

Tjilbruke – A Kurna Story
As told by Aunty Margaret Brodie for OUR STORIES 2021

Tjilbruke was a Kurna man who belonged to the Emu people, they believed that they don't kill their totem or eat it.

One day Tjilbruke and his nephew Kulutuwi were playing around. As they were playing, Kulutuwi accidentally killed an Emu and the tribesmen speared Kulutuwi.

Tjilbruke carried his nephew all along the coast. As he went, he stopped and rested whilst crying for his nephew and creating natural springs from his tears. The natural springs were warm like tears and tasted just like tears too.

Tjilbruke carried Kulutuwi to Rapid Bay where he laid him in a cave which became his resting place.

The Kurna people believe that Tjilbruke then turned into an Ibis bird and now we see him everywhere.

The Eagle and the Crow – A Ngadjuri Story **as told by Aunty Pat Waria-Read for OUR STORIES 2021**

Long ago when animals and birds were (*Ngadjuri*) human beings they lived in a camp at Orroroo.

As part of the customs in the camp all members of the clan had to go hunting to collect food to live. One day the crow and eagle went together to hunt for food, and because the eagle was big and strong, he captured most of the food but would not share it with the crow.

This made the crow jealous so the crow thought up a way how he could get back at the eagle. The crow found a piece of kangaroo bone, he sharpened it and placed it inside a jerboa rats' nest, facing it upwards; then he "spoked" to the bone and told it to make a noise when the eagle came to the nest.

Finding the nest that the crow had prepared, he said to the eagle "because you're big and strong why don't you jump up on the nest for me and see if any rats are in it". So the eagle jumped up on the nest and as his foot came down the bone in the nest went right through his foot causing a terrible wound.

The crow seeing what happened to the eagle ran away laughing, happy to think he had reined the eagle's foot.

The eagle struggling with his wound, decided to track the crow and seek revenge, because of what the crow had done to him. He travelled to *Ti:tapla* and when at *Waru:ni* the eagle's sore foot burst open, streaking down on the side of the hill that created a white quartz reef that can be seen today in Ngadjuri country.

While tracking the crow it began to rain, so the eagle decided he must find shelter, coming upon a cave he saw the crow and his family hiding in the cave.

The crow on seeing the eagle approach yelled at him "get away from here your foot smells". The eagle became very angry at what the crow said to him. The eagle thought "I will fix him" so he gathers some spinifex grass and build a fire to smother the crow and his family at the entrance of the cave.

After a little while, the eagle could hear the crow and his family coughing and choking. This made the eagle happy and feeling satisfied, he changed into a bird and flew away. The coloured smoke in the cave changed the crow and his family into birds, who were coloured black and have smoky coloured eyes; which are the same colours of the crows today.

Many of our cultural stories relate to relationships.

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Thukeri – A Ngarrinjeri story
As told by Aunty Lena Rigney for OUR STORIES 2021

This is a story about two men who lived on the shores of Lake Alexandrina. They belonged to the Ngarrindjerri people.

The two men set off in their bark canoe to go fishing on the lake. They travelled along on the calm, cool waters until they came to their favourite fishing place, called Loveday Bay, where they always caught the best and most delicious bream fish. In their language, this fish is called *Thukeri*.

They found a good, sheltered spot among some high reeds. They had made their own fishing lines, called *nungi*, from cords they had made from the reeds. They used very sharp bird bones for hooks. They knew the women were collecting vegetable plants to eat with the fish.

As the day went on the two men sat there catching more and more fat, juicy *Thukeri*. They were having such a wonderful day catching so many fish and wanted to keep catching more and more, but the canoe was almost full and looked like it would sink.

As they paddled in closer to shore, they could see a stranger in the distance. He seemed to be walking straight towards them. The two men looked at each other; what if this stranger wanted some of their beautiful, juicy *Thukeri*?

They were greedy and decided not to share with the stranger. They decided to keep all the fat, lovely *Thukeri* for themselves and quickly covered the fish up with their woven mats so that the stranger would not see them. When the stranger came up to the two men he said, 'Hello, brothers. I haven't eaten anything at all today. Could you spare me a couple of fish?'

The two men looked at each other and at the mats hiding the *Thukeri*. They turned to the stranger and one of them said, 'I'm sorry, friend, but we caught only a few fish today and we have to take them home for our wives and children and the old people, because they are depending on us. So, you see, we can't give you any.'

The stranger stood there for a long while and then started to walk away. He stopped, turned around and stared at them. 'You lied,' he said. 'I know that you have plenty of fish in your canoe. Because you are so greedy, you will never be able to enjoy those *Thukeri* ever again.'

The two men stood there, puzzled, as the stranger walked away into the sunset. They shrugged their shoulders, then quickly took off the mats and began to gut the fish. But as they did this, they found that these beautiful silver *Thukeri* were so full of sharp, thin bones that they couldn't eat them.

"What are we going to do? We can't take these home to our families, they'll choke on them." So the two men had to return home in shame with only the bony fish. When they got home, they told their families what had happened. The old people told them that the stranger was really the Great Spirit called Ngurunderi. Now all the Ngarrindjerri people would be punished for ever, because the two men were so greedy.

And so today, whenever people catch a bony bream, they are reminded of long ago, when Ngurunderi taught them a lesson.

Lartelare – A Kurna Story
As told by Aunty Margaret Brodie for OUR STORIES 2021

Lartelare was a Kurna woman who lived alongside the Port River. She was a domestic slave that worked for Captain Hart at Harts Cottage. Her home (campsite) was the car park of the CSR which was also home of the Colonial Sugar Refinery (factory).

Lartelare's totem was the Black Swan. She left her campsite in 1870 and lived in Fringe Dweller camps along the coastline until she reached the Coorong. She was also known to others as Laura Glanville Spender with her cloak and her baby she walked 200 kilometres to be one of the first women to vote in South Australia.

Now sits a park called Lartelare which is located in Port Adelaide, alongside the Port River. The park is her story in art form and it is known as a matrilineal story handed down to generations of Aboriginal women.

Lartelare was and still is my great-great grandmother.