When the British left their Island, and sailed across the seas to colonize the world, they left behind their language. Each area, developed a variant, by adding the local flavor. Thus you have the Carribean English, the Indian English and so on.

When in Mumbai you may be intrigued by what you hear. Here are some basic rules to bear in mind.

Always use "d" for "th".
Example: Dere for there, or dat for that, but taut for thought (don't ask why) and tink for think.

Never pronounce "h" anywhere. H is always silent.

Use "wat" for what, liberally, even if there's no question asked or implied.
Example: "You coming wit me, wat men?"

Use a Hindi/Marathi verb with an English ending.
Eg. Lagaoing,

Use words twice to emphasize your point.
Example: "Aayee Nobby, walk fast-fast men or we'll miss da train."

Use 'Cum" for "come on".
Example: Cum men, we'll jam up tonite or wat?

Use the word "men" generously, even if speaking to a woman.
Example: "Aayee Gracie, 'ow you feeling now men?"

Use the word "no" even if the sentence doesn't have a negative connotation.
Example: " 'Ey Eric, Gracie makes good *dukkar* pulao, no."

Now that you got the hang of the language, here are some masterpieces of the East Indian MacaPao English:

Situation: Meeting Larry on Saturday morning in the bazar
- 'Ow you men Larry?

Situation: Larry's wife explaining her fish buying spree at lunch later that day.
- Da Koli woman no, was giving me dis dis small pomflit for bledy fifty rupees men. I told 'er not to do *s'aan patti* wid me men.

Situation: Elderly men from the *gaothan* talking at the local Irani joint during Sunday morning sermon
- Aare, dat bledy Sandy no, yesterday 'e *lagaoed* solid whisky at the communion party men.

Situation: Spinster aunty yelling to school boy in Chuim village
- You don't 'ave any sense wat riding cycal so fas'.

Situation: Line heard at Supari Talao during a football match, asking Savio to bend the ball like Beckham
- Cum, men Savio. Put tru men, put tru.

Situation: Boys stealing mangoes in the afternoon in Rathodi village, near Malwani.
- Aare see dere men, dere, aare left men, see dere men, arre big bugger men dere. Hit one s'ot with da catty men.

Situation: Often heard after a Saturday night binge
- Aaye, what men basket, why you are saying anything aboud my fadder and mudder?

Situation: Family rosary at the Pereiras
- 'Ail Mary, full of grace, da Lord is with dee, blessed art t'ou...Norma ! NORMAA ! ! Just see weder da back door is locked..amongst woman and blessed is da fruit of t'y womb Jesus....it's closed no?? ok baba...'oly Mary....

Situation: Swapping recipes while standing and gossiping at the junction
- You know T'eressa, dat day I took little ginger garlic, little onion, so much so much masala dat I ground, put chicken and the curry, came out good men...

Situation: Housewives gossiping at Cross feast party
- Dat day no, solid rain came no, so I made nice hot-hot soup and we had it wit' da *kadak gutli pao* P
eter bot...

One of the most common ways of gossiping among the older generation is done in a very six degrees of separation-ish kind of way, in which a person may be linked up with anyone from the owner of Johnny's Cold Storage at Pork market junction to the Cardinal. Ok here goes....another example of conversation...

- Do you know Joe's son Eric is getting married to Diana?

- Who, Die-na, men?

- Aare, Diana men, Alfie's and Maggie's daughter...

- Who, Alfie men?

- Alfie men from dere. Remember, w'en dey were small dey used to stay near Brian's 'ouse on

C'apel road, near the bakery men... 'e married dat girl Maggie from Surley village..

- Who Maggie, Mary's daughter?

- No baba. Annies sister, Joanie's daughter. You know Annie no, her son Clyde was married to Hazel and dey were living for donkeys years in da Gulf, den after Clyde 'ad his stroke, 'e retired and dey settled down 'ere. Dere son is dat Leslie...he was an engineer...very very smart boy...now all dat drinking 'as ruined 'im.

- Yes, yes...I know 'e was married to dat nice girl Corina from C'imbai, but den after s'e 'ad 'er miscarriage, all 'is drinking and all started...and dey got divorced...

...and this way it keeps going on and on, talking about everyone they know and not going back to poor ol' Joe.