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## ATEC/SAL STORYBOOK---1976

Stories written by teacher trainees in the Aboriginal Teacher Education Centre, Batchelor, N.T., in the Unit Aboriginal Studies 5--Creative Expression, taught by Dr. R. David Zorc, School of Australian Linguistics.

Topics are:

- (1) TRIP TO THE MOON,
- (2) THEFT,
- (3) ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS,
- (4) AFRAID,
- (5) GROG,
- (6) BIOGRAPHY,
- (7) FAVOURITE STORY,
- (8) DREAMTIME STORY.

SCHOOL OF AUSTRALIAN LINGUISTICS  
Darwin Community College

## MY TRIP TO THE MOON

by Paulina Puruntatameri

If I went to the moon,  
I would be the first Aboriginal to walk upon it.  
I would travel in a rocket.  
For all my friends on Earth  
I would send letter sticks to them.

When I would land on the moon  
I would paint Aboriginal art on rocks  
To tell about my arrival on the moon.  
I would also erect pukamani poles and ceremonial spears.

If I would go to the moon  
It would be on National Aboriginal's Day;  
It would be a great day for all Aboriginals to celebrate  
For an Aboriginal Astronaut.

## IF I HAD TO GO TO THE MOON

by Patrick Puruntatameri

I wouldn't really want to go to the moon because it's a different planet, and it's a long way away from home. To get to the moon I would go by rocket, which will take me safely up there. Up on the moon I wouldn't be doing nothing such as playing football or swimming, etc., because the whole place is rocky and filled with craters. Also there is no air to breathe.

Up on the moon I'd like to see different rocks and the big craters. These make a big difference from our planet, Earth; otherwise I wouldn't be doing much up there except to look around. I would feel scared because it looks so strange, with weird rock shapes; and I'd feel so lonely since I'd have no one to talk to.

The moon is shaped like a damper just by looking at it from the Earth. When it is half moon, it is shaped like a banana.

To go to the moon I would need to take a space suit, heavy boots, bottled air to help me breathe, food, and water.

THE POOR BOY AND THE KING by Andrew Leku

Once there was a poor boy in England who was staying in his little ragged hut next to a big lovely castle. It happened one winter that he couldn't find any food. So one night this boy went and stole some food from the king's kitchen. In the morning, the cook told the king that the food had been stolen. So the king got into his chariot and went straight to find the boy because he was so angry. When the king got to the boy's hut, he found him sleeping, but he didn't wake him up to question him. He just let him go. For the king had forgiven him for stealing the food from the royal kitchen because he realized that the boy couldn't find his food anywhere during the winter.

THE FAT LADY'S CAR

by Marius Puruntatameri

It was a dark Friday evening as the old lady parked her car in front of Woolworth's supermarket. On the other side of the big store, a big fat Chinaman was standing watching the old lady as she went in. As she was a fat old lady anyway, he thought, he'd flog her car. So he ran across the street and jumped in the car. He drove off, laughing his head off, saying to himself how easy it was to steal the car. Anyway, in the back seat of the car was a bull terrier. The dog's mouth was dripping wet, and his teeth were sticking out like a vampire ready to give a love bite. It so happened that the Chinaman didn't like the sight of any dogs, especially this bull terrier. So you can imagine when he looked in the mirror and finally saw the dog in the back seat with his mouth wide open. The poor Chinaman's eyes nearly popped out with fright, and his body was sweating, just thinking the dog was about to swallow him. So before the old lady knew what had happened, the car was safely parked in the same position as it was before. The Chinaman swore to himself that he would never again steal a car as long as he lives.

THE GREEDY LITTLE DOG

by Barney Winunguf

*There once lived a greedy little dog who would steal meat or bones from other dogs around the village. He was so very clever that he would come behind another dog and he would quickly flog it, and the other dog just stands there wondering what happened.*

*So one day all the dogs gathered around and had a meeting about the greedy little dog. Finally a decision was made. The next day all the dogs went around where this greedy dog lived.*

*One of the leaders had some meat in his teeth and started to run around the greedy little dog. Suddenly the leader found that he had no meat and started to call for help. Soon all the dogs came from all directions, and the greedy dog found that he was surrounded. He knew he wasn't clever enough after all to get away. He was so scared he ran around in a circle, and suddenly collapsed, while many stars were roaming around in his head.*

### ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS

by Didomain Uibo

The first time I ever had been away from Numbulwar was the time I went for a Home Management Course in 1969 for three months. I left by Connair, across to Groote Eylandt, and then I waited at the airstrip with my cousin and her husband who had met me there. When the friendship plane was ready to take off, I wasn't really sure how to put on the seat belt, so the hostess did it up for me. I was very upset and crying on the way to Darwin. The hostess was so nice to me, she gave me biscuits and drinks, and asked me if there was someone to meet me in Darwin. I said to her that I wasn't really sure. So when we landed at the Darwin airport, she asked me to go along with her. I stayed with her until a lady who was sent to meet me asked me if I was the girl she was expecting; and I said "yes", so she took me in the car and we went to the Training Centre. To this day, I still remember the kindness of the hostess in my moment of sadness and loneliness.

### ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS

by Dominic Kolumboort

When I went to Adelaide in 1967, I was very sad and lonely, but soon I got used to it. What helped the most was my new friends. The very first night I met a kind young man who was to become my best friend during the whole month and a half stay. Others also became good friends of mine. They treated me very much like a brother, and took me around the city.

### CYCLONE TRACY

by Josephine Edmond

I was in Darwin for Christmas with my brother-in-law and his wife. Suddenly something told me that something horrible was going to happen, and I felt afraid. When it was night, I went to have a sleep, just for a while; but I kept on thinking and thinking. Then my brother-in-law's wife came and woke me up. I was very, very frightened myself. I could hear noises like the whistling sound of the wind, heavy rain, thunder, things flying over the roof and around the house. It was like a war coming, with bombs dropping on Darwin. We did not know what to do, so we went into the bathroom. I felt so bad, like there was a hard nut inside me. I said to myself, "Well, this is the end of me!" We waited the night out with fear in our hearts. When the cyclone went past after all, I was thinking of my family back home, and I started to cry. Still to this day I won't forget what happened in Darwin.

## THE MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS

by Tom Bakamana Yunupingu

There was a man who never believed in ghost stories. People used to tell him all sorts of frightening stories, but they wouldn't frighten him. Then one chilly Autumn evening when the leaves were falling and the wind was still and cold, Sam was drawn to attention by two small lights flickering and moving through the air. For a moment he stood there looking through the window, wondering what it was. Suddenly the wind became a sighing, moaning sound like a million people sighing, moaning, and whispering all at once. Sam was now looking very weird; his face was turning into a bluish color, and his mind was taken over by a strong force, which made him follow the two lights. Out of the house he went through the woods towards the graveyard. Sam soon realized that he was standing in the middle of the graveyard. He could still see the lights, but they had stopped moving. The wind was now howling, and something was happening to the lights. They seemed to be forming the shape of a man holding a scythe. The frightening sight started to walk towards Sam. Its eyes were now red and glowing in the dark. Sam felt cold blood running down his veins, his hair was standing up on end. He felt like running, instead he screamed in a high voice: "A-a-a-ahhh, my God! Somebody help me." He felt cold hands grab him, and it made him jump with fright. He felt like a frozen man. "It's only me, the caretaker," said a voice from behind.

## THE TIME WHEN I WAS MOST AFRAID

by Tess Nabaldjari

When I was a little girl, I was very afraid of one little animal that crawled on the ground. One day my mother and another lady were thinking to go camping to the other side of the creek, and I said to Mum, "Where are we going today, Mum?" She tricked me and said that we were going for yams. But we went to the creek where there were lots of little worms and snakes. Then Mum put me down, and I was walking by myself with a little digging stick. Soon I saw that horrible worm and I was screaming, "Mum, help! help!" I thought it was a snake. I could not run, I was so scared. Mum came running for me because I was so very frightened. I never went away from Mum that day, and I stayed very close to my mother all the time.

## THE TIME I WAS MOST AFRAID

by Mary Liddy

One night, Mum told me to take the children to the pictures. It was raining, and the grass along the road was about ten feet high. Anyway, I dressed the kids and off we went to the pictures, walking, of course, since I didn't know how to drive then.

The movie was a scary one, about a girl's spirit in this hotel, and whoever used a certain room was killed by her. After the movie finished, we started to walk home. Halfway home, a bolt of lightning hit a power line and we had a blackout. Walking along the road, we could hear funny noises and the worst of all, the sound of frogs-- and I am dead scared of frogs. Then suddenly a frog jumped onto my leg and I screamed. When I screamed, all the kids screamed and started to run. Then I told them it was just a frog, so they all held on to me and we got home O.K.

I put the kids to bed and looked for Mum, but she was not around, so I thought she was out visiting someone. All I had was a torch, so I walked into my room and shone the torch around. When I put the light behind the door, all I could see was a white hairy face, I got such a fright, I could not even scream. I just stood there for a minute with my mouth open. Then I screamed. That's all I remember, because when I woke up I realized that I had fainted; and my mother got a fright, because she thought I had a heart attack. The person behind the door was my mother all along; she could hear all the screaming coming from the pictures, so she thought she would give us a fright at home too.

She has never done it since.

## THE TIME I WAS MOST AFRAID

by Elizabeth McCracken

I was sleeping in my room back at Borroloola, and I had a bad dream. Then I walked out of my room, still asleep. When my sister saw me, she ran and pulled me back inside the room.

In the morning, my father asked me what happened last night. I told him that I dreamed about a girl with black hair, who wanted me to follow her to a cave. She looked so tall, and her colour was black, and when I looked at her face, it was so dark. I was looking at her for a long time, standing still in fright. When I asked her where she came from, she said "from the dark cave near the hill next to the graveyard." When she told me that, I didn't want to follow her. When my sister saw me get up, she was so scared; but I'm glad she got me and brought me back to bed.

## HUNTING MOTHERS

by Judy Lawuk

One day out in the bush, I was sitting by myself looking after some children while their mothers had gone out hunting, some for crabs, and some for sugarbags. While I was there, a white cockatoo came towards me. When I heard this sound, it made me think there was someone coming from behind me, and I felt very worried for myself and for all the kids that were there with me. I was also very frightened because something was going to happen. While I was minding the children, I looked this way and that way.

Then there was something moving in front of me, about 200 yards away. I bent down and I saw six legs, now standing still, not even moving themselves. I tried to tell the children what was happening to us. Then they started crying, but I told them not to cry or the strangers might come nearer. After all, we saw something like a long shovel spear pointing our way.

First I sent four children to run to the open place, and I tried my best with the other three. We could see these men, all painted with white clay, and everybody was wearing something around their head and around their hips, with their hair standing up straight towards the sky. So I took the other three children and away we ran, heading towards where the ladies had gone hunting. When we got to where the ladies were, far from the distance we could hear this sound, like a dingo crying. But it was not really a dingo, it was all those men who were there at the spot where we were having our picnic. They stole our food and water, matches, and other things, leaving nothing except one container of water, tea and sugar belonging to an old lady named "Gummut". She is really a clever woman in hunting; she was running around frightening those men. By the time we got there, the men left for home. After carrying the babies to an open space, we settled down again, and had a lovely picnic with the children. Just the same, I never go out hunting all the time, because that incident really frightened me.

## SCARE ON THE JOB

by Phillip Bush

When I was working in the Darwin mortuary in 1974, I scared a person so bad that he was shaking a half hour later.

The job I had to do was fairly simple, it was to cut bodies open ready for the doctor to check it; after its check I then sewed it up.

Well, one day while I had a body open upon the table, I heard a knock on the door. Thinking it was the "Doc", I opened the door and stepped back behind the writing table. However, the person who knocked was one of the maintenance men who were fixing the automatic motor for the fridge; he just came to see if it was working properly inside. Anyway, he was standing on the same side as me, but outside the building, so he couldn't see me. When he looked in, all he could see was the open body; as for me, I could see no one. Anyway, we both moved towards the door and saw each other at exactly the same time. I was shirtless and had blood all over my plastic apron, rubber gloves, and a scalpel. He turned white, and with bulging eyes he raised his shifting spanner to strike me; but I moved out of the way in time. When I moved back, he also reversed his movement, running backwards very fast.

## SHIPS

by Gwen Rranu

For many thousands of years until this age, nearly all the great explorations across the world were made under sail. The kind most used was either the rectangular sail or the square sail. It hung from a pole, the yard being fastened to the mast by a loop.

There were many ship builders around the world, some built tall masted ships called clippers. Mostly these people came from Europe, England, India, Japan, and many other countries. They had brave soldiers or pirates who used to fight across the oceans and also on land. It was by ship that the Europeans came to Australia.

## GROG

by Don White

Back in 1949 people in Bagot lived very happily. In the time Aboriginals were wards, which meant you had no right to drink, no right to walk on the street in the city of Darwin without being picked up by the police. If an Aboriginal man or woman was seen out, they would spend the weekend in a cell until the police notified the welfare officer. The same thing was true if an Aboriginal got drunk. In the courthouse Aboriginals never said a word; the welfare officer would do the talking, and would pay their fine. When the trial was over, the people would be sent back straight away to the reserve, although in the early days it was called "compound".

During my early childhood life was neither good nor bad. As I grew, times have changed, laws changed. Even then, I did not change, nor other people; life was normal. But as we lived on, I've seen older men wanting to get right to a hotel for grog. Everytime a man would go up and ask the Director of Welfare for a right, he might be told he wasn't ready yet. But some men did not give up so easily. As I grew a bit older, some men got picked or chosen by the director to have the right to drink and enter hotels; I was one of them.

I worked at Bagot as a clerical assistant when the Bill of Rights was introduced for Aboriginals in the Northern Territory. The Bill was passed, saying that Aboriginals now could drink. Without realizing what grog might do to me-- which eventually did happen--I nearly lost everything. When our people started drinking grog death or trouble soon followed afterward.

I'll name two kinds of machinery that killed two Aboriginals: a bulldozer and a diesel train. It should have been an example, but it didn't seem to matter much because some people always think that it won't happen to them, nor any other kind of disaster.

Many of us don't know, some do; no one is perfect. I would like to be able to write more and tell you how close I came to disaster, but I'd rather not talk about it.

I'd like to close with a happy ending: being close to your family can be really enjoyable, and nothing can be better. It is a permanent kind of happiness, not just for a few hours or with a few friends; it can last a lifetime.

## GROG

by Susan Cebu

Drinking grog is not a bad thing, and it's not good either. In fact, it can be different, depending on how you talk, act, and respond.

In my personal life taking a little grog is something I like, not that I love drinking so much, but I like talking seriously and enjoying myself with people. Sometimes it makes me happy, other times talkative, still other times sleepy. Drinking can be social, for example, meeting people, learning interesting things, such as about races, languages, customs, and ways. Drinking grog can be the good side of life---if you treat it that way.

## GROG

by Waki Wakinpi

*Grog is different for many people. Some people get angry, some people get happy. Some people go to sleep, but it gets bad if they don't come to work the next day. Some people really feel like drinking grog, others won't take any.*

## POEM ON GROG

by Tom Bakamana Yunupingu

You make us warm,  
You make us laugh,  
You make us aggressive,  
You make us sing,  
You make us dance,  
You make us happy,  
You make us sleepy.  
What are you?  
You have great power.  
What can you do with that power?  
You can destroy with that power!  
You make friends fight one another,  
You make the aggressive drunk and sleepy,  
You make the happy sad and the sad happy.  
But what you do, you do for a short time.

## GROG

by Kevin Rrurrambu

I don't know very much about how grog would affect everyone that drinks it, and I don't even know what it tastes like. But I have a few ideas of what grog can do to us if we drink too much in our lifetime. These are some of the things that happen during the drinking period. It can change a personality from good to bad to worst, from rich to poor to beggar, from strong and healthy to weak and sick. This particular thing we intend to have so much can easily take our good personalities, wisdom, and talents as well.

And then in the end we don't know exactly what lies ahead in the future for us. It can bring happiness in such a short time, but then comes the headaches, heartaches, troubles, and family separation. Maybe its alright to drink, if only a small amount.

I believe that grog works this way: when a person drinks it, he starts to feel funny; the transmitter within the skull is blocked. Then it begins transmitting fake pictures. Sometimes it slows down our brain, and if we are driving a car in this condition, then we are victims already. Why? Because the brain stops functioning, and therefore when some information is coming to us from out of the environment, such as a person on the road or a car in front of us, stop to turn right, right! Then we're in real trouble, trying to figure out whether to put the brakes on, or to turn left and hit a tree, or overtake and meet an oncoming car. Then...the hospital ...or six feet underground. Also if we drink without care, our liver will get smaller, and smaller, *and smaller*, and then death...

## A FRIGHTENING SIGHT

by Helen Nelson

Once there was a little boy who saw a frightening thing up in the sky. Then he ran back to his mother and told her, "Mother, I saw something that frightened me. It is up in the sky and looks like a monster." And the mother said, "There's no monster in the sky." But the boy said, "Yes, it is a monster, Mum, it's over there." So the mother went outside and the boy pointed to it; and the mother said, "That's no monster, son; it's the moon."

## MY STORY

by Helen Nelson

When I was a little girl, I knew how to speak Warlpiri and I could understand Pintupi. I made friends with anyone of the other children; we would talk together and we would play together, and they made me very happy. I remember two funny stories from that time. Once we went hunting goanna with a car, but the car broke down and then we had to walk all the way home. Another time, we saw an emu running, and one man didn't have any rifle to shoot the emu. Everybody was so angry because we missed a good meal.

## A STORY ABOUT MYSELF

by Mangiwa Mandiridju

My name is Mangiwa, my skin name is Ngalwamut. I was born at Goulburn Island in 1942. I'm married and I've got one boy who is 17; he left school and he's working. I've got two sisters and one brother. In 1964 I started teaching in the Pre-school. The School used to be run by the mission. In 1965 I went to Milingimbi for three months, then I went back to Goulburn Island, where I used to work as a teaching assistant. In that year I really got interested with the little ones. At the end of 1965 I went to Brisbane University for a Summer Institute of Linguistics Course for ten weeks; it was my first trip to one of the states. In 1966 I worked at Goulburn Island School, continuing for two years. During those two years I had to do some language work with the linguistics teacher and learn to read and write my own language. Then, in 1968, I went to do more training and working in the Community Centres in Darwin (Pre-school) for three months in the middle of the year; after that I went back home. Then in 1969 and 1970 I was very, very interested in teaching the little ones, and that's the time that I really wanted to find out about the development of a young child. I'm still interested in doing a course about education in early childhood.

In 1970 I had applied for a Churchill scholarship to study in New Zealand for three months. I tried, but I couldn't get through because so many people were asking for one. So in 1971 and 1972 I was a member of the Aboriginal Benefit Trust Fund for the two years. Then in 1972 I was awarded a grant of \$2000 to do studies in Hawaii and Fiji. When I was in Hawaii I was studying at the East-West Centre of the University of Hawaii. I was very pleased because I had wanted to do more study of the teaching of English as a second language. During that year I had lots of experiences of seeing and meeting other people from other parts of the world, and learning different things about their culture. At the end of 1972 I returned to Goulburn Island and started teaching again.

And now, this year, 1976, I am doing my third year training. When I finish, I'll be a Band 1 teacher. When I go back to Goulburn Island I will help my people to become better people through their children's future.

I would like to add that when I was at Hawaii I did a lot of batik work. I also stayed with a Hawaiian family, and their way of life interested me very much because the way they live was very similar in many ways to the way we Aborigines live. It gave me a strong sense of pride in our people and our culture.

## LIFE STORY ABOUT MYSELF

by Tobias Ardenitchie Ngunbe

My name is Tobias Ardenitchie Ngunbe. The middle name is the name my parents gave me. It is the name of a place and creek, which is in my father's tribal land (country). Anyway, if the middle name is too hard, you can call me "Archie"; that's the name most young people call me, but the old ones call me "Ardenitchie".

I was born at Port Keats in the year 1957. When I was about five years old, I was put in the dormitory with the rest of the boys. There we were cared for by the priest and brothers, and it was very hard, because we were put to bed very early. We got up early, and did everything by the clock. For our meals we had to walk over to where the kitchen or dining hall was, which was in the girls' area. And nearly all the time the bigger boys and girls would quarrel. They were always bad friends, but the girls would always look after us (the small boys). We went to a school which was run by nuns. In the afternoon we would play sports or if we weren't good at school, we'd work outside the school area, pulling out weeds or sweeping the classrooms.

On Saturdays the boys would play football and then have free time down at the camp. Then on Sundays we were all taken out to the beach for a picnic. But we were told not to mix with the girls. If anyone was seen going towards the girls' area, he was told to come back straight away, or else!?!

In 1969, twelve boys were picked to go down South to Queensland for the holiday. I was one of them. While we were there, we put on a concert for the people we stayed with. We also visited the main part of the city of Brisbane. The best part was "The Lone Pine Sanctuary Zoo" on the Brisbane River. It was good fun riding down on a ferry boat. There we saw our first koala bear.

In 1970 we moved from our school to a new one near the airstrip. By that time I was in grade six and also the captain of one of the teams. In the same year we went to Darwin to play football against Kormilda College and St. John's College. I was their captain. In the first game, Kormilda beat us by one point, and in the second game St. John's beat us by one goal. It was the first time we ever played away from home.

In 1972 I was sent down to Monival College which is in Hamilton, Vic. At first I didn't like the place which was cold and had many different faces. I was always feeling homesick and wanted to go back home. But after a while, I got used to the place and began to feel at home. The B.I. boys made me play footy with them, and I joined the team which Teddy and Marius played for. I also joined the College 2nd 18 footy team. I also played basketball; our team was called 'Blackies' because we were Aborigines and Nauruan boys. At the college I stayed for three years. After that I went back home and joined the T.A.'s at our school. I helped in the grade three class; also the principal gave me the job as a sportmaster with another man who came from Fiji. I enjoyed working as sportmaster. We organized many games for the children. One was going to Daly River Mission to play against them; but it rained for three weeks and made the main road wet and boggy, so we just played at home.

This year I came here to do my first year teacher training, so that I can help my people. I hope to come back for my second year in 1978. To finish off, I'll tell you a bit about my family. I've got one brother and one sister who are both married and have children. My brother has five children (3 boys, 2 girls); my sister has two (1 boy, 1 girl). My father is from the Murrinh-Patha tribe, and Mum is Murrinh-ke, so that means I'm Murrinh-Patha.

Bere manan·ga murrinhte wardakathu.

## BIOGRAPHY--BOYHOOD

by Kevin Rogers

When I was a boy, all my friends and myself used to go down to the river to swim. In those days the water was so clear and blue that you could see a person swimming underwater. Sometimes we swam across, and played on the other side of the river. We also chased wild pigs which lived by the banks of the river. It was all fun and sometimes we didn't go back to school after the lunch hour. But we never got away with it; the head teacher gave us the cane the next day. After that we never missed school. I think when I was a boy it was the best time of my life. I really miss the good old days very much.

## STORY

by John Coster

One day I went to the outstation. I was walking along the road when I saw a car going to the outstation. Some people asked me if I was going that way, and I said "yes, can you please give me a ride?" So I went and I saw my father and mother, brother and sister. My father told me, "Tomorrow we will go hunting for kangaroo and some birds, and we'll bring them home to your mother and brother to cook." So we went hunting, and I had a great time. The next day after that another man and I wanted to go to Nangalala, and then I was going to Ramangining. The people asked me if I was happy at the outstation, and I said "Yes, I was."

## STORY ABOUT MYSELF

BY Stanley Jakara Brett

When I was about nine years old, I used to go out every Saturday with my parents. They used to mind the goats and bring their own tucker with them. One day I missed school on a Monday and went after my parents because I used to like to ride on the goats' back. After morning tea I think the teacher sent my brother, Sonny, who was 10 years old then. He was very wild and angry at me, and I heard him call out to me: "When I get you, Stan, I'll pull you down from that tree and give you the stick on the bottom!" Then I quickly climbed down from the tree and went towards him, saying: "Come on, brother, it's greater fun than going to school, we can ride the goats and eat bush foods." However, after lunch the teacher sent our two sisters, named Hilda and Kathy. Sonny and I tried hard to tell them to join us and ride the goats, but they just gave us the sticks on our little bottoms and took us to the school. On the road, Sonny and I were crying while our sisters followed us with the sticks in their hands. They took us straight to the teacher, who was red-faced and angry indeed, and she got hold of our shirts and took us into the shower and wet us with our clothes on. She made all the children laugh at us, and gave us goat's horns to wear. The other kids laughed because Sonny and I had the horns on and stood on the table. That gave Sonny and me a lesson not to miss school again.

## MY FAVOURITE STORY

by Ignace Dirrilk Kinthari

During our practice teaching, Tobias, myself, and some young boys decided to go out for a picnic to the mouth of Port Keats. So Tobias prepared his 25 horsepower motor and the dinghy, and it was all set. Next thing we did was to get the boys in the right position, and in about two or three minutes we were on our way. As we went along, the boys started to play and talk because they were so happy. As we turned the next corner, a jet plane flew overhead and nearly all the boys jumped up and down, and began to shout and wave at the plane. Tobias was angry with them and told them they would have to get off around the next bend. They said "yes", so we turned and let them off, and we gave them one bottle of water mixed with cordial. We told them we would be back by lunch time, and then off we went. This time there were only five of us in the dinghy, and we went at a terrific speed and arrived at Island Bay in about two minutes. We slowed down and stopped, and we all got out and dragged the boat to shore. Tobias and my cousin took a gun and went to get some kangaroo. While they were gone, Victor Parmbuk and myself stayed behind to keep an eye on the dinghy. About an hour later the two were back with one middle-sized kangaroo.

We took it back to where the other boys were waiting. From there the boys jumped in the boat, and we went straight on to Ardenitchie (a place Tobias is named after). We left the boat tied to a tree, and we started to walk across the plain for about half a mile, got there, and started cooking the kangaroo. While we were cooking, the rest of the boys were collecting tamarind, and a few were swimming. In about an hour and a half, the kangaroo was ready, the boys came back, and we began eating. Then we walked back to the boat and were on our way home. However, we knew the fuel was getting low, so at the next bend Toby had to stop, and a few of us got off to wait for him to go home with the smaller boys, and to refuel. So we waited for half an hour, but it was getting dark; so we made a big fire and sat there. Finally, one of the boys heard the engine; it was Tobias coming back for us. He picked us up and we were on our way home. It was really a great day.

## GETTING AFRAID

by Waki Wakinpi

Sometimes people are afraid at night; they hear things at night time and get afraid. When a child is afraid it starts crying. Last night I walked to my best friend's place because I was afraid, and I called out to him. Last night we were sitting around the campfire, and one old bloke told us a story about a ghost. After that we went to sleep, and I thought I saw a ghost with big red eyes, coming straight to me. It was my dog. When I was asleep, I had a bad dream and I was afraid the ghost was coming through the door. That's why I was so afraid and went to my friend's.

## A DREAMTIME STORY

by Albert Jangala Gallagher

Once there were two monsters from a big cave. One morning, one of the monsters said that he was going hunting. He told his mate to get some firewood ready. When the hunter had gone away, he went very far, for it was late afternoon and the sun was going down. He climbed up a hill, and he looked and looked until he saw some smoke coming out from the trees. He walked down very slowly so he wouldn't roll any rocks. When he got nearer, he saw a man that he thought was sleeping, but the man was actually a witch doctor. He wasn't sleeping, he was only pretending. Since the monster had seen him at first when he was up on the hill, he got the man and put him on his shield. Now he thought that maybe the man was dead, but he wasn't. So the monster started walking home with the man; he was really happy because the man would be his food. When they had gotten far, the man woke up and felt that he was being carried away from his camp. Since the monster was walking straight towards some trees, the man got hold of a limb and hung on to the tree until the monster was very far away. Then he jumped down and ran back to his camp.

Meanwhile the monster was walking back with his shield on his shoulder, empty. When he got near to his camp, he saw his mate making a fire; it was so dark. When his mate saw him, he looked at the shield and said, "Why are you carrying your shield empty?" When the other monster saw his shield empty he was very angry, and started arguing with his mate until they both started fighting. They both speared each other and died. When the witch doctor came around, he just saw birds everywhere. So he made a big fire and burned them.

## THE LEGEND OF JINANI

by Paulina Puruntatameri

Japarra, Purrukuparli, and Wayayi  
Came to this world.

Wayayi became Purrukuparli's wife  
She gave birth to him a son.

A great joy to Purrukuparli  
He was Jinani  
He would be a great hunter  
A leader for all the tiwi.

Japarra made love to Wayayi  
They stayed away too long  
Jinani was dead  
Through the heat of the Sun.

Purrukuparli was filled with  
Anger, sorrow, and grief.  
He fought with Japarra--  
Japarra wounded with a spear  
Left him a scar.

Japarra pleaded  
For the dead son's life.  
There he will die  
And return after.  
Purrukuparli stamped solemnly & angrily  
Everyone must die  
And must never return--  
And so everyone must die.

## THE MAN IN THE MOUNTAIN

by Faith Mangiru

Once upon a time in the dreamtime, there was a man who lived beyond dark caves in a mountain. He had ugly sharp teeth, red misty eyes, and long hair.

In the village some people were staying, but they didn't know about the man who lived beyond dark caves in the mountain. One day one of the tribes people said, "I am going hunting beyond those mountains." So off he went hunting in the misty mountains. As he was walking, he caught sight of many beautiful birds in the whistling wind of the breeze. When at last he came to a creek, he said to himself: "Oh, what a wonderful place, and what lovely water from the mountain spring." And when he was sitting, he heard a rumbling sound coming like mighty thunder beyond the dark mountain. Suddenly he was so frightened, wondering where the sound was coming from; he didn't know what to do.

Then the sound of the wind was coming closer and closer towards him, and he heard a voice saying to him from the wind: "Who are you? I want to eat you for my meat tonight." The man ran and hid behind a big white gum tree, listening to the misty man coming with big great steps; in his hand he had a giant stick and a mighty spear. But the man was so quiet and frightened that the big ugly misty man came by and missed him, passing the big gum tree.

Then the wind was getting faster and stronger, and the man got more frightened. Suddenly the mighty wind stopped and the cool breeze faded slowly away, away beyond the dark misty mountains. Then the man got up from behind the gum tree, wondering and saying to himself: "Why did I come near these mountains and hear the strange sounds and mighty wind like thunder from that big ugly man? Well, I will never come back to these mountains beyond the caves, because all of this has frightened me so much."