"Killing," the tale in the Navajo tells, tells all the lesson.

If this become father, he must not speak to his young sister, or young mother, nor they can never try to play with him, his big brother. Father of grandfather all helped him to learn the Apache laws that were made for them by the Yamanans spirit of courage.

They must once say boomerang & spears & spear-throwers & the boy learns to pick twin catch fish & throw boomerangs at birds or animals & to become a good man able & kill animals, reptiles & great birds & big fish. While he is learning to do all these things he has to find the nests of the very small honey flies or bees that built inside the tops of high trees & he studied the tracks of every living thing, especially the squirrel (Langur) for langur would honey.

Killing has always learning & his teachers were always strict.

Teachers, when he found honey he knew he had to give the honey to his father, grandfather, & if he came to a big fish, his grown up relations did it likewise.

He was a very little boy when he was taken into the Frank Seneca Camps, 1 was separated for once from his sister. He had to find his own food, & the small animals & reptiles.

He became a great boomerang & spear thrower. At all the growing points when he grew up, he played & hit with boomerangs & stones, using the animal to be called as.

They played a great boomerang games of reading their boomerangs, up to a great height, & maneuvering the boomerangs as that it go faster, held at a great height. Present being set, he saw each one of these knew his own weapon.

The weapon that remained highest & kept longest is the upper air.
The baby Ughargalula's father looks all round the dream ground. When the baby is standing, the bees good bearing fruit. Trees such as he knows are growing on his own ground and all that he sees will belong to his Ughargalula. The boy grows. From these are the baby's jalinga which he learns while he eats. These are the jalinga of the Good of the fathers of the father. The father keeps these in his hand. When the boy is grown, his father tells him how to plant the fruit-bearing trees, trees bearing berries. The boy learns this. When he is a man, he dreams of the increase of all the Good of the trees. He thinks that his father knew or his Ughargalula knew. There may be a sweet fruit tree. When this is in flower, the flowering man will dream of it. Where the tree dream he is learning the tree always, then the flowers are ripening in the boy's mind. The boy is in his Ughargalula land again. In his dream he takes all the flowers from the tree and chews them. He sees them all about fifteen by fifteen. Then the flowers turn into sweet fruit or plenty, and he makes it into cakes. All his fathers and theirs this line together. They are one tree, one many trees. Many trees tell of Sweet Food. When the Deer are coming from the sun, they kill and eat together. The Deer are plentiful and so are the people. They call on dreamer to move the deer. Then they have plenty. They dream more and more, then the deer move more and more. Some dreamer dreams more and all are glad for his father's brother teaches them all.
The Ngargalulla Baby's father looks all round the dream ground where the baby is standing and he sees food bearing plants and fruit trees, such as he knows are growing on his own ground and all that he sees will belong to his Ngargalulla boy, for these are the Baby's jalnga which learned white men call "totems" and are part of the food of the Kalbu men and women and children who live on Kalbu. The boy's father keeps these in his mind and when the boy is grown his father will show him his jalnga. The boy learns that when he is a man he must dream the increase of all the foods of tree and bush that his father saw on his Ngargalulla ground. There may be a sweet fruit tree and when it is in flower the young man will dream he is beside the tree and always when the flowers are ripening on it the boy dreams he is in his Ngargalulla land again and in his dreams he takes the flowers from the tree and chews them and scatters them all about. By and by when the flowers turn into sweet fruit or plenty seeds to make into cakes all his fathers and mothers who live together will say; "we will have many many trees full of sweet foods for us" and when they see rays coming from the sun they will laugh and say, "plenty foods will be ours", and when they have finished eating them they will call out and say, "dream more, dream more, and the young man dreams some more and more and more and his fathers and brothers and uncles are all gald for him."
In Ngargalulla land the big big turtle called Koolibale
was the great great playmate of the Ngargalulla. Koolibale
the little Ngargalulla wore a go into the sea. Come back
with Koolibale at a green many little baby ones jump about
him. Fly over his side with him they just on his head to
trace around it. Koolibale the great play with his little Ngargalulla.
Koolibale the turtle, even when they were all old, they just on
their foot track. The Kalbulalas once had always
jelwii, fruit, honey, nuts, roots (like potatoes) and greens and
vegetables in all Kalbun Land. It belongs to the
men-who were all once Ngargalulla. They were glad to scene
the radishes and sweet growing fruits and were always dreaming
the increase of fruit.
Their Ngargalulla dream home was always in their hearts
and often their big brothers and fathers told some
special dream they had. They told their dream in the
moonlight. The Ngargalulla Country was just the
same as Kalbun Country when their fathers lived and all
the fruits and nuts, honey and berries must be dreamed by
the Ngargalulla man, it all the men must keep the teen
and read its any song.
The little Ngargalulla Jingic (spirit) remained near them even when they became very old men. They were always happy to dream. They were in their baby country watching the Ngargalulla play with Koobas or Gaffalburne (jagpoire).

Sometimes when an old man dreams he is in Ngargalulla land, he dreams he sees a great number of dead fish on the beach. When he wakes from his dream he remembers the dead fish he saw. He tells it to the old men. The old men knew there was going to be a death among them. They whispered to each other and said, "Bundeen will die." For Bundeen has the jagpoire as his Jingic (Spirit "Totem") and the Jingic goes away before its own host.

Don't forget the last word is the Jingic, not the Hallaparek (brand).
The baby Ngargalula in his fairy home in Jumjun is the happiest little baby in all his land, accompanied by all his little fairy companions. They all live above in the air, or in the deep sea or the sky or in the forest or in their home. They live in the flowerup bushes because they are spirit babies that in the whole land belongs to them and to their spirit of their friends, the birds and animals and fish. They are not seen by their little earthly sisters and brothers. When they visit their earthly country, but when they earthly "grow up" they will see "that there be Ngargalula coming to see his root or brother." The girls pick up a leaf or flower and throw it in the air and then say, "Go to see your like brother." They see their grandfathers.

In some quiet moonlight nights, after their day's hunting and gathering, and after the hard work of the day, the children will sit and listen to their grandfathers' stories. They will begin telling stories about Ngargalula, that his old grandfather told them. When he was a little boy, they stories included old stories, full of magic, Ngargalula's people, his friends, the sea and the land. They live off the fish that is big and wild, which white people call "bluffing" and which they caught in the deep water as the great-great-grandfather. They made a great escape, and when they caught their wild. They made a great
Big fire to call all their friends to the feast. They would all
eat together with much laughter. The people with the
great food. First all the younger men would say to each
other, "We will go-a-lagging too!"

And then men story of the Neillino. The great bats that
hang in the Kalahari, where they roost. Edible plants were ripe for
their friends — the great-hungry! These huge bats as they hung
from the branches of the trees. And the big Down-go-on
(blue crane) that gave them the strongest rocket. 

"Sometimes, if my grandfather was in a happy mood,
he would suddenly stand up and perform some light
movement of the legs. The group would join in the
new tales of the day. If my youth manhood
there was always great spirit in the camp.

The women and young girls sat apart from
the men. They told stories that the women were
not keen to hear. The older men among the men
would call out "You don't. Which may I mean
"go away" or hide your head." Another word woman
paid. If the women were allowed to feed again to the store.

The little Ngaramgoula boy who had come to his father as a
dream baby grew out of his babyhood very quickly. One day
he little boy, he learned that all his brothers and sisters
and grandmothers were not allowed to play with him, but
had to "feed him with fat-grubs" that good food.

Very soon he was encouraged to go among the green grass
father's younger brothers. They thrust a small tender bone
through his nose to hold him. He must not cry, or

I
tain that the women turn to animal-like forms. They made their
small bow and arrows, because those are man's weapons,
and there were his own to be taught in the teaching
he was encouraged to go amongst the women. From their
company, he was less less in the women's company, the
big brothers drew the tracks of every bird of animal and fish
taught them lessons throughout every little lesson was graded
with a show of approval.
And so the little boy was grounded in the school of his own age.

Temple was born in a gruesome tradition of his initiation into
Mankind.
His grandfather encouraged him to seek their company and from
them he heard many an ancient legend that had come down
through the "Yamming" tribe—a deer ancestral period.

There were three special things they told him, but only
after they had proven that he had learned of being in
my grandparent's land. A little grandfather had come before him
and said, "You are my grandson." He told his grandfather of his dream
that grandfather knew how this his grandson
had a "Manjya" (spirits). The old man gathered
his spirit, and the young man learned the significance of his
forever within him. Which enabled him to dream of his ancestors
land, and see the spirit before them. He would eventually
come to know as his land.

There were two other kinds of Manjya spirits. These were the
Manjya or Spirit of Thunder and Lightning which took form
in a female shape. The male spirit controlled the
jagged lightning, the female, spirit-controlled
manipulation of the sheet lightning.
Sometimes we are afraid of the lightning that flashes. It is the fear of the unknown that strikes us. My grandfather, the great-great-grandfather of the family, was a man who always faced fear with bravery. He taught me that the only true fear is the fear of doing nothing. The lightning that flashes is merely a natural phenomenon, but our fear is a reflection of our own minds.

The lightning strikes the tree, a reminder of our own mortality. The tree stands tall, unyielding, and strong, a symbol of our own resilience. But the fear that arises from the lightning is a reminder of our own fragility. We must learn to face our fears and stand tall, even in the face of the unknown.

The lightning that flashes is a warning, a call to action. It is a reminder of our own mortality and the need to live our lives with purpose. We must learn to face our fears and stand tall, even in the face of the unknown. The lightning that flashes is a symbol of our own resilience, a reminder of our own strength.
This father's people or his mother's brothers (kin'd) between the boy the lady is always a special affectionate warm friendship. They will promise him a baby girl for his wife, a sister. One uncle may promise him a wife, but during all his years of learning he be a good man, a hunter, a fighter, he is forbidden all intercourse with his mother's sisters or all the women of his people. All the women and children are the burden bearers of the whole group, I must daily and hourly on their shoulders, hunt, food, provides and cloth, bear food and water for the entire. All men and women, boys and girls. The native woman's role place in native economy is devoted to men. The man, her inferior, begins with her childhood death only in her death.
Jajjala-boors (Bromana) men had kept their group & marriage to the laws that were given to them by their "Yammings"(Ancestral). Their marriage laws were kept sacramentally throughout the centuries of their existence in Northern Australia.

Their astronomical legends were to them real stories of happenings of peoples in "Yammings" time. Their sacred & secret wooden totem emblems had legendary foundation. These were enduring interesting.

The most sacred of all emblems of the Jajjala Damba (Bromana men) was the long carved wooden emblem called "Kalle-gooroo". The Leeber & his people were the law custodians of these legends.

"Yammings" in the sky also had made them a road to Kooolwal (Sky) placing a long Kalleegooroo between Kooloo (earth, ground) & Sky (Koorwal). Thus there had three countries.

Jimbri which has been paralleled to law - Gajjalebooroo (Bromana) or "Kooloo" (earth, ground) Koorwal or Kooran) Sky ground.

Jinji women, did up & down the Koorwal road & field foods for their men & young
Women & children also tried up & down the Kallagora road. So they had to be back either at Jajjala or Korwaras county before Recess. They could sleep at either place, but they must not stop halfway on the Korwaras road.

They found good food on the Korwaras country & always came back before either reached Korwaras & from there continued. They for the right- or Jajjala branches. They must not rest on the road.

One day a big group of women & young girls & children wanted to rest rather late for Korwaras. I lingered on the way. So that they were my half hour taken to the beach. I saw the sea about to hide itself.

The women were too lazy & hungry, so they always caravan to a fiesta & then where they said. We once slept near the Korwaras tomorrow, & then left it.
British Australian boy steps towards the duties of his manhood. From the very young age, he begins learning the letters of our alphabet, goes on to reading, writing, and many other subjects to fit them for their place in the world. In the same way, young men and women are fitted to take their place in society according to their abilities. Making a mark in the world from their youth.

The little Aborigine, when their first steps are given, love their earthly mother. Love their mother's love, for they are not yet from their mothers' breast. They are just born among their grandmothers. In their infancy, they learn from their grandmothers and grandfathers. The young boy learns to be independent, to take his place in the world. He learns to be a man.

The boy, during his early years until he is about 20 years old, is encouraged to be a man. There are his first lessons. He is encouraged to become a man. He learns to be independent, to make his own decisions. He learns to be a man.
Beaumarchais
Saccomans
Lemon

There were three kinds of Range
1. The invisible Range spirit or dem. Which is
   invisible, but can be seen. It escapes from the earth by
doing the signs of friendship. It turns back the
   thunder lightning. It prevents fire. It can
   destroy the house with a lightening. With this Range
   spirit one can be cured of a fever. (Kyagamen)

2. The Range spirit of thunder lightning. Sometimes
   it can be seen in the lightning. With this Range
   spirit one can be cured of a fever. (Kyagamen)

3. The Range spirit. A destructive wind which
   carries the bones of cattle on the ground. Bones
   in the ground. Bones in the earth. This
   Range spirit can be controlled by a jujuganyaru belonging
   to the same people.

The origin of the beepe Range is called Canbagaon.

Rounds with the Cappi. They form a
circle. A grand Range is known as (Paradise) Such is the
master there. They are also known as the grand Range. But this Range
is (Cwo-la-jagaro). It is lemon red and bellagamos. (lefeh
shirin flak hriin u ni Colour)
The Sky Country

Tree + Land + Sky, 8 art all fills with irregibility
the met affairs Belis Jolai~itEhning with the lady
Hans anf eacen + Crcne + Loys Colom + ass

Bullwark's Freeb~ary
for the deaf hare + etc.
1) There were three "ranjia" (spirit, soul). One of their "ngarga" (dreams) was to dream of these.

2) The "ranjia" of thunder + lightning, which may take male or female shape, the male controls forked lightning, the female manipulates sheet lightning. Sometimes more than one "ranjia" will be seen in the lightning. Both these "ranjia" male + female are lefthanded (egalgarabman).

3) The "ranjia" of dead nature, which instead of returning to its own ground haunts certain places on that ground. Sometimes this "ranjia" can be controlled by a gal'nga - 1906 (time-having many ranjias with ties belonging to the same boss). The voice of the beaga (ground) "ranjia" is called "beaga-bagon" (at sounds like the tapping of hard wood). There is a janju (woman) "ranjia" at Loora (barribul (pine, Bush country) Windan).
2) Sires from Sandy Island, Groote Eylandt (Bush Country)

A bully rangee, there into water They the Bully Jandu rangee sit down. But she belongs to here water is Woja Jaggoo. It is "naman nulma and baba gomoo" light-haired & light (brown) hi' colour.

Now each night & day the Ngarpalulla Pakkura man shape. They never can be Ngarpalulla again.

Ngarpalulla means Loomun or thread.

Woollyglossos, because they are living spirits & it is out the spirit of the dead they go Loomun.

All cool people are Joolbara jarka (Brother).
A man may be staying for a time at a place some distance from his home, and he dreams of a ngargalula. A short while after his dream a little bird, designated by a special name, jeerajeer (the generic name for small birds is beerajoona) alights near him. The man knows that the jeerajeer is the bilyoor (spirit) of the ngargalula of his dream, and he calls out to it, "The'na meejala beebee ngan jee.," ("Go and stay with your mother,") and the bilyoor goes to the booroo where the man's wife is, and enters inside her.

In the jimbin booroo, the ngargalula sees all the totems, but when it becomes a child it cannot see them, and its father has to tell it what its totems are. If a ngargalula has been playing with a kangaroo or opossum, then such animal will be its own ngargalula totem. It is rather mischievously disposed at times, particularly when it is a seacoast ngargalula, as often a man will find a turtle on the beach asleep and turning it over on its back, he returns to his camp to inform his friends of his find. On his return the turtle will have vanished and then he knows that the ngargalula has taken its friend back to the sea again. The mysterious connection between the turtle and the ngargalula who are often seen playing together on the beach cannot be explained by the natives interrogated. They only know that the ngargalula is a special friend of the turtle, and all turtle totem men are jalangangooroo. There is too a special turtle dance in which the male and female turtle are the chief symbols. Only one species of turtle, the koobal (big green turtle) appears to be the "special friend" of the ngargalula.
The grown-up women of our tribe, the Bora, knew that they were able to go & return (sky country) to this place & feel safe if they came back again to Bora land. They were told by an old man with his horn, Kalle-goree, that the Bora women needed a path to return to Bora land. The only way was to go down this magic road, the Bora women needed this path. The day they had a fire late from Bora. Darkness came for them. While they were still halfway to Bora, the women said, 'We will go here, we will go to Bora in the morning. They lit the fire & returned to Bora. The fire burnt & burnt through the Kalle-goree root & there was no more road for them. Then the women in the morning rode horses to Bora. & there was no more road to Bora for them. The little children & young people were told about the closing up of the Kalle-goree roots. Their grandfathers showed them where the Kalle-goree root had been burnt by the women. It is now burnt. If you look at the dark place where the Kalle-goree root was burnt by the women, children can look up at that place & feel the Kalle-goree roots are still there.
The bosoro country. The only ground they could not be & knew not, it being broad but it dry, a great country to live in & hunters, for Yammings has no seas with fish for them & the seas with fish & plants & seeds. Fruits trees & bushes & many kinds of great birds & flying fowls & animals & reptiles gave them always plenty of food. They were many trees & bushes bearing sweet fruits all year their bosoro country. Yammers at this Bosoro country White Jasper came & sat down & called Jajjala. They called it Bosoro. Its Yamming Name was Jajjala. Great conversations there. There for all the jajjala peoples were happy & content, because of the good food in their country. The year the sea at every day the little Jajjala shook itself. Their licker water wells & their licker fish. That lived in. Turtles to prosper & big big fishes. Then their towns came to their houses to their trees & plants to their giles. These to keep their home. These nests & foods & plants. Their husbands fathers & mothers went on hunting for. The little boys & girls learned to always & ever their fathers & mothers & their grandfathers & grandmothers with their old始祖ㄅ. Their race was strong & hardy & strong. They were old & go hunting & fishing. The little boys & girls learned to always & ever the little boys & girls learned from their fathers & mothers & their grandfathers & grandmothers & their old始祖.
The woman has close friends. She lives near the Kallegwan, pass, and there are my jajila houses for the jajila people. But there was another house (grandmother) which all the men and women agree to keep in the Igaya cella country, that country was baby country one. It was the country of the baby sprits. It was called jinjin, by the jajila people. The men women children and baby people descend their own jajila houses. It is this beautiful jinjin house that I must tell you. There were also grown ups in jinjin only young babies. The jajila people called them baby negus. The little negus and all the jinjin people lived there by themselves. The baby sprits lived in the land that where the little turtles hatched down into the sea. It rose up with the baby turtles. They swim with the baby sprits. First the jinjin people, the little turtles, became the baby sprits, and play with them. Dar negus and the baby sprits become a fairytale, a spirit land. In this land, all baby lives...
North West, Billinge

Nimmundarra, my shadow
Moona moona, beega, good shade of a tree.
Ngallung ngalla = half caste
Koballagoon, where Leeberr is buried
Marbbangoon

1903

Did not want him, "too much like Paljeri" he had grown, but the boy should have been a Bana
ta.

Suppose a man is married and he never dreams a ngargalula, and no ngargalula follows him home, and yet his wife begins to carry a baby, he knows that baby is not his and he sends the woman away to the man whose ngargalula she carried. If the husband doesn't dream a ngargalula, the baby his wife carries is not his.

Unless the man dreams the ngargalula, his wife can never have one. Leeberr's ranjee went back to his booroo, Jajjala Walning, the ranjee goes back to the man's booroo.

Billingee's ngargalula that he dreamed (he isn't married and has no babies) are in the booroo near Broome, and if he dies without getting a baby, his brothers may pick up his ngargalula some
Dear dear little heart, just fire into the gum main tree

With a (knife) peel the walls,

There wont have join & bumba (men) burn that fire down

by emmepening motion

also wood enup (paperback) & kenteek (manoe

Pike can set fire Kelleker (scaring) method

... from all these

Long ago I know was a Perdanarome & he tried to make fire strong-galga (lightning method with

she could not. He trie all other trees by strong-galga

mother. Then he trie the bigallee among a tree

at he see the fire from the bigalletree. Only this tree tells make strong galga fire.
Ngargalula are infant living spirits whose home is jimbin (underneath the ground). Only Jaingangooroo can see ngargalula in their home, but the little spirits always come in dreams to the men whom they accept as their fathers. After they have shown themselves to the men, and have followed them home, they go inside one of the wives of their adopted fathers, who carry them for a time. After they are born, they merge gradually from the ngargalula into the boy or girl child, and are "no more ngargalula," for ngargalula are spirit children only. When they take human shape, they never can be ngargalula again. The sea coast ngargalula are lammar nalma (white haired), the pindana ngargalula being nyimber nalma (black haired). Ngargalula never go Loosmurn or Woollyoolyooroo, because they are living spirits, and it is only the spirits of the dead that go Loosmurn.

The man to whom the ngargalula comes must, however, possess a "spirit" within himself before he will be able to see the ngargalula. This spirit or soul is called runjee, and no man can ever dream of ngargalula unless he has a runjee.
As in the South, the Northern natives believe that there are three territories: Koerrwal, Kalboo and Jimbin. Koerrwal, where the natives went up on the kalleeegooroo, and where they once could either stay or leave, Kalboo, the surface of the ground, where the present day natives live, and Jimbin, where the ngargalula and totems live. The jimbin ngargalula become kalboo wamba and jandoo, but neither when they are jimbin or kalboo can they see the koerrwal wamba, nor can they ever go koerrwal since the kalleeegooroo was burnt. There is no evidence that the thunder and lightning ranjee ever belonged to the koerrwal wamba (sky men).