

# Little Booramas Day Out

A short story by -  
Aunty Rose Fernando  
Gamilaraay Nation,  
North West New South Wales

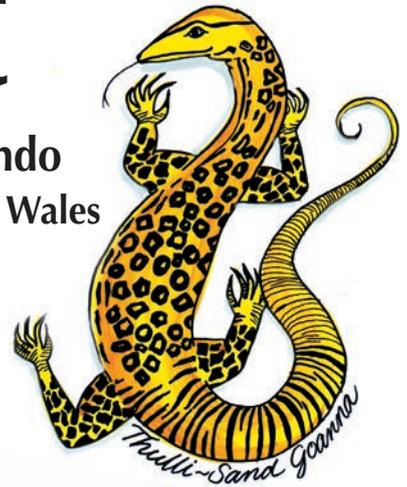
Illustrated by:  
Deborah Sullivan

*Sally*



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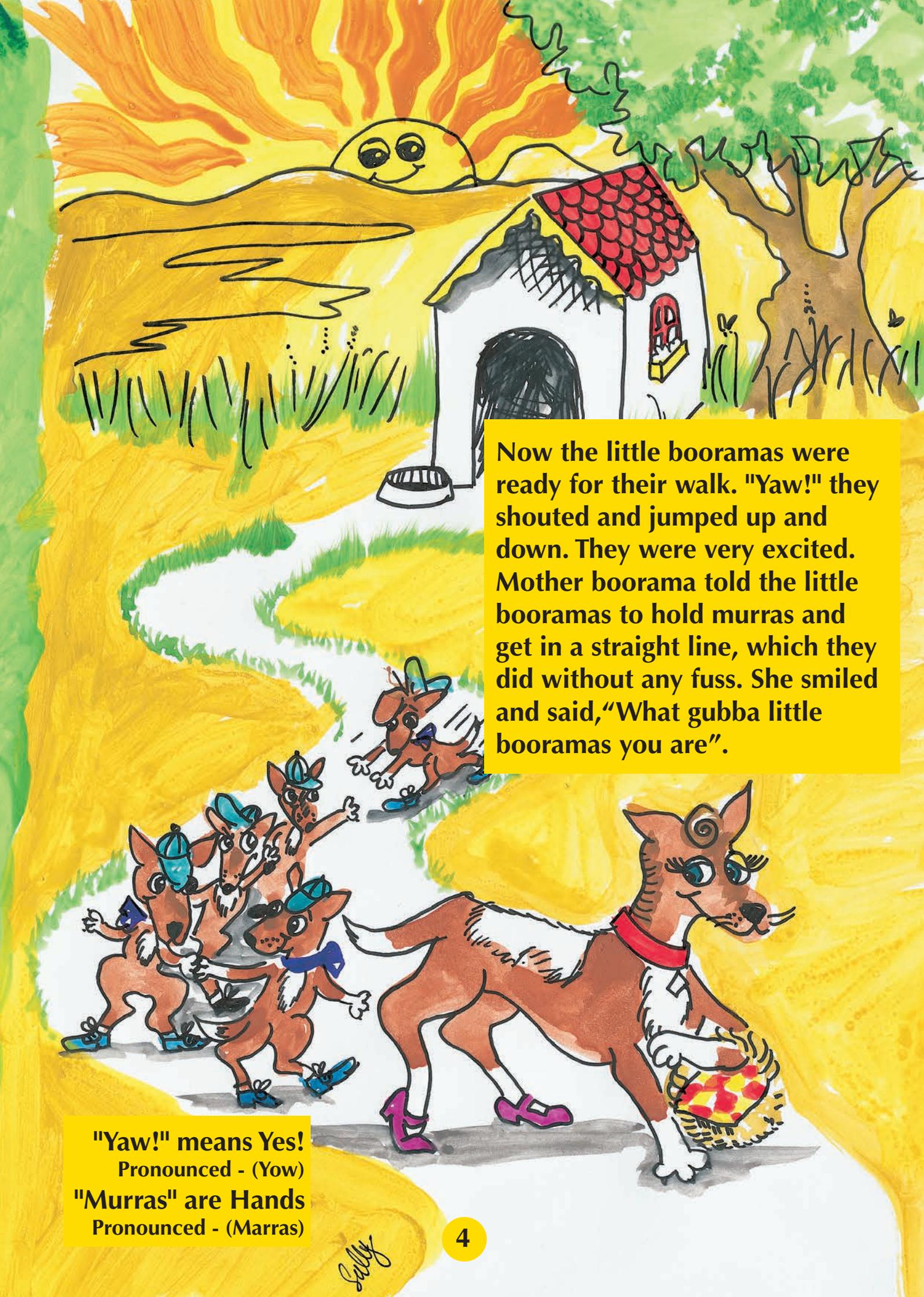
It was a nice sunny day for little booramas to go for a walk, and they hurried to see who was going to be first to get dressed. Their mother smiled and thought, "What gubba little booramas you are".



Next they had to put on their mundues. The smallest little booramas put on the smallest mundues. The largest little booramas put on the largest mundues. The last little booramas were middle sized, so they put on the middle size mundues. They were not the same colours as their brothers and sisters, whose mundues were blue. Theirs were a shiny booloowey. The middle size booramas smiled. Their mother said, "What gubba little booramas you are".



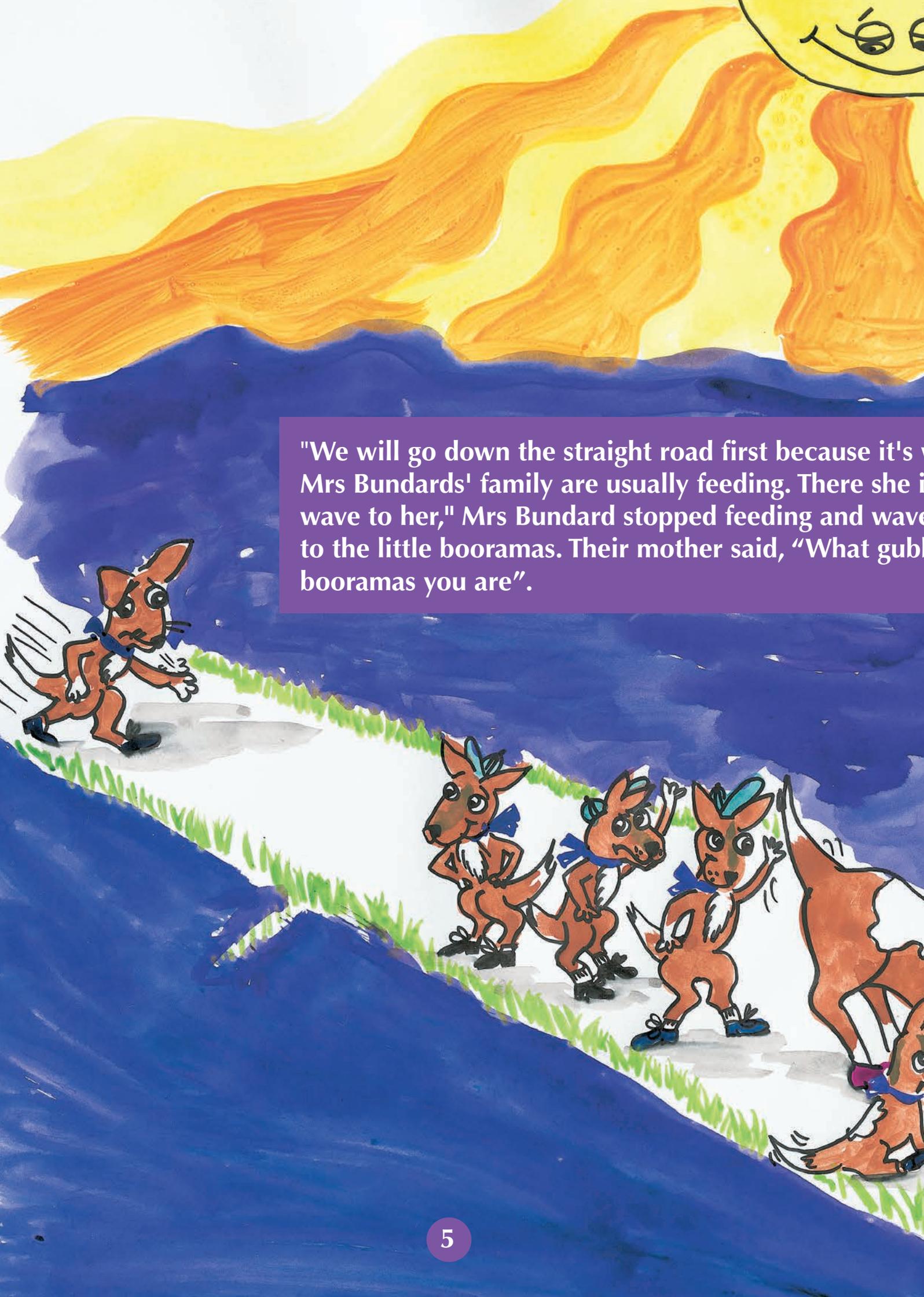
"Buloowey" means  
Black Colour  
Pronounced - (Bulwy)  
"Mundues" are Shoes  
Pronounced - (Manduwi)



Now the little booramas were ready for their walk. "Yaw!" they shouted and jumped up and down. They were very excited. Mother boorama told the little booramas to hold murras and get in a straight line, which they did without any fuss. She smiled and said, "What gubba little booramas you are".

"Yaw!" means Yes!  
Pronounced - (Yow)  
"Murras" are Hands  
Pronounced - (Marras)

Sally



"We will go down the straight road first because it's where Mrs Bundards' family are usually feeding. There she will wave to her," Mrs Bundard stopped feeding and waved to the little booramas. Their mother said, "What gubbi booramas you are".



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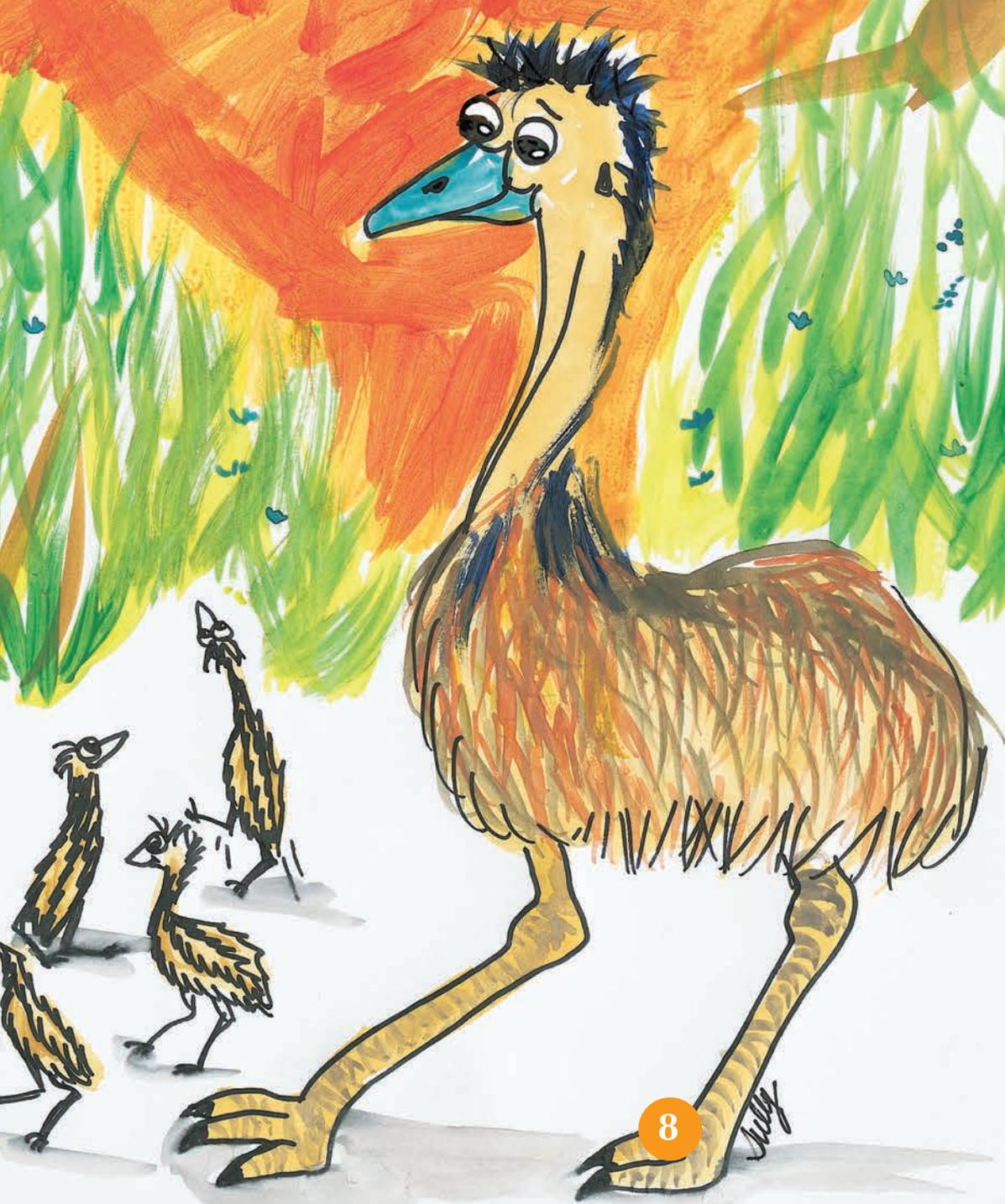
"Bundard" are Kangaroo  
Pronounced - (Bun-darr)



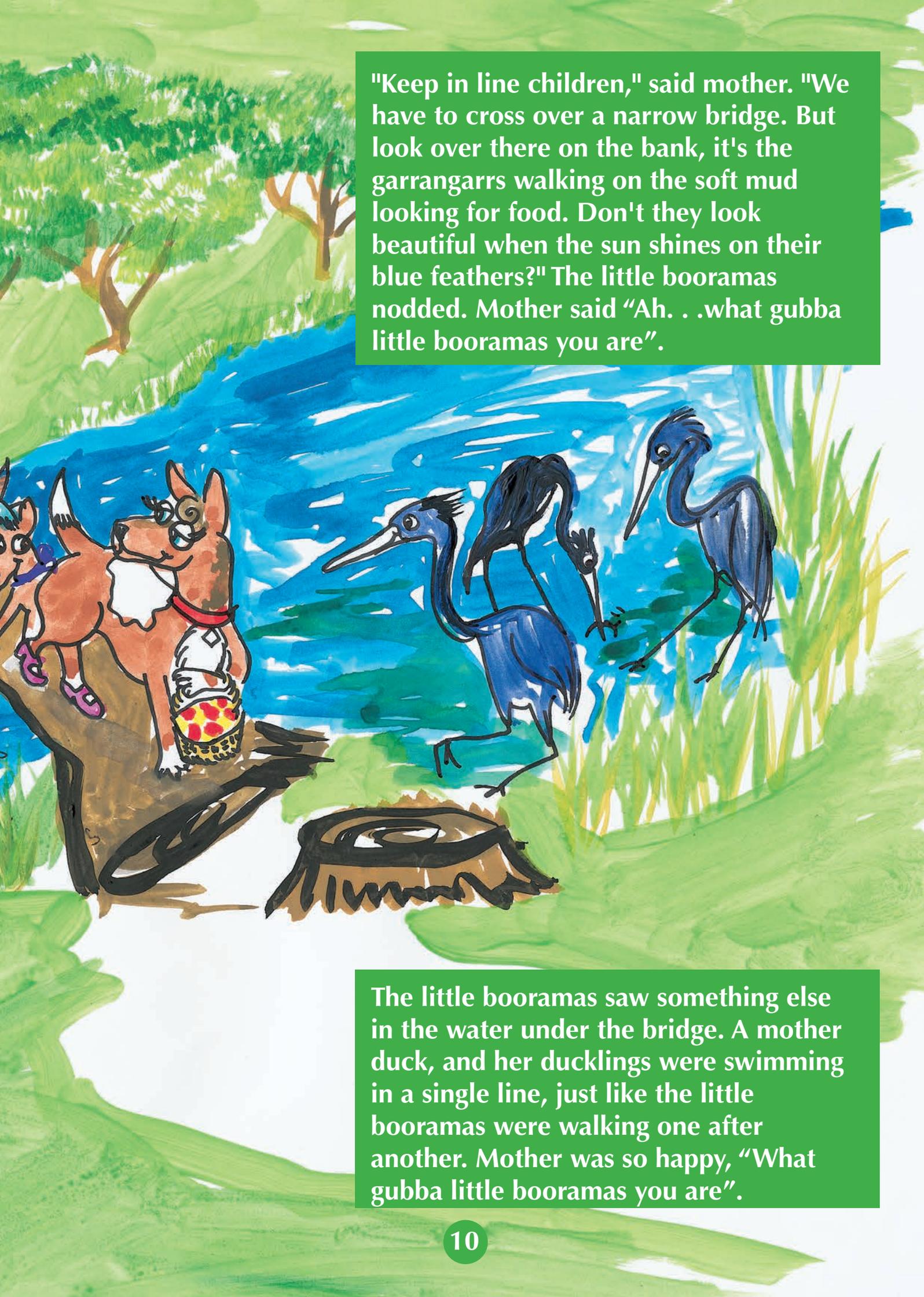
"Dinawan" are Emus  
Pronounced - (Dinner - won)  
The female emu lays the eggs and  
the male emu raises the chicks.



"Around the next corner is where father Dinawan crosses the road with his little babies. Be very quiet so as not to frighten them. If they become scared, they will scatter and run into the tall grass. Sshhh, oh what gubba little booramas you are".







"Keep in line children," said mother. "We have to cross over a narrow bridge. But look over there on the bank, it's the garrangarrs walking on the soft mud looking for food. Don't they look beautiful when the sun shines on their blue feathers?" The little booramas nodded. Mother said "Ah. . .what gubba little booramas you are".

The little booramas saw something else in the water under the bridge. A mother duck, and her ducklings were swimming in a single line, just like the little booramas were walking one after another. Mother was so happy, "What gubba little booramas you are".



"Mal " is one  
"Dirrie Dirrie" are "Willy  
Wagtails"  
Pronounced - (Dhrri Dhrri)



After crossing the bridge, mal little boorama called out, "Stop! Look what I can see in the top of that tall tree. It's a birds nest made from mud and somebody is sitting in it. I know who it is," said mal little boorama, "it's Dirrie Dirrie." Everyone became excited because now they were in the bush.

Mother clapped her murras and said "What gubba little booramas you are".





Mother told the little booramas to look in the small trees too and they saw red spots of colour flashing in and out. It was the gweneboos. They were so beautiful to watch.

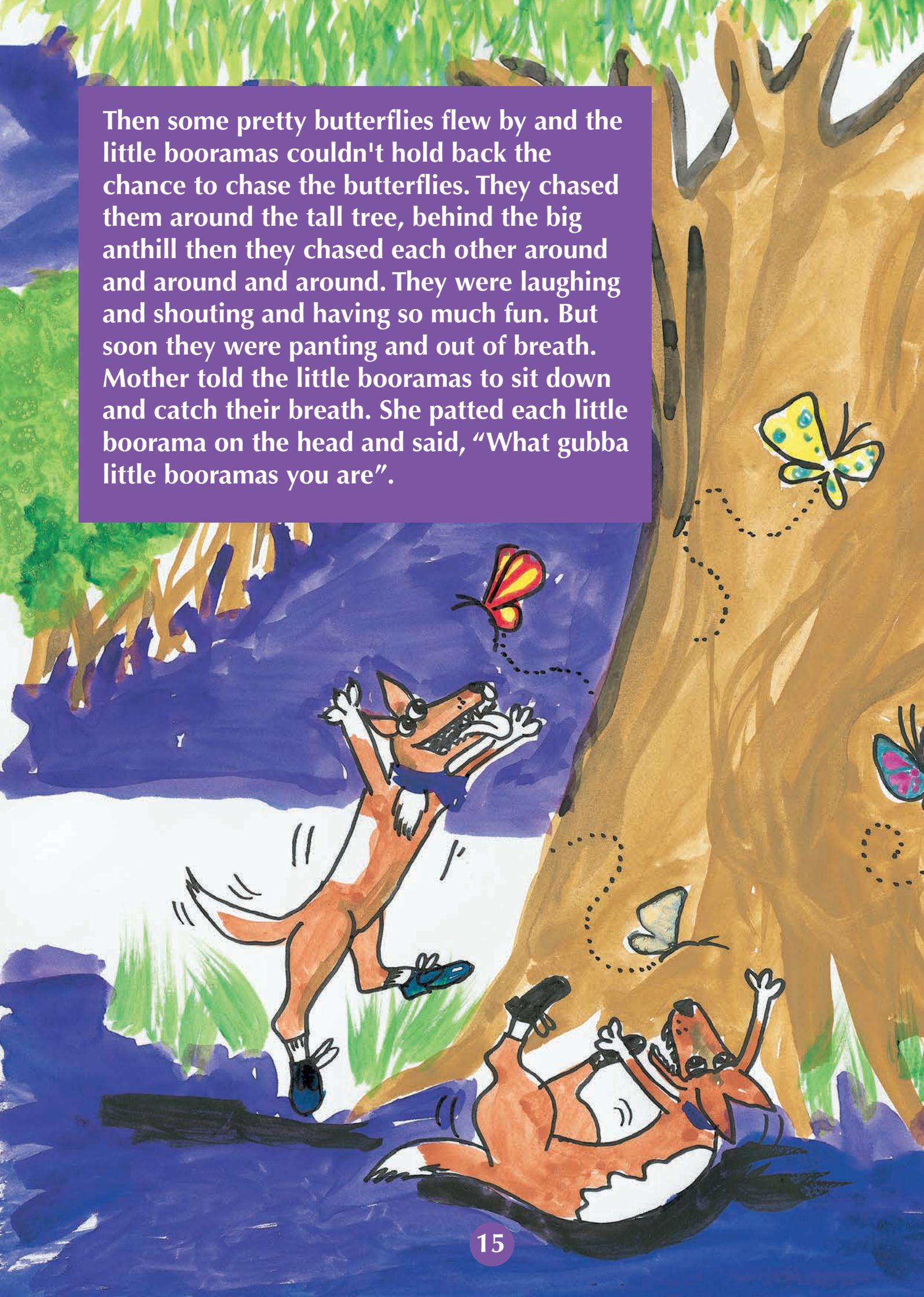
Their mother said "Oh what gubba little booramas you are".

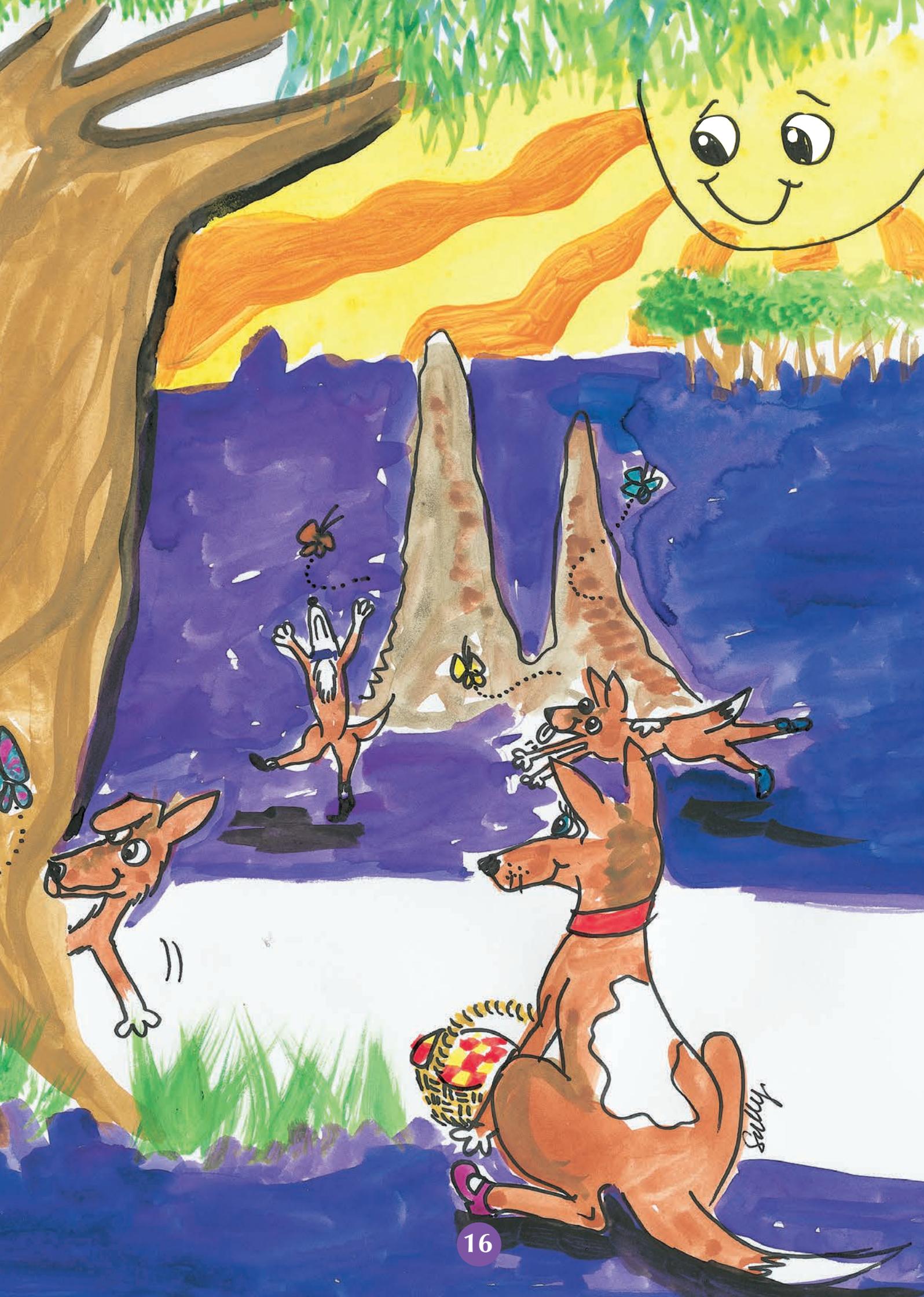


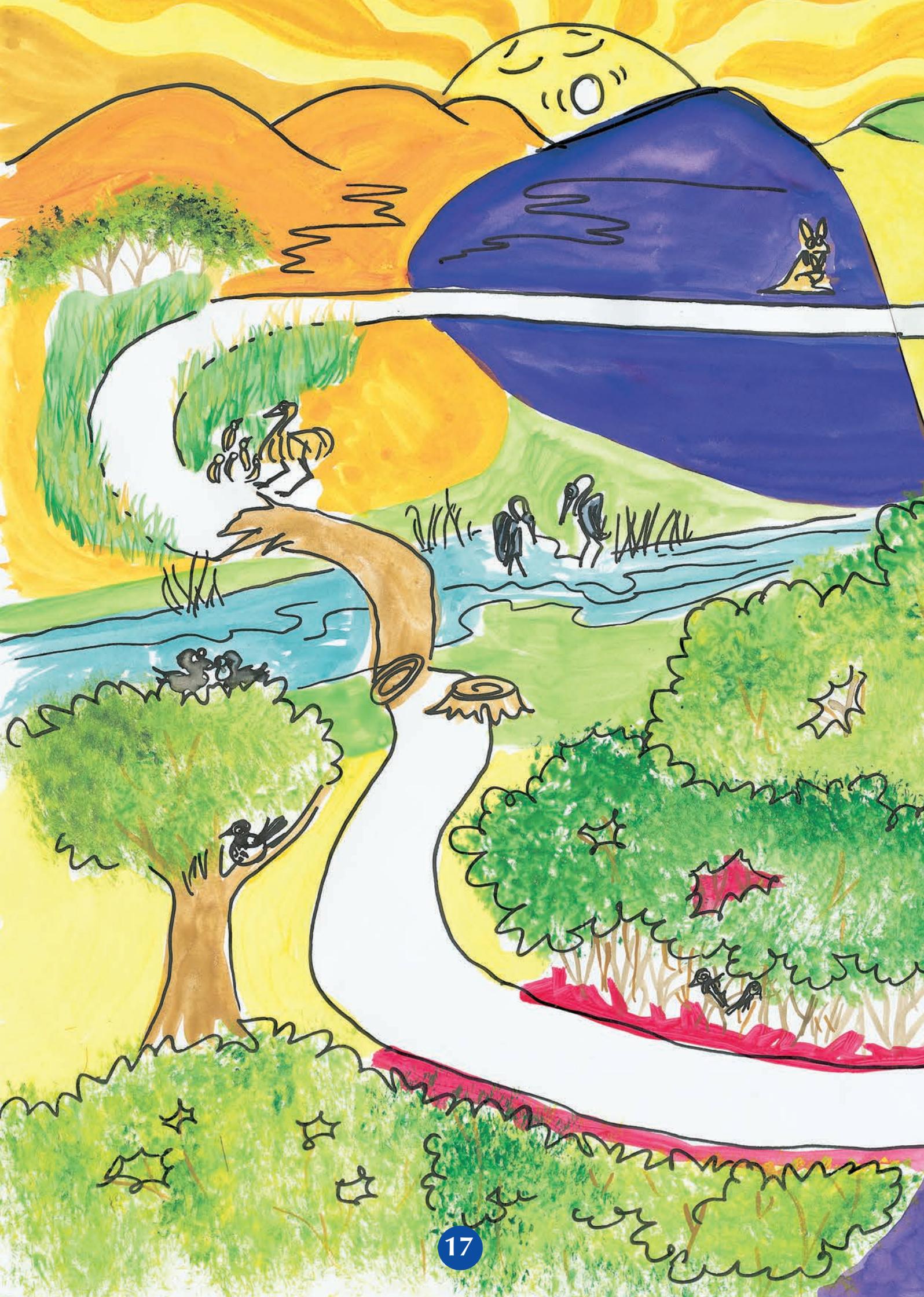
"Gweneboos" are "Robin Red Breasts"

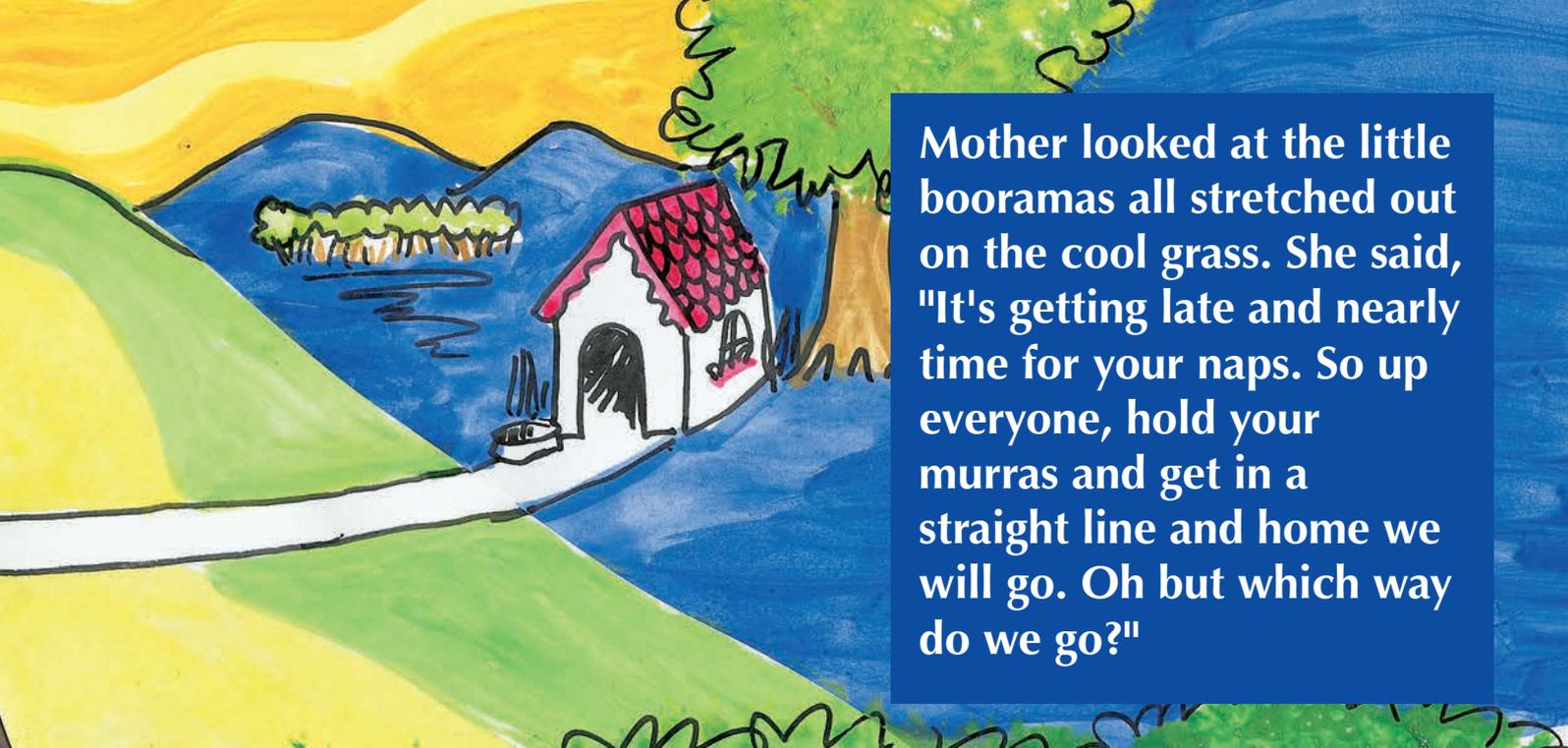
Pronounced - (Gow - any - boos)

Then some pretty butterflies flew by and the little booramas couldn't hold back the chance to chase the butterflies. They chased them around the tall tree, behind the big anthill then they chased each other around and around and around. They were laughing and shouting and having so much fun. But soon they were panting and out of breath. Mother told the little booramas to sit down and catch their breath. She patted each little boorama on the head and said, "What gubba little booramas you are".

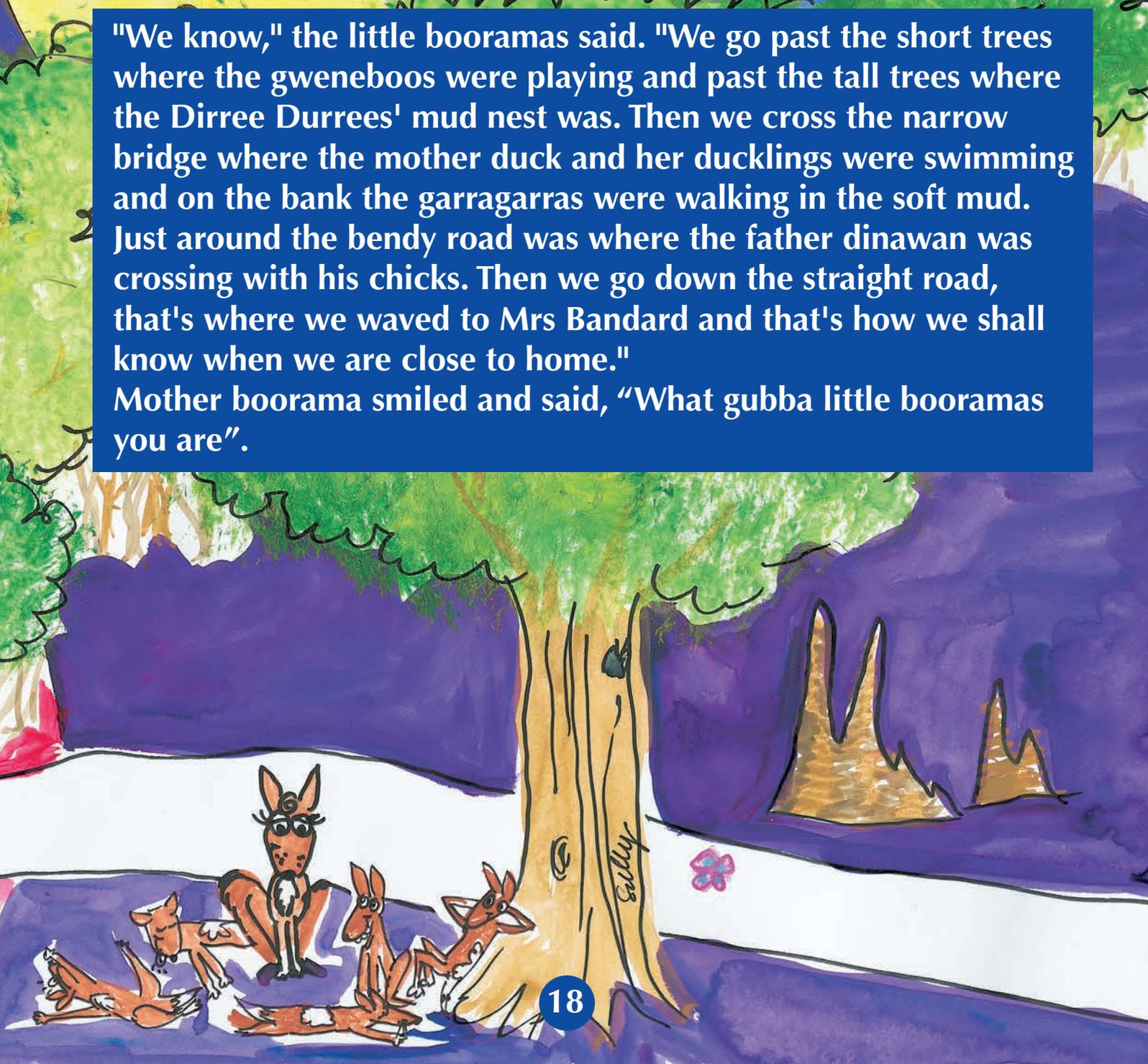








Mother looked at the little booramas all stretched out on the cool grass. She said, "It's getting late and nearly time for your naps. So up everyone, hold your murras and get in a straight line and home we will go. Oh but which way do we go?"



"We know," the little booramas said. "We go past the short trees where the gweneboos were playing and past the tall trees where the Dirree Durrees' mud nest was. Then we cross the narrow bridge where the mother duck and her ducklings were swimming and on the bank the garragarras were walking in the soft mud. Just around the bendy road was where the father dinawan was crossing with his chicks. Then we go down the straight road, that's where we waved to Mrs Bandard and that's how we shall know when we are close to home." Mother boorama smiled and said, "What gubba little booramas you are".



## Rose Fernando

**This story has been sitting in my tea chest for many, many years. It's a story I tell to children to give them praise. To tell children they are doing a good job when asked to do something. It's not easy for little ones to do something that is right, and it's something we as parents and caregivers take for granted, and what we expect of them. Praise is an easy thing to do.**

