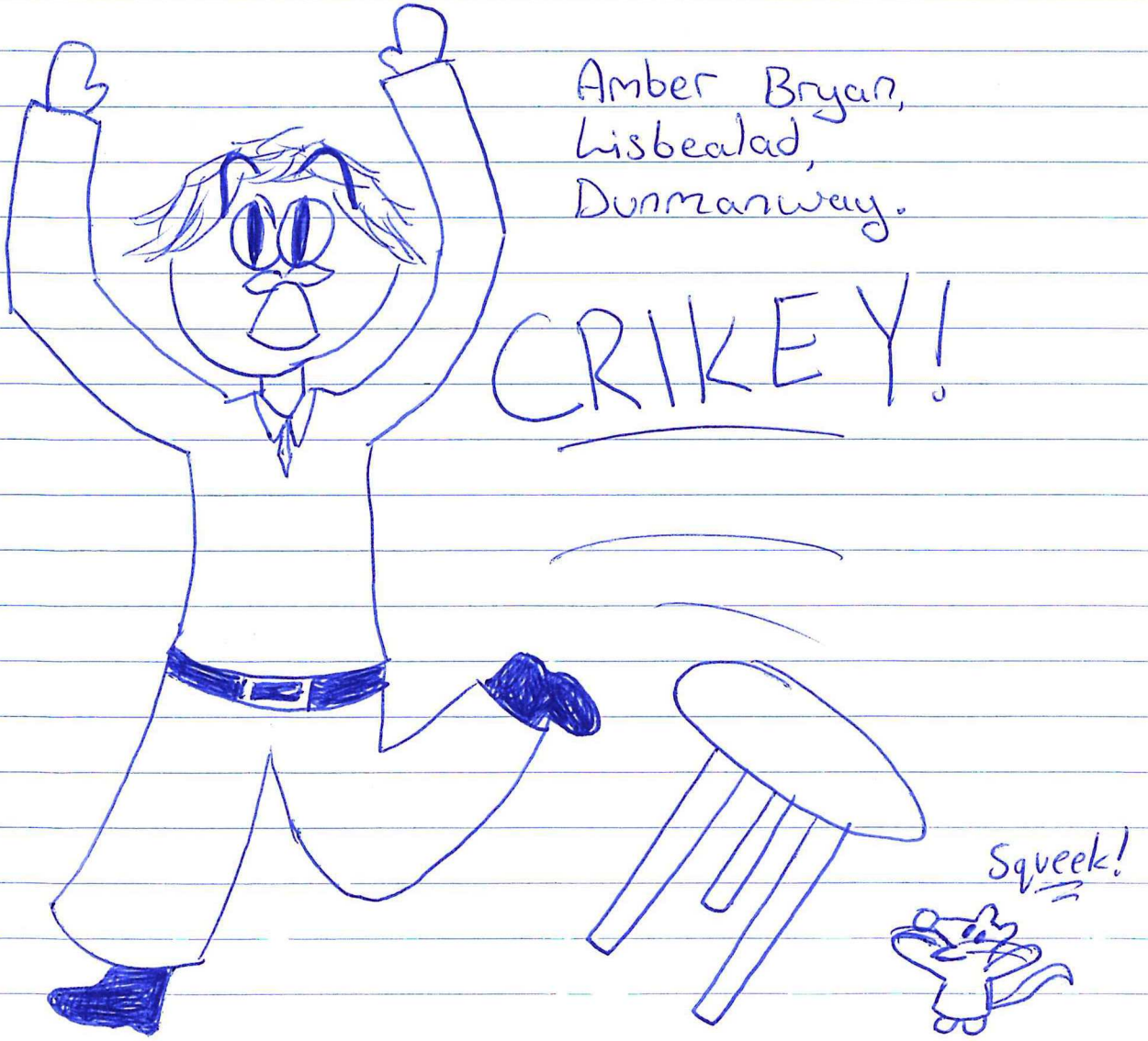
# Crash, Bang, Wallop!

My Great Grandfather, John Jennings, used to watch out of the window to see if the Blackened Hands were coming.

One time, he was perched on something (probably a stool) and he fell off!

Thankfully, the Blackened Hands weren't there!

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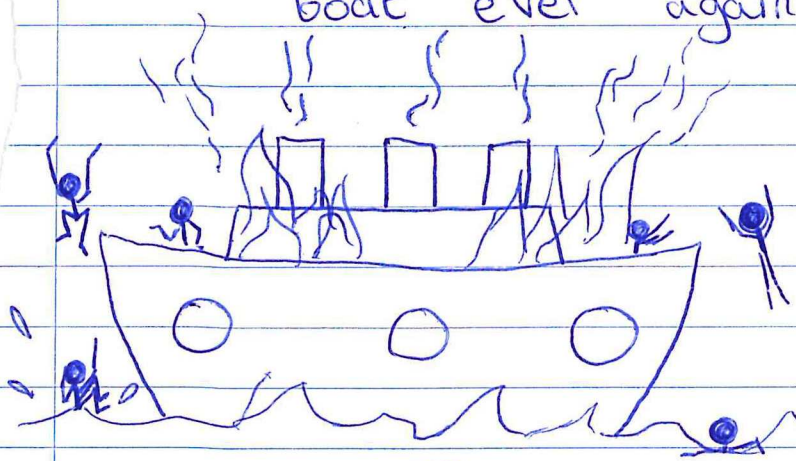
# Abandon Ship!

My Great Grandmother, (on Mum's side) emigrated from Belfast in 1920.
She was heading for New Zealand, her home country, when the ship unexpectedly went down in Belfast Bay due to a faulty engine.

Thankfully, everyone was rescued including my great grandmother, or I wouldn't be here!

When she returned to Ireland, she had to find another ship to New Zealand.
When she finally stepped onto Qiwi soil, she declared that she would never go on a boat ever again!



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# Demanding Food

The Blackened Hands used to barge in through the door and demand food from my great grandmother, Kate Jennings.
She was from Roscarbery.
Whether she had enough for them or not, she had to supply them with food.
If she hadn't, they would shot her.

Kate's husband, John, used to sleep in the barn for fear that when The Blackened Hands came in, they'd shoot him.

John and Kate's children weren't allowed to talk to anyone at home about all that happened at home in case the talk spread and The Blackened Hands heard of it.

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