Martingale Mudgetdel Napanangka

When Tjama was little I hit her with stick.
‘Give me tjirrilpatja’, I bin say.
Tjama wouldn’t give me tjirrilpatja.
The three sisters, the three Nampitjins — our mothers —
they bin sorry for us.
Sorry for me hitting Tjama.
Two father bring big mob pussycat.
Aunty tell me ‘Don’t hurt sisters!’
so we can walk round together.

Take makura to dry camp.
Dig gem hole for soakwater other side of Palku Palku.
We bin drink water. Full up water.
Go hunting. Get tjirrilpatja.
We never bin sick. Nothing.
Get goanna and pussycats, mother bring big mob of goanna.
Father kill pussycat, all around.
Get kuka, meat.
We bin havem bush tucker.

That three Nampitjins — my mothers — they never
tired to go for bush tucker.
All bin hunting, yaral — bush potato, goanna and mangarri.
Morning time go hunting.
Father go hunting.
Little kids stay with grannies, Yakula and Kumunturr. 
Go other billabong find mungil.

When we older, we bin go up and down,
up and down, to Mangkayi. We travel up and down.
We bin frightened of kartiya. We scared about poison.
They might put us in jail —
might take us long way from family and home.
That’s why we bin always go back to country.

Mother bin learn to get karnti.
We bin at soakwater, Tjawatjawa.
We bin at Sturt Creek.
Come back from there.

We never forget Yaka Yaka, Mangkayi, Napulapunta.
We never forget.
We bin listen still!
Nakarra Nakarra.

Nyamu.
**Tjama Freda Napanangka**

We bin crying for *mingatjurrri* Them Nampitjins bin killing mingatjurrri — the Nampitjins. They bin getting *minakurna* at hot weather time. *Kuwarri*, bush tucker. They bin looking for kuwarri and mingatjurrri. And mungil — bush tucker, they wash it. Get them seeds. Putter on antbed to dry out. Make damper.

Father went hunting. They bin findem pussycat, summertime. Grandfather watched emu in water. That emu went drinking and grandfather bin knockem. Killem!

We big girl now. We bin living at living water in Ngalkutjarra. We got bush food. Digging self now, big girls, *tjiirlpatja* and hunting for rockhole. Lighting fire for cooking. At wet time we have *manukitji* and then *ngarlpurentji*. We never get sick. We having good bush tucker. *Warina* that blue tongue. Never get sick. Only when going to kartiya’s house we get sick. Making damper. We got lots of bush tucker: *maratjarri*, *kaniinyi*, *ngarlpurentji*, *warnyngi*, mungil, *kalritjita*, *tjamia*, *tjarlparpa*, *ngarkurrri*, *kurttja*. We eating all this. No sick. Three Nampitjins and two Tjapangarti living together — my father and Marti father. Two Tjapangarti share three wives. We all living at Ngalkutjarra — living water there. Get all that bush food there. All the women bin getting rations — goanna, bush tucker for old women, for *Law* Law of Ngalkutjarra. Living water there. Women learning *Yuwaluyu*. Little kids sitting home with red ochre over them. Mother bin go hunting and give them little goannas to eat. Summertime. Rub antbed on top that kid head. No headaches and cool! Mother puttem mud on head to make us cold. Father and mother bin go hunting afternoon time — get supper. No sick. This time we get cold sick. We go up and down all around Yaka Yaka and come back to same place. Makura — coolamon, take water in *malayi* to dry camp.

*Nyamu.*

**Kuninyi Rita Nampitjin**

We bin start from Yurngkunpali. We bin finishing water. From there travelling to every soakwater, long way to Ngantjaltjara. No water! From there to Kumpurtjirri. Summertime, travelling summertime. From there to *Yarlu Yarlu*. No water! From there to Kurungupanta. No water! We bin tired and slack from no water. Go to Marl, other side of Lamanpanta. We bin digging hole and sleep inside hole. Make ourselves cool. We bin start walking night time. No moonlight. We sick one now.
Nanyuma Rosie Napurrula

All the families bin going round Palku Palku, Tirripari, Killikunyu, Tjipirkulu.
Living there.
'You and me go back now', my mother bin say.
My father at Ngantalarra.

I bin little little, like little turkey.
I bin get up and watcham.
Two fellas, father and mother, bin lightem fire and lettem know.
Givem sign.
Grandfather coming!

Went to Tarlaparnta and lived there.
Ceremony in Kurnakulu.
We bin living all around.
Two fellas come and bring back news.
We bin havem biggest rain.

Nyamu.

My father bin crying for kids.
Father and mother say.
'What will I do? I might loseem all the kids'.
We bin cry.
Before sunrise we bin start walking east — kakarra.
We bin findem water now at Tjarkatjarka — rockhole — deep one.
We bin happy.
Millie bin baby then. Little bit walking.
We go to Waratjirkulu.
Lots of tjirrilpatja there.
All bin living there now as long as we find plenty tjirrilpatja and meat.
All bin happy.
Too much water!
All bin living there.
Can't leave there now.

Nyamu.