

Noongar Mambara Bakitj

An old story retold by
Kim Scott, Lomas Roberts and the
Wirlomin Noongar Language and Stories Project

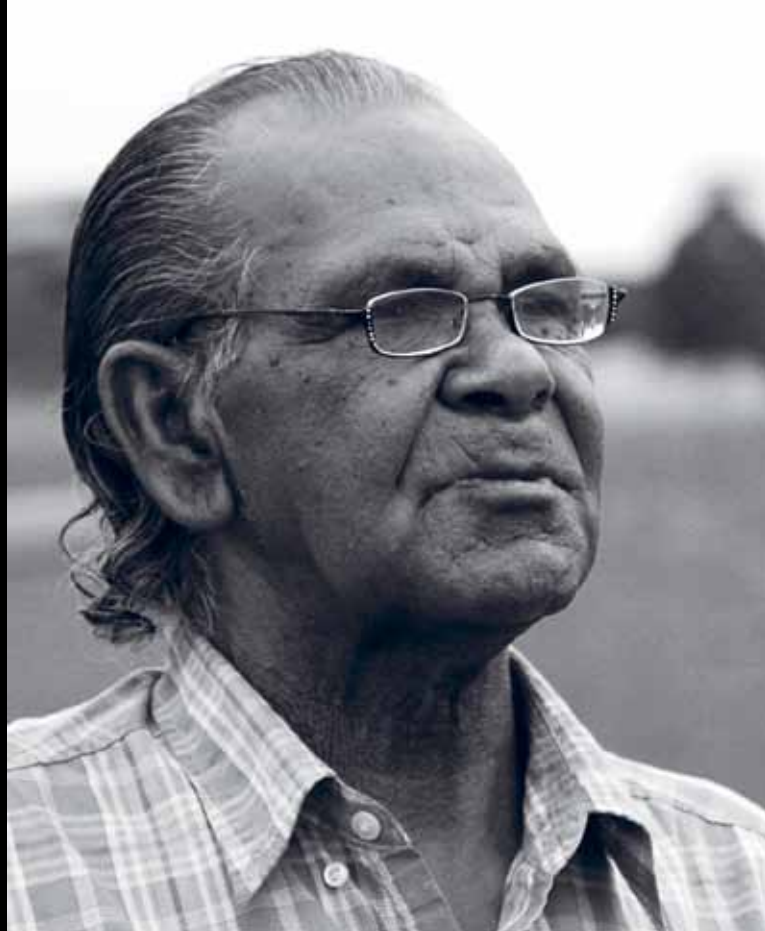
With artwork by
Geoffrey Woods and Anthony Roberts



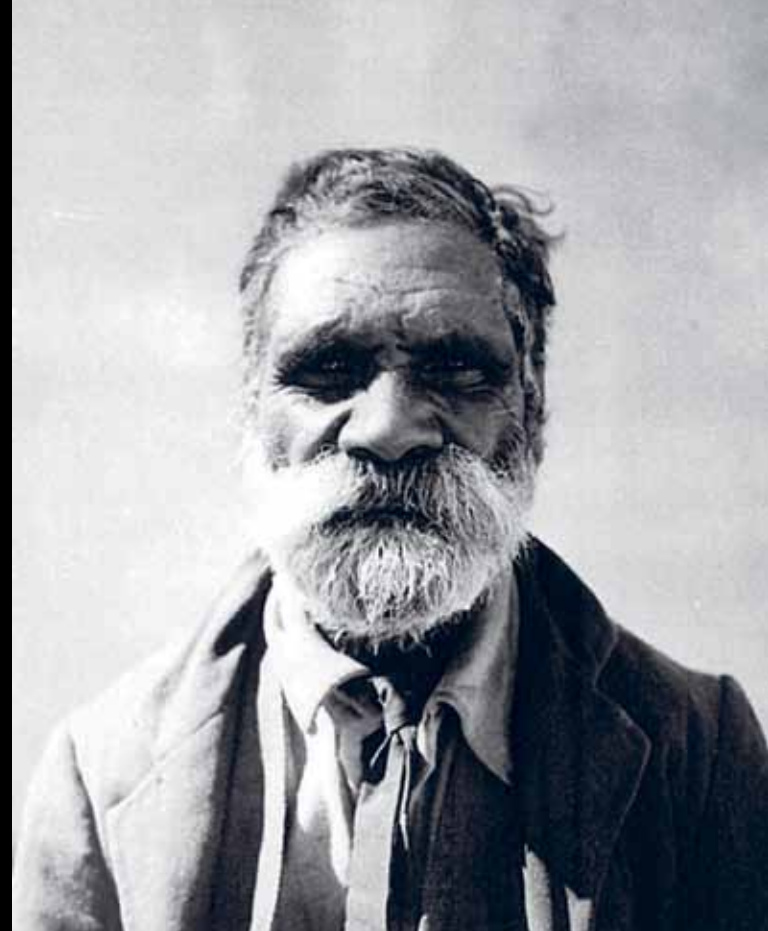
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Lomas Roberts Sr (nephew of Bob Roberts), Albany, January 2007



Freddie Winmer (Winmir), Borden, 1973. Image courtesy of the SA Museum

Noongar Mambara Bakitj

THIS BOOK IS INSPIRED BY a story Bob Roberts told the linguist Gerhardt Laves at Albany, Western Australia, around 1931. It has been workshopped in a series of community meetings, which included some of the contemporary family of both those men, and would not have been possible without their involvement and support. We would also like to thank Dr John Henderson at the University of Western Australia, Abmusic (Aboriginal Corporation), the South West Aboriginal Land and Sea Council, the Australian Institute of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Studies, Mary Gimondo, Lefki Kailis and Margaret Robinson. The goodwill of the family of Gerhardt Laves is also very much appreciated.

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of Sustainability, Environment, Water, Population and Communities and Healthway promoting the Respect Yourself Respect Your Culture message.

Key people in the Wirlomin Noongar Language and Stories Project have included: Hazel Brown, Audrey Brown (RIP), Lomas Roberts Sr (RIP), Helen Nelly, Gerald Williams Sr, Gerald Williams Jr, Russell Nelly, Iris Woods, Geoffrey Woods (RIP), Roma Winmar, Edward Brown Sr (RIP), Ezzard Flowers, Jenny Crosbie and Kim Scott.

To download a reading of this story, or for instructions on how to purchase a CD containing the reading, go to:
www.wirlomin.com.au

Noongar baal datj koorl, ngardanginy.

Noongar he meat go hunting

Kitj kiiny, dowak kiiny, kerl kiiny koorl koorl koorl.

Spear nothing club nothing boomerang nothing go go go

Baal djin-ak yongka djinang.

He feet-of kangaroo see

Long time ago, one of our people went hunting. Even though he had no weapons – no spear, no throwing stick, no boomerang – he went looking for tracks until, finally, he found a kangaroo track in the sand. It was so old and faint he could hardly see it.



Koorl koorl koorl djinang nidja karl mambara nyinalangainy.

Go go go see this fire spirit creature sitting – all together

Baalap wangk, 'Nidja demangka birt nyoondok koorliny.

They say this old-people track you going

Kaya, nyoondok wort koorl datj darlanginy yey.

Yes you away go meat chasing now

Noongar wangk, 'Boordawan djinang' koorl koorl yongka darlanginy.

Noongar say later see go go kangaroo chasing

He followed that track, never taking his eyes away from it. Suddenly, he looked up and saw some spirit creatures – mambara, we call them. They were sitting around a campfire and staring right back at him. 'Hey,' they said, 'old people come this way, but not for a long time.' 'I'm just hunting kangaroo,' he told them. 'See this track? Pretty old, unna?' They looked at one another. 'Go on then my boy. You're right. Keep going.'



Djinang nidja yongka nyininy.

See this kangaroo sitting

Noongar, baal koorl barang kaat baaminy waadam.

man he go grab head hitting kill

Yongka baal noytj ngoorndiny.

Kangaroo he dead lying

Noongar yongka-iny kediny koorl.

Man kangaroo carry go

Our old grandfather's grandfather – who in this story is only a boy – kept following the kangaroo track. It looked like the kangaroo must be close. Suddenly, there it was, feeding. It lifted its head every now and then to scratch its chest and look around, but the Noongar made sure the kangaroo never saw him. He crept closer and closer, stopping whenever the kangaroo looked his way, and then – like lightning – he rushed up and punched it in the head. Killed it. Carried it away.



Noongar-l mambara yang datj dawool.

Man spirit-creature give meat thigh

Mambara wangk, 'Nidja kwop.'

Spirit creature say this good

Noongar wort koorl koorl djinang mambara waam.

Man away go go see spirit creature stranger/other

Baal mambara yongka datj yang wort koorl.

He spirit creature kangaroo meat give away go

He stopped at the mambara camp and gave them a kangaroo leg. A little bit later he met some other mambara, and he gave them the other kangaroo leg. He was glad they let him hunt in their country. Then he headed for home, carrying what remained of his food.



Baal bardlanginy yongka datj kediny, karlak koorliny.

He travelling kangaroo meat carry home going

Dwongk kaditj ngayanginy, 'Ngaa-ooo!'

Ear understand screaming shout

Kaditj djinang mambara darlanginy wun.

understand see spirit creature chasing (emphasis)

Walking along, thinking about his home and family, he suddenly heard a very loud noise. It sounded like someone screaming, but worse. He turned and saw a mambara running after him, yelling and shaking its fist.



Mambara karang wangk, 'Nganang datj nyoondok barang.

Spirit creature angry say my meat you grab

Nadjil waadam?

Why kill

Nidja boodja nganang, nidja datj nganang.

This land mine this meat mine

'Ngalak bakitj!'

We fight

The mambara was angry.

'Why you kill that kangaroo?' he said.

'That's my kangaroo you got. This is my country here, not yours!'

'You gotta fight me, now!'



Mambara-l Noongariny boola kerl yanginy.

Spirit creature man many boomerangs giving

Mambara koora koorl.

Spirit creature back go

Noongar koora koorl.

man back go

Mambara kerl-ak kworditj.

Spirit creatur boomerang-of throw

Noongar, 'Aliwa!' wort bardang.

Man (look out) away jump

That mambara had a lot of boomerangs. He gave some to the Noongar, then turned and walked away. The Noongar walked away a little bit too. The two of them turned and faced one another, and then the mambara threw a boomerang. The Noongar gave a yell, and jumped out of the way just before it hit him.



Noongar kerl-ak kworditj.

Man boomerang-of throw

Mambara, 'Aliwa!' yoowarl ngoornt.

spirit creature (look out) this way lay

Noongar mambara kerl kwordidjiny.

Man spirit creature boomerang throwing

Mambara-l Noongariny baaminy.

Spirit creature man hitting

Noongar-l mambara baaminy.

Man spirit creature hitting

Kaya, Noongar Mambara baalap bakidjiny.

Yes man spirit creature they fighting

The Noongar threw a boomerang right back and the mambara laughed as it went flying past. But then it curled around and came spinning back at him and he dived to the ground at the very last moment. That was their way of fighting: throwing boomerangs. Sometimes the mambara hit the Noongar, and sometimes the Noongar hit the mambara. But they didn't stop throwing boomerangs at each other.



Ngaangk yirang worl-ak nyininny.

Sun high sky-of sitting

Noongar bayn bardanginy.

Man sweat jumping

Mambara bayn bardanginy.

Spirit creature sweat jumping

Mambara kerl-ak Noongar baam, Noongar kerl-ak mambara baam.

Spirit creature boomerang-of man hit man boomerang-of spirit creature hit

Noongar mambara yoowarl-bili wort-bili bard bard bardanginy.

Man spirit creature this side/way away jump jump jumping

They threw boomerangs, they dodged boomerangs, they caught boomerangs out of the air and picked them up from the ground and threw them again. Whenever a boomerang hit home the one who threw it bounced up and down, laughing at how clever he was. The sun rose higher and higher in the sky, and still they kept fighting. Drops of sweat were jumping from their skin.



Mambara karang ngarnak baakiny, daaliny baakiny.

Spirit creature angry beard biting tongue biting

Noongar birt-bt, birt marak yoowart.

Man energy-without energy arm no

Ngaangk ngardi nyininy.

Sun down sitting

Noongar wangk, 'Ngan karlak woora bookidja!

Man say my home long way over there

The mambara was so angry he put his beard in his mouth and bit it. He bit his tongue, too. The mambara was so angry he wanted to bite the Noongar! The poor Noongar – our old grandfather's grandfather – he was so tired he could hardly lift up his arm. Here it was, almost sunset, and he was still a very long way from home.



Noongar baal kerl-ak kworditj yira worl-ak koorliny.

Man he boomerang-of throw high sky-of going

Mambara wangk, 'Demangka kerl! Nganalang! Nganalang!'

Spirit creature say old people's boomerang mine mine

Baal kerl darlanginy ket-ket bardanginy.

He boomerang chasing fast jumping

Our ancestor had one boomerang left. He swung it in his hand, feeling its weight and balance, and then threw it into the sky. The mambara turned to watch the way it spun, and suddenly yelled out, 'Old people's boomerang!' He ran, jumping and snatching at the boomerang as it curled and swooped around him, yelling, 'Mine! Mine! Mine!'



Kerl yira worl-ak koorl, yira keniny wariny kep-miny, ngaamar-miny.

Boomerang high sky-of go high dancing hanging water-like waterhole-like

Mambara baal kerl ngarda dat yaak.

Spirit creature he boomerang under quiet stand

Baal mirnitj djinang.

He face see

The boomerang stopped in the sky just above his head, spinning and spinning, just out of reach. It spun so fast it blurred and melted together so that it looked like a waterhole in the sky. The mambara saw his reflection, and stood still, quietly looking up at himself.



Noongar worl-ak yira koorl.

Man sky-of high go

Baal karlak koorliny.

He home going

Baal maalka, mabarn.

He magic magic

Our ancestor rose up into the sky, flying. It was magic, see? He was a very special person, but he never knew until the old people's boomerang showed him.



Boordawan baal karlak Noongarang moort-ang karlangat.

Later he home people –with family-with fire-with-beside

Ka-ka-kawiny, baal wangk, ‘Ngaytj mambara bakitj baaminy.’

Laughing he say I spirit creature fight hitting

When he got home to his people no one cared that he didn't have much food. They wanted to hear his story – this story. They were all warm beside the fire and laughing together. ‘I been fight mambara!’ the boy told them. ‘And I beat him!’



Woorra, kerl ngardi koorl.

Far away boomerang down go

Mambara kerl barang kediny karlak koorl.

spirit creature boomerang grab carry home go

Baal karl bordak nyininy ken.

He fire next to sitting one

Far away, way back where the Noongar had come from, the boomerang clattered to the ground. The poor mambara blinked, bent down and picked it up. He looked around. No one. So he sat down at his campfire, all on his own.





Family members and elders present at the first workshop held in Albany, January 2007.

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THE STORY IN THIS VOLUME is one a of series, and part of an attempt to share with an ever widening circle of readers some of the stories emanating from the people who first formed human society – ice ages ago – in our part of the world, the south coast of Western Australia.

On a more sombre note: since we began this project a number of individuals important to the return and consolidation of material that provided the inspiration for the story in this book have passed away. No disrespect is intended to other Australian Aboriginal groups for whom names of the deceased are taboo, but those of us involved in this book have gathered around the names and images of the following Noongar individuals to farewell their cold bodies:

Lomas Roberts
Audrey Brown
Edward Brown Sr
Geoffrey Woods

This book is dedicated to them. In their absence it would never have been brought to life.

The aging of our elders and the turbulence in our community means that there is no doubt we will lose more key people. Hazel Brown is the last of her siblings, two of whom are named above, and she and her cousins still remember people like Bob Roberts and Fred Winmer – the two people who, in 1931, told the American linguist Gerhardt Laves the story that inspired this book.

Hazel Brown was only a child in 1931, and Bob Roberts was a young man. Several of the people in our group were his biological nephews and nieces.

The surname of the other man who told a similar story to the linguist was variously written down as Windmill, Williams and Winmer. Sometimes it has been written as Winmar. Elders of our group preferred the spelling ‘Winmer’ to reflect their sense of how it should be pronounced. This was only one of many discussions about how we might best match the spelling and sound of a particular word.

None of us had previously heard of the linguist Gerhardt Laves who, upon returning to the United States of America, abruptly changed careers. His notes were neglected until the 1980s when his family sent them to Australia to be placed under the guardianship of the Australian Institute of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Studies (AIATSIS). We remain very grateful to the Laves family.

AIATSIS, the University of Western Australia and a 'reference group' of Noongar people set in place an initial protocol for the return of the Gerhardt Laves material to its community. Some of those in the reference group worried that it is one thing to suggest rules for who should control the access to those materials, but another thing altogether to find a way to genuinely return that material to a community of people descended from the 'informants', let alone consolidate it in ways that bring that community together.

Please note that the 'material' we are speaking of comprises language and stories. Stories live longer and stronger by being shared. Our intention was, and is, to claim, control and enhance our heritage. We choose to do this by starting with a small 'community of descendants', and progressively sharing with ever widening circles of people.

We would like to tell you how we put this story together.

OUR PROCESS

Laves' International Phonetic Alphabet (IPA) is hard to read, and rather idiosyncratic. His notes have no punctuation, and often no translations. We studied the current IPA alphabet and, after applying it to transcriptions of recordings of Lomas Roberts,

Cedric Roberts, Audrey Brown and Hazel Brown speaking Noongar language, went through parts of Laves' transcriptions with some of the elders identified as related to the informants. Gerald Williams, one of our group, is the son of the Simon Williams with whom Laves spoke in 1931. Laves also spoke with George Nelly, who had died when his daughter and son – Helen and Russell – were still very young. Both Helen Hall and Russell Nelly are also part of this project. Another was Lomas Roberts, who, like his sisters Hazel and Audrey Brown remembered all of Laves' Noongar informants. These three siblings called all the informants 'uncle', and their father was brother to two of them (Bob Roberts and Malcolm Roberts) and brother-in-law to another two (George Nelly, Simon Williams).

Lomas Roberts was crucial to our research. He had heard parts of some of the stories before, recognised words and phrases, was befuddled by some of the texts and said some of language didn't sound right. The problem may have been my renditions of the IPA, but there did seem to have been changes in Noongar language in the seventy plus years since Laves had made his notes. When I pronounced a particular word in the way indicated by Laves' script Hazel Brown said, 'Yes', with a look of surprise. 'We used to say it like that.'

Occasionally Uncle Lomas pointed out mistakes that Laves appeared to have made in translation. Often, he was reminded of stories and anecdotes, or stimulated to talk about things that may otherwise have been neglected.

It was intense and demanding work, and although we were only skimming the texts in order to get an idea of what might be 'sensitive' in terms of protocol, it was exciting to begin to grasp

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stories of people who had long passed away and to see the ‘value-adding’ quality of bringing together archives and elders. As the senior man of an extended clan it was rare for Uncle Lomas to have uninterrupted time, and his house had a constant stream of visitors. As we stumbled through the dense texts, reading passages aloud, others in the house moved a little closer, attracted by the vocabulary, the sound and – when they stayed a little longer – the stories themselves. Uncle Lomas thought it would be good to get more people involved, properly.

How?

The texts were very difficult, hard to share.

The sounds didn’t seem to quite match the way most Noongar was spoken today.

Some of the information seemed to contradict what many Noongar people today believe.

We couldn’t really return the stories to community unless we could find a way to share them properly.

Descending from the stage at a literary festival where I had been talking about *Kayang and Me*, a work I co-authored with Hazel Brown and which coincidentally intersects with some of the material collected by Laves, a woman came up and introduced herself: Mary Gimondo. She asked if I knew a way to produce some books for children, books written in Noongar language.

Yes, I said, I might. But I was not sure they’d be children’s books.

I don’t think Mary knew what she was letting herself in for. I didn’t (although I’d wished for something like it).

My conversations with Lomas Roberts and Hazel Brown had suggested how we might be able to return this archival material to a ‘group of descendants’ in ways which helped revive our ancestral language and strengthen our community. A novelist, a loner, I couldn’t do it alone; but there were elders who would help, and strong people in our community who I was sure would be valuable. I suggested to Mary that she meet some of these people. Most of them were already involved, and thus Edward Brown Sr, Iris Woods, Roma Winmar, Ezzard Flowers and Olivia

Roberts became the centre of a group which would oversee a still embryonic plan which had been formed in conversation with Lomas Roberts and Hazel Brown. Marg Robinson and Lefki Kailis joined Mary Gimondo as generous collaborators in the sort of cross-cultural team so important to a project like this.

We held three workshops, to which our reference group invited people with whom they wished to share the stories.

At the first workshop a package of copies of the linguist's transcripts of all their ancestor's stories were handed to each of the people among us named in the protocol as a key descendant. Within a few moments everyone in the room was crying – a measure of the emotional intensity behind what's normally expressed in words like 'ownership' and 'rights'. People said it was good to gather around the stories of our old people, rather than at a funeral.

We worked for two days with a few stories chosen by members of the reference group. The stories had been written on large sheets of paper, using Laves' IPA script, contemporary Noongar spelling and some of Laves' translation notes. We read them aloud and recorded our continuing elaborations, along with the discussion of pronunciation, semantics and cultural references.

We heard people's memories of the 'informants', and other stories that came to mind. Recording and remembering like this germinates seeds in the archives.

The number of descendants/elders in the immediate circle varied between seven and thirteen, although a greater number of people informally observed from elsewhere in the room. People came and departed throughout the day. There were

probably never more than about sixty people present at any one time, never less than about twenty.

At the end of the weekend we'd agreed to hold further workshops to help consolidate stories and language in ways that would help create opportunities for more of us to share them with ever widening circles. One day we might even publish some of them. The story in this book comes from those initial and continuing discussions, and from additional wordlists derived from the south coast of Western Australia.

Some months later we invited people to participate in a second workshop led by an experienced children's book illustrator, Frané Lessac. Frané led us through the nuts and bolts of making a picture book: the size and number of illustrations, what materials to use and her way of working. We continued telling and retelling the stories as we began drawing and painting, and the stories grew with our attention. Some of us spoke of sites to which the stories might refer, while others listened to descriptions of places we had never seen. Looking through the lens of our ancestral language helped refresh our world. We considered such thorny questions as, in the case of this story, how to illustrate the little spirit creature without making him a cartoon. And, is the Noongar related to the 'mambara'? Geoffrey Woods' illustrations help answer such questions.

The third workshop was held at the 'Noongar Centre' in Albany, and featured an exhibition of the artwork produced in the second workshop, photographs from all the workshops so far, and a 'reading' of each of the stories. We also ceremoniously handed out fifty packages – each containing three picture books and a CD of the stories being read aloud in Noongar language – to the reference group and other individuals who represented key

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families in the Albany Noongar community. Our intention was to celebrate the stories, as well as to create a sense of community ownership and a situation where – should the stories ever be published – individuals might find employment in schools and other places because of their knowledge of both the stories and the process of their creation. But even more than this, we wanted to use these stories to bind a community together rather than – as sometimes happens in oppressed communities – promote rivalry over our collective heritage and exacerbate other community tensions and tear us apart. We hoped the people who received the stories would share them with their family and friends.

The fourth stage of this process was the development of a one-hour ‘performance’ which we took to selected schools in Albany and Perth and, in a couple of instances, presented at community events. The performance began by emphasizing the diversity of Australia’s Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander population and, to introduce ourselves as Wirlomin Noongar, consisted of a welcome in language, an illustrated explanation of our process,

the three stories, and one or two songs. The team of presenters varied slightly as individuals felt ready to take on greater roles, and always included elders.

These presentations placed some of us in a novel position: non-Indigenous people were listening avidly to what we had to say, and grateful for what we were sharing. The Noongar individuals in the stories were confident, talented, generous heroes. Please excuse the immodesty, but some of us may have felt that very same way at the time. To judge by the enthusiasm with which Noongar students introduced themselves to our group, and the extent to which they wished to share stories told in their own families, I think other Noongars also felt proud.

As the final component of this first cycle of claiming, controlling and enhancing our heritage, we filmed Hazel Brown and Lomas Roberts taking us to places that connected with the stories we had developed, and to old camping and dancing grounds and other sites along the south coast of Western Australia that were important to them. Fifty copies of an edited

version of that film were distributed at the first of our next cycle of workshops.

WHO WE ARE

We've named individual creators of this story, but it really comes from all of those involved in what we have called the Wirlomin Noongar Language and Stories Project. Noongar is the name for people indigenous to the south-west of Western Australia. Wirlomin? Literally, it means 'curlew-like'. It is not a name that features even in the most commonly cited Aboriginal language maps, and is only hinted at in the archives. Since we are considering language survival and the weight of heritage a tongue can carry, it's probably apt that the name is so very reliant upon oral history. The name is also associated with a particular site, ceremony and song. We will not recount the details of site, ceremony and song here. Suffice to say that it tells of spirits of the past, beyond a veil of death, acknowledging and speaking to those who have come to listen.

As Wirlomin Noongar we hope this story – *Noongar Mambara Bakitj* – will help you feel the human, cultural pulse of this part of the oldest continent on earth.

It has not been an easy task, keeping that pulse alive. Colonised less than two hundred years ago, our ancestral population was reduced to something like ten percent of its original size within decades and subsequently, until less than forty years ago, subject to exclusion, discrimination and oppressive legislation. Some of us learned shame. No wonder our ancestral tongue shriveled, and stories such as the one in

this book withered and dried like old snake skin, curling back to a thin, barely-there scrap and synecdoche of what was once the living sinew and sap of our place.

We have gathered around the papers – dry and brittle as old skin – left by a linguist who listened to our community elders who have long ago passed way. At the time there were probably very few who bothered to do that. We have encouraged ourselves to listen and give voice to the sounds of long ago and to thus resonate with the ancient human sound of this edge of the continent. We may be some distance from what is often called the most remote capital city on the planet, yet to us it can feel like the very centre. We are glad you have joined us as part of this ever widening, concentric circle.

A NOTE ON VOCABULARY, PRONUNCIATION AND SPELLING

I have referred to the issue of differences between the archival material and the way Noongar language is spoken today. An additional complication with this project has been our desire to pay due respect to the south coastal dialect of Noongar language, at the same time as accepting the need to combine these dialects in order to maximise the survival and spread of the language as a whole. With this in mind we have used spelling agreed upon by the now defunct Noongar Language and Culture Centre and utilised in the Western Australian Education Department's curriculum, although in comparison to other dialects 'b' is pronounced more like a 'p', 'd' is perhaps closer to 't' and there are many diphthongs the spelling cannot reproduce.

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This story also features a few notable differences from the vocabulary of other dialects. One is our use of the word ‘nyoondok’ rather than ‘noonook’ for the word ‘you’. Elders in this project usually use the words ‘maambangat’ and/or ‘maambakoort’ for ocean. We decided to use the word probably more commonly known by Noongar people to refer to ocean in a generic sense: ‘wardarn’. In general, we have relied upon consensus and the judgement of elders involved in the project for the solution to any discrepancies between archival material, current use and dialects. Some times a fluent speaker will stretch out sounds near the end of a word to indicate subject or object, or even alter words slightly for the sake of rhythm and flow. Occasionally we have tried to indicate something similar, and would welcome Noongar speakers to alter the text to suit their own inclinations.

We wavered over the English versions of our stories: Aboriginal English, or a more formal English? The consensus was that Noongar readers would make their own versions anyway, and so we decided on a relatively standard English, flavoured by the

spoken voice. We have provided a limited literal translation, and also offer a loose translation which attempts to compensate for the lack of gesture and tone available to words on a page.

Kim Scott

on behalf of the Wirloomin Noongar Language and Stories Project

GLOSSARY

<i>-ak</i>	(suffix) of, associated with
<i>-ang</i>	(suffix) with
<i>aliwa!</i>	look out!
<i>ana</i>	question
<i>baakiny</i>	biting
<i>baal</i>	he
<i>baalap</i>	they
<i>baam</i>	hit
<i>baaminy</i>	hitting
<i>bakidjiny</i>	fighting
<i>bakitj</i>	fight
<i>barang</i>	grab
<i>bard</i>	jump, begin
<i>bardang</i>	jump
<i>bardanginy</i>	jumping
<i>bardlanginy</i>	travelling
<i>bayn</i>	sweat
<i>birt</i>	sinew/energy/path/track
<i>birt-bt</i>	energy-without (tired)
<i>boodja</i>	earth, land, country
<i>bookidja</i>	over there
<i>boola</i>	many
<i>boordawan</i>	later/by-and-by
<i>bordak</i>	next-to
<i>daaliny</i>	tongue
<i>darlanginy</i>	following/chasing
<i>darlanginy wun</i>	following/chasing (emphasis)
<i>dat</i>	quiet
<i>dat yak</i>	stand quietly
<i>datj</i>	meat

dawool leg-thigh
deman-birt grandfather track
demangka grandfather/old people/ancestors
djin-ak feet/foot-of
djinang see
dowak waddy/club
dwongk ear/hear

-iny (suffix) present participle, or marker of object in sentence

kaat head
kaditj to understand, know
karang angry
karl fire
karlak home
karlangat warm beside fire (fire with next-to)
kawiny;
ka-ka-kawiny laughing
kaya yes
kediny carry/carrying
ken one/alone
keniny dancing
kep-miny water-like
kerl boomerang
kerl-ak boomerang-of
ket-ket quickly/fast
kiiny none/nothing
kitj spear
koora back
koorl go
koorling going

kwop good
kwordidjiny throwing
kworditj throw

l (suffix) marker of subject in sentence

mabarn magic
maalka magic
mambara spirit creature
marak arm
-miny (suffix) like; similar to
moirnitj face
moort family

nadjil why/what-for
ngaamar waterhole
ngaangk sun
ngaa-ooo shout
ngalak we
ngan my
nganalang mine (emphasis)
nganang mine, my (me-with)
ngarda beneath, under
ngardanginy hunting; creeping after
ngardi down
ngarnak beard
-ngat (usually suffix) next-to, beside
ngayanginy screaming
ngaytj I
ngoordiny lying/reclining
ngoornt lay

nidja this
Noongar person, man, people
noongarang Noongar people-with
Noongariny Noongar (object), man
Noongar-l Noongar (subject)
noytj dead
nyinalangainy all-sitting-together
nyininy sitting
nyoondok you

unna see *ana*

waadam kill
waam stranger/another/other
wangk say
wariny hanging
woora far/long away
worl-ak sky-of, at
wort away
wort-bili that side/away

yaak to stand
yang give
yanginy giving
yey now
yira high
yirang high, above, on top of
yongka kangaroo
yoowarl this-way
yoowarl-bili this side/way
yoowart not/no

