

170 WÄRRKPUY DHÄWU DHUWANDJIKAWUNU

English: Dhuwanydjika's story of a cyclone

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Dhuwalanydja narra yurru lakarama dhäwu wärrkpuy yurru jurikiwuy bala baman'puy. Nunhi nanapurru yukurrana nhinana nunhala Dhambaliya ga wärrknha nanapurrungu do'yurrana nunhala Mathana. Nhinana---a, linyguna burway nanapurrungu wärrktja do'yurrana. Bala yukurri bununa nanapurrunha jurinji wärrkthuny dja gamukpuyny dja. Yolnha nanapurrungu wärrktja buni nanya yolnha. Nunhinga yana rananjuranga yana bunu yukirri, ranan muka bunbu. Bumara nanapurrunha yukurrana munha wangany djadaw. Djadaw'yurrunany dja naya bala diwupthurrunana.

Norranana naya yukurrana bandja jurikiwuy munhakuwuy bunhara. Bala naya djawupa' narrawayny dja wanana, "Go, nilimurru marrtjina ga nunhala norra Murrpana wangany mirri, bala miyapunumirrira walala budapthundja", ga biyaku. Budap kay budapthurruna nanapurru, nhayu naku'yu Mol'nyu ga jurinji weyin'thu naku'yu nha mak nunhi yaku. Budapthurruna marrtji lili liw'yurrana---a, dhawat kay Murrpana. Murrpana dhawat, nunhili Murrpana, nhini nanapurru nunhili Murrpanany dja, yarrunha, dipangu nuna miyapununa, maltjana' mak dharpuju.

Maltjana' walala miyapununy dja dharpuju. Luki nanapurru bala nayiny dja marrtji nunhiliny dja gumurr-namathina biyapul malwurrktja. Gumurr namathina yara linygu djalkarr'yurrana marrtji, gali'nuru ga gali'nuru. Yara linygu burway, gamukthuny dja do'yurrana nanapurrungu. Nunha---a mathirra nanapurrungu wanyany dja nunha gali', nunha buku bitjan bala lungurramawu. Dharyurruna nanapurrunha yukurri gamukthuny dja. Dharyurruna, dharyurruna, dharyurruna, nunhala linygu mathirranjuranana. Dharyurruna yara linygu djadaw'yurrana.

Djaḡaw'yurrunydja, nhänuna, "Nhaltjana ḡilimurru, ḡilimurru marrtjina bay' mitjinlilina, Yirrkalalilina", biyaku. "Mukthuna ḡilimurru yurru marrtji, ḡilimurru yurru lupthun ga lupthun ḡunhi walḡathirri ga walḡathirri", biyaku. Linyguna worrpununa yukurri wapthurruna. Maḡḡa ḡunhi buku-wanaḡ'thurruna bulalny'tja ḡarramu maḡḡa, ga yutjuwala'yuna wiyaka dhuwala ḡaku'yu. Märr maḡḡa nherrulu biyaku garrurrunydja ga waḡḡinydja nhini bala djuḡkmaranḡu waḡḡany runu' ga biyapul waḡḡi ga ḡunhinydja bala djuḡkmaranḡu, bala ḡayi marrtji ḡulwulyurruna ḡakuny'tja. Lupthurruna maḡḡapala. Lupkay, "Way---y lupthurruna linygu warray ḡakuny'tja, lupthurruna linyguna yolḡunydja", biyaku.

ḡanapurrunydja mukthurru bala liw'yurru, garrurrimirrimga bala waḡḡi. ḡunhilinydja, "Go waythuna yana nhuma yurru go", biyaku, "ḡilimurru dhiyanḡuna linygu marrtji waḡḡanydhuna. Birrka'mirri ḡilimurru yurru waḡḡapthun ga waḡḡapthuna yara ga walḡathirri, walḡathirri yara. Dhiyanḡuna ḡilimurru waḡḡanydhuna ḡaku'yu marrtji", biyaku. Waythurruna maḡḡa lili, dhiyaku yalḡi'wu bäpa'mirriḡu ga Ralmirriwu bäpa'mirriḡu bay. Waythurruna lili, ḡaraḡanydja baḡ ḡakuny'tja, wapthurrunydja, linyguna.

Yep muka yolḡu walala, bathalamirri ga djamarrkuḡi, yep muka marrtji yukurri ḡurini ḡaku'yu ḡula nhämunha' dhuwalanydja bay'. Marrtjina ḡanapurru yukurrana ga---a, djuḡkmaranḡala ḡunhi runu' ḡunhi yukurra dhawar'yuna ḡurru ya', ḡunhilinydja yupmaranḡalana garrurrunydja bay'. ḡunhinydja marrwalayuna yana, marrwalayuna waḡḡanydhuna ga ga ga ga yatjunmina marrtji dhika biyanḡiyirrina bathalamirri ga nhä ḡanya. ḡayinydja ḡuli waḡḡanha djawulpany'tja, "Yaka nhuma yurru biyanḡiyirri ga wilwil wekama ḡaku'nha dhanḡu, ḡayi yurru wilwilyun ḡaku' ga barrarirri nhuma yurru ḡäthi bäyḡu, ḡunha'yurra", bitjarra. Nhaltjana ḡayinydja ḡuli ḡunhi wilwilyuna ḡuripa watawu ga gapuwu? Bäyḡu.

Yakana ḡayi yukurrana barrarina ḡuripayi bathalawu gapuwu ga watawu. ḡayinydja yukurrana ḡänḡala ḡunhiyinha ḡaku'nha biyaku ḡuli maḡḡana galki Garrayyuna. Bay bitjarrana ḡayinydja yukurrana ḡänḡala. ḡayipina marrtjina dhukarr ḡakarḡala bala. Yara linygu munhakuyinana marrtjina bala ga ḡaykun' ḡayi bala ḡulḡiyinana ga ga ga ga, galkithinana marrtjina methany'tja wänḡa Djalarinya ḡunhi ya ḡunhi. Ga ga ga ga, biyapulnydja ḡanapurru maḡwurrkkurru buku-nyilḡ'thurru ya biyaku, walalaḡa linygu ḡanapurrunydja yumurrkum'ka yara. Bitjarra buku-nyilḡ'thurruna, dharrway nhänḡala.

"Way, walala, dhuwalana wänḡanydja gumurrnydja gorruma yukurra, ga galkina dhuwala methany'tja wänḡanydja", biyaku. Bala ḡayi waḡḡina djawulpany'tja, "Ma', yakana nhuma yurru waḡḡanydja nhina, lupthun yana nhuma yurru bukmak. Dhiyala linygu nhuma yurru lupthun ḡakuny'tja ḡänḡa dhuwala djamarrkuḡi'walaḡumirrinnydja linygu gumurrḡura dhuwali ḡowu bathalayinana ga djuḡkthurrunana", bitjarra. "Djuḡkthurrunana dhuwali gumurrḡuranydja gapu linygu dhiyapa ḡunḡawa manapara", biyaku. Linyguna lupthurruna yukurri yolḡunydja walala lupthurruna. Waythurruna yukurri ḡunhiyi

ṅakuny'tja yukurri gāṅuna biyakuna gongulaṅuna ya'. Dhawaṯṯhurrundyja bala yukurri warrkuḷuṅuna yolṅunhanydja walalanha ṅanapurrunhanydja.

Dhawaṯṯhurrundyja ṅakuny'tja, wapthurrundyja yukurri, wapthurrundyja yukurri, wapthurrundyja yukurri, mārr ṅayi yapanydja Nyapililṅundydja wapthurru, dhoṯṯhina ṅuli yāṯjṯhina ya' ḷinygu dhoṯpuynha ṅuli marrtjinyara nhinanhara, wapthurru gewitjkurru ṅuli ṅaku'kurru, marrtji ṅayi dhalawandhundydja ḡur'yurru ṅaku'nhanydja ya', marrtji yana dhurrparaṅuna yapanhanydja, bāna yukurri yāṯjurru. ḷinyguna, warrkuḷuṅuna yukurri marrwalandydja, garrurrundydja dhika nhānydja ṅanya rakiny'tja, ḷuṅgunydydja nhānydja ṅanya diltjililina bay'. Warrkuḷuṅuna yukurri bay'. Warrkuḷuṅa yukurri bay'nha gonha'yurru, bala marrtjina, ḷukuyuna wāṅṅuṅu ḷāy-warryurruna maḷwurrkpuyṅna, ṅayi marrtji dharyurruna.

Mukthurru yana martjmartjtjurru ga---a, yana ḷinygu Yipalanhaṅurana ḡuwaṯkay. Diltjikurruna, retja'kurruna bala djuḷktjuḷkthurru. ṅunhimga yana retja'kurrungga, yana ḷinygu dhawaṯkay. Wāṅṅuṅuna bala yana ḷinygu, ṅayi ṅunhi buṅbundydja ḡawu ṅunhi, ṅunhili yukurrana dhārrana bala ṅayi wolḡuman'tja gaṅgathina. Waṯṯhurru ṅayi dharrway nhāṅu. "Wāy dhuwalṅa gaminyarrny walal, wakuny dhuwana. Walṅaṅga yulṅuny walṅaṅga walṅaṅga", biyaku bala yara ṅāṯhina. ṅanapurrunydydja marrtjina bala dhutkay ṅunhiwalayina buṅbulilina. Weyin'ka buṅbu ṅāṯhili dhiyala dhārrana yukurrana.

A TRUE CYCLONE STORY OF LONG AGO AS IT HAPPENED TO DHUWANDJIKA

Have you ever experienced a cyclone? Well, here's my story about one. A long time ago, when we lived at Mathaṅa on the island of Dhambaliya (Bremer Island), a cyclone hit us in the night and boy, what a storm! In those days, we were living in paper bark shelters. It raged all night till dawn.

My father decided it would be a good idea to head to Murrpana for one night, and then go home with a few turtles. So we got going in our long canoe, named Moḷ'ṅu. We paddled to Murrpana and after we arrived, two turtles were speared.

After we had eaten them, another storm reached us, from all sides. We were able to find shelter in a cave. It rained and rained and rained until dawn. At dawn, when people could see, they started to worry about how to get back to the mission. People thought they couldn't get back. Everyone got in the long canoe.

Two men talked together, and then went off in a small canoe. They fixed up a small sail, and off they went, past one island, then another, and then the canoe started to sink. The two men fell in. People thought they would drown!

We called out to them to swim to us, "We'll all go together, so we'll either all drown together or all live together". So those two men swam towards us. It was Djoki's father and Ralmirri's father. They grabbed hold of the side of Moḷ'ḷju.

Finally the long canoe, full of adults and children, took off. We went past one island and then we took the sail down and paddled. Everyone was scared. My father told everyone not to be scared because it would make the canoe shaky. He told everyone to be still, and to stop crying.

My father wasn't scared of the wind and the rough sea. He was really brave. He carried us with such calmness and ease as if the Lord was with him. God showed the way in the night and in the day we came close to Djalarinya. We prayed throughout the journey. At last, through the rain, we could see land.

But the old man said, "We won't stay here! We might all drown! The waves are huge and are coming over into the canoe and right over all the rocks!"

We knew where we were, then father said, "All you adults will have to get off and leave the children in the canoe, and guide the canoe to the shore". We got to the shore safely.

But we got out, and waded through the water, pulling the canoe. My sister, Nyapililḷju, became weak and had to sit down, and she fell down in the canoe, because it was pushed over by huge roaring waves.

We all got off and walked along the beach to Yirrkala. We saw our old grandma sitting under the banyan tree. She stood up when she saw us coming, and cried out in joy when she saw that all her gaminyarrs and wakus were safe and alive.



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