Magellan claims
Morgan language. O'shibibizu males
Munqua has few trekker Ormars. This
That is why Oshibizu is formed of Jame
The Legend of Willilambri Clouds

In the dream time (or dream) times of long ago The Men of Willilambri Wamni (Twilight-Cove), lived in great
peace & Trouble. Walja, The Eaglehawk, & his "Wamni"
("fui-khome") was far north. Would their enemies, whenever
he came near their Wamni, he should cry at them, &
every time he shouted a boy died, & when they broke
a branch of the Warranu (oak-sandwina tree), a boy died.
So that the Willilambri Men had no boys for their
initiation ceremonies. They tried to spare Walja, but
their spears were too slender. It would not harden the
hard bones of Walja. Also, they were in great trouble
for that Walja would break the Great Warranu (tree)
which grew near Willilambri. He held up the sky. So
if the Great Tree was broken, the Sky would fall
down & darken the earth, & all the Men & Women
would die.

There were two big brothers, Bacchunu-Woodha, Right-
Handed, & Koorrulla, Left-Handed. Who were "Krares"
(goon-min-yarra) of the Willilambri Men, & they were
very angry to see the Walja killing the Boys. With their
shouting & branch-breaking,

One day Bacchunu-Woodha & Koorrulla came to Bal-
down by Willilambri Water & said to The Men, "We
will kill the Walja who are killing taking your boys.
When we have killed them, we will give you strong
wood, & show you how to make good hard spears from
it. So that by try you can spear all the Walja that
Come to your Wamni (fui-khome)."
The two brothers had very strong ngal-dhara
(species of hardwood spear) hard & smooth & with very
sharp points. They had Wardan (spears thrower) made
from the same wood & tightly they made a Great
wind cone. While the wind was coming over the
Koonan (plain) they lighted a big fire. It hid in the
branches of the Great tree that kept the earth & sky
apart.

Darkness came along with the magic North wind. The
Waadhu wardha made, Vaaja & his Yaggulu (woman) &
their two boys came to Willelaambii. The big wind set
a shady place under a tree. Vaaja said, boasting,
"This is my Wooma (fire)" I have two women & two boys cooks
their meat. I ate, having no fear of the Willelaambii men,
& when they had eaten they slept, hiding themselves
among the branches of the Baaru (Sandalwood tree).

Waadhu wardha & Kasrulba were watching them,
& presently, Waadhu wardha, holding his ngal dhara &
Wardan in readiness, crept & crept quietly quietly, out
of the great tree that held the sky up. If he had
sown quickly, he might have broken it. Kasrulba
came behind with his ngal dhara & Wardan. Then
they were near. Vaaja, righthanded. Waadhu wardha
threw his ngal dhara at Mmaalu (father) Vaaja, &
lefthanded Kasrulba, threw his spear as the mother,
Vaaja, the strong & sharp ngal dhara & Wardan's spear
were repel through their bodies. Father & mother Vaaja
cried out, & flew away with the spears sticking out at
each side of them. They tried & tried to pull the spears out
but the ngal dhara were too strong & tightly, when they
came back for their boys. Waadhu was the caugter
held the spear. Stickying out, father Vaaja & Kasrulba
cauter mother Vaaja's spear so they held them & held
them until the Vaaja were dead.
The boys were very proud and tried to hide in the
thick leaves of the baara but Baadhu waved them off
and killed them at the Karman (Plain).
Then he came to the Wililambhi men. "There is your
meal" cooked real good our brothers & their boys
& girls are now safe & cannot be killed anymore.
The name of the place was Wavija & his woman &
their two boys were killed were Go-ool-gamba & their
home was now burning (Ovens) it may be seen standing
& stream about Womulnda (Eyres Tank Pits) &
Kal-langbar.
Then Baadhu warned that a great many on big trees come up out of the ground & he called
the Trees Bung-gal, he took the word from there &
showed the Wililambhi men how to make
bung-gal spears & bung-gal spear throwers. I said,
"Now you will always have good hard Kajji (Spears)
& warden. That will break & break if you will so
from Jean Wavija I give the bung-gal & Wavija.
From Janjari yarra (males, priests.)
The Wililambhi men were very glad & the old men
said: "Our Wamui (generous, also Totei) will be bung-gal
Wanu always, for we are brothers of the bung-gal.
It all men will carry the Ngwan (Shade) of the
bung-gal warden (Spearmann) inside there so that
it will tell them when Wavija are coming.
All Wililambhi men. This became bung-gal e-
Janjarra & bung-gal Wamui (bung-gal group, &
bung-gal alum (Oum-entarked OumaTotei) !
They will always, able & able to follow Wavija & the
also men make Uy-en-ma (Long Carved boards)
& topping (Spine-Carving) Wood Roses. Phadrei
board with hole a string, twirled during ceremonies
& making what? In people eales "a wooni bull sound")
The Carvigo, Meeenna, & thrashing were the heart, ribs, stomach, entrails & tail. With the Gunja, Men. They had conquered it. The Walja could make spears, or yeeenna, from the Bung-gal. Jo is the madji (Sacred Pole). It then belonged to Bung-gal, its only.

When the brothers had made the willilambi, men yaddu (seed, "light") Baadheworda & Koorubbba went up, up, "Maadu-maadu" into the sky. When they had been sitting down two did go away. (Ancient) Stories, Baadhewordaa at one side & Koorubbba a little distance away. Then willilambi bung-gal-um dies. Baadhewoodha stretches out his right hand & took them up to his Warren; & when Williamambi, women & children die, Koorubbba reaches down his left hand drew them up to his Warren. When a bung-gal um was dying Baadhewordha made two Warren clear of bright as that. The dying man should not be frightened, told the grieving bung-gal-um who sat round their dying brother. Watch for the long right hand of Baadhewordha to come & take the hand of the dying man. When the billi (old men) saw the hand stretched downward, they did not go in to drink for their dead brother. When any of their women & children die Koornbbba left-hand cause stretching down from the lesser brightness of his first Warren & took hold of the Warren for women & children & their sky Warren. White men call the brothers Mapellan Clouds. By the men of Williamambi, they were always the two bing brothers. Koornbbba left-hand Koornbbba the men saved their boys from Evage in.
When they were killed, they also drew up into the sky where Walja's twin woman & their two boys went from the Southern Cross (Walja pinion feathers) just as the Pointer (Walja's fighting club) Walja Koondi.

In the day before the White man came, the Billabongi were a great group (leaping), having no many boys & girls among them. That the daughter of a bung-gal-aum man were always<br>bathed in infancy & for many of the bung-gal-aum men's own sisters. (Miss cousins). The little boy babies always came to their father's pinion bringing their koondi (club) with them. They told their father to beat this woman with the club. While he beat this woman the baby boy went inside her. Little girl babies also came to their father bringing their handula (diggers stick) with them and their father either beat their woman with the handula or threw dale on her. While he was doing this the baby girl went inside her.

Of all the member of this one great family group, only two men, uncle (mother's brother) & nephew (cousin) were alive in 1936.

Austin nephew Kriegain was a boy & a canoe boy by a Kundi woman. While man a pastoralist
between twins & the little boy a great attachment grew to strengthen into the years. Kriegain was a loving little boy happy to obey to his White father wherever the White man traveled. Kriegain accompanied
learning the ways of the White People, mastering the duties of his White Protege. He learned to always be a helper and to share with honor in life. He listened to the tales of the White Man's journey. At all times, conducting himself quietly and humbly, and yet, the boy grew. In his own young boyhood, he learned from his grandfather. His grandfather used to gather the children around and tell them stories. These stories were passed down through all generations. Little Tsiyagai had absorbed these stories and kept them in his heart. He especially liked stories about the White Man, the legends of his people, how they had been driven from their land by the two brothers.

He had often told his people that his big White friend and his family lived in the city. The people of his people's village went as far as they had and left their lands. "All my people are dead," he said. For some fifteen years, Tsiyagai had been the companion of his White friends. Then one day, when Tsiyagai's adopted son was together in the city, a thousand miles away from his land, Tsiyagai said, "I go to Willilamtei." He was not ill, just grieving. He felt restless and unhappy, but he knew he had to go. Tsiyagai knew he had to move in his heart. That the shadow (sagwan) of his lung gas had moved into his heart. And so, he went home to his on his own grounds so that he could be closer to his heart.
hands to draw near up to the home of the dead People. The young boy had shown the white Man. Now his home was in the sky, the Man thought: "Perhaps he has seen the bright hand in his dreams." The boy turns. Return to his home ground." The quickest route was chosen to circumnavigate journeys over many miles—no need for preparation having been made by the kindly serving friars. The Great Trans-Australian Train carries him quickly towards my Count, Queen Victoria. From there he drove in a Camel buggy towards the head of the Great Australian Alps. There another change that led over the Williamambi grounds.

Jirrigai lay down quietly restfully as a凭证 when his eyes could look upon Boodhunah the Wamuu, perhaps as he looked up in quiet expectation, he saw the brightness increasing in the Wamuu. Jell his hand clasped by his Goon mini-yerra Boodhunah works to himself, steps to the home of the Brothers of his own People. A grave was quietly dug and the pain of the late gently entered. The young lady was placed as she had placed himself upon her, his eyes face upwards to an everlasting Williamambi Wamuu.

Williamambi: water or orphaned water. Today, here at the bed of river rock and shelter are the Sacred Yamma & breathing of the dead Younggal aura.
regard, but there are now no rotas. For there are no jills (old men) to visit the sacred places to greet the spirit. I feel reverent to the Yezume as they did in the old days. The spirit that was visits Yezume to bring went out of them. Then their bodies died, and they are now only bones, weak, withers, or painter's word, already becoming dust.