

**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

**Express Yourself**



## **Story/Yarn/Article/Play**

Bruno Starrs, Terry Walker, Lena-Jean Charles-Loffel, June Murray, Monica Phillips, Jade Miller, Daisy Atkinson, Rita Watkins, Kaitlyn Elliott, Shania McEntes, Delrae Lui, Dream Learn Achieve Students, Kyle Bardic, Jaimie-Lee Hindmarsh, Joshua Baginski, Isaiah Jukes, Raiden Jukes, Shyarna Thompson, Shantae Cameron, Parris Sanders, Zac Henningsen, Allie McDonald, Gavin McDonald, Jakara Wise, Elgin Stone, Tallara Saunders, Keith Jackson, Jay Bee Bryant, Tallara Fitzgerald, Biance Rose, Ezekiel Hodge, Wundurra Handy, Ali-kye Duus, Arnika Lamb, Mia Cooper, Karla Edwards-Worn, Ethan Hodge, Tahlia -Ann Weis, Sharaya McLaughlin, Charlotte Doyle, Justina Harrison, Nullay Payne, Zayne Weis, Rhylan Weekley, Jahlisa Cooper

## **Stories in Aboriginal Languages of this region**

Bruno Starrs, Merle Miller, Belinda Briggs, Kian Wise, Alli Morgan, Alkira Power, Jakara Wise, Lillie Walker, Kayleb Boland, Shanikwa Allen, Michael Lancaster, Nakiah Bamblett, Kianra Morehu, Sonny Croes, Shayne Crow, Jye Ahmat, Latarlia Gratton, Nerrissa Leitch, Jason Bowden, Kallahney Turner, Kaicha Crowe, Gavin Handy, Elijah Hansen, Sommer Croes, Sam Leitch, Kyla Boland, Diego Oelfke, Chenoa Lovett-Lindrea, Taylor Lonnie, Curtis Hood, Jacinta Baxter, Nakari Joachim

## **Poem/Lyric/Rap**

Fallon Harris, Sharon Mununggurr, Kaye Briggs, Felicia Dean, Victoria Webbe, Daisy Atkinson, Shakur Stone, Kian Wise, Chelsea Merkel, Taylah Cochrane, Zayne Gilbert, Chelsea Charles-Brown, Miranda Cox, Corey Doyle, Markiah Wise, Des Farrell



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**Story/Yarn/Article/Play**

**Open Winner:**

**“The Fairbairn Twins”**

**Bruno Starrs**

**Youth Winner:**

**A Peaceful Evening**

**Kyle Bardic**

**Junior Winner:**

**Aboriginal Art**

**Allie McDonald**



**GREATER SHEPPARTON**

**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**



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Open

Story/Yarn/Article/Play

Winner:

“The Fairbairn Twins”

Bruno Starrs



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**Open**

## **Story/Yarn/Article/Play**

- OS 1     “The Fairbairn Twins”  
           Bruno Starrs
- OS 2     Problem Student or Troubled Students  
           Terry Walker
- OS 3     Conversations With My Sixteen Year Old Self  
           Lena-Jean Charles-Loffel
- OS 4     The Story of My Sister  
           June Murray
- OS 5     “One Fine Day”  
           Monica Phillips
- OS 6     The World Indigenous Peoples: Great Money Conundrum  
           Jade Miller
- OS 7     Rose Coloured Glasses  
           Daisy Atkinson
- OS 8     A true story of what happened in my early days  
           Rita Watkins



**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**

## The Fairbairn Twins.

“Yes, twenty minutes apart, so Eugene’s actually the older of the pair.”

“And yet so much smaller!”

“Well, he had a problem breathing. He was in the humidicrib for three days. He looked like an angry little beetroot-faced Hampshire. We thought he wouldn’t pull through and we had the Father baptize him right there, in the Calvary Hospital wards, lest his immortal soul end up in Limbo. Meanwhile, his brother Kenny took to the breast like a poddy calf, always butting and butting and crying out for more!”

“Beetroot-faced Hampshire! Ha! Well, Kenny’s certainly a bonny little piglet now! Such handsome brown curls, he’ll be popular with the ladies, I bet!”

“Yes, well, they’re twins, so I daresay Eugene will be a handsome young man in his own right, some day.”

“Oh, of course he will, darl, in his own right ...”

And that’s how the physical disparity between the two boys was always explained to well-meaning busybodies by their nervous but well-meaning mother. Mrs Fairbairn, such a soft and vulnerable mother sow, was constantly craving for lust or hurt, and sadly felt too often that her children were sufficient proof of her not deserving either.

Kenny Fairbairn, although second out the baby chute, had certainly gotten the head start nutritionally while Eugene struggled for life in the hospital. So grew accordingly. And Eugene was frequently ill in bed whereas Kenny recovered from the various childhood afflictions all Australian kiddies caught with what seemed like superhuman speed.

The days languishing alone in his sick-bed were not wasted, however, for Eugene was a voracious reader. First of all were the *Little Golden Cliché Books* that he un-guiltily stole from the oft-attended doctor’s waiting rooms, which were well enough to start anyone’s reading career, but then he was consuming volume after volume of *The World Encyclopaedia Book Collection*, as each pound and a half to two pound instalment of the brown and cream faux leather-bound encyclopaedia was delivered to the Fairbairn family’s The Ridgeway View address. Often, he would trace the pictures with HB pencil onto large thin sheets of left over white butcher’s paper.

Copies of the local newspaper were quite frequently also deposited in his lap once his father had finished reading them. He was even given a high school copy of the textbook *Biological Science: The Disturbing Web of Life* by Kenny one day. Salvaged from the *Mission for Australia* charity bin adjacent to the Anglican Church, naturally enough. Kenny had already torn out the full colour pictures of human reproductive organs. Whether this was for Eugene’s protection or Kenny’s self-gratification, he never found out. Nor did he really want to. Although, had he seen them, he would have valued their inspiration for drawing the human figure.

At school, Kenny developed valuable, entrepreneurial alliances because of his physical presence. At home, Eugene developed his smug sense of superiority.

Mother.

Well, Mother - it had to be said - was profoundly inferior due to her folded flabs of powdery flesh and ever willing (if not desperately cloying) need to please. Hers was a vast repertoire

of adipose tissue and softened will. She was huge and no longer a lissom shoat. Eugene tried to sketch her once but was filled with a choking wet, guilty loathing.

Father.

His father was profoundly inferior on account of his deformed back. His scoliotic back. His hunch back. He was a not-so-distant cousin to the elephant man, many thought. Eugene's sketches of him always turned into cruel cartoons.

So much of intellectual Eugene seemed to not really belong to his barnyard family of animals. Not *really*, really belong, that is. A little part of him knew it was wrong, but he hated nearly everyone he came in contact with, and most of all his family. They knew way too much and yet also not enough about each other. But they had their uses. People outside his family served simply to thwart Eugene's intentions, and exasperate his plans, and foil his endeavours, and to even make his goals seem foolish and capricious. Never could they understand his burning need to express some unique fact, some never-before-expressed thing. When he could do that he would have mastered the art of existing. Then could he say: 'I am Eugene Fairbairn, I am a Somebody!'

Mother, Father and most undoubtedly Kenny, were non-entities compared to the Somebody he would one day be acknowledged as. By the world. The world beyond The Ridgeway View. The world beyond Queanbeyan and Canberra. Yes, the world beyond Australia, too.

But finally Mother had gone too far.

"You must show us your paintings someday, Eugene. Show us what they're all about."

His paintings! Even when he did eventually graduate, like a scholar, from pen and ink, charcoal and graphite on paper to the exalted oils on canvas, he knew she, his own uneducated Mother, like Kenny, could never understand what they were 'about'.

She had certainly gone too far.

In every other respect apart from his animality, Eugene would grudgingly acquit, his father George Fairbairn was a handsome human. He had lips strong but rough - perhaps from too few lovers (in fact, just one, whom he married, with nary a shotgun in sight, his father would sometimes joke, almost as lamely as his gait). Most noticeably, though, Eugene's father's face was blessed with eyes of a vivid slate blue, or periwinkle blue, or sky blue - depending on the available light - and further blessed with a halo of golden grey hair which was so thick, if left to grow would soon take on dimensions rivalling that of a pomaded rockabilly. Even with conservative barbering, his hair curled erect and quivering without ever breaking, a frosted wave of keratin, and Eugene always shrank from its virility whereas Kenny always grabbed thick wads of it with both fists, as if he could wrestle his father that way when no other way was physically safe. Even as a child, Kenny was prone to feeling cautious because of their Father's twisted back and his own outsized youthful musculature.

In addition to his handsome head of hair, Mr Fairbairn had an easy going, engaging smile and many women could understand how these facial attributes alone permitted his once pretty wife to see beyond the crookedness of his posture.

The cautious Eugene was not so easily deceived, however, by the gratuities of bone structure and follicular genetics.

One late cloudy afternoon, in an otherwise un-noteworthy February, when Kenny was at rugby pre-season training and he was contagious with something or other, the measles or some alternatively common childhood illness, Eugene was leaning across the post and rail fence's lowest rung in the late afternoon sunlight, trying hard not to scratch the lesions on his

skin, when his father slowly alighted from the bus, about a hundred yards further along their own Boomerang Crescent.

His walk, which the nine year old Eugene studied objectively, clinically, from the shameless cover of distance, was an asymmetrical, crab-wise shamle and would surely prompt the less generous of observers to wonder if the approaching man were actually inhuman. As Eugene himself so often ungenerously did. The man was awkwardly articulated and titters always rose from clumps of children when he passed them in the street, as smoothly as a three wheeled shopping trolley might also pass them.

Eugene's critique on that day was all the more severe for being so detached by the distance. A hundred yards is just far enough for intimacy to become impossible. However, as his father rocked his sideways body nearer, so that even the colour in the cheeks could then be discerned, the boy felt familiarity return warmly. But was then dashed when the first words from the smiling, liquid mouth of his inhuman father as he approached the house were:

"Where's Kenny?"

Such cruel words. Such treacherous words. Dishonoured, Eugene ran instantly to the dark protection of the garden shed and its earthen floor and corrugated iron walls with all the wood-working tools reliably in their stencilled places. Behind him his father's uncomprehending laughter broke, like the call of a vindictive kookaburra, and then ricocheted in the velvet dark of the shed in the manner of stray verbal gunshots.

No further proof was necessary: Kenny was the favoured one. From that moment on, in Eugene's mind, Kenny the young gorilla of a brother, was often hated, sometimes tolerated, and all too rarely loved.

Although sometimes, just sometimes, Eugene forgot his envy and adored his big twin. At school, most often, when he, the smaller of the two playground primates, was cruelly taunted for his soaring intellect in the playground. Where the cold, hard concrete would too often collect him if they punched or just shoved. At those times, all his hopes would close down and he'd screw up his eyes in anticipation of the inevitable pain. But then - on the last day it ever happened - something else. Striding in fearlessly, his brother appeared and, windmill arms fists shoulders flying, punched two ape faces and knocked together those of the less academic heads. Saving Eugene's ... bacon.

"That's my brother, Eugene!" Kenny boomed, "We're twins!" and put his arm around Eugene's thin, humiliated shoulders.

He repeated gently to his brother, in a loving whisper; "We're twins."

"I know, I know." Eugene blubbered and gulped back snot as the bullies all scattered.

Johnny Cullen was surprisingly proud of the shiner Kenny had given him, and the Sixth Grader boy's eye stared black and bloodshot well into the next week.

Some thoughtful mentors of children will pontificate upon how schooling constructs sound character by chipping off the edges until they became smooth. But the removal of his edges by other boys revealed no diamond of character at Eugene's core, only shapelessness, like an unintelligible sculpture in a modern art exhibit, and the constant mocking served no more function than to embitter him for the rest of his life. Without his big twin, he often felt helpless against such bullies, with their muscles, their speed and their bodily confidence.

But there was once when the situation was unexpectedly reversed.



Towards the end of one April recess break Eugene wandered around to the school's back playground, content in sucking the last remnant of artificial orange flavour from the hard white ice of his pyramid-shaped *Funny Sunny Boy* frozen treat, and there was his brother, sat down upon his haunches, tears streaming, mucus stringing.

"They called me a ... a ... Aborigine, Eugene. 'Cause of my curly hair and dark skin."

Kenny had taken offence, though he could hardly have explained why. Perhaps it was simply because a verbal offence had been intended.

"Who did, Kenny? Who said that?" And his gentleness sounded like another boy's voice and not even his. So genuine, indeed, were Eugene's words, he might have been caring for and loving himself.

"Macca. And ... and Jonesy."

So Eugene found and assaulted the two, Macca and Jonesy, with his only truly frightening weapon, his well-chosen eloquence. When he had built up a head of righteous steam, Eugene could roar, no less like his brother, although more like a bull, rampaging in the ring:

"To boorish philistines of limited experience such as yourselves," Eugene blasted mercilessly, "My brother and I may not fit your crudely measured racial profiling, but let me assure you morons both, we Fairbairn twins are of fine Anglo Saxon stock, and the Fairbairn name is an historic and well-respected Scottish moniker. There is no Indigeneity in us whatsoever. Kenny is olive-skinned because he is forever out of doors, while his hair is curly because he rarely combs it when it is wet."

Macca and Jonesy, who were both gingered red-heads with skin so white it actually seemed blue at times, were both dumbstruck. For a young man-child, not yet shaving his cheeks or chin, this was quite a bravura speech from Eugene, if necessarily so, but then neither Macca nor Jonesy were big monkeys. From such small remonstrations do schoolyard reputations grow, however, and Eugene found his own expanding in the circuses of Queanbeyan East Primary School and then, after that, at Queanbeyan High School.

Although his brother helped with his devoted, breathless re-telling. How Eugene had saved Kenny's ... bacon.

But Mother set the cat amongst the race pigeons when Kenny brought up the topic of what he'd been called at the dinner table that night, while Father struggled manfully to carve the gristle streaked saddle of mutton.

She was wearing a sleeveless, rose on white, printed polyester frock from which bulged her voluminous triceps, yellow-brown and fat, like meatless sausages. Some days her girlish beauty seemed a blasphemy, so irreverent and unlikely a legend it was, despite the framed photographic evidence propped up there on the mantle-piece, alongside pictures of long gone relatives, deceased relations who had ceased to matter anymore. To emphasise the blasphemy, her throat wattle dried and then knotted, as if she'd suddenly grown a goitre, but in a quick, decisive moment, she inhaled and exhaled and inhaled again deeply and began what really should have been begun years before.

"Actually, your great grandmother on my side was reputed to be an Aboriginal, a fine Pitjantjatjara woman. From the sandy deserts of inland South Australia." She tried to sound confident but her actual nervousness, she could tell, meant her smile was devolving into a visible tic in her face.

"So you two lucky boys are what they call octoroons. One eighth Aboriginal. Not that anyone could ever tell by looking at you, but still. Your Great Grandmother. But we don't really talk

about her because your Great Grandfather, well, he never bothered to make an honest woman of her.”

She was laughing her embarrassed laugh by then, the tic in her cheek leaping about like a demented frog, and their Mother decided to end the guilty little story right there and then. She feared that with all this confessional her nervous voice might soon sound like oinking.

Thankfully, her loose chamois-leather throat began to recover as she served the mash and French beans, but astonishment had silenced Eugene. That Father should act as if it were all of no consequence further compounded his astonishment.

Did his Father actually believe this? This travesty? Did he believed he had married himself a lousy gin, a treacherous boong? Or at least a part-boong? What if the boys at school learned of this? The abuse Eugene suffered would increase tenfold if they thought he really was part-Abo. Him! A coon! A nigger! And it's not as if he could point a bone at them, like aa Aboriginal witch doctor, and turn them all into legless tadpoles! Outrageous! No matter what his Mother said, HE, EUGENE FAIRBAIRN, WAS NOT AN ABORIGINAL!

Eugene was so affected he couldn't eat. He pushed the grey meat around his plate to give the impression to his parents that he was. Some of it went into his mouth, but the beans had never tasted so metallic. Kenny, on the other hand, wolfed his filthy dinner down without hesitation, although it was obvious he too was munching now on new thoughts. And Eugene realised quite quickly that his twin was warming to the idea of having an Aboriginal bloodline. But at that point their mother's suggestion was still being ruminated upon quite slowly, and Kenny masticated the notion along with the mutton gristle.

So, with the argument finally cracked open, like an egg revealing the slime-covered limbs of some monstrous inter-species hatchling, Eugene knew that with its cursed birth all inhibitions regarding the topic would soon be lost. The argument would fester, curdle and inevitably explode like a pus-filled pimple into an open feud.

They slept together that night, adolescent hog snout to hog snout, as they always did, but a damp fuse had been lit in the lives of the twins. With their mother's tumultuous revelation now inside them, like a resident virus, a cure became an impossibility. And so Kenny set off the next day to the Aboriginal Tent Embassy in Canberra on his quest for Aboriginality, whereas for Eugene, who refused to believe it for even a moment, that watershed occasion was the catalyst from whence he first started seriously his ethnographic sketches and drawings of people, which was his own quest for the truth in his identity. From such meagre, accidental fertilizing in the pig stalls and troughs of the Boomerang Crescent home on The Ridgeway View outside Queanbeyan grew fatal fraternal division. The one was Indigenous, the other was not. And that is how the disparate Fairbairn brothers parted ways ... and began to forever forsake the legacy of their twin births.

And provided their mother with the hurt she knew she deserved all along.

## **PROBLEM STUDENTS OR TROUBLED STUDENTS ?**

There does not seem to be any difference between the two, doesn't it? Some teachers may think and say that this student is a problem, or that student is trouble, keep an eye on him and we will 'deal' with him. The best way to deal with 'problem/troubled' students is to suspend them. DO NOT talk with them and ask them, "what is the REAL problem, what is going on in their life outside of school". The problem is HERE AND NOW. Sure, the student did fight/hit the other student. BUT WHY DID HE DO THAT? Do teachers even consider the reason why the student hit the other kid? Do they deal with it in a diplomatic way? Do they suspend the other student who provoked this outburst of anger? I don't think so!

I've had to deal with an incident on Saturday (4<sup>th</sup> November, 2006) with one of 'my' students. He came to my house and knocked on the front door. The door was open and I called out for him to come inside. He entered my house in tears. He was crying and telling me that his step-father had bashed him. I calmed him down and gave him a drink of water. I asked him what happened, why did his step-father bash him, he said that he was hungry and he made himself a sandwich. His step-father came in to the kitchen and ripped him about touching the food and then proceeded to punch this kid around the head. I checked his head and there were a couple of lumps on the side of his head. He was really distraught and didn't know who to turn to for help. I asked him about his mother and he said that she was not home when this happened. I told him that he could stay with me for the day and that I would give him a feed at tea-time.

Yesterday (Thursday, 11/9/06) this student was suspended from school. His story was that he had been taunted by these other students out on the oval at lunch time. He ignored them and walked away. These students followed him to the front of the school near the gate taunting him. He still ignored them, but then it got too much for him. He walked outside the school gate and yelled at these students that he would have them on but only outside the school yard. He was subsequently caught outside the school ground and was 'arrested' and sent to the deputy principals' office, Eventually getting suspended from school.

My problem starts here. Why was he suspended and were the other students brought in for questioning and suspended too? If not, why? Maybe I'm rocking the boat here or biting off more than I can chew, but it seems so one-sided to me. Students who provoke other students, and are, to me, just as much to blame, should be dealt with in a similar fashion. This student who was suspended, needs a lot of support in school and outside. You may say that the student is not my problem out of school, and you may be right, but in my situation, to see a student who really wants to do something with his life, you'd want to help and support him in every way you can. And it is disheartening when you see a student in this situation, get suspended with no questions asked – GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL; DO NOT PASS GO!!

Another student came to me yesterday (9/11); She claims that a male student has been on her case and bullying her. She has never come to me about him before, although I have been told by her mother that this other kid is bullying her daughter. This student told me that she has been suspended because she had hit this male student. I asked her why did she hit him, she replied that the other student had been calling her a 'BLACK DOG !'. She said that the other student was NOT suspended. Was he even questioned

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about why he had been attacked? If so, and assuming that he had told the teacher that he had called this student BLACK DOG, why was he not suspended? Why was the student who was provoked suspended for two days and nothing done about the student who provoked her?

I need to know these answers, because as soon as the Aboriginal community even get a sniff of any RACISM and bullying in any school, we need to know why. And we need to deal with it openly and fairly.

If we don't deal with this issue and just put it behind us, it will come and bite us on the butt! And hard.

Conversations with my 16 year old self:

The Aboriginal flag flies high and strong against the wind as it is raised one morning at a local high school. One particular girl finds herself staring at the flag in complete admiration. She is proud. Proud that she is part of a culture that has done so much for her people and given her the chance to stand where she is today. To not only be given the opportunities to get an education, but to also be able to make something of herself. She catches herself smiling. But her smile is soon interrupted as her friend's boyfriend approaches.

"Why are you look'n up at that flag for? Must be happy about Kevin Rudd's apology to your so called 'Stolen Generation'?"

The pride and smile soon fades and is instead traded in for immediate heartache and silence. How could a girl who had so much pride and feelings for her people become so caught off guard and stand in silence? She wants to respond, but no words seem to find her.

"If you ask me, I don't even know why we have to apologize? I mean, you can't blame us for something that happened back then. It's not our fault! If anything, you's should be apologizing to us. All my tax money from working at Coles goes towards you guys to buy alcohol and drugs and to never work a day in your life."

The girl knows this is all nonsense. Yet she feels defeated. She looks at his face as he continues to make such awful assumptions and accusations. His arrogant smirk becomes beyond intimidating and all she seems to be able to conjure up and say is, "don't stereo-type us".

"Can't be a stereo-type if it is true." And with that he gets the last word and walks away.

Lunch time rolls around and still feeling defeated, the girl makes her way to the Koori room in hope to find comfort in her fellow Koori friends. She walks up the ramp and into the doorway where she notices that pizza is being served. She pulls up a chair beside her friend and grabs a slice of pizza. With this mornings confrontation still on her mind she attempts to confide in her friend.

"I can't believe that there are some real nasty people that don't even think that there should be an apology for our Stolen Generation..." But before even being able to take a breath to retell her story, her friend interrupts with a mouth full of pizza,

"Why do you even care?...Look at your white skin...you are basically a coconut haha." Silence. The girl doesn't dare to continue to make eye contact with her friend. And with that slap in the face, no more words are exchanged. The girl stands up and waits to exit the room before she lets the tears softly roll down her face. With her heart panting in shame and confusion, she finds herself walking home. Wagging school is the least of her worries right now.

As she enters the back door, she throws her bag down and heads straight for her room. Finally she is completely alone. Fighting her tears has made her face all red and blotchy. But now she can finally have a quiet shameful cry to herself. After a while, she tries to catch her breathing back to a steady pace. She finds herself wondering a lot of things. How could one day go from one extreme to the other? How could she go from being racially vilified for being black to being racially vilified for not being black enough? It all made no sense to her. She questioned



what this meant to her as a person. What did this mean for her identity? She had never been called a coconut before. And without any hesitation she immediately accepted that maybe she was one? She peered down at her skin and examined how non-Aboriginal it looked. She didn't realise how un-Aboriginal that made her. Was her skin always this white? Surely not? She remembers how nobody has ever questioned her being Aboriginal before. All those years in primary school, everyone knew and accepted it. So why has it taken this long for someone to say something? As she pulled the blanket up over her shoulder she began to question what would happen to her and what was in store for her future.

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Dear 16 year old me,  
You're hurting and you're confused. But try not to worry because I feel you! It all just makes no sense. No need to describe to me your hurt. I know it is a whirl of heartache, betrayal, confusion and shame. But take a moment to listen to me, because I am going to tell you how this is not it. It gets better!

Firstly, those doubts you have about returning back to school? Don't give in! Go back to school tomorrow. I won't let something like this get in the way of all your opportunities. I'm not saying you are going to get back to school and it is going to be easy. This is kind of the start of it. You are going to have a few more moments like this through the rest of high school that will make you question everything about you all over again. During the rest of high school, you will become pretty quiet and withdrawn about your identity. You will be kind of in limbo with yourself. The only way you will know how to deal with all of this, is to not think about it and try and forget all the hurt. But I promise, as time goes on you will figure things out and that in the long run it will make you stronger. Things are going to be okay.

Don't worry about what your friend said. I know what she said is wrong and not even close to being true. But at the moment she is naïve. She doesn't even realise the hurt she has caused. Let her know that what she said was wrong. Tell her it hurt you. Make her realise that. She will feel bad about it. But try not to let this get in between you. I know you will never forget what she said to you. But work through it because in a few years time, she is going to need you.

And I know that if I told you at this point in time that you were going to go to University, you wouldn't believe me. But yes, it is true. So have a serious think about all those classes you have been wagging and think about what your new goals are. This is where everything will get better. You will be accepted into an Indigenous program to study a Bachelor of Arts.

At first you will question if you should even be in this program. You will ask yourself if you are even considered 'black enough' to be part of the program. But don't be silly. Of course you are. So stop thinking that skin colour is an indicator

of how Aboriginal you are. You are as Aboriginal as everybody else. You know who you are and you know where you come from. And you know you grew up being part of your community. So hold onto that, because as time goes on, you will realise that is truly what makes you Aboriginal - not your skin colour.

During the first year of University, you will make so many more friends. You will have Aboriginal friends that come from all over Australia like Darwin, Perth, Brisbane and Bourke. You will realise that none of these friends even questioned your Aboriginality. And as years go on and your friendships become stronger, you will even realise that you were not alone in having identity issues. Most of your friends will have had similar dilemmas. You will even be told about the identity issues your friends with dark brown skin had as understanding their own Aboriginality. You will realise that these are some of the greatest friends you will make in a lifetime. Their support allows you to grow stronger as a strong Aboriginal woman. You will no longer feel lost. You will begin to feel proud again. And you will even gain a voice. You will notice that you are able to contribute valuable information in class about Aboriginal people and issues. You will become part of many Aboriginal events again and meet even more amazing Aboriginal people from all over the country. You will realise there is so much more to Aboriginal culture than what you knew growing up in your home town. You will know this because of the people you meet from all over the country. These people will inspire you. It will truly guide you into your passions to study a Masters degree specializing in Aboriginal health. All in all, you will be happy.

Not convinced? Don't forget I've been you. You're the girl I used to be. The hurt and confused 16 year old me.

## **The Story of My Sister**

My sister Margaret and I went on a shopping day  
in griffith ,  
The weather was nice and the town was busy  
with people every where  
its was a normal pension day.

Our first job was to visit the ATM machine to  
draw out our cash  
to do our buisness  
my sister Margaret, never liked the ATM,s ,she  
said,you do it for me ,  
so I helped her with that all the time  
Margaret gave me her key card  
and number to draw out her money she needed  
to shop with,  
we did everything we needed then headed home  
for lunch,  
as I made lunch for both of us ,I could hear  
Margaret going through  
her hangbag ,sitting on the front porch,  
talking to her self while looking for something

As she was there for a long time and our lunch  
was ready  
she was still busy with her bag,  
I left her to look in my own bag,

,

A few days earlier I received my new Bank  
card  
so thinking i would get rid of my old bank card,  
while I waited for Marg to finish what she was  
doing in her bag  
I found the old card got the scissors and cut up  
my card  
and put it in the bin

I was hungry so i went to call Margaret again for  
our lunch,  
as i asked what are you looking for she said I'm  
trying to find my key card,

I thought Oh my goodness

I had better check the name on the card I just cut  
up  
it was in the bin under the bench,  
as marg was in the bathroom  
I quickley went though the bin tring to find the  
name on the peaces,  
low and behold it was margaret's name on the  
card i had cut up,

I didn't know what to do  
when she came out to the kitchen,

I said to her we must have left it at the ATM  
you have to call the bank and report it lost  
I told her it takes 2 weeks to get a new card from  
bank.

I never told her about the card untill Margaret got  
her new card from the bank.  
I worked up the courage to tell her just what i had  
done with the other card,  
that I was responisable for cuting up her key  
card.

We both still have a bit of a giggle about it  
every now and then  
She took it very well,there was no hard  
feelings,  
everything went back to normal again,but the  
families never stoped talking  
about it for ages

We are more careful with our key card's these  
days,

yes we do still have lot's of fun together  
when we are shopping!



## One Fine Day

On a warm sunny day in spring,  
while enjoying the peace and quite of a slow lazy  
afternoon, painting ,  
when my Cat of 14 years , Bandit ,came home  
after a few hours of exploring my back garden ,with her  
constent meowing  
asking to be let inside our home ,as she sat behind me  
still meowing at me to let her in,  
"I just replied in a minuite, I'll let you in , just about done  
"

She was still meowing at me and made a very muffled  
meow ,  
"Finley " I stopped turned around to see why she  
wanted to be let  
in on such a warm and wonderful day !

Well to my surprise, mouth wide open ,  
I jumped up off my chair back stepping to get out of her  
way!

I raced into our house through the back door ,  
stright to the Kitchen with both hands on my  
longest BBQ tongs, a glass jar with a lid and a kitchen  
clove,  
i went straight back out side to find my wonderful cat,  
still just sitting were i left her waitting for me ,

In her mouth was a big surprise hanging out ,was a  
long twisting ,  
wiggling baby brown snake its was six to eight weeks  
old  
,it was as long as my forarm

I was very worried the snake would or could bite bandit  
on her ears or nose ,  
my only thought,s were how to get this thing away from  
my cat ,  
she wanted to play with her new toy,  
with my own heart pounding very hard in my chest ,  
all I wanted was to fling it in the jar,  
so i did just that wacked on the lid good and tight .

Then picking up my cat cluddled her so tight all the time  
going off at her for giving me  
such a frightening moment  
It took me all afternoon to calm down ,our local gardner  
came over to have a look he asked  
what are you going to do with it ?  
I said its your's if you like hoping to get rid off this frisky  
little thing striking at the glass jar,  
He was very happy to take it away and let it go in the  
bush land  
a long way from me thanfully!

Bandit still brings home many little trinkets to play with  
,mice, droptail lizzes ,  
worms,small birds, butterflys and moths ,what ever she  
can find ,it keeps her happy

But !!

we always check what she has in her mouth, before we  
let her in the house.

She still keeps all of us on our toes .!

## **The World Indigenous Peoples: Great Money Conundrum**

I am an indigenous man with a relatively good education through the public education system. My 15 plus professional career up-to-todays-date has not been without challenge but on the same hand I have had very rewarding career. Money for me in terms of my definition and the role of money has been much unlike what many indigenous people view it which is basically money is not everything; under a generational measure considering history of colonisation, invasion and settlement money to my people hasn't bought anything good with it; and ultimately the legacy that gets passed on to my generation from our elders is that money is unheard of in our creation stories so its hard to find a meaning for it in our systems, lore, traditions and beliefs. The trigger for this article arrived for me when I had the privilege of flying to New Zealand in 2005 and Canada in 2007. You see when in my home country of Australia it's astonishing to me that I can personally and professionally know and associate with many of our Indigenous leaders and advocates who have literally sacrificed their entire lives to bring equality and justice to their respective communities – yet weather I am asking the question to an elder who has received an OAM medal and recognition from the Queen or I am speaking with the volunteer support worker from Indigenous communities – the question I ask is what is your situation with money? The alarming fact is the 1000's of indigenous people I talk with respond with I have no money!! This issue really resinated with me when I conducted what I would call an informal survey of the same question to Indigenous people in New Zealand and Canada. Beautiful people and again commonly sacrificed so much for justice and equality for their people and the next generation – a similar response to what my people say back home in Australia when asked why you don't have any money after all you have sacrificed and put in – Common response: Son, we don't do it for money we simply do what is right and for the betterment of our children's children.

To be honest I am not really quite sure of what I intend for this article to achieve or the audience it may or may not reach, but what I do now with 100 per cent conviction is the subject of Indigenous peoples and money must be and needs to be talked about in an unbiased, without prejudice and in a

meaningful way. At the very least it needs to be talked about more. My website I created which is providing a innovative platform for Indigenous people in Australia, Canada, the United States and other parts of the world to connect and interact on the subject of money and social and economic equality . The [www.theaboriginalmillionaire.com](http://www.theaboriginalmillionaire.com) website and social network pages are growing in popularity and are further evidence the world of Indigenous peoples and money needs to open its flood gates.

Evolution, the human race and the world we live in today was built on blood, sweat and tears! And dreams upon dreams!

Like ours in the present time - our forefathers, mothers and ancestors from diverse races and backgrounds, black and white, pumped red blood through their veins in the same way ours pumps through our veins today; similarly sweat and tears as transparent as each other's we appear to bleed, sweat and drop our tears all the same. Dreams on the other hand based on appearance or otherwise are much more difficult to measure than our articles of shared human genetic DNA.

The word dreams as a noun by encyclopaedia definition is a series of thoughts, images, and sensations occurring in a person's mind during sleep "I had a recurrent dream about falling from great heights; or as a verb "tell him his dreaming" example synonym being "that one is overly hopeful". An instant modern day search of google renders identical meanings and definitions as the encyclopaedia for the word dreams.

The meaning, definition and roll of "dreams" to our world indigenous people are so much more, in fact, vastly more than an encyclopaedia describes and defines it, and subsequently based on encyclopaedia noun and verb definitions its description implies to give dreams even less credit than it deserves by underestimating the power and role dreams have played in the developing world. The modern world in my view has a very archaic view of Indigenous people and vastly underestimate indigenous people.

Arguably, the people of the world whether in battle or in harmony have bled, sweated and cried together. From a world indigenous people's standpoint, their observation and self-claim to having advanced knowledge of the role and power of dreams the world as we know it has not allowed itself to dream together. In other words, from a world indigenous people's standpoint and general philosophy - a world that has not dreamed together is not a world created together.

Exploring and beginning meaningful dialogue about creation, dreams and visions is where we will slowly and constructively untangle the core issues and layer-by-layer understand the core problem in a way that will lead our present generation towards finding a different approach and arriving at a harmonious solution to what I elect to call the 'The World Indigenous Peoples: Great Money Conundrum' ("The Great Money Conundrum").

The word "money" as a noun by encyclopaedia definition is a current medium of exchange in the form of coins and banknotes; coins and banknotes collectively – an example synonym being "I counted the money before I put it in my wallet". For those who may have followed the history of money will appreciate varied views on the emergence of money exists amongst philosophers, historians and economists. The Greek philosopher Aristotle (c.350 B.C) contemplated on the nature of money basing his theories on the barter system. With barter, an individual possessing any surplus of value, such as a measure of grain or a quantity of livestock could directly exchange that for something perceived to have similar or greater value or utility, such as a clay pot or a tool. Aristotle's opinion of the creation of money as a new thing in society is:

*"When the inhabitants of one country became more dependent on those of another, and they imported what they needed, and exported what they had too much of, money necessarily came into use".*

Much later in history a Scotland born economist David Kinley, born in August 1861 and died in December 1944 considered the theory of Aristotle to be flawed because the philosopher probably



lacked sufficient understanding of the ways and practices of primitive communities, and so may have formed his opinion from personal experience and conjecture.

From a mere laypersons point of view [that's Me] and opinion, in any instance of researched and developed theories on the history of money from philosophers, historians to economists when one follows the history of money he or she will almost inevitably, from an expert to a layperson view, will reach a point of argument and debate and that is any persons freedom to suggest that the worlds theories on the history of money lack supporting evidence.

Fast forward from 12,000 B.C where it is considered the earliest evidence of Anatolian obsidian as a raw material for stone-age tools was disturbed suggesting organised trade occurred in the 9<sup>th</sup> millennium (Cauvin;Chataigner1998) to our present point in time and space, the year is 2015 and an alarming issue that urgently needs to be talked about in a constructive manner by our highest and lowest ranking humanitarians is the World Indigenous People and Money. The general public perception and opinion is that the two do not mix and where they attempt to mix they are not without public misunderstanding, conflict and misperception. The performance of each dollar input and output to each world indigenous person per-capita, either in history or present time, is challenging and complex to measure in terms of delivering social, economic or environmental successes.

Before we make the same fundamental mistake by approaching to explore this issue in the same way our forefathers, mothers and ancestors have over many generation's by being drawn into concentrating on the negative public views, perceptions and opinions lets first look at the equation from a view point that appears to have been researched and developed very little in terms of the world's history of money and then we may allow the right questions to appear for our present generation in order to find a fundamentally different and better approach and way forward to resolving the issue: Finding a better and balanced way to planning a solution!

Let's look at it from a World Indigenous Peoples standpoint for solving any equation there is no better place to start than at the beginning, and the beginning in world indigenous people language is 'creation', so let's consider creation!

Animals, plants, elements, stars, water, sun, moon, earth, fire, wind and spirits are some examples of natural phenomena that are revered by our world indigenous people. At the heart of the key issue is creation. Generally speaking, indigenous peoples creation stories and beliefs are based on all living things interacting on a continuous cycle. World indigenous peoples do not have money in our creation stories. Without creation nothing exists. Without dreams creation does not exist and without vision in a spiritual and guidance type of meaning nothing can be brought to reality into our awake lives without the spiritual guidance through our dreams(and visions), our connection to country and our ancestors who have passed onto the dreaming.

And at this point I can hazard a guess of what you may be thinking "So lets get the world leaders in a room!" and step 1: Develop a worldwide discussion process to provide an opportunity for the world to have input; Step 2: Gather the data and analysis and provide a comprehensive report; and Step 3: Get our world leaders to produce a mutual agreement and execute a steadfast plan to address the "The Great Money Conundrum".

No! Let's not!

Before you panic and form the opinion that it would be naïve of me to think an issue like this one would be able to be resolved without buy-in from the world and our world leaders. Allow me to clarify, that's not what I am proposing or suggesting – what is being proposed and suggested by the worlds indigenous peoples is actually that process, yet in a more strengthened approach.

You see in simple terms what our world indigenous peoples is screaming out is that we as people understand the concept of trade there is no issue or misunderstanding on that level in many ways our world's indigenous peoples believe we invented trade and in fact still practice trade in our

communities today. The issue is money and still trying to find a place for it in our ancient yet living systems and society; We need to develop and find a meaning for money that means something to us.

As one Aboriginal/Indigenous Elder put it and gives us a good example on the complexities in nature to address the money issue:

*"Money, coins and notes to us has no meaning. It's not in our culture and is difficult to place in our culture when it has brought so much sorrow to our peoples. Even if we considered placing it in our systems we would have to get everyone's consensus. On a positive note, I do know the trusting and solid as rock network of Indigenous people that once we understand something and reach consensus knowledge and power is shared by all and in a way it should be – balanced. You see I use this analogy for you if we were standing back when white man first arrived and that white man held his palms out and said here is an offering between an axe in my right hand and treasure(money) in my left which one do you choose Native – To his astonishment I would choose the axe – money can serve no purpose on the land and the way we look after it. Now, skip to today in 2015 and if the same thing happened – I would choose the same, the axe. I don't understand money and I struggle to see any good from it".*

- Aboriginal Elder(wished to remain anonymous)

This further exemplifies that we need to find the courage to bring ourselves to explore and find a meaningful place for money in our creation stories. Our creation stories should not stop evolving because of colonisation, invasion and settlement has taken its place in world history. Our creation stories must choose to evolve. The evil side of money can maintain to be acknowledged and be aware of by our world's indigenous peoples - though the evil side ought not and should not outweigh the good side of money that our world indigenous peoples are yet to see, feel, taste, touch and experience and in a responsible and balanced manner overtime. To feel that it is ok to generate an income and create wealth for one's-self and one-another.

Until the world collectively nominates and chooses to prioritise to address this issue the world indigenous peoples young and old need to find a way to translate money into a useful and meaningful instrument to our people. An instrument that is your drums, your didgeridoo, your fishing spear, your bow and arrow, your digging stick, your stone axe and so on; your instrument to feed yourself, your families; an instrument that is apart of our knowledge base and oral history; and seek to ultimately find the belief to translate money and the use the of money as an instrument that will in-part contribute to celebrating and paying respect to our great creator spirit(s) and further enhance and maintain our language, culture, traditions and customs for future generations. Money is here and it's here to stay! We must not let the money and wealth creation gap grow any further!

It will be through this type of approach we and our children will have a way to respect money, appreciate it and use it in a responsible and balanced way; And let's face it, once our world indigenous peoples can develop and gain a shared definition and understanding of money there is no-one better, constitution or otherwise that will hold world indigenous peoples more accountable against good values than our own people. We perform well to hold any individual or constituent to account when we understand its meaning and use. When we can understand money adequately we will than naturally hold each other to account for the role and use of money.

Money and non-indigenous peoples ambition for its growth for the Crown, Empires and/or Governments has left insurmountable levels of pain, grief and trauma. There are many in the world that acknowledge and recognise that and we can respectfully continue to recognise and treat our pain, grief and trauma while we address The Great Money Conundrum, we can continue to heal. For our children's future and the life support of our culture we must find a shared, mutual and meaningful place for money in our individual, family and communities constitution.

Money can and will be what we want to be. It meaning and role to us is ours to create! What money is now? A thing we don't talk about because it's overwhelmingly painful, difficult and unnatural! Ignoring the "The Great Money Conundrum" is not working.

Let's start today! This very moment! By talking about Money in a meaningful, balanced and an ambitious way in every one of our resilient, proud and strong circles.

# Rose Coloured Glasses

She's the youngest out of the mob of us six. And as a baby, her hair was as black as charcoal kiss. I remember my father singing "funny face" as he held her proud as can be. This is your baby sister and your mother and I have named her Stacey Lee.

I remember how excited I was as, my little sis giggled at me. As she grew I adored and loved her more and more. That baby girl with the big brown eyes, who I said I would always look after and never let anyone hurt. But the day came when I left home, and I never seen her for a while, but she was never far from my thoughts.

A lot has changed from the time when I first seen my father hold her and sing "funny face" to his youngest baby girl, with so much love and admiration and those strong safe arms that had the strongest cuddles, to words of advice as a woman of today life isn't so easy, nine years ago we lost the only set of strong and loving safe arms that only a father can show. But yes his words of advice have never left me, it took me many years to hear his voice inside my head, many beltings, black eyes and bruises.

Years have passed by and today I sit with tears in my eyes, but they are no longer tears for me. The tears I cry now are for that little girl, my baby sister with the big brown eyes. Today I cry again thinking of my father's song to his funny face baby girl Stacey Lee. "Funny face I love you, funny face I need you, these are the sweetest words", and then the song stops, and I cry because I remember my father singing to her like it was yesterday. And I cry for I remember, I remember the pain with every punch, bang bang, and I remember laying there not being able to get up, and I cry, today like nearly every day I cry, but I no longer cry for me, I cry for funny face my baby sister, who I promised as a little girl I wouldn't let anyone hurt her.

But today behind her lovely smile she cries, she cries silently. I know because I can hear her tears. Behind every black eye, her bruises and her broken heart she cries. Now every time my phone rings I panic please, please I pray and I cry, I cry because I know. Behind those big brown eyes she cries, I know because I can hear her tears.

Today as I sat and finished writing this, I cried, I cried for my baby sister Stacey Lee, and today I cry for dad's funny face. I cry silently every time I look into my baby sisters big brown eyes I cry, as I know she cries, I know because I can hear her tears. Today she hides behind her "Rose Coloured Glasses", and she cries I know because I use to wear them.

The time to stamp out violence against our women is well overdue. Let's make a difference so our young generation doesn't have to wear "Rose Coloured Glasses".

## A true story of what happened in my early days growing up in Gippsland

A true story of what happened in my early days growing up in Gippsland. My Mother and Father used to go out camping and rabbiting quite a lot. I can remember when we run out of mugs to drink out. Mum would always have a tin opener with her when she needed a mug. She would cut the tin up and around to make a mug and beat it around so the mug was smooth and a handle to drink out. Also our bedding she would tell us kids to go out and pick the dry bracken ferns in the bush where we were to stay while Mum and Dad were putting up the tents. Mum would always take sheets and blankets as we did go out a lot in the hot weather to fish and catch rabbits. We loved camping. Mum would put the dry ferns in a big chaff bag for our mattress and pillows. She would throw a grey blanket over and that was our beds and we slept great. Us kids went rabbiting chasing them when they were smoked out of their burrows. Dad would smoke them out of their burrows, with dry grass lit and smoking it was fun. We'd have logs of wood chasing them and we were bare footed like all kids. Our water Mum would boil up first and let it settle then we could use the water. This happened when we ran out of our water we took with us camping, our bush tucker was rabbits, eels, damper, billie tea and the camp fires were great. Dampers were made also fried scones. They were great. Treacle, golden syrup and blackberry jam were the go. Then also we would get the gum of the gum trees and Mum would make gum jam. Lovely even now whenever we go bush I look for the gum trees wash the gum and eat it. Lovely. Mum always carried a coupla condensed milk. Some friends had a baby while camping one year old and baby got sick. Mum gave the tin of milk to the mother and said boil the water and put the Nestles milk in bottle. If the young still not well keep increasing the Nestles Milk till it was milk in the bottle. Well "Yes " Baby was better, better the tin was empty a true story. And the other if you got a cold. Boil up some Eucalyptus leaves- while hot put a towel over your head and breathe in vapours. Great for colds. I could go and on but will sign off for now.



2015

# Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards

# Express Yourself



Youth

Story/Yarn/Article/Play

Winner:

A Peaceful Evening

Kyle Bardic



GREATER SHEPPARTON

Fairer Futures Fund

Dungala Kaiela Foundation

**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

# **Express Yourself**



**Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup> July 2015**

ASHE students from Tui Crumpen's class receive well earned Participation Certificates for their writing efforts towards providing a Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards entry.

The first 1½ hour session was held on Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup> July. Tui had set a river theme - 500 words was the writing goal with Yorta Yorta language words incorporated.

Teachers, Corey Walker and Neil Cooper took the class. Lyn Langer provided writing workshop assistance - Merle Miller added depth of cultural support.

Aunty Kella Robinson joined Lyn for the 2<sup>nd</sup> session - Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup> July, Neil Cooper took the class. Sharon Pattison added student support.



2015

# Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards

## Express Yourself



Youth

### Story/Yarn/Article/Play

- YS 1      Response To Community Closure of Remote Aboriginal Communities  
Kaitlyn Elliot
- YS 2      My Knowledge  
Shania McEntee
- YS 3      Story About My Nan  
Delrae Lui
- YS 4      Can You Not?  
Dream, Learn Achieve Students
- YS 5      A Peaceful Evening  
Kyle Bardic
- YS 6      The Day Cancer Took You Away  
Jamie-Lee Hindmarsh
- YS 7      Last Summer  
Joshua Baginski



Fairer Futures Fund

Dungala Kaiela Foundation

## 2015 Dungala- Kaiella Writing Awards

Today I will be informing you on not only a important topic to myself but also the greater Aboriginal community and many others, Unfortunately this issue is not new, it has been talked about amongst our government from as late as June of last year and now only just making it to national and international light. This issue is the forced closures of remote Aboriginal communities in Western Australia. Between 150 - 200 remote communities lay in wait for a decision to be made on their future and if you are unsure of this issue still I'm am not surprised as it for so long has avoided the spotlight, Now it is time for our Government to, for one rethink such a detrimental action and for the public to fight for Aboriginal rights. The public is definitely doing its job and now its time for the Government to do the same.

Tony Abbott at this point has already shut off power and water to a handful of communities and with that creating a lot of stress and anxiety. This stress and anxiety in many cases leads to mental health issues and the all-around well begin of these aboriginal people.

As a consequence of the government's decisions Aboriginal people will suffer having to be evicted from their lands which could turn into mental health issues and disconnection to land and spirituality. *The first thing you need to understand is that just because this event isn't as dramatic as the forced removal from lands onto reserves in our earlier history doesn't mean that it can't be as traumatic and this is a major factor that the government needs to look back on before disposing the people of these Western Australian communities. If this event is to continue and people are to be pushed off their lands there will be.* We have a lot of history behind us as evidence of what happens when people are forced to get up and move to other unknown places i mean the biggest consequences that still effects many aboriginals in modern day society is "identity crisis" due to the fact that because they don't look a certain way (as in skin colour) or they don't know a lot about their culture if anything that they are not classified as real Aborigines. We lost a lot of our culture and that of which we kept lives in our remote communities whether it be traditional languages, dreaming or women and mens business it still continues to live strong with elders who pass it down to younger generations so they can teach it. Why make the same mistakes, why push people out of sacred places which would make it harder to hang on to things like languages and dreaming which would have a detrimental effects on Elders who have already experienced or were effected some how by the mid 1900s or the children and teen who have lived their whole live the traditional way and don't know any different. The Aboriginal people of Western Australia could fall victim to depression, feelings of dispossession and overall disconnection to the land and spiritual being. It is a know fact that colonisation has resulted in trauma, grief and loss for successive generations and the WA government and Tony Abbot are willing to repeat the cycle because the "Tax payers money shouldn't be spent on someones lifestyle choice".

Politically and government wise, it's unconstitutional to forcibly make people move, Abbott' s lifestyle choice comment - what does he know about our history? A big round off applause for the PM because he has just shown us that he is definitely the Prime minister for Indigenous Affairs self declared might I add. Last time i check being aboriginal isn't a lifestyle choose its my culture, But don't worry Australia because the PM has redeemed him self with these comments **"... nothing but bush ... the Marines, and the convicts and the sailors ... must have thought they'd come almost to the Moon.... Everything would have seemed so extraordinarily basic and raw..."** **"... the First Fleet was the defining moment in the history of this continent."** So first of all this man gets to decide wether Western Australia's communities get closed or not which might I add he has already shut off water and electricity and to some of them, But also this man Collin Barnett premier of Western Australia's who asked aboriginal Australian to put themselves in his shoes is also behind this push to close our communities this definitely puts me at ease and it certainly doesn't help that Collin has still yet to consult Aboriginal communities about their closures.

But the strange thing is that there are worst communities out there 10 times worse and this isn't an opinion this is fact and yet the remote communities are being closed down?

The government's flippant decision making will result in a population of fringe dwellers - congestion - housing issues, employment, infrastructure, education, transport, lack of skill set. After not only creating distress and pain amongst the aboriginal communities the government would also be creating further problems for themselves. The reason for these forced closures is the lack of funds so how do we solve that problem you ask? Well we just boot people out of their home which in the future will create problems money is going to have to fix and we will sell these lands off the mining company and what not, Oh won't that be nice another source of income to pay for the important things like a \$4 million dollar 'stop-the-boats' telemovie or Government Christmas parties right?. It is truly sad to watch the gap between Aboriginal Australian and White Australian grow wider because a few head honchos choose to jump to a drastic conclusion without at least talking to Aboriginal communities and trying to find a more appropriate solution. Statistics already show that 25% of the 105, 237 people who are homeless are aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders. About 90% of homes in 130 communities throughout Western Australia needed 'major repairs' and not because they were damaged by the inhabitants but because they were not properly constructed in the first place architect Paul Pholeros said only 30% of the showers he has seen work and only 10% of the houses had safe electrical installations. So instead of making these problems 10 times worse by adding on the stress and hurt by forcing people to disconnect from their lands and spirituality we should be stepping up and putting our taxpayers money to better use I think if South Australia can do it people should not still be protesting for Western Australia to do it as well.

*Today just in our Australian community mental health is an increasing issue.* Our Government is still at this time holding the lives of residents of the Western Australian communities in their hands and with that creating a lot of stress and anxiety not only to those who are waiting to hear if they have to pack up and leave but also to those organising and attending rally's to support the communities. This stress and anxiety in many cases leads to mental health issues and the all-around well begin of these Aboriginal people. Still to this day many aboriginals and Torres Strait Islanders carry with them the hurt and sorrow of the stolen generation and among these Generations of Survivors mental health conditions occur at twice the rate as among Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people who had not been removed from their families. First thing you need to understand is that just because this event isn't as dramatic as the forced removal from lands onto reserves in our earlier history doesn't mean that it can't be as traumatic, I mean our country has lived through a similar experience before and we are willing to do it again even though we know by looking back and roughly seeing what destruction it can cause mentally and not see what we are getting ourselves into. So just by looking back to 2008 I can't see that 31% of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people (aged over 15 years) reported high to very high levels of psychological distress and the majority that were in positive states of mind lived especially in remote communities. 4.2% of all hospitalisations of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people for the period 2005-2007. These conditions included mental and behavioural disorders (such as schizophrenia and psychoactive substance abuse) and other mental health conditions (such as postnatal depression and Alzheimer's disease); Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander individuals and communities continue to be affected by the European colonisation in terms of the loss of traditional lands, the forced separation of families and the loss of cultural identity. And we are willing to blindly boost these problems by disconnecting these people from their traditional lands many of whom are either born and bred there or deeply spiritual elders.

But I mean just the fact that Collin Barrenet has said that the Plan to close more than 100 remote communities would have severe consequences and still continued with the plan is mind blowing.

Though this testing time the Government has been bombarded with the resent protests and heat from the strong supporter against this action and many have buckled under pressure, but before we get to the fails of the leader of our country I'm just going to break down why this is happening. So Last year the federal Government practically transferring the responsibility of

funding essential services in remote Australian communities the states. and before doing so the federal government provided funding for two thirds of WA's remote Aboriginal communities, In reply the WA government said they cannot afford to maintain funding on its own. And Abbott The self declared Prime Minister for Indigenous Affairs has stated, "What we can't do is endlessly subsidise lifestyle choices." Well thanks Prime minister for Indigenous Affairs I didn't realise my culture was a lifestyle choice.

I think the saddest part about this whole situation is the fact that the government hasn't thought about what happens to these people after there communities have been closed down?

Housing, employment, education these are some things that will need to be sorted out, I mean you've already a stress out group of people and now you're going to have strained shires and towns as well trying to Re-settle between 150-200 communities of people into houses and also sharing local services. it will mean Labor's Indigenous Affairs spokesperson Ben Wyatt said himself that these people will be moved to places like Broome, Kununurra and Fitzroy Crossing – places that are not equipped with adequate investment in housing and services to cope. I mean the faith i have in my government at this point just cant be put into words. But the main point i really want to instil in you is the connection to land the precious culture that will be damaged in this move is heart braking. But reason to keep our bright and vibrant communities alive is never ending Aboriginal elders are recommending a program of cultural rejuvenation — returning Indigenous peoples to their traditional lands in order to reconnect them with stolen heritage that has lead to somewhat of an identity crisis. These Communities staying open is the chance for us to stop the increase of congestion, unemployment, mental illness, Fringe dwelling which if you don't know is groups of aboriginals camping on the outskirts of Australian towns and cities, due to exclusion, generally through law or land alienation. At the end of the day you cant through people who can swim into the deep end we can put kids into schools if they don't even speak English, we can't simply teach people a whole new way of life?

Sadly, as an aboriginal Australian know very little about my culture, I don't know my traditional language i don't know a whole lot of Dreaming stories I missed out like many did but these residents of remote communities didn't they have a lot to offer but also a lot to lose. So to get on the band wagon please keep up on Facebook with #SOSBLAKAUSTRALIA like our friends Hugh Jackman and Hilltop Hoods and how about we close the gap, instead of the communities!



28.7.15

My name's ..... and im a 17 year old Yorta Yorta woman, I've been here for nearly 18 years and I haven't really got to experience my aboriginal culture, I barely know who my family is and most don't even know about me. I never actually got to meet them except my Nan 'Lola .....'. I met her once <sup>that I can remember.</sup> but it was strange, I didn't know how to talk to her, we caught up but I still learnt nothing, I've never experienced going to places like Darwin<sup>or</sup> Cumra, my mom doesn't like the outdoors so I never got much of that experience either.

I've Only got knowledge of my culture from going to Aboriginal Events that are provided throughout primary and secondary school years such as Ashefest and so on, but Ashe has opened my eyes abit more, I've been out and seen and learnt some things, I've been to aboriginal sites and learnt ~~at~~ about them abit, I've learnt part of my mob's language and even learnt some of the names of family's I'm related to that I actually never knew about, I've never got the chance to actually meet my family and ~~remember~~ remember it. as I was really young the last time I seen my family together (so I've been told), my mom is a non indigenous woman and my dad hasn't been around for me to meet everyone / anyone.

I'd like to learn and hear stories from my elders, try food that indigenous people use to or still do eat, I would like to know how we hunted. yes we used spears and stone but that can't be all of it, I've never seen a mission I may have on television but seeing everything doesn't give me what I want, ~~as~~ I want to experience it, live it.

YS2

I would like to go to a mission or An aboriginal community and see what we are like, learn how they do things, how they act and talk, do they still hunt? ~~what do they~~ ~~eat~~ I've never tried kangaroo before or emu eggs.

I don't know much about our spiritual side of things, I understand our connection as this is our country but I'd like to understand how they do it, what are there ceremonies like do they dance and sing? chant. what are our spiritual beliefs. I ~~can~~ would like to know about other mobs and if they are different in any ways.

Questions run through my head but I'd rather experience it and gain something from it then research it and lose my knowledge somewhere down track.



## Dear Mother Briggs

Dear mother briggs I miss you so bad, the day we lost you was one of the worst days of my life, I cried more than I have ever cried and I still do. You was the mother of our family, the back bone, the queen and our nan. We love you so much, I love you so much. I am so grateful for all ~~thing~~ the thing you did for me. You made me laugh when I was crying. You made me strong when I gave up and when I was bad you pulled me up and put me in line. You showed me to love your family no matter what happens. You was my mother when my mom passed it was so hard saying goodbye but I had to. I guess god needed you more than we did. You loved us kids when no one else would and you was the only person he ~~gave a shite~~ made us strong in the worst of times my life will never be the same without you.

You was my story teller, boo kisser, teacher, angle, hand holder, sunshine, doctor, peace maker, family historian, words of wisdom, hug giver, memory holder and my Best friend.

You have giving us all these memory and family storcs, we will never ~~let~~ <sup>let</sup> them go and I'll hold them all in my heart ~~and~~ until the day I die

## CAN YOU NOT?

*To the disrespectful person who put that sign up...*

*I want you to know that not all Aboriginals are the same.*

*What did we do to you M8?*

*I want to give you falsies*

*Don't disrespect our footy club.*

*That's my footy club.*

*Why are you so angry at us?*

*What, are you jealous of our deadly community?*

*Our community can grow up and get over this because we all support each other*

*You have an ugly heart and no soul*

*You are a pathetic red neck.*

*You need to get an education.*

*You need to grow up.*

### A peaceful evening.

I'm walking down a dark alleyway and all that keeps flowing through my mind is Hollywood movies where ironically the victim is always walking down a dark alleyway. The cold breeze along with deafening echoes of crows in the distance is making my heart beat faster than normal. Visions of murder and rape flood my consciousness and rustles of the leaves fuel my hallucinations, being a teenager only makes it worse.

I hear heavy footsteps and see a skinny individual stumble out of the shadows we makes eye contact for a brief moment, he flips his f\*cking shit and sprints at me I side-step in an attempt to avoid this mysterious being but it quickly adapts to my movements and lunges at me, I instantaneously duck and roll out of harms way, vault a fence and off I go. My lungs slowly begin to burn from exhaustion as well as my legs feeling like they're going to snap. I push on for a while longer with the creature catching up to me I can feel the heat of its breath radiating off the back my neck I see a dead end ahead with no options for a getaway I think back to some Parkour videos I saw on Youtube a few weeks ago and decide to try a wallflip when I reach within jumping distance I place two step upwards, leaning back and flipping over the beast beneath me, I land behind it and kick it in the back of the knee and slam its head into the brick wall. I watch this strange being fall and lay there with a gash and a cracked skull screaming in agony.

I hear sirens and jog to the source of the sound, the reality is different to what I expected, I sensed safety and shelter instead I witness police officers get torn limb from limb and devoured alive. I fumble my phone out of my pocket with the intention to take a selfie and post it on Facebook but it dies as soon as I unlock it. I decide to go on my way home, I come across a convenience store with a television in the window documenting a prison break just outside of town. The horror of the night is almost too much to handle but I push it into the back of my mind and keep moving onward.

I come to a construction site, with no way around I decide to pass through it. Looking forward I catch a glimpse of a group of what looks to be homeless bums standing around a barrel of fire I bow my head to try and not make a scene but unfortunately one of them glares in my direction and begins to howl loudly, they all walks towards me. When we meet halfway one of them blocks my path and screams gibberish in my face, I boot him in the sternum causing him to fly back tripping over the barrel of fire which ignites his clothing and leaves him in a messed up state another freak closes in and I jam a handful of ash into his eye sockets making him walk backwards holding his eyes in what is most likely excruciating pain. I see an opening in a gate and run in that direction reaching a crossroads and see a street-sign indicating that my house is nearby.

Dawdling through the darkness I see a shadowy figure trying to open my bedroom window, I hide behind our family SUV in the driveway and pick up a socket wrench as I tip-toe towards the figure, he turns his head to look at me, my mind enters overdrive and my family's natural lust for blood raises my arm smashing the wrench in the side of his head, he falls like a sack of potatoes, bloods trickles out from the inside of his ear, I kick him in the face to make sure he's out for good. Feeling completely drained, I pick the lock of my back door and make myself a bowl of cereal. My mother walks in asking how my lengthy walk was, tears immediately fill my eyes as she pulls me in for hug. I feel a faint pain in my left arm, I look to see what it is and realise that she is pinching me, just before I can utter a word I feel the world slip from my grasp, a sudden darkness surrounds me, almost like a dark dome, an image puzzles itself together like one of those old school videogames, as the world comes together again, I find myself lying in bed with scratch marks on my chest and a burn mark on the back of my neck..

The End

The day cancer took you away

I'm scared dad, I'm scared I'm going to forget your voice or the way you smiled at me before cancer took you away from us.

Truth is I need you daddy and trying to imagine my life without you well its killing me.

I know their lying, well I wish they were.

I wish you could walk in and give me one last hug,

I'd kill to hear you say 'I love you Jaimie' just once more

I'm trying to be strong, trying not to think about it. But it hurts daddy.

Them finals words I said to you were "I love you dad please don't leave."

The words will forever be in my heart just like you.

Love always your baby girl

# Last Summer

Last summer me and my girlfriend (Alkira Power) went down to the dungalla for a camping trip to spend time with each other. We were walking to the river for a swim because it was so hot out, and we got into our bathing suits and had play fights in the water. After we had a swim we grabbed our fishing rods from the tent and headed back to the dungalla and started fishing. We had a few bites until I got a bite but as I was trying to reel it in the fish jumped out of the water. It was huge and it fought back and pulled me into the dungalla and I was caught in the current of the dungalla and as I was drowning Alkira found a long piece of wood and ran after me. Whilst she was running after me trying to save me, I felt something on my foot. As I was getting pulled by the current and I thought it was the big fish that pulled me into the water but to. My surprise it was a big long neck turtle and it slid under me and put me on its back and carried me to the river bed so that Alkira could pull me up with the long piece of wood but before I grabbed the wood I patted the turtle on the head. As I got out I gave Alkira a big hug and we walked back to our tent so u could get some rest as I was resting Alkira grabbed the fish that she had caught earlier and cooked it up for supper. She woke me up for supper and asked if I was ok and I said "yeah I fine, thanks to you". And we ate supper and went to bed.

The next day we decided to walk along side the river bed of the dungalla so we could find some good things to take back home. As we were walking I spotted something move in the dungalla and I said to Alkira "did you see that", and she said "no". So we kept on walking. we then found something that we though was interesting so I picked it up and examined it, and it looked like it was a part of a long neck turtle shell. We continued walking and we heard "loud noises ahead of us, so we went to check out what the noise was. As we got there we saw a couple of animals, at least 10 of them, were in a circle, like they were having a meeting or something. We were confused, because we didn't know what they were doing so we went Togo check it out but the animals got scared and scattered away. They made footprints in the mud, so we followed the one on the track that looked like a long neck turtles footprints. Whilst we were following the long neck turtles footprints, we came across a hollow tree with a door like entrance, so we went to investigate. Once we got to the entrance we saw a deep hole, so we went back to to our tent to grab our torches and went back to the tunnel inside the hollow tree. We were walking for ages in the tunnel until we found two tunnels that lead different ways so we went to the left tunnel first and we followed it until we were found at a dead end. So went back to the right tunnel and went down there and we found a underground burrow filled with long neck turtles. We were amazed on how many there were and they were all swimming in a little lake, we head something from behind us so we we had to try and find a

place to hide. So we found a place to hide and saw the thing that was behind d us and it was the long neck turtle who helped me at the riverbed, then I saw a piece of his shell missing and I was wondering if the shell piece I picked up earlier was part of the turtles shell. I told Alkira " let's get out of here" and she agreed so we went to the tunnel where we were standing before to get out but it was blocked. So I tried pushing it but it made a really loud noise and all the long neck turtles looked at us and started running at us very slowly and we were really scared, there was nowhere to go, so we just stood there until the turtle who helped me before stood in front of us to stop the other turtles and they stopped. The turtle that saved us from getting attacked was the Yorta Yorta long neck turtle, and he was the leader of the whole burrow of broad shell long neck turtles. Then the Yorta Yorta long neck turtle turned to faced us and he talked to us and he said "come with me", stunned by it we followed the Yorta Yorta long neck turtle to its home where it sleeps and made us feel comfortable. I asked him "since when could animals talk" and he replied "well I can only talk because because I am a Yorta Yorta spirit, the other animals can't talk but I can understand them. Then Alkira said "I was freaked out a bit, but now I am calm". I asked the Yorta Yorta turtle "is this shell piece yours" and he said "yeah, but you can keep it so you can remember me if I was ever gone". I replied "thank you very much". The. The Yorta Yorta turtle showed us out and we said our goodbyes for now. Me and Alkira went back to our tent and slept until the next day.

The next day we got out of bed and went for a morning walk just so we could admire the the view of the beautiful bush. We then went to see our friend the Yorta Yorta turtle, but when we got the the entrance to the tunnels it was all smashed up dug in. In confusion as well as shock we saw our friend hurt and weak, so we went over to hi. And asked him "are you ok!!, what happened" and the Yorta Yorta turtle replied in a weak voice "we were attacked by the goannas". Then I replied " I thought the goannas were your friends?" "No, they have always hated us, yet I don't know why, cough cough" "well can we do anything to help you feel better" " yeah, if you can get me a scale from a Murray cod, that will heal me" "okay, I will go get it and Alkira will stay with you to make sure that you will be okay". So I went to the dungalla and dove into the water to try and catch a Murray cod, but I couldn't grip it because it was really slippery. So I got out of the water and started making a net out of twigs and grass. After I made the net I went back into the dungalla and caught the Murray cod and took a scale from it and put the Murray cod back into the dungalla and sprinted back to Alkira and the injured Yorta Yorta turtle. When I got to them I grabbed the Yorta Yorta turtle and put the Murray cods scale on to the turtles skin and it absorbed them like magic, and the turtle was healed (with a bright light). And our friend the Yorta Yorta turtle stood and gathered his friends and family and took the to the dungalla and healed themselves with the scales of the Murray cod. And all me and Alkira could see was the dungalla light up with all the turtles getting healed. All the turtles

jumped out of the dungalla and landed on the river bed, and our friend the Yorta Yorta turtle said to all of his friends and family "now, we have to get those goannas back for what they did to us and our homes, if we don't do anything it will just make them more powerful". All the turtles cheered and screamed out in a war cry.

They went to the hollow tree to get their battle gear on to get ready for the battle with the goannas, I got ready aswell, while Alkira waited back with the woman turtles to help rebuild the turtles home burrow.

I made a spear and a bow with some arrows, and I put war paint on my face and got ready for the battle. So we went on to battle the goannas and once we got there, there was no goannas there and as I was just about to say it's a trap, 50 or more goannas jumped out of nowhere and we were surrounded. The goannas closed in on us, so I drew my bow out and fired an arrow at one of the goannas and it hit him and he died, then the goannas just started running at us and jumped on us whilst we were getting beat up pretty bad. I got up and just saw the Horta Horta turtle about to get bit, so I grabbed my spear and threw it at the goannas and it got him in the head and the goanna died.

After I did that the goannas overrun us and most of the turtles that were fighting with us died, so me and the yorta yorta turtle were angry and we just went bezel and beat all all of the goanna and they fled back to their burrow holes.

After the battle with the goannas we looked to see if anyone the turtles survived this ruthless battle and there were. So we all staggered back to the hollow tree and we went inside to rest. After we rested for a bit the yorta yorta turtle and the other turtles thanked us for our help and said that were we welcome back anytime, so we said "thanks and goodbye", and me and Almirante went back to our tent and went to sleep and the next morning we packed up and left, and when we got home we went back to our normal lives and we would never forget our adventure we had with our turtle friends. So I asked Alkira "next summer, where would you like to go," and she said "let's go to Alice springs", and I said "yeah".

## The End

**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

## **Express Yourself**



**Junior**

**Story/Yarn/Article/Play**

**Winner:**

**Aboriginal Art**

**Allie McDonald**

**Commended:**

**Polly and Billy**

**Raiden Jukes**

**Special Mention:**

**Surprised Visit**

**Gavin McDonald**



**Fairer Futures Fund**

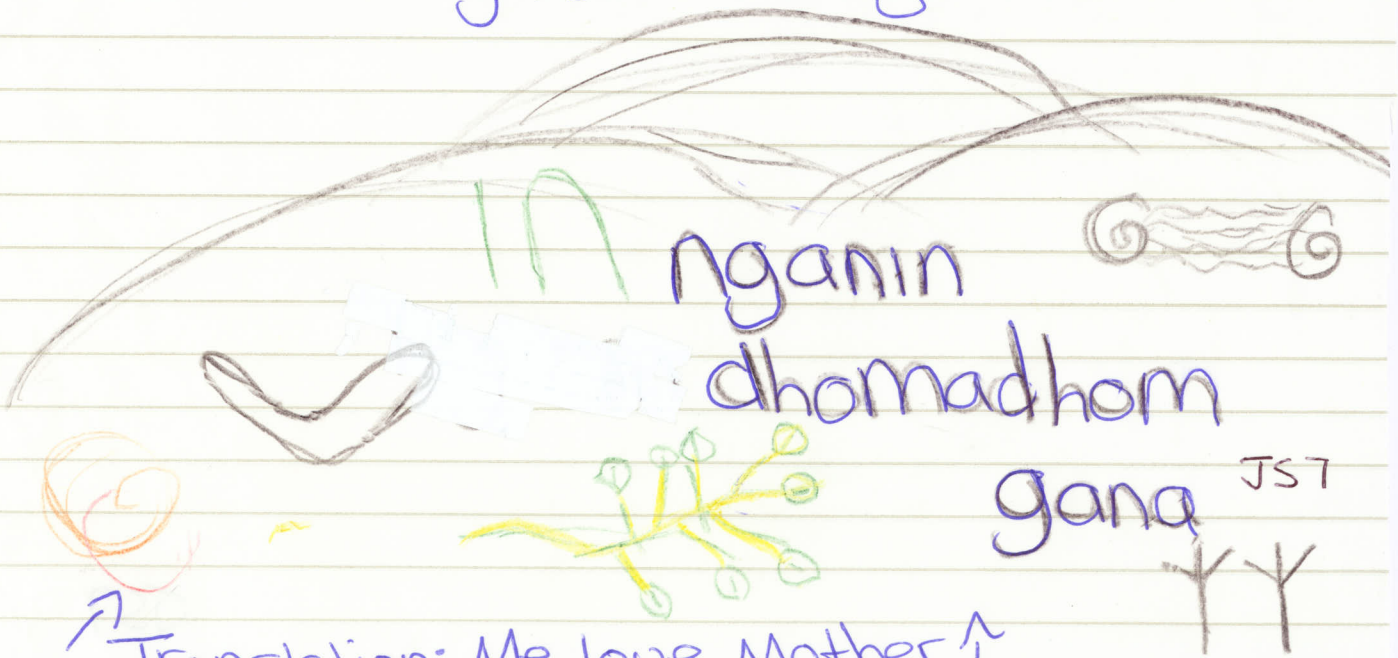
**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**



# ♥ Aboriginal Art ♥



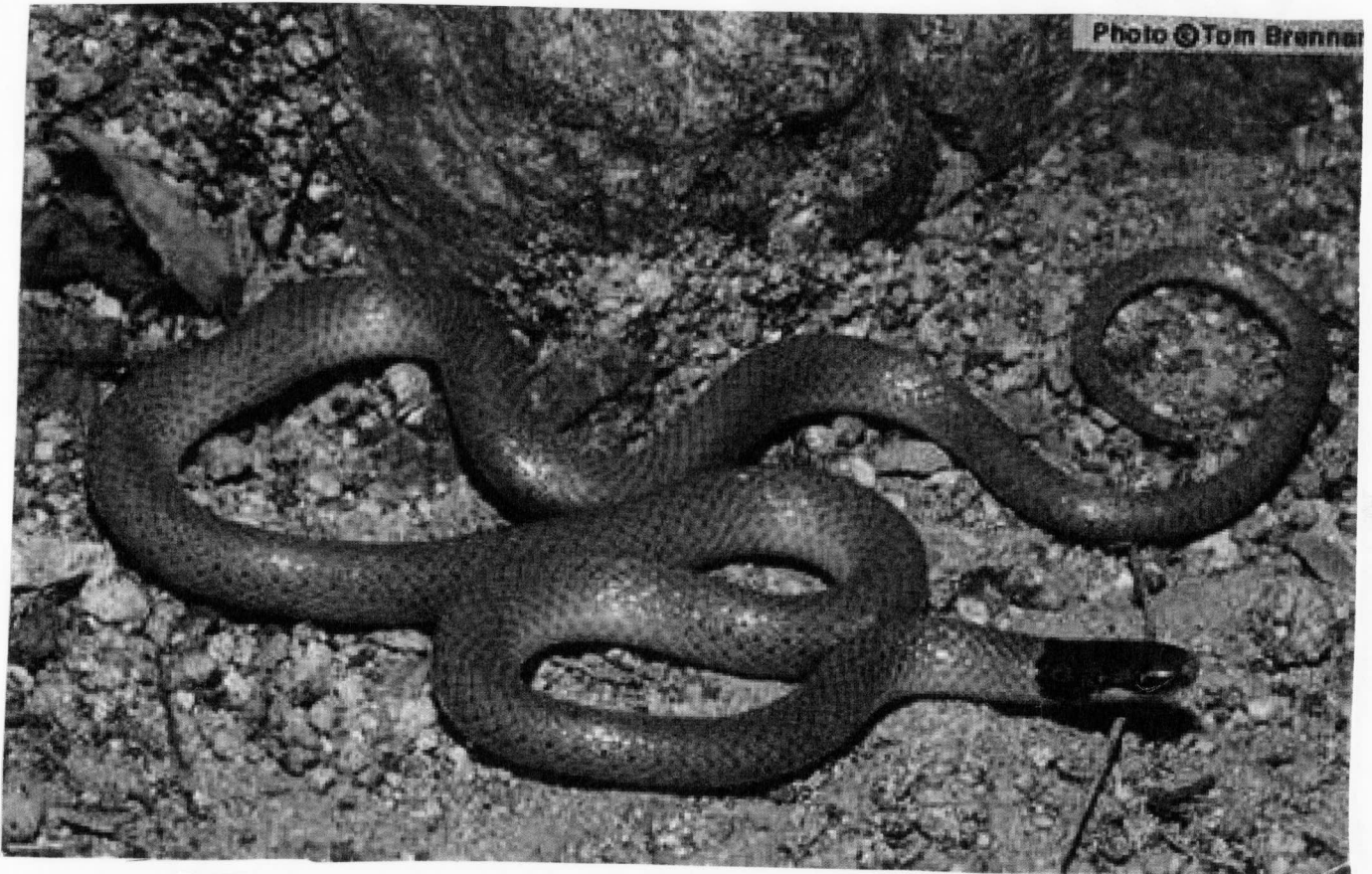
One day there was this little girl. A little girl that loved nature she loved to explore new things everyday. One day she went out to the river to find out as much as she can. Then she picked up a rock and rubbed it with water then this orange brownie colour was made she ran home to tell her parents. That day her mother brought paper home and the little girl got an idea she started to paint and then made a lovely picture. Then her Mum started to paint her face then the little girl started to paint on her mother's face. The little girl picked up a shredded glass and looked at her face she just loved it. Then everyday she went to the river to paint and have a little swim the breeze flew in her face. So then she went down to the river always to feel the nice fresh air and to paint whatever symbol she could paint. Then she started to paint ochre on the cave walls then when she finished her painting she asked her mum to come and have a look her mother came down and looked. Her eyes lit up in excitement she kissed her and said I love you and then the little girl said I love you to.



Polly + Billy

Polly and Billy went to the bush, to find some Bush tucker.

They ran into a Tiger Snake he was trying to catch them. They caught the snake themselves and cooked it and ate it great Bush Tucker



Ding, Ding. That's the school bell, as I walk out of the hall way my friend Brent yells. "Hey Dean, see you tomorrow." I wave goodbye as I walk away. Speedy. I grab my bike of the bike rack and force I put it on the ground and ride it towards home.

As I get through the drive way I put my bike at ease on the houses boundry. I am a only child so the house is usually lay & quiet so I enter my bedroom and reach for my computer. My computer is almost out of batterie so I plug it into the charger.

As I click onto ~~the~~ a youtube video an add pops up and I hear a Zap. Suddenly I find myself in the bush I panic. "Where am I?" I ask myself. I see smoke I walk steadily towards it. I ~~find~~ I reached the location and I take a peek. It seems I was on a bit of a cliff, I see see dark skined people sitting around a camp fire.

I think to myself am I dreaming. All of a sudden I collapse rolling down the hill by the time I meet the bottom people were crowding around me then I blacked out. When I woke up I was laying down near the fire or what was left of it everyone was gone. As I get to my feet a woman was near a villa bong as I walk over to her she JS 8



turns around she got a bit of a  
 shock I then open my palms showing  
 her I was unarmed. She pointed  
 into the distance into a small hut.  
 I walk in and see a small grey  
 haired man, he waves me towards the side  
 of the room. I explain what happened.  
 And wished he knew of my struggles  
 he tells me if I go hunting  
 and catch 3 kangaroos he will trial  
 a spell on me.

He called a strong built man into the  
 room. The man shows he how  
 to throw a spear and how to hunt.  
 When it came to hunting I was  
 accepted as a brother a friend  
 a warrior. I found trouble  
 finding and killing the  
 kangaroo. I had killed 2 but  
 was struggling to get the 3rd.  
 But one day we had cornered  
 a bunch me sneaked up  
 slowly, and I crouched there  
 for a while waiting for them  
 to make a move, and then as one  
 kneeled for a drink I ~~threw~~  
 threw it, got it all the others  
 ran away not hesitating I  
 ran up and grabbed my  
 days work and head back.

JS8

I then entered the hut and he  
 casted a spell. I'm back ~~back~~

**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

**Express Yourself**



**Aboriginal Languages of this Region  
in any written form**

**Open Winner:**

**Proud To Be Me**

**Merle Miller**

**Youth Winner:**

**Yorta Yorta Writing**

**Alkira Power**

**Junior Winners:**

**Yakapna (Family)**

**Sonny Croes**

**The Lost Girl**

**Nerrissa Leitch**



**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**

2015

# Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards

# Express Yourself



Open

Aboriginal Languages of this Region  
in any written form

Winner:

Proud To Be Me

Merle Miller



GREATER SHEPPARTON



Fairer Futures Fund

Dungala Kaiela Foundation

**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

# **Express Yourself**



**Open**

**Aboriginal Languages of this Region  
in any written form**

**OL 1 Weelow**

Bruno Starrs

**OL 2 Nyini Yorta Yorta Burrai**

Belinda Briggs

**OL 3 Proud To Be Me**

Merle Miller



**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**

## *Weelow.*

With career success comes the sexiness of notoriety, even to a low-level clerk in the mid-1970s Australian Public Service. Nerdy little Eugene Fairbairn suddenly found himself the focus of previously un-enjoyed attention at the National War Memorial in Canberra, simply for identifying the problems with a previously considered authentic (and therefore judged priceless) photo of the ANZAC's Light Horsemen in full charge at Beersheba in WWII Turkey. Sycophants asked to sit with him at lunch in the cafeteria. Others slipped him the foolscap drafts of history papers they were working on, asking as they did so for constructive criticism or even just a little feedback. And some at the War Memorial, it must be said, viewed him in friendlier, slightly less than professional terms. His company had somehow become more desirable. One such colleague was a woman named Dorothea although, unlike many who accosted him, she had herself a genuine 'in' with the newly popular Eugene. Dorothea had recently met his activist brother Kenny at the Aboriginal Tent Embassy opposite Parliament House.

"Excuse me, you're Eugene Fairbairn, right? The guy who proved to the Director that the Beersheba photo was a fake?"

"Uh ... yes, that's me."

"Forgive me, cuz, but are you related to Kenny Fairbairn? I mean, well, you guys have the same surname, and you're both Blackfellas, right?"

At the unexpected mention of his dimwit brother, Eugene grimaced and turned away.

But Dorothea was very hard to ignore.

She was a strikingly good-looking Aboriginal woman, and intelligent too, interning at the War Memorial as part of her Bachelor of Social Sciences degree at Canberra's Australian National University. Her skin, Eugene couldn't help but notice, was the darkest of browns, for she was a full-blood and her mob were the Kalkadoons from distant North Queensland. But she looked nothing like the Kalkadoon women most people had seen passed out in the Mt. Isa riverbed: all pencil-thin limbs, expansive pot-bellies and drooping dugs. Crawling with flies and caring little for their health or appearance. Snarling at passers-by and onlookers through the tawny port flagon fumes. No, she looked bugger-all like a clapped out Boong from the long grass of The Isa, the much-travelled womaniser Gary Foley from the Aboriginal Tent Embassy would have said, as he lecherously would've also tried to score her home phone number.

Rather, Dorothea looked like a magnificent black princess hand carved out of ebony.

Her childhood had been lived happily enough in far North Queensland's Townsville, the city inexplicably unashamed of being named after a slave trader, where she learnt to be proud of her Aboriginal Australian heritage, but simultaneously ashamed of her brother's and sister's dismal socio-economic conditions which she knew were endured the entire country wide. The significantly higher rates of suicide, infant mortality, and imprisonment. The significantly lower rates of high school completion and university enrolment. The significantly reduced life expectancy and employment opportunities. She knew that these inequities are the lot of Aboriginal people the length and breadth of Australia and are all issues that demand healing.



She also knew there was nothing she could do in the White Man's bureaucracy to redress these historic imbalances, except slowly climb its own internal ladders to an eventual position of influence. Still, it was a history lecture she obsessively harangued other students on campus with whenever she got half the chance.

With her easy confidence and passionate eloquence, Eugene found her alluring and he soon deemed her company acceptable. Over several lunches at the War Memorial staff cafeteria, a friendship slowly blossomed. And it must be noted, Eugene began to rethink the possibility of his own Indigeneity in the presence of one so stunningly enthusiastic in her expression of it.

His brother accepted their part-Aboriginality: should he not reconsider? Eugene sketched and painted in his spare time and so the artist within him pondered:

"Perhaps, while my skin is the metaphorical canvas of my life's story, the product of my very own reality's palette and easel, but with a dull base coat the colour of nothing more glamorous than wet Arnott's Arrowroot biscuits, perhaps, if I connect the dots of this skin painting before me in the mirror I can trace behind it the outline of a tree, a rare tree, like an inverted boab tree?"

And as he pondered, the melanin in his skin darkened, almost imperceptibly.

"Perhaps, perhaps, but it is a plant in which some of the branches are still indistinct. There is Scottish in the boughs, to be sure, the phloem and xylem being the inlets of the Scotland coastline, secured by the good family name of Fairbairn. But the trunk that holds me aloft as erect as any British flagpole: is there not a part of it which is in fact Aboriginal? Over here the bark is stringy whereas just over there it is papery and in other places it is smooth, white and cross-hatched with rosacea and light acne like a thin sprinkling of red desert ochre. Hmm, perhaps."

These were the new thoughts inspired by his witnessing at close hand the proud dark beauty of Dorothea.

"My epidermis is like a bark painting, but I can't yet decide how to categorise it", he admitted to himself.

He was beginning to concede that maybe, just maybe, there was some truth to his mother's revelation about their Great Grandmother being Aboriginal, so many years ago around their humble dining table as his father carved the saddle of roast mutton. And his complexion darkened further.

He decided he would visit this Aboriginal Tent Embassy with Dorothea ... as an anthropological field trip, so to speak, and just see how it all felt to be there in their company. And in his part-Aboriginal brother's company, too.

But then Dorothea disappeared. She met with a life-changing tragedy.

She was raped.

Brutally and unforgivably. Yet she was the last woman one would expect to be forced into any kind of sexual victim status.

Prior to the attack, Dorothea was fond of losing herself in exercise. A Blackfella Valkyrie, with her kinky hair scraped back into a severe bun, she'd don moth-eaten sweats and train like the Wiradjuri woman, Evonne Goolagong, as if also preparing for Wimbledon glory.

There were weights sessions with forced reps and every set was completed to failure, the lactic acid burning into her muscles like liquid fire. Her resting heart rate nearly tripled in aerobic sessions, aimed at metabolising all unnecessary body fat. Pilates for flexibility learnt from a French exchange student chick she knew at uni. Yoga for focus and mental acuity taught by the Hare Krishna club on campus.

And because it could be easily fitted in with her university lecture timetable and interning schedule, she sweated through many miles of road running. So she was out jogging alone one Sunday afternoon, feeling strong and confident. Dorothea was no easy push over, so she was right to feel confident. Instead, she was tripped over by a wire strung taut across the jogging and bicycle path that winds around the perimeter of Canberra's Lake Burley Griffin.

After setting off from the Australian National University campus she had passed through the unremarkable residential streets of suburban Acton, where the pets and children of tenured academics play freely, as safe as if they were living next door to a police station.

She then ran safely along the high concrete wall of Scrivener Dam, which first impeded the Molonglo River's progress to the Murrumbidgee (and thence mixing with the Goulburn Valley's Dungala and Kaiela waters in the mighty Murray River further downstream), in 1963, forming the lake's central catchment, and past the secluded grounds of Government House, until, as she was nearing the leafy rich suburb of Yarralumla, she was gliding high on endorphins and covering ground fast without a care in the world. But before she knew what was happening she was felled, flat and instantly.

Nasal bones smashed in by the attacker's hairy male fist.

Dragged under the cover of a thick row of neatly pruned ornamental bushes.

Grimy handkerchief stuffed in her blood-filling mouth.

Cries for help cut off, silenced.

The pathetic excuse for what he thought was a real man smirked breathlessly, the contortions of his face emphasising its reptilian nature, and he was assaulting Dorothea, slicing through her lycra running shorts with his little knife, pulling down his greasy King Gee work trousers, entering her sweaty opening, rejoicing in the pain he was inflicting. He felt, in the brief seconds of his violence, that he owned her, that his savagery and chaos were deserved by him, the man, the master.

He'd actually planned the attack well and was even using a condom, not for protection from conception or venereal disease but for his protection from police detection. In the 1970s, DNA was not yet the sentence-securing evidence the courts valued, but this evil little man was aware of the advancing forensic science. The unfortunate Dorothea was not to be the last but his bestial career in crime would inevitably escalate until a lapse in preparation saw him leave behind sufficient DNA evidence to ultimately bring him to justice. Ten years hard labour was the well-deserved sentence and although he went unpunished for Dorothea's rape the prison was to be a place of natural justice. His own soft rectum was unceremoniously

ripped open in a jailhouse expression of male ownership. The blood and faeces spilled out of his backside like an overflowing latrine.

But until he was thus owned himself the wretched man lived a life full of misogynistic hate.

It only took a few thrusts before the creep climaxed and disappeared in exactly the same way nightmares don't, leaving the wounded Dorothea bleeding and shocked beside the heavily treed and otherwise picturesque bike-path. Looping around the National Capital's shining jewel of man-made lake it made for an idyllic picture of bucolic scenery, where such acts of barbarity are entirely unforeseen by either landscape artists or city planners. But fragrant scents from the banks of pink blooms mixed with the sickly, sweet smell of her own blood and the rank, bitter tang of her assailant's crime. What a scumbag, low-life, complete and utter waste of space he was, Aboriginal activist Gary Foley would have declared, as he would've also sworn to avenge his black Sista's injury. The weakest of dogs, the shabbiest of crooks, the scabbiest of filth, the vilest of suburban vipers - but Eugene himself learnt nothing of these details.

Glimpses of other injustices were sung mournfully by the Australian landscape that never forgets crimes as unspeakable as this (for as clumsy as it can be at times, the good, stable Earth remembers all) but Dorothea was weeping uncontrollably, too shocked to move, too insulted to scream, too hurt to listen to her Country trying to sing to her, trying to soothe her. Twenty five minutes later another jogger heard her low choking moans, found her dazed, semi-conscious form and called the ambulance from a phone box a half mile away.

The hospital discharged her three days later and although she remained convinced otherwise, the brutal offence she had suffered had nothing to do with her Aboriginality. Any woman at that time and place might have fallen victim to that stinking, craven animal waiting in the shadows to rape and belittle a woman, any woman. But with her mouth twisted forever by the bitter taste of betrayal, the betrayal of coarse male humanity, she withdrew.

Like the totem she subsequently adopted, the nocturnal Stone Bush Curlew (or *Weelow*, according to the *Kalkadoon* lingo of her mob, but known elsewhere as *Urwinarriwingi*, *Wirntiki*, *Ngamirliri* and *Willeroo*. The Yorta Yorta people, she knew, called it *Goka*), Dorothea withdrew from all contact with people.

She withdrew from all people's sight.

She withdrew from all people's hearing.

Not inappropriately, the unmusical song of this *Weelow* or *Goka* bird sounds like the tortured scream of a madwoman, as it rises through the high-pitched registers of prehistoric terror and evil, through to peals of maniacal laughter before it subsides into sobs of desperate keening. It is a heart wrenching noise, much like the amplified hysteria of an abandoned refugee, or the sounds made by a wounded woman mourning for her lost or stolen children. The source of these unhappy night shrieks so often heard around Townsville and The Isa where Dorothea grew up are ungainly, grey animals, tall and haughty, and they are often seen with their long hard beaks held high, regarding their lonely reflections in the night-time mirror-glass walls of the deserted petrol station buildings on the outskirts of tiny outback Queensland towns.

One wonders how the *Weelow* spends its sun-baking days? Perhaps standing and sleeping bolt-upright in the long dead grass of dried out riverbeds? Is that why they sound so sad, so pained? Has anyone ever seen the 'home, sweet home' of a curlew's nest?

And so Dorothea became a *Weelow* in all but physical form. She returned to Mt Isa, got on the grog and never went back to the university or the War Memorial.

And so Dorothea disappeared from Eugene's life, suddenly, without explanation, and the lonely Fairbairn brother felt confused rejection.

And so his bitterness towards Aboriginal Australians was reborn and grew even stronger and despite his brother's sad pleas, Eugene Fairbairn finally declared himself to be not one little bit blackfella after all. He never made it to the Aboriginal Tent Embassy. Eventually his success at the War Memorial was forgotten and his skin grew less brown until he faded away into nothing.

Her Smile  
Her Toes  
The Scrunch of her nose

Her Laugh  
Her Embrace  
The Joy on her Face

Her Wit  
Her Love  
All things from Within and Above

Renews my spirit, gives my heart  
song  
My Niece, Nyini Yorta Yorta Burrai  
Nyauwoga  
Nginak Murrangurang Belong



## Proud to be me

I'm a Koorie

Proud and strong,

I know all my people

I know where I belong.

Ngatha Yenbena

? dunguludja

Nga ngaikun wuta nyini yenbena

Nga ngaikun wanhal nga gaka muma

Proud to be me

? angurram nganin

Proud to be me

? angurran nganin

Listening to my elders

ngar-wu dorra nyini dhama yenbena

Learning all I can,

ngai wuta nga ?

Makes me feel connected

bunyma nganin bamunga yapaneyepuk

To my country and my land.

Dorra nyini woka nyini woka

Proud to be me

? angurran nganin

Proud to be me

? angurran ngainan

So take the time to listen

muma meyun dorra ngar-wu

Look at what you see,

nhawul minhe nginak nha

You too can feel connected

nginak bamunga yapaneyepuk

And proud like me

? nawiya nganin

Proud to be me

? angurran nganin

Proud to be me

? angurran nganin

**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

# **Express Yourself**



**Youth**

**Aboriginal Languages of this Region  
in any written form**

**Winner:**

**Yorta Yorta Writing**

**Alkira Power**

**Commended:**

**Biami And The Creation of the Murray River**

**Kian Wise**

**How I Feel To Be Aboriginal**

**Alli Morgan**



**GREATER SHEPPARTON**

**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**

2015

# Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards

# Express Yourself



## Youth

## Aboriginal Languages of this Region in any written form

- YL 1      Biami And The Creation of the Murray River  
Kian Wise
- YL 2      How I Feel To Be Aboriginal  
Alli Morgan
- YL 3      Yorta Yorta Writing  
Alkira Power



Fairer Futures Fund

Dungala Kaiela Foundation



# BIAMI AND THE CREATION OF MURRAY RIVER

BIAMI SENT A OHAMA [OLD] LADY TO THE MALOGA [SANDHILLS]. HE SENT HER WITH A MAYIDA[YAM] STICK. GOWIDJA [BEHIND] HER WAS BIAMI WEAVING IN AND OUT THE LINES. HE MADE THEM EVEN BIGGER THAN THEY WERE WITH THE MAYIDA[YAM] STICK.

WHEN SHE GOT TO THE MALOGA[SANDHILLS] SHE HAD HER DOGS. THEY MADE THE MALOGA[SANDHILLS] BY KICKING THEM UP WITH THEIR FEET. THEN BIAMI CALLED THE RAIN AND IT STARTED POURING DOWN RAIN.

ALL THE RAIN FILLED UP THE LINES AND THAT'S WHAT MADE THE DUNGALA [MURRAY RIVER].

# How I Feel To Be Aboriginal

There are many things in my school that make me feel good to be Aboriginal. We have a peace pole that says *Yarrawul Nhurra Galnyanwoka* which means "May Peace Prevail On Earth" in my language which is *Yorta Yorta*.

The Peace Pole makes me feel happy confident and proud to be at the school. It helps people have peace and kindness and be helpful to others.

The flag makes me feel good to be Aboriginal and makes me feel that people help me and I have to help them. The yellow sun makes me feel happy and the red makes me feel cheerful.

We also have a welcome gallery that shows all the languages spoken at our school. The first sign shows my language that is *Nukin Yenbena Moorup* ["Look to the Ancestral Sprit"]. This was made by an aboriginal Uncle for our school. It makes me feel good that people know what language my culture speaks.

A few months ago my choir and I sang a traditional Aboriginal song. It's called *Ngarra Burra Ferra* which is about Jesus, God and Moses. I felt helpful when I was helping the other kids understand my language.

My most favourite thing in the school is a beautiful painting that is as big as a table. It has nearly all of our native symbols and is at the entrance of the school.

I hope you all can come see what things make me feel good to be Aboriginal some day.



## Yorta Yorta Writing

Last wanala, nyini gana, nyini dhamanga bapu, nyini wowa Levi and Robert, nyini marra Marissa and I went guli to the Kaiela river to go dunyuk. Marissa and I didn't feel like dunyuk so ngalngin decided not to, but everyone else did, so ngalngin just watched. It took damnnanan a meyan muma everything with set up, but once damna had started, damna were wuta getting bites straight away. Nyini gana was the first iyawa of us to catch a maniga, but it was too yingarnika so ngalngin had to yunga it back in.

Soon after, Roberts dunyuk rod started to get a lot of bites, so he reeled it back in and her had caught a big yellow belly. It was his first proper maniga he has ever caught.



**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

# **Express Yourself**



**Junior**

**Aboriginal Languages of this Region  
in any written form**

## **Junior Winners:**

**Yakapna (Family)**

**Sonny Croes**

**The Lost Girl**

**Nerrissa Leitch**

## **Commended:**

**Hunting for Bigarrumdja Eggs**

**Gavin Handy**



**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**

# Yakapna (Family)

A long time ago in New South Wales there lived a malniga (boy) and his dhatjip (sister). It was very daididja (hot) where they lived so they played outside all the time. The malniga was thirteen and his dhatjip was eleven. Their gaiya (dad) had gukuwin (passed away) last gaiya gananggurr (day).

They still had their gana (Mum) and dhatjip (older sister) who was eighteen. Sometimes the malniga would danu (cry) for his gaiya's loss. The dhatjip just didn't want to danu or lotjpa (talk) about it. The yakapna spoke the Yorta Yorta Language and didn't really speak much English. Only the gana lotjpa English really well.

Their gana worked at the hospital canteen and she loved working there. One dark gananggurr their dhatjip got a call from the hospital to say that their gana had been burnt from boiling oil. The dungudja (big) dhatjip rushed over to see if their gana was alright. When dhatjip got to the hospital the doctor told her that her gana had very badly burnt hands and would be in hospital for about a week. When gana got home she couldn't cook or look after the yarka (children) because her wowatja (skin) was still healing.

Sometimes the malniga would sit in his bedroom and talk to his gaiya asking him what he should do. Gaiya's mulana (spirit) was there to guide him.

# The Lost Girl

One day there was a gitjika (girl), she lived out in the bush with her yakapna (family). Her name was Kaiyala which means Goulburn River.

One day Kaiyala went mumulwa (hunting). She was trying to find a yedabila (animal) to dhatjmiak (eat). Finally she saw something moving in the bushes. She thought it was a gaiyimarr (kangaroo) but it was another gitjika. Kaiyala went up to the gitjika and said, "Hello, what's your name?"

The gitjika replied, "Hi, my name is Gowola. It means kind."

Kaiyala asked Gowola why she was out there in the bush. Gowola told Kaiyala that she was there because she had lost her yakapna. Kaiyala asked what her culture was. Gowola said that she was a Yorta Yorta gitjika, then Kaiyala told Gowola that she was also Yorta Yorta.

Kaiyala didn't find any mandiga (food) for dinner but she took Gowola home to meet her Bapu (Aunty) Bayaderra (long neck turtle). Bapu Bayaderra said, "Kaiyala, Gowola is your bakinal (cousin). I have been looking for her gana (mother) for a long time. Gowola's gana is mine and your gana (mother's) dhatjip (sister)."

Kaiyala said, "Gowola you really are my bakinal." It was getting dark so Kaiyala's mother said Gowola could stay with them for the night and they would look for her mother and family tomorrow.

In the morning they set off towards the Kaiela River to see if they were there but there was no sign of them. They looked next at the dungudja (big) bala (tree) in the gowa (south). Gowola's yakapna were there. Bapu, (Gowola's gana) was so galnya (excited/happy) because she had not seen her dhatjip for so long. She had run off with a banupka (fella) from the next tribe when she was wurta (younger).

We all returned home to our campsite and on the way we found a gaiyimarr. When we got home we cooked up a big feed and got to know our new/old yakapna.

# Hunting for Bigarrumdja Eggs

Long ago in the Dreamtime there was a malniga (boy) called Jetar. One day he went to the bush with his family. They were hunting for bigarrumdja (emu) butjangin (eggs) and gaiyimarr (kangaroo). The malniga had plenty of experience with hunting. The family got everything they had hunted for. After they had finished they went back to the campsite. Jetar and his Dad had an argument and Jetar ran into the bush. He ran for miles until his feet could not run at all. He ran so much that he was exhausted and passed out.

When Jetar woke up he didn't know where he was. He saw a gaiyimarr and he killed it to survive. After a good feed he tried to find home but it was no use!!! Finally Jetar asked a wise gokok (owl) which direction he needed to go. Gokok told him, "Wait until dhala (night) and follow the southern star until dawn. As the Yurringa (sun) rises in the east you will see your yakapna (family's) campsite." Jetar did this and by the next day he reached home.

A week later it was Jetar's birthday and he got his first boomerang. His Dad had made it for him as he sat around the manu (camp) bitja (fire) wishing his guwiga (son) would return home. He went hunting far out in the bush with his Dad. He taught Jetar how to throw a boomerang and with his first try Jetar hit a gaiyimarr. They also killed a bigarrumdja that day and took them back to the fire of hot coals that the women had prepared. After the women left the campsite the men had a ceremony for Jetar where he became a man. Later on the whole tribe had a big feed of gaiyimarr and bigarrumdja with dancing afterwards to celebrate Jetar's journey to responsibility. The yakapna thanked the yedabila they had eaten by singing and doing a special dance for them with the digeridoo and clap sticks.





**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

# **Express Yourself**



## **Poem/Lyric/Rap**

### **Open Winners:**

**Wamba Wamba Woman**

**Sharon Mununggurr**

**Tribal Man**

**Daisy Atkinson**

### **Youth Winner:**

**Tagai Rap**

**Shakur Stone**

### **Junior Winner:**

**Hunting the Duckaroo**

**Des Farrell**



**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**

**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

# **Express Yourself**



**Open**  
**Poem/Lyric/Rap**

## **Winners:**

**Wamba Wamba Woman**  
**Sharon Mununggurr**

**Tribal Man**  
**Daisy Atkinson**

## **Commended:**

**Who Is She**  
**Kaye Briggs**



**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**

**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

# **Express Yourself**



**Open**

**Poem/Lyric/Rap**

- OP 1 For William  
Fallon Harris
- OP 2 Wamba Wamba Woman  
Sharon Mununggurr
- OP 3 Who Is She  
Kaye Briggs
- OP 4 The Dropout  
Felicia Dean
- OP 5 In My Sister's Shadow  
Victoria Webbe
- OP 6 Tribal Man  
Daisy Atkinson



**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**

Today is a day of Celebration.  
For a life that was taken just too short.  
A life that taught you to love again.  
A life that taught you how strong you are.  
A life that taught you, you can get back up!  
A life that taught you, that life itself is just too damn short.  
William educated his family in the short time he was here, Not by Words, Not by Actions But merely  
with Love.

Dedicated to my Nephew William Lawrence Bowman, who passed away from SIDS and to my Sister  
Tina Linnane for losing her First Born Son on her 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday.

## **Wamba Wamba Woman**

I had never before known

An Aboriginal woman

So strong in her culture

Echoes of the past still flowing through her veins

**WAMBA WAMBA WOMAN**

So in touch with her spirituality

She shone like the morning sun

She cried for her people

The young and the old

Her eyes still bright with the reflections

Of a thousand starry nights

And she danced the ceremonies

While singing her songs

**WAMBA WAMBA WOMAN**

With the campfires of yesteryear

Still glowing in her mind

And the ochres softly melting

Into the brown of her skin

And all this she knew

From a time long ago

**WAMBA WAMBA WOMAN**

## WHOS SHE?

"Who's She ? the Cat's mother,"  
our mum would say,  
I'm mum to you, and you're Kaye,  
Strong, aggressive, sometimes cold  
Many truths and secrets go untold.  
Gentle at times; soft with our children;  
She'd hum a Hymn "Just a closer walk with Thee"  
to get them to go to sleep on her knee.  
Eat vegies and meat; always made sure  
you had plenty to eat.

Laugh and Joke She liked to do  
give me things Day to Day  
Do you want this ? or this ? or this ?  
No mum,  
Then I'll give it to Sis.  
Read and write She couldn't do  
but clever in other ways got her through.  
I'm Jean Thomas I'm proud to say that was one  
of her funny ways.  
Always particular about her looks and dish  
up meals like the smartest of cooks.

She gave us strength, big brown eyes and olive skin,  
But sadly She lost contact with her kin—  
poor mum had problems with that deep within.  
Sometimes relaxed with her identity  
but found it hard to share the Family Tree.  
Frightened to think what we really knew  
She tried hard in other ways to compensate to  
teach us we were of another hue.

She had a long and hard life and tried  
to keep us out of strife.  
In the end She had a lot of pain  
and now our thoughts are of her, and our gain.  
It's just as if She's gone away—  
we love you mum and one day, we'll all  
meet with you And have our say—  
"Who's She ? the Cat's mother"  
Who's Jean Thomas ? She's our Mother.

This is a poem I wrote about my mum not long after she passed into the spirit world in early 80's. It's about her personality, her way of surviving the best way she knew how to being a fair Aboriginal woman in a white world and all her secrets she held from us, her seven children

## **THE DROPOUT**

You see him in the park and street

And laying on a bench

The lonely unwashed dropout

The mid, the heat, the flies, the stench

And yet you surely realize

This man this layabout

Was once a person with idea's

A person with no doubt

No doubt about his future,

A person and a man

A man with a purpose, a purpose

And a plan

Who know what pain inside him

Has shattered his esteem

The bottle is his only friend

A friend that helps him

DREAM



## ***In My Sister's Shadow***

In my sister's shadow,  
you never like me there.  
You always had to put up with me  
but it is not because I wanted to be.  
There was because mum wanted me to be like you.  
You could put your hand at anything,  
but I am just me never could be you.

I am how I am,  
I like myself.  
First time I know,  
I can be loved.  
Lord Jesus show me his love.  
No other can ever match,  
no choice I made was wrong  
because I never felt goodness.  
Now is time to know and show his love.

There is only choices,  
good or bad.  
That is in everyone  
to decide every day,  
God way or wrong way?  
God want to give to all.  
Truth in faith,  
as the world gets more worries than ever  
choose Christ.

Filling my void ,  
choosing Jesus fulfilment.  
This never work when it anyone  
or anything in this world.  
seeing the difference in always.

## **Tribal Man**

I'm crossing the Nullarbor once again it seems and both times a strange sadness comes over me. I lay back on my pillow and tiredness takes control and in the distance once again I see, the same tribal man staring at me. He's an ancestor of long ago; he's an ancestor I feel I know. He stands by the gum tree proud as can be. But why has he chosen to visit me, and for what purpose could it be. Then I hear the sound of a gunshot ringing piercing loud, as he clutches onto his right thigh in vain and as I look down I realise it's me, it's through my ancestors eyes I see. How anyone could hurt this tribal man, who all his life he's just lived off the land, he'd move on and let the grasses grow greener and never take any more food than he needed. I started to feel dizzy, I thought I'm going to faint. Then a voice from within me said "no just wait, you've come to us from miles away, and we knew you'd be passing by here today. Your part of our future that's been torn into, and we're part of your history that you belong too. Then I woke still clutching my right thigh and as I looked up through the tears that I cried, the old tribal man no longer stood by the gum tree, there was nothing to see, just the piercing sound of the gun shot one, two, three.

**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

# **Express Yourself**



**Youth**

**Poem/Lyric/Rap**

**Winner:**

**Tagai Rap**

**Shakur Stone**

**Commended:**

**Step Into My Shoes**

**Taylah Cochrane**



**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**

**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

# **Express Yourself**



**Youth**

**Poem/Lyric/Rap**

- YP 1      **Tagai Rap**  
Shakur Stone
- YP 2      **My Dreamtime Rap**  
Kian Wise
- YP 3      **One Little Word**  
Chelsea Merkel
- YP 4      **Step Into My Shoes**  
Taylah Cochrane
- YP 5      **Poem ASHE**  
Zayne Gilbert
- YP 6      **Art Poem**  
Chelsea Charles-Brown
- YP 7      **A Pain That Was You**  
Miranda Cox



**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**

# Tagai rap

Tagai was a great spirit out of the sky.  
He came down from the stars, he came down from up high.  
He picked a crew of 12, "Hey come with me,  
We'll take this canoe and we'll fish in the sea."  
Tagai left the canoe to check out the reef.  
The crew had to stay behind, because he was the chief.  
The crew fished in the sun until they nearly burst with thirst,  
"If we don't drink and eat now we'll feel we are cursed".  
They drank and ate and they ate and drank,  
They became so heavy the canoe nearly sank.  
Back came Tagai and what did he see.  
Food and drink all gone, "There's none left for me!"  
Tagai the warrior in anger threw them in the sea.  
They will never come back, they are vanished back,  
In the northern sky, they've become a star track.

# My Dreamtime rap

Driving down to Melbourne to watch the dreamtime

On the way there

We ate a green lime

It was sour

It gave us the power

To watch the game

that is full of such fame

In Australia now the other sports they seem so lame

# One Little Word

I'm all alone  
I don't know what to do  
I'm there but no one takes notice of me  
Help me....  
One day I went to the park I saw a group of  
girls walk past  
They say "Hi" then went to play  
They wouldn't stop staring at me, looking my  
way  
I saw them at school the next day they looked  
my way.... laughing  
When the week had ended a girl asked me to go  
to her party  
The group of girls from the park were there  
making mean looks and laughing  
I felt so small... miserable....  
I was frustrated, I cried and shouted "I'm sick  
of you girls being so mean"  
They thought about it and approached me  
I'm so sorry they said  
**One little word**  
can be so powerful....

## Step into my shoes

Step into my shoes  
And walk the life I'm living  
It's a journey you won't believe  
But a story of reality  
It's about where it begins in our history  
Some face it in society  
Racism is discrimination in humanity  
Regard it happens everyday  
But still like dust we'll arise  
It doesn't matter is mankind thinks otherwise  
It's declared it's happened for centuries  
It's certain where not your enemies  
You're the ones behind the masks  
Believing you're the righter class  
But where all children of this earth  
We have a right to walk this land  
By our choice and demand  
We take a stand hand in hand  
Protecting our rights and beliefs  
For our alive and deceased  
Because underneath we are all unique  
And in this world we all have a right to speak



The Academy of Sport, Health and Education makes me feel- Safe, independent, Responsible and allows me to be me. Word to describe ASHE:

SPORTY

CARING

GOOD FOOD

FUN

FOOTY

FREEDOM

GREAT

INDESCIBABLE

ADVENTUROUS

OPEN ENVIRONMENT

NICE PEOPLE

TEACHES CULTURE

I hope to go and live in Queensland and work at the Australia Zoo in the future.

ART

PAINT

PICTURES

CULTURE

CREATE

YORTA

STORIES

LAND

ABORIGINAL

HISTORY

LANGUAGE

OUR PEOPLE

TRIBES

BEING TOGETHER

FAMILY CULTURE



A pain that was you

As I try to sleep  
I start to wonder why  
Why it cut so deep  
And I start to cry

A flash of you  
Passes through my mind  
What did we ever do?  
An answer I never find

A trust that you bended  
A lie that you told  
It cannot be mended  
You had us all sold

But then it stops  
And you've gone away  
The pain drops  
I know it will be over someday

The memories are lost  
The story has been told  
We paid more than you cost  
And your hearts turned cold



**2015**

# **Dungala-Kaiela Writing Awards**

**Express Yourself**



## **Junior Poem/Lyric/Rap**

**Winner:**

**Hunting The Duckaroo**

**Des Farrell**

**Commended:**

**Rap**

**Markiah Wise**



**Fairer Futures Fund**

**Dungala Kaiela Foundation**

## RAP

Think back thousands of yea  
When the river ran clear  
Me and my brothers will  
Sharpen our spears sitten  
round the fire trying  
to rest our fears  
eating fish in our dish  
that we caught from the  
lake and back at our  
camp we will boil it and  
bake out of the river  
Biamei is the Giver  
Biamei is the Giver or  
And the world he did make  
and it's not ~~very~~ fake

I was in Jarrah  
Bush hunting the  
duckaroo So I picked  
my boomerang up  
And then I threw  
it hrew the boomerang  
up

JP3