

Story title: Bukmak miyalkkurruwuru marrkapmirri
 (All women were full of affection)
 Language: Gupapuyŋu
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This is a story about my recent trip to Mäpuru with a big group of Balanda women. We travelled to Mäpuru to spend time learning from the Arnhem Weavers. Whilst our trip out to Mäpuru was fraught with adventure, our time with the women in Mäpuru left an indelible feeling of love in our hearts.

Gupapuyŋu	Translation
Barpuru napurru Balanda miyalkkurruwuru ga waŋdirri mutikay Darwinuru bala Mäpurulili.	Recently, a group of Balanda women and I were driving to Mäpuru from Darwin.
Napurru marrtji Mäpurulili marŋgithinyarawa djämawa gungawa.	We went to Mäpuru to learn to weave with pandanas.
Yurru, bala'ŋu napurru mari dharrwa mutikawuy.	But, on the way there we had many troubles with the vehicle.
Miyalkkurruwuru ga gitkitthun marinydja dharrwa mutikawanydja, ga walala ga bu!yun.	The women were laughing at the vehicle troubles and they were having fun.
Napurru buna munha ga nhina warranul galki Malŋumbawala wäŋaŋura.	We arrived in the dark and stayed outside near Malŋumba's home.
Wanganydhu waluy bukmak miyalkkurruwuru marrtjina gathullili Mäpururu mutikay, ga napurru gana marrtjina märraŋala maypal ga guya.	One day all of us women left from Mäpuru to go to the mangroves with the vehicle, and we were going to get shellfish and fish.
Ŋarra ga Malŋumba gana nhina'nhinana warraw!ŋura, linyu gana bathara ŋatha.	Malŋumba and I were sitting in the shade, we two were cooking damper.
Ŋarrakala ŋändi'mirriŋuy bumara guya ŋarraku, ga Clara märraŋala !atjin! dharrwa napurrungu !ukanharawa.	My mother caught a fish for me and Clara collected many mangrove worms for us to eat.
Räli'ŋu Mäpurulili napurru marrtjina gana !up!upthurruna gapu'maŋutjijura, miyalkkurruwala wäŋaŋura.	On the way back to Mäpuru we went swimming in the spring water, this is a woman's place.
Beŋuru Mäpururuŋura ŋunhi Yolŋu miyalkkurruwuru gana mel-gurrupara napurrunha Balandanha miyalkkurruwurrunha djämawa bathiwa.	Later on at Mäpuru the Yolŋu women were showing us Balanda women how to make baskets.
Gunga miny'tji gangul, ga miku, ga	The pandanus was yellow, red, black

mol, ga watharr.	and white in colour.
Bili napurru märraḡala miny'tji ga gunga diltjḡnuru, bathiwa gana djäma.	We had already gotten dye and pandanas from the bush, for making baskets.
ḡarra bäyḡu waḡana, yäna gana nhinana ga buthuru-bitjunna ḡändi'mirriḡuwala, ḡayi marḡgikuma ḡarranha gurruḡuwa ga bathiwa djämawa.	I did not speak, just sitting and listening to my mother, she taught me about my kin and basket making.
Napurru Balanda miyalkkurruwuru ḡuli waḡa ga dhä-birka'yun..	We Balanda women usually talk and ask questions
ḡarra ga ḡarraku yukuyuku mälk Baḡaditjan.	My younger sister's and my mälk is Baḡaditjan.
Bukmak miyalkkurruwuru marrkapmirri, ga napurru Balanda miyalkkurruwuru räli'ḡu Darwinlili napurru gana ḡäthina.	All of us women were full of affection for each other and we European women were crying on our way back to Darwin.
Waḡanydhu waluy ḡarra djäl ḡarra dhu roḡiyirri Mäpurulili ga nhäma ḡarraku gurruḡumirrinha.	One day I would like to return to Mäpuru to see my kin.
Dhuwala dhäwu bilina.	This story is finished.