havoc in the morning and scaring me in the night.

Most mornings when I water my little herb garden in the backyard, the chive stems are bent and some crushed into the soil, as if someone specifically came to stamp down on the chive.

While I knew it was something in Mother Nature's world - I figured



There's something in my backyard, large, hideous and stumping over my chive plants. What could it be? A HUGE Crapaud!

it must be a frog but it wasn't until I bent over to lightly pull on the broken chive that I spotted a huge flat crapaud sunken into the soil staring at me. Needless to say, it caught me off-guard and I stumbled backwards trying to get away.

Yes, I know it is a member of

our local ecosystem, but surely is there somewhere else, anywhere else, it can live?

Upon finding it, I did what any person with a sound mind and mental agility would do - I ran for my handy dandy camera. Running out of the garden, through the house and

again through the house and into the garden. Had he gone? Would I be able to capture a photo of the not-so-handsome frog's relative? Who was I kidding? It was still there, half sunken in the soil. It was definitely unglamorous, slumped in the dirt with eyes barely open. I outstretched my hand holding my camera so as not to get too close to its wart covered skin and limbs - not even Harry Potter would want to get close to this toad!

It seemed unperturbed, uninterested at the prospect of having his photo published in a magazine - I am sure his American cousin Kermit would have literally jumped at the chance. But the Trini crapaud remained slumped in the dirt. Was he just biding his time so he could go and crumple the chives again?

I continued snapping photos of him when I noticed he gave me a half smile! No doubt hoping for a fabled kiss so he could turn from one of Central's carefree crapaud's into a dashing prince. With my camera in hand, the only thing 'dashing' was me back into the house and grabbing my phone - who was I going to call? The Toad Busters!

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My dad, the young farmer

By Candida Khan

After retiring at 60 years of age, my dad Fyzul Khan shifted gears into the farming industry twisting road of life. He started off small, using hydroponics and planting small plants such as lettuce and tomatoes in the backyard.

Eventually, he branched off and started his own garden. He now grows crops such as pac choi, peas, corn, cucumber, eggplant, tomato and pumpkin. He has always been a hard worker.

He was the manager of a gas company and after having such a stressful lifestyle in health and safety, life as a farmer has brought him much more joy. When crops grow, you can see the pure happiness on his face. He likes to see his hard work pay off.

Tending to crops is not an easy task and there were many times when he wanted to give up. Obstacles include crops drying out, persons stealing produce or the time-consuming and troublesome task of selling the products. In the beginning, it was very difficult to get crops to grow. Every plant that he painstakingly planted was drying out in the heat.

After a while, Dad went to the land more often and eventually worked out a solution by pumping water from a nearby source. With this change and his investment of time and effort on the land, crops started to grow. There was then an abundance of pumpkin.

Selling them was the next tricky part. My mother Deborah Khan was the mastermind behind the sale of the fruits of his labour. The first crops produced were given away to neighbours, friends and families. We are all thankful for the wonderful products of my dad's hard work.

Never give up. Keep working towards your goals. Hard work will pay off if you just believe!



Fyzul Khan, from cover of magazine, hard at work in his garden. Photos by Candida Khan

The farm bird

There is a noisy bird in my dad's garden. The Southern Lapwing is a territorial, ground nesting, brown bird with long legs that is very common in Trinidad and Tobago.

She was happy to choose my dad's land to build her nest. Little did Dad know that it meant the garden belonged to her and her mate now.

Dad left them alone and tried to avoid going in that area of the garden while he tended to his crops. The bird had her eggs and started being more protective of her garden.

Every time Dad went to the garden, she would make loud noises and the male bird would come and circle close by. In some

instances, they will come very close to Dad. He eventually started talking to them, trying to make peace! He would say, "Alright, I'm not coming by you, just want to water my plants," or, "Okay, okay I'm leaving just now."

They were friends on odd days, but most of the time, Dad would be seen as the intruder. After her eggs hatched, they moved to other land, but the male bird still circles now and again to say, "Hi," and the mother brings her babies sometimes. She had three baby birds.

In the end, they became friends.

- Candida Khan



'The bird had her eggs and started being more protective of her garden.'



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After 3 winning environmental essays Trip to Punta Cana representing T&T

By Nadia Ali

They say dreams come true if you only try. This is true for Katrina Khan whose three environmental essays qualified her to represent Trinidad and Tobago at an international symposium.

As a guest of Jetblue Airlines, she went on a three-day, all expenses paid trip from Trinidad to Fort Lauderdale to her final destination of Punta Cana, Dominican Republic to attend the "Symposium of Innovators for Coastal Tourism" hosted on July 22 to 24, 2015.

Katrina is a Health, Safety and Environment (HSE) professional at the Petroleum Company of Trinidad and Tobago Limited and a student at the University of the West Indies (UWI) studying a Master of Science (MSc) in Tourism Development and Management at the Faculty of Social Sciences.

Her classmate, Aly DeGraff said, "Katrina, I am sending you an email with an environmental sponsorship opportunity that you can enter as your mix of academic experience would be perfect. Also, the deadline is in one week!"

Katrina read the email that detailed what the JetBlue Foundation was offering. They were offering two student scholarships to attend the Center for Responsible Travels (CREST) and the Puntacana Ecological Foundation's Innovators Think Tank in Punta Cana, Dominican Republic.

Despite the short deadline, Katrina said, "When I read the questions being asked I was immediately inspired to write, drawing from personal experience as well as my studies in Environmental Resource Management, Marine Biology and Tourism. In my opin-



Katrina Khan is a Health, Safety and Environment professional at the Petroleum Company of Trinidad and Tobago Limited and a student at the University of the West Indies studying a Master of Science in Tourism Development and Management.

Photo courtesy Fundación Ecológica

ion, I was asked to put my passion for these interrelated subjects into words, a task I was eager to accomplish." So, she put other things aside and began working on her essays. Little did she know at that time, that she was actually competing with over 90 plus other applicants - all vying for one of just two spots available.

Having submitted the essays, the next hurdle was the nerve

'Through the doom and gloom of the issue of climate change and all the repercussions of this dramatic shift in our environment, there are people actively working, researching and lobbying for a sustainable future, not only for tourism, but for the world.'

wracking wait for the response. At 7.30 in the evening, just eight days before the start date of the symposium an email arrived stating:

"Congratulations! After careful review of 90 plus applications, yours was selected due to your impressive work in sustainable development, passion for Caribbean conservation, and unique and clear goals for attending the conference. We at JetBlue and CREST were very impressed with your application and sincerely hope that you can join us."

Screams and shrieks of laugh-

ter could be heard throughout the household as she told her mum, dad and sister, immediately hopping onto Skype to tell her brother. What looked like a one in a million opportunity had turned into a reality!

Katrina was soon on her way as a representative of Trinidad & Tobago to the Symposium of Innovators for Coastal Tourism. Once there, she was introduced to the other qualifier - Stefan Knights from the Hugh Wooding Law School in Barbados.

The speaker presentations saw a range of established and distinguished persons ranging from University Professors, Environmental Consultants and even the Ambassador to the USA for Mexico.

Although deemed as a student observer, Katrina gained a world of knowledge in the two days of the symposium and took the opportunity to share her insights. She says she was amazed to see that "through the doom and gloom of the issue of climate change and all the repercussions of this dramatic shift in our environment, there are people actively working, researching and lobbying for a sustainable future, not only for tourism, but for the world".

There's no doubt that attending the symposium has rejuvenated Katrina's focus and determination. Just meeting like-minded people with similar interests allowed her to network with new acquaintances and prospects of future partnerships. She advises, "No matter what life throws at you, or how low you may be feeling, once you try, you have opened up a world of possible outcomes," words to live by from Katrina Khan flying the red, black and white flag of sweet T&T.



Coffee in the Morning
by Candice Sobers



The Gele
by Sonia Alexis



Fetching Water
by Beverly Thomas



Doux Doux Dance de Bele
by Sonia Alexis

T&T culture captured by talented women

Talent is in abundance from women who show the world the greatness of our country. The Women in Art Organisation of Trinidad and Tobago hosted its 18th annual exhibition from September 15 to 26, 2015 at the Gallery at Fine Art, Corner Rosalino and Warren Streets, Woodbrook, Port of Spain. The works display our people, lifestyles, animals, and landscapes. See full album on www.sweettntmagazine.com



Aurora by Caroline Williams



Indian Dance by Beverly Thomas



Panarama by Kathy Farabi



It is play time by Stacy Phillip



Boat Ahoy by Denise Anderson



East Coast by Eleanor Belix



Rasta Hut Grafton Tobago by Marise Rodriguez



We almost reach by Stacy Phillip

T&T culture captured by talented women



She Remembers All
by Virginia Pacificque-Marshall



In Flight by Kessa Seale



Spent but not Forgotten by Adele Bynoe



Cumuto by Nerine Peters



Young Giraffe
by Ayodele Roseman



Bamboo Patch
by Marissa Ramdeen



Beauty Amongst Ruins
by Leone Fabien



Cutie Pie by Sonia Alexis



99 Picton Str. Newton (pink house)
by Marise Rodriguez



Tobago Sunset by Kessa Seale



Two Boats by Marissa Richards



Secret Garden
by Pat Farrell-Frederick



Solitude
by Noreen Carrington-Dixon



Sepia Sun by Saara Ali-Browne



Director Todd Kessler

Red carpet worldwide premiere in Port of Spain

It was a night of glitz and glamour as celebrities walk the red carpet while being cheered on by fans and photographed by paparazzis for the worldwide premiere of local movie "Bazodee" at Trinidad and Tobago Film Festival 2015 held at Movie Towne in Port of Spain on September 23. The after party was held at Aria

Nightclub later that night.

The movie revolves around the love between Lee and Anita played by Machel Montano and Natalie Perera.

Filled with romance, action, and plenty bacchanal, the movie's catch phrase, "Love is a Carnival" says it all.



Natalie Perera



Machel Montano



Kabir Bedi and his wife.



Cindy Daniel



Remmy Rembuncheon



Pauline Mark



Patrons get ready to see the movie.



Anand Lawkaran



Elizabeth Montano



Valmike Rampersad



Teneille Newallo



Chris Paul Smith



La Famille pan group entertains the crowd.



Guests at the cocktail reception.



Anissa, 28, battles with eye disease Keratoconus while helping others

By Kielon Hilaire

We live in a world where most young people strive each day with the hope that they would ultimately see a better future and make a significant contribution to their community. Anissa Prescott is no different but to an extent her story certainly is.

Anissa was diagnosed with Keratoconus, which is a rare and progressive eye condition, which at just 28 years old puts her at risk of losing her eyesight. Keratoconus usually begins in the teens and early 20s and can progress until about the age of 40. It occurs when the normally round dome-shaped cornea (the transparent layer forming the front of the eye) progressively thins, causing a cone-like bulge to develop. This results in significant visual impairment or blindness.

Growing up, Anissa had a passion for helping others and over-achieving. She recalled some very interesting moments over the years. On one occasion she and a group of friends were passing by in Belmont and saw a yard that looked really messy – it was littered with rubbish and there was grass growing all over.

Her crew began commenting on the site until Anissa jokingly suggested, “Let’s help clean it up.” One thing led to the next and they eventually contacted the person occupying the land, an old woman in her late 60s, and they asked her if they could help her out for FREE!

The woman accepted their offer and hours later she had a yard that was exceptionally clean. The woman was so pleased that she rewarded them with platefuls of mouth-watering dhal and rice for their meaningful efforts.

Then there was the time when Anissa, as part of a Singles Ministry group, came together and assisted a member of the Arouca community whose house had burnt down due to a raging fire. Anissa and her team helped clear the area for the family to be able to rebuild.

Additionally, one Friday night they made a visit to a boys’ home in Mt Lambert just to carry fruits, talk and spend time with the young boys. Anissa revealed, “This is a home that is always close to my heart, which is why I had gotten my

So much TO SEE So much TO DO

‘I give my best daily and I never use my condition as an excuse to not be able to do anything.’



Anissa Prescott, left, and colleague wearing a “Kick Keratoconus” t-shirt at the launch of the U-Help programme at the University of Trinidad and Tobago.

‘We have many opportunities in Trinidad and Tobago to be the best that we can be, so people should always make the most of the resources available.’

co-workers to come together to collect toys, clothes and books to give to the boys.”

In Anissa’s younger years she went to Blackman’s Private School and later attended Bishop Anstey High School. She was never an idle child,

always did her best and always needed to be involved in something that added to her personal development. In addition to performing well at school, she practiced swimming and music for leisure, then she eventually enrolled in the Port of Spain Girl Guides Association of

Trinidad and Tobago as a means of giving back to the community. She started off as a Junior Guide and was so enthusiastic about lending supportive services that she quickly rose to become President of her own company.

Today, Anissa is still obsessed with helping both individuals and communities. These days she spends much of her time being actively involved in the Singles Ministry at the Arouca Seventh Day Adventist Church and assisting those who approach her for help as needed.

Nevertheless, even as Anissa remains charitable and optimistic she looks forward to eventually seeing an even brighter future. Even in the midst of her adversity, Anissa still continues to do what she does best.

In fact, she continues to do even more. Rather than find pity in her situation, Anissa has made it her mission to fight the good fight. In September, she, together with an avid group of supporters, launched the U-Help programme at the University of Trinidad and Tobago (UTT) O’Meara campus, which is geared towards providing information, recommendations, raising awareness and assisting others with Keratoconus and a variety of other illnesses.

Anissa also had some very powerful words of encouragement to anyone with a vision for a better community. She said, “We have many opportunities in Trinidad and Tobago to be the best that we can be, so people should always make the most of the resources available. I admire the perseverance of our people to make a difference, regardless of circumstances, and a vision to make a mark in the world. The love that our people possess ensures that we continue to move forward; love is what keeps us going. Because of this, I give my best daily and I never use my condition as an excuse to not be able to do anything. If I am unable to do it I train myself to do it another way.”

An “lol” actually followed this statement, which shows how much in good spirits Anissa remains. For she knows in her heart that “once love exists a future of miracles and other great things for both herself and all communities within Trinidad and Tobago will inevitably follow”.

If you would like to assist Anissa in any way you can contact her at anissaprescott@hotmail.com

The Abbey at
Mount St Benedict
in St Augustine.
Photo by Omilla Mungroo

Only for a moment

By Marissa Armoogam-Ali

Only but for a fleeting moment our
eyes are born to see
The wonders of this universe in its
entire immensity
With each wave that rolls upon the
shores, in life new breath begins.
Two cries fill the air,
A verdict on a coin is flipped; one
chooses cries of ecstasy the other
wretchedness reigns,
A mother's tears shed pure bliss;
her new born babe is cradled
Oceans apart in tear soaked hands
- a son laments for his father
A stumbling foot is made strong,
with each stride, takes us on a
journey
In a blink, perpetual slumber
approaches, our feet can no longer
tarry
Once moulded by the potters
touch, this earth becomes our kiln,
Thence the clay withstands the
heat we are beckoned unto glory.

Flowing

I can't remember clearly,
Whether I jumped, or fell, or, was I
pushed?
All I know is that I was in it
In the beginning, I struggled and
fought alongside the others
Trying hard to move the way they
moved, to stay in place
Like they did;
It seemed though, as if their arms
and legs were stronger than mine
Made to swim these currents, made
to last to the finish line
Father, mother, child ... to each his
own race, swam with vigour
I perhaps was not made to swim
this race, who put me here?
It must be a mistake
So now, I don't battle the waves,
The currents move me wherever
they will, like driftwood floating -
Part of me in the water part of me
soaking up the sun
Now, I flow,
Flow within and through... life.

- Marissa Armoogam-Ali

The Trysting Place

By Omilla Mungroo

On this day, the green hills hid
Their beauty, fading away into
A whole mount of sorrow.

This, my trysting place with Jesus,
Obscured by one mortal's picture
Became an ache to behold;
A hollow dream for tomorrow.

Until the whispers in the air
Surrounding its illusion,
Started singing praises to

Elohim, with one pleading instruction:

Awake Warrior Princess! Awake!
See! You rise above this mount
With a purer heart...
Be bold! Learn to fight!
For what is yours in the Spirit,
Can never be taken away by this world.

Look now! Up to half the Kingdom,
You only have to ask.
Stay a while longer with Me,
Till your laughter drowns those silent tears.
And in my glory, forever you will bask.

POETRY

My Botanical Gardens

Oh how I love this place
My paradise with fruits everywhere
When I eat out the fruits from one tree
Another tree starts to bear

The air is fresh and clean
Pure water is over there
My friends and I play in the green
And live life without a care

My neighbours are some birds
With nests hanging from a tree
Their lives are even better
Because they fly about freely

When we have visitors
We hide to peep at them
Who knows what may happen?
Can they be our friends?

I sit on top of my tree
And watch them come and go
They take pictures when they see me
Eating my Julie mango

They usually have picnics
With plenty delicious food
I would like to join them
But that might just be rude

I see fried rice and macaroni pie
Stew chicken and pigeon peas
They bring roti and curried duck
And pizza with plenty cheese

I see children having fun
Running about just like us
I hope they never see me
They're the ones I do not trust

I heard some adults talking
While they sat under my tree
Going on about the drama
Taking place in our country

See Page 17

My Botanical Gardens

From Page 16

They talked about the rich
And more about the poor
The topic of politics
Sent them in an uproar

They argued over religion
Saying who was right or wrong
Then talked about music
And even burst into song

Someone sang about T&T
And how it is very sweet
The song was very catchy
It made me tap my feet

Some children came yesterday
Boy, were they noisy
The adults lined them up
And made them act orderly

I love when it's getting dark
And they all leave this place
We get to gather our dinner
With treats we love to taste

We find all sorts of foods
That do not grow on trees
Like corn curls, cotton candy
And crusts with plenty cheese

Sometimes they drop a napkin
With sauce from curried duck
The ants raid that first
So I am usually out of luck

Now, I'm going to the nest
To shelter from this drizzle
But wait, I'm no bird
I'm a tiny fuzzy squirrel

I enjoy the visit from people
Secretly, they are my friends
I welcome them to come
To my Botanical Gardens

COMMENTARY

My weakness for Julie and Paulover mangoes

By Kerry Mc Donald

Mango vere, mango teen...
I am sure you are aware of
this folk song.

I have a weakness for
mangoes, but not just any
type of mango. Give me a
bucket of Julie mangoes
and it's as though I won
the lottery.

I remember when I
arrived home from school
and there was nothing to
eat.

Mangoes were in sea-
son, so with a big grin on
my face, I would hurry to
the back of my home and
suck a bowl of mangoes.
This bowl of mangoes
were equivalent to about
eight to ten Julie man-
goes. By the time I was
finished, I did not want
dinner.

One tree was situated
on the side of my home
and the other tree to the
back.

I did not want the
popular Christmas time
fruits; pears, apples or
grapes. Why purchase
these fruits, when Julie
mangoes were free.

There are other types
of mangoes; long-mango,
ten-pound mango, starch
mangoes, and the list goes
on and on, but there is
something about Julie
mangoes that I delight.

Apart from Julie
mango, there was a bright
and sunny yellow mango,
Paulover from St Vincent.
I vividly remembered when
my stepfather had a big
tree laden with Paulover
mangoes; however the
tree is not in existence
today.

When I asked my
friends and relatives about

'I remember when
I arrived home from school
and there was nothing to eat.
Mangoes were in season, so with
a big grin on my face, I would
hurry to the back of my home
and suck a bowl of mangoes.'



'With Paulover mangoes being second on the list...
I will enjoy the Julie mangoes I purchased.'

the mango, I received a
puzzled expression, I also
searched the highs and
lows of Trinidad for this
mango, but my attempts
were futile.

The day Tiffanie, a
new employee joined my
workplace and I heard her
speak for the first time, I

detected her twang, she
was from St Vincent. At
last, here was this "Vincy
gyul" to my rescue.

I waited for her to
settle in at work for at
least two weeks before I
asked her about Paulover
mangoes.

Me: "Tiff Tiff do you

know of a mango called
Paulover? My stepfather
had this tree in his yard
but the tree was
destroyed several years
ago."

Tiffanie: "Yeah gyul I
know about this mango.
It's a favourite in St
Vincent."

Me: "Tiff Tiff when
you going St Vincent
please bring some of these
mangoes for me please."

Tiffanie: "Sure thing
Kerry gyul, but the offi-
cials in the airport will not
allow me to bring the
mangoes in Trinidad - it's a
perishable item."

Me: "Hmm girl, it's
mango season, no
Paulover, what I go do?
Well, I have an idea
Tiffanie, if you can't bring
Paulover mangoes, bring
the seeds for me to plant
them."

This is how desperate
I became and no Paulover
mangoes meant sticking to
my favourite - Julie man-
goes. Since the two trees
were no longer in my yard,
I decided to beat the
streets of Chaguanas on
the lookout for a steal of a
deal - the best price I
received was one heap for
\$30.

The smell of the man-
goes brought me back to
my childhood days. Five
ripe and sweet mangoes
packaged in a crisp brown
bag was a match made in
heaven.

With Paulover man-
goes being second on the
list, I await the day
Tiffanie will bring good
news of successfully sup-
plying me with a few of
this tasty fruit.

Nevertheless, I will
enjoy the Julie mangoes I
purchased. With the man-
goes held tightly in my
hands, I took a taxi and
made my way home. Five
Julie mangoes and a glass
of water, I know I will def-
initely not require dinner
after sucking my preferred
mangoes.

Proud to make FUDGE and TOOLUM

Food

By Annisa Phillip

I was spending some time with my friend and her family one day when her pregnancy cravings kicked in.

"I feeling for toolum," my friend reported.

"Eeww. I never was fond of toolum."

"Let's make some nah!"

That statement was replied to with a stare as if to ask, "Are you mad?" My verbal response which followed was that I did not know how to make it. Quite frankly, it is not something I wanted to know how to make. Why should I when I don't like the thing? Despite my protest my friend insisted that "we" should make it. Well, we are in the technological age so that is where "we" turned for directions. Let me just say for clarification that "we" was really me.

We all know that when it comes to finding information via the internet Google is our one stop shop. So, I learnt to make a local food from the internet. That

'I am very grateful to the Trini cooking website available online that affords us the opportunity to make culinary favourites that we love'

is actually a bit sad but we will soon get to that. Thankfully for us we had everything we needed. I can't remember the last time that I actually grated a coconut... with a grater.

Anyway, so while making toolum for my friend she gets excited and says that "we" should also make fudge and assures me that she has all the necessary ingredients. I, of course made some smart remarks in response. I have seen my grandmother make fudge but was never privy to the entire process.

So again, I turned to Google. The fudge was a great hit, and I



'The fudge was a great hit'

when people enjoy what you make.

I am very grateful to the Trini cooking website available online that affords us the opportunity to make culinary favourites that we love but either forgot or never knew how to make.

However, it is unfortunate that a stranger's post on the internet was the way I learnt to make something that was once passed to younger generations from family members.

Google taught me how to make fudge and toolum ... I don't know if I should be proud or embarrassed.

Either way, I must admit that it was indeed a fun evening and I now know how to make toolum (who still how to make toolum (who know how to make toolum and fudge.

'The toolum was also pretty good and I surprisingly liked it.'

had to ignore requests for "me" to make more. I only got a taste of it because when I brought my share home it was practically stolen. The toolum was also pretty good and I surprisingly liked it even though I didn't before. Nonetheless, it truly is wonderful

Coconut and pineapple fudge

By Kerry Mc Donald

As Trinbagonians, we are accustomed to the typical brown sugar or coconut fudge.

However, I thought I could add my little twist to this melt-in-your-mouth sweet treat.

I recently made the fudge "my way" and it was a winner with my friends and family, so here is the recipe.

Ingredients

1 lb granulated sugar
1 can condensed milk
2 cups coconut milk
½ cup grated coconut
½ cup finely diced pineapples
1 oz margarine
1 tsp vanilla
¼ tsp salt
1 tsp Angostura Bitters
1 tbsp rum

Directions

1. Add coconut milk, condensed milk, salt and sugar in a deep heavy pot over medium fire.
2. Bring all ingredients to a rapid boil and stir continuously with a wooden spoon until mixture passes the caramel stage.
3. Cook until it forms a soft ball.

4. Remove from the heat and quickly beat in margarine.

5. Add grated coconut, pineapples, vanilla, angostura bitters and rum.

6. Pour in greased pan.

7. Cool and cut into squares.

Serve and enjoy!



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Grow your own food

Juicy limes on a tree were spotted in the yard at the Port of Spain General Hospital. The hospital's kitchen staff presumably seasons meat and makes lime juice with ease. A kitchen garden comes in so handy when you are cooking and need the little helpers to make the perfect dish. Growing your own food not only puts the right stuff at your finger tips but it cuts your food bill drastically.

Sno-cone man in town

A sno-cone vendor is caught pushing his cart through Port of Spain as he gets ready to deliver the treat to the Independence Day crowd visiting town to see the parade and fireworks in August at the Queen's Park Savannah.

Photo by Annisa Phillip

Food



Patrons in an orderly manner collect their food.

A successful 'Clash of the Pot Spoons'

Great food and happy people were all at the Sagicor Amy-Leigh Foundation – Clash of the Pot Spoons 4 at St John's Ambulance Hall on Wrightson Road, Port of Spain on September 26, 2015.

The event is an initiative by Sagicor staff geared towards raising funds to aid medical expenses of staff and loved ones not covered by insurance plans.

The menus consisted of different styles of mouthwatering rice, potato, peas, chicken, fish, pork, lamb, salads, desserts, and juices. Jovial members served patrons the delicacies with smiles and jokes as they pleasantly described the dishes before them.

A large dining area accommodated the supporters who enjoyed their meals and great conversation.

The event was a success.

- Courtesy Giselle James-Bernard,
Corporate Communications, Sagicor



Serving with a smile at the Trini Staple table.

A variety of delicacies.



Just the way you like it.



This gentlemen interacts with the ladies over lunch.



You would love to try this.

A successful 'Clash of the Pot Spoons'



All dressed in Miss Piggy hats are members of the crew from D Paramin Meat Shop.



A young patron looks at the delicious options.



The dessert table with pastries packaged and ready to go.



Dining area.

A grilled treat!

at
Abraham's

By Nerissa Hosein

Being a true Trini, I love food. I cannot emphasise that enough, I love food. I love going out with my kids and husband and getting food over the weekend or on Friday night. But it's not all the time the wallet can stretch to go to restaurants and fancy treats. So sometimes we want some good food at a great price.

I admit, we've had some misses with experimenting, but recently we came upon Abraham's on Munroe Road. We decided to give it a try as it had a very open and clean look.

The atmosphere was very laid back and well lit. The menu ranged from burgers to grilled meats, pastas, lobster and some local dishes that you don't always find on a typical menu such as rice bowl wraps and cinnamon plantain.

I ordered the grilled lamb and mashed potatoes which came with a complementary salad all under \$45, which is a great price for the amount of food I got. I actually had to carry some home.

We dressed our food with sauces made by them and took photos of our boxes. The food was filled to the brim with taste. Even the popcorn chicken that I got from my kids was delicious!

My family and I had a great time and now we are regulars at Abraham's.

*The Hosein family
also takes a trip to
Manzanilla. See Page 25*



Eshan, left, and Zayn enjoying their meals. Photos by Nerissa Hosein



Our scrumptious lunches just before we devoured it.

Our family trip down Manzan!

‘Manzanilla has a certain familiarity and old-fashioned charm that you don’t get anywhere else. I guess it’s because the area is still so untouched by man’s hand’

By Nerissa Hosein

Long before the days of Maracas and bake and shark, there was Manzanilla and a good pelau or macaroni pie. I grew up with big family limes down Manzanilla. We all cooked a dish and went down for the whole day. It was a fun time with all our cousins playing cricket and digging for chip chip. Childhood was fun back then.

Skip 30 years in the future and I must admit beach limes are somewhat of a lazy day now. Who needs to cook when there’s an array of foods served in Maracas including the famous bake and shark. It surely is more laid back than my early years.

But that all changed this

Summer as we ventured down to the new and improved beaches of Manzanilla. A new waterfront boardwalk and updated beach facility was a welcoming haven to my childhood years.

The roads that were damaged in the floods have been fixed and the area is nice and clean. Let’s hope it stays that way.

My eldest son marvelled as this was his first trip down this side. We got up early and did something we haven’t done in years – we cooked to go to the beach. Our menu was a little simpler than our parents though. We threw together some homemade burgers, pizza, boiled corn, chow and an array of snacks and headed out early.

When we reached the beach

facility we parked and went for a walk on the newly constructed waterfront area. The beach looked clean and as tide was up it was splashing up against the walls, splashing onlookers. It was a bit of a windy day so sand was blowing a tad bit more than I liked. After sitting and taking in the view from the sitting area we decided to drive down lower to get a park closer to the water.

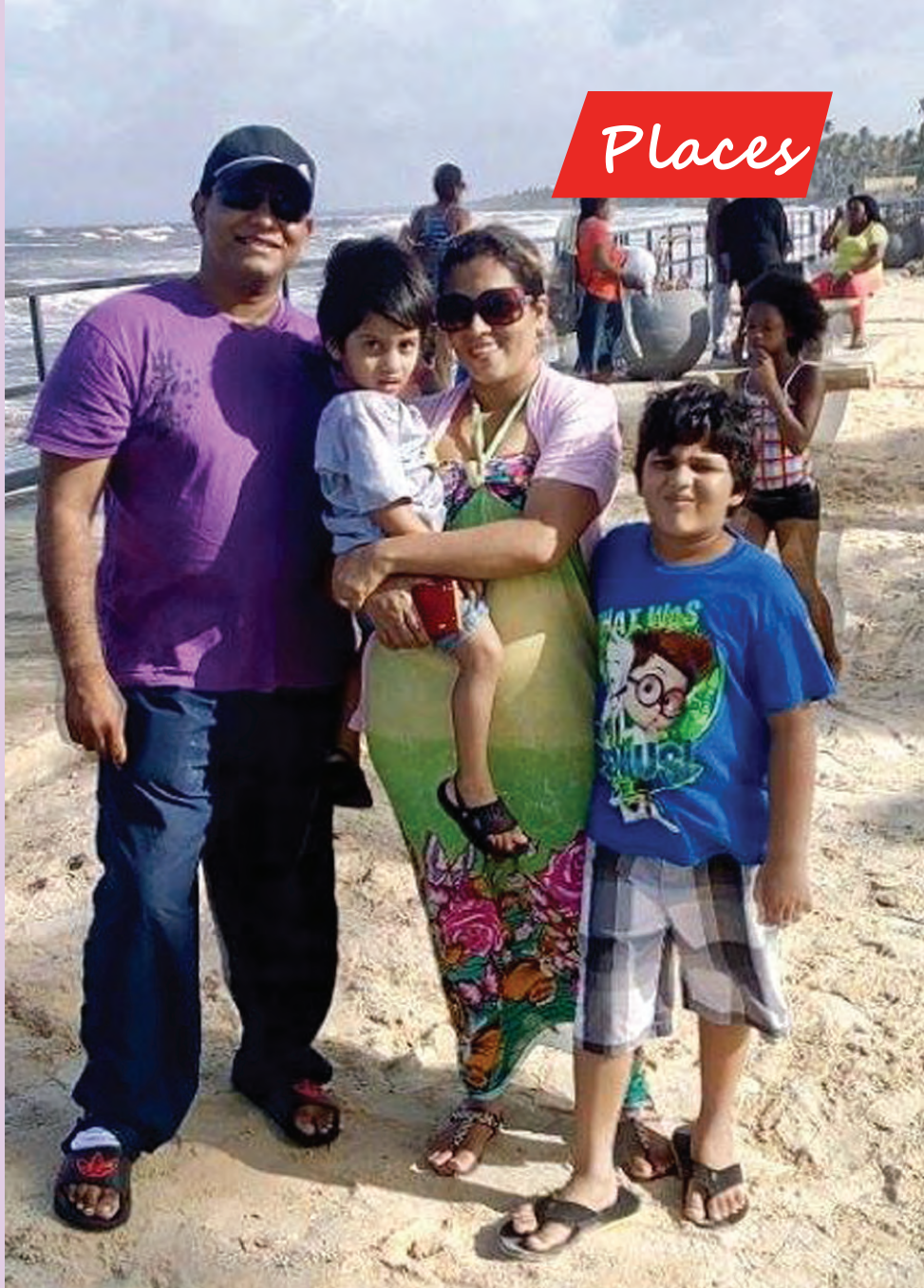
On getting closer we parked and got out and immediately I felt like five again. The beach hasn’t changed that much. The water was warm and inviting. The coconut trees were swaying and I could see the little old coconut shells on the beach. My sons immediately wanted to go onto the sand to play so after

a quick bite, that’s what we did.

We played in the sand, my son found his first chip chip ever and we played cricket. The water was warm and inviting. It was the warmest beach bath I’ve had in years.

I love Maracas, but I must admit, Manzanilla has a certain familiarity and old-fashioned charm that you don’t get anywhere else. I guess it’s because the area is still so untouched by man’s hand, it has retained its original beauty.

I for one tend to visit more often as I miss that type of family togetherness and good old fashioned fun that you just can’t get anywhere else! It surely was the best beach day for us in a long, long time!



The Hosein family at the waterfront in Manzanilla.

Places

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The Bamboo Cathedral.

By Marika Mohammed

The Bamboo Cathedral is known for the natural dome shape that extends along a narrow road after you pass Chaguaramas. Its natural wonder continues to evoke interest in the minds of everyone who passes by. The beautiful green landscape is accompanied by the view of the ocean. To see the ocean is no easy feat but like many passersby claimed to me it's worth it.

There's a sign at the side of the main road showing where it starts, so when driving, drive slowly to take in the natural beauty of Trinidad. Also, you might miss the sign as many others have done and will regret it. However, it is one of those places where vehicles are not allowed. You have to park at the side of the road and walk it. It has the main trail which is paved and a variety of smaller trails that go off road for the avid adventurer. Make sure to take water.

Hydration is important and if you don't, you'll beat yourself up for not being prepared. Sneakers. The best thing to trek with. There's little information on how long it takes to the top and I saw many people who wore slippers stopping at a point and regretfully turning back.

I too was ill-prepared for this unknown trek as it was my first time, but even without water and my slippers I was determined to make it to the top. While walking up, it's cool and breezy. You can

Natural cathedral in Chaguaramas



A group of trekkers take in the natural beauty in Chaguaramas. Photos by Marika Mohammed

hear the bamboo creek, the birds whistling and see butterflies in abundance. You can also find many people riding their bikes up the hill or getting in a little exercise. It's a long stretch that never seems to end, but while walking, I stopped many to question the length and time frame.

Some say it's a 10-minute walk while others claimed 30 to 40 minutes. So time was ambiguous since

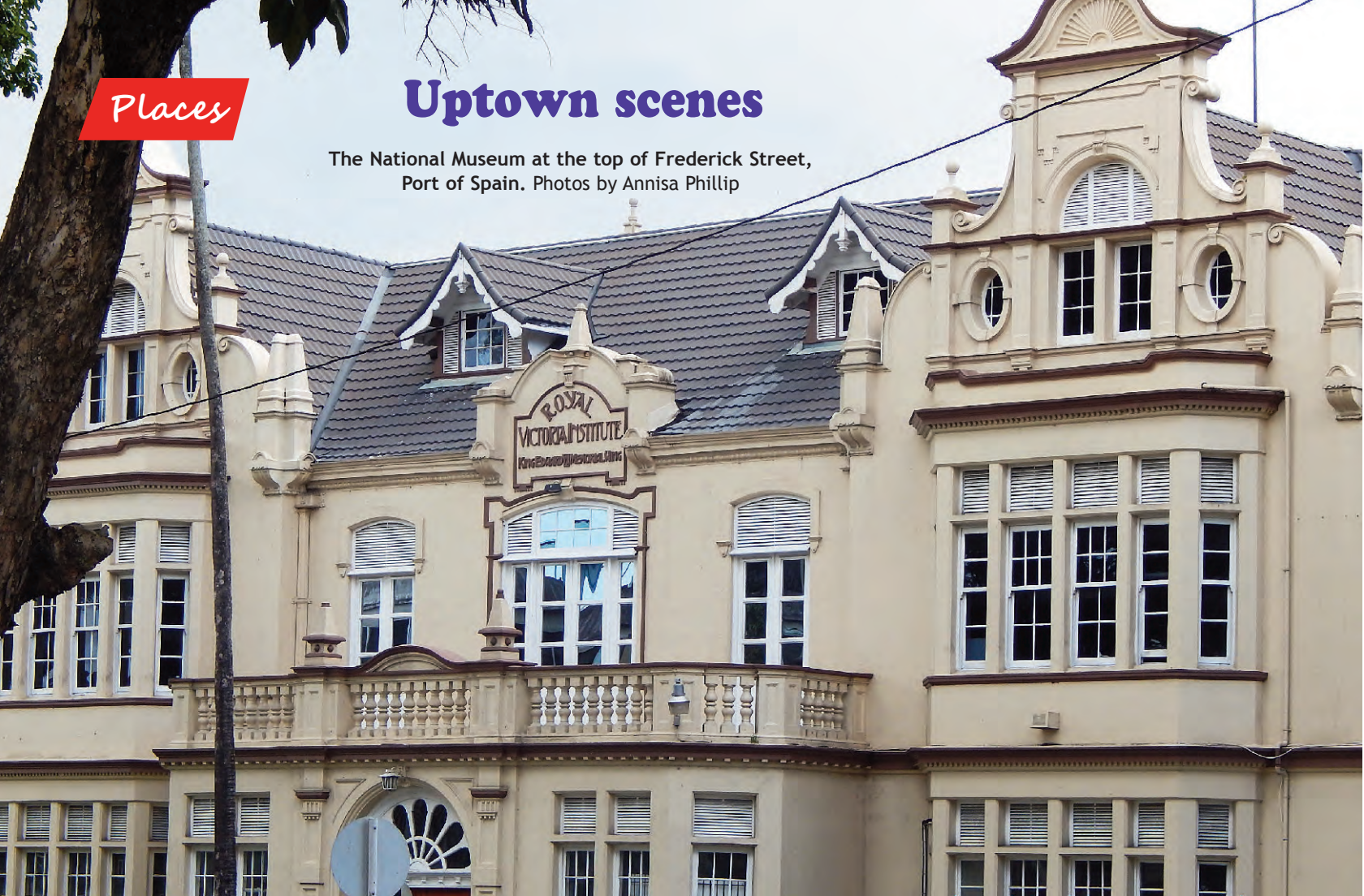
many trekkers were consumed with their surroundings. Once on top you are at a bird's eye view of the ocean. It's so green. Absolutely breathtaking. You can see where Trinidad curves off and nearby mountains. It only adds to the accomplishment of making it to the top.

At the beginning like most people you may feel intimidated by the quiet and forest feel of the

environment. But for those of you who do, it's not a horror movie. Just try it. For safety go in groups and enjoy it with friends and family rather than ponder on the negatives. If you let fear hold you back you'll be the one missing out. Besides, everyone was so friendly, if you want to feel safer ask to join their group. It's a full day of adventure in Trinidad's backyard, so just have fun.

Uptown scenes

The National Museum at the top of Frederick Street,
Port of Spain. Photos by Annisa Phillip



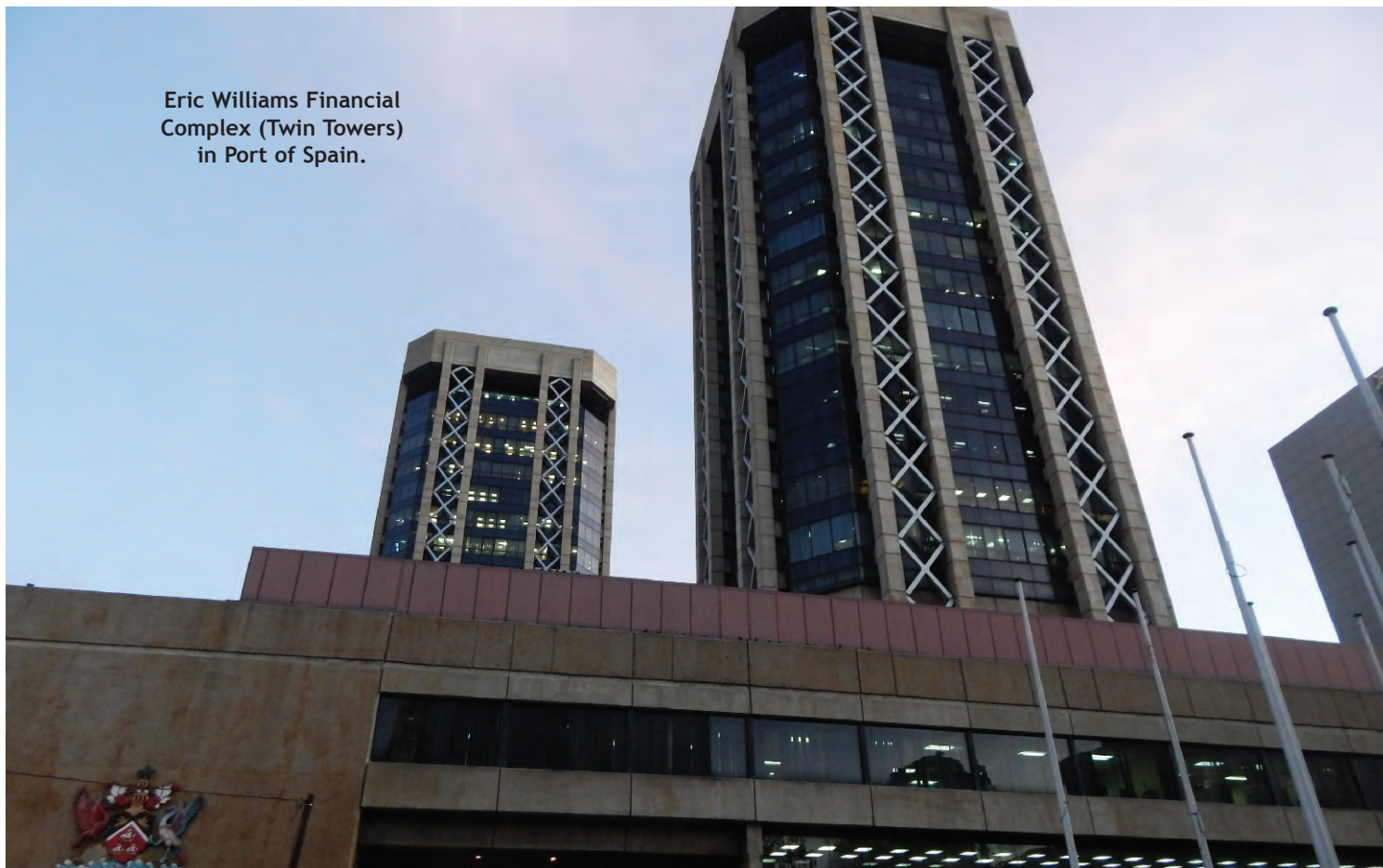
Downtown scenes

Places

The Public Transport Service Corporation (PTSC), Port of Spain.
Photos by Annisa Phillip



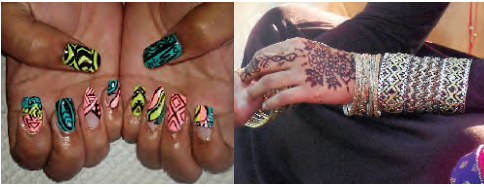
Eric Williams Financial Complex (Twin Towers) in Port of Spain.



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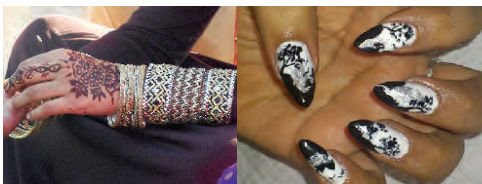
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