

Confluence – IV

Additional English Textbook

IV SEM BA/B.COM/BBA/BCA/BSC (FAD)

Editor

Dr. Chitra Panikar

Prasararanga

BENGALURU CITY UNIVERSITY

(BCU)

Bengaluru

CONFLUENCE - IV: Additional English Textbook for all the IV Semester Courses coming under the Faculty of Arts, Commerce and Science of the Bengaluru City University (BCU) is prepared by the Members of the Textbook Committee, Bengaluru City University.

©Bengaluru City University

First Edition 2021

Published by:

Bengaluru City University Press

Bengaluru City University (BCU)

Central College Campus

Bengaluru- 560 001.

FOREWORD

CONFLUENCE-IV, the Additional English Textbook for all the IV Semester courses coming under the Faculty of Arts, Commerce and Science, Bengaluru City University (BCU), has been designed with the dual objective of inducing literary sensibility and developing linguistic skills in students. This is the Fourth Additional English Text Book for Undergraduate students of BCU, Bengaluru, prepared by the Members of the Textbook Committee.

I congratulate the Textbook Committee on its efforts in the preparation of the material, which includes a variety of literary pieces and a language component for honing language skills. I thank the Director of Bengaluru City University Press and their personnel for bringing out the textbook neatly and on time.

I hope the text will motivate the teachers and the students to make the best use of it and develop literary sensibility as well as linguistic skills.

Prof. Lingaraja Gandhi
Vice-Chancellor
Bengaluru City University
Bengaluru – 560 001.

PREFACE

The Additional English Course book for IV Semester, CONFLUENCE-IV, introduces undergraduate students to a spectacular kaleidoscope of literary selections that cover a wide range of subjects and issues. These model pieces of writing cast in different genres and forms are meant not only to cultivate literary sensibilities in students but also to sensitize them to social concerns. It is assumed that the thinking practices and pre-reading activities incorporated as part of every lesson would help students to interpret literature as a form of cultural expression. The language component is designed to perfect and hone the soft skills of students pertaining to effective verbal expression and communication.

It is hoped that the students would make best use of the present anthology and understand the importance of acquiring fine language skills while engaging with a verbal medium like literature.

I would like to thank the concerned Chairperson and her team of teachers who have put in their time and effort into the realization of this textbook.

I thank the Vice Chancellor and Registrar of Bangalore City University for their consistent support. I also thank the publisher who helped us to bring out the book on time.

Dr. Chitra Panikkar

Chairperson

UG Board of Studies BCU

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF STUDIES IN ENGLISH (UG)

1. **Dr. Chitra Panikkar, Professor** Chairperson
Department of English
Bangalore University, Jnana Bharathi Bengaluru-560056
2. **Dr. Ramadevi M, Associate Professor** Member
Government Arts College, Dr. Ambedkar Veedhi,
Bengaluru-560001
3. **Smt. Rajeshwari B, Associate Professor** Member
Government R.C. College of Commerce & Management
Race Course Road, Bengaluru-560001
4. **Prof. M. Shivaprasad, Associate Professor** Member
Vivekananda Degree College
Dr. Rajkumar Road, Rajajinagar II Stage Bengaluru-560055
5. **Smt. MahJabeen, Associate Professor** Member
BMS College for Women Basavanagudi, Bengaluru-560004
6. **Prof. C. P. Usha Rani, Assistant Professor** Member
SJRC Arts, Science and Commerce College
Race Course Road, Bengaluru-560001
7. **Dr. Macquilin C. D., Associate Professor** Member
HKES Veerendra Patil Degree College,
11th Main, 11th Cross, Sadashivanagar, Bengaluru-560080
8. **Dr. R.Rajaram, Associate Professor** Member
St. Joseph's College of Commerce (Autonomous)
Bengaluru-560025
9. **Dr. N. S. Gundur, Associate Professor** Member
Department of English
Tumkur University, Tumakuru-572102
10. **Prof. P. Kannan** Member
Department of English Akkamahadevi Women's
University Jnana Shakthi Campus, Torvi, Vijayapura-
585101

MEMBERS OF THE TEXTBOOK COMMITTEE

A. Leena Karanth

(Chairperson) Associate Professor
Bishop Cotton Women's Christian College, Bengaluru.

Dr. Macquillin Christine. D.

Member - BOS Associate Professor
Sree Veerendra Patil Degree College of Science, Arts, Commerce & Management,
Sadashivnagar, Bengaluru.

Dr. Susheela

Associate Professor
Jyothi Nivas College (Autonomous), Koramangala, Bengaluru.

Dr. Sapna G S

Associate Professor
Seshadripuram College,
Seshadripuram, Bengaluru.

Akhila H.G.

Assistant Professor
Jain College, VV Puram, Bengaluru.

Lakshmi H.

Assistant Professor
The Oxford College of Hotel Management, JP Nagar, Bengaluru.

Sushmitha Phukan

Assistant Professor
Presidency College, Kempapura, Hebbal, Bengaluru

Abhijit Naha

Assistant Professor
Dr. N.S.A.M. First Grade College Mylappanahalli, Bengaluru.

OBJECTIVES

CONFLUENCE IV introduces the study of Post-Colonial Literature to help students understand the problems and consequences of the Colonization and Decolonization of Countries by the Western world.

The text, through its selection of writings from various writers and countries addresses questions relating to powerful themes of Race, Ethnicity, Culture, and Human identity in the modern era. This will help Students gauge the psyche of formerly subjugated people and their Colonial Masters.

Through this study, there is not only an attempt to familiarize students of the evil specter of the Colonial past but also to learn how the world can move beyond this period together, towards a place of mutual respect, understanding, compassion and cooperation where racism, intolerance and subjugation have no place.

In this semester, we will learn to recognize a New World Order which goes beyond boundaries and borders.

Textbook Committee

Contents

1. The Lost Tribes of the Amazon.....	9
2. The Earth is Our Friend	20
3. Once Upon A Time	24
4. A Day Off	28
5. The Garden Party.....	32
6. The Rabbit Proof Fence	50

Language Component

1. Slogan Writing.....	99
2. Giving Directions.....	101
3. Story Outline.....	106
Question Paper Pattern.....	112
Model Question Paper	113

1. The Lost Tribes of the Amazon

-Joshua Hammer

Pre-reading activities:

- i. Make presentations on the threats faced by the Amazonians from the Industrial world.*
- ii. Discuss the fears faced by the Amazon Frontiers.*
- iii. Debate on the incidents of Amazon fire- is it man made or by accident?*

Often described as “uncontacted,” isolated groups living deep in the South American forest resist the ways of the modern world—at least for now.

On a cloudless afternoon in the foothills of the Andes, Eliana Martínez took off for the Amazon jungle in a single-engine Cessna 172K from an airstrip near Colombia’s capital, Bogotá. Squeezed with her in the tiny four-seat compartment were Roberto Franco, a Colombian expert on Amazon Indians; Cristóbal von Rothkirch, a Colombian photographer; and a veteran pilot. Martínez and Franco carried a large topographical map of Río Puré National Park, 2.47 million acres of dense jungle intersected by muddy rivers and creeks and inhabited by jaguars and wild peccaries—and, they believed, several isolated groups of Indians. “We didn’t have a lot of expectation that we’d find anything,” Martínez, 44, told me, as thunder rumbled from the jungle. A deluge began to pound the tin roof of the headquarters of Amacayacu National Park, beside the Amazon River, where she now serves as administrator. “It was like searching for the needle in the haystack.”

Martínez and Franco had embarked that day on a rescue mission. For decades, adventurers and hunters had provided tantalizing reports that an “uncontacted tribe” was hidden in the rainforest between the Caquetá and Putumayo rivers in the heart of Colombia’s Amazon.

Colombia had set up Río Puré National Park in 2002 partly as a means of safeguarding these Indians, but because their exact whereabouts were unknown, the protection that the government could offer was strictly theoretical. Gold miners, loggers, settlers, narcotics traffickers and Marxist guerrillas had been invading the territory with impunity, putting anyone dwelling in the jungle at

risk. Now, after two years' preparation, Martínez and Franco were venturing into the skies to confirm the tribe's existence—and pinpoint its exact location. “You can't protect their territory if you don't know where they are,” said Martínez, an intense woman with fine lines around her eyes and long black hair pulled into a ponytail.

Descending from the Andes, the team reached the park's western perimeter after four hours and flew low over primary rainforest. They ticked off a series of GPS points marking likely Indian habitation zones. Most of them were located at the headwaters for tributaries of the Caquetá and the Putumayo, flowing to the north and south, respectively, of the park. “It was just green, green, green. You didn't see any clearing,” she recalled. They had covered 13 points without success, when, near a creek called the Río Bernardo, Franco shouted a single word: “Maloca!”

Martínez leaned over Franco.

“Donde? Donde?”—Where? Where? She yelled excitedly.

Directly below, Franco pointed out a traditional longhouse, constructed of palm leaves and open at one end, standing in a clearing deep in the jungle. Surrounding the house were plots of plantains and peach palms, a thin-trunked tree that produces a nutritious fruit. The vast wilderness seemed to press in on this island of human habitation, emphasizing its solitude. The pilot dipped the Cessna to just several hundred feet above the maloca in the hope of spotting its occupants. But nobody was visible. “We made two circles around, and then took off so as not to disturb them,” says Martínez. “We came back to earth very content.”

Back in Bogotá, the team employed advanced digital technology to enhance photos of the maloca. It was then that they got incontrovertible evidence of what they had been looking for. Standing near the maloca, looking up at the plane, was an Indian woman wearing a breechcloth, her face and upper body smeared with paint.

Franco and Martínez believe that the maloca they spotted, along with four more they discovered the next day, belong to two indigenous groups, the Yuri and the Passé—perhaps the last isolated tribes in the Colombian Amazon. Often described, misleadingly, as “uncontacted Indians,” these groups, in fact, retreated from major rivers and ventured deeper into the jungle at the height of the South American rubber boom a century ago. They were on the run from massacres, enslavement and infections against which their bodies had no defenses. For the past century, they have lived with an awareness—and fear—of the outside world, anthropologists say, and have made the choice to avoid contact. Vestiges of the Stone Age in the 21st century, these people serve as a living reminder of the

resilience—and fragility—of ancient cultures in the face of a developmental onslaught.

For decades, the governments of Amazon nations showed little interest in protecting these groups; they often viewed them as unwanted remnants of backwardness. In the 1960s and '70s Brazil tried, unsuccessfully, to assimilate, pacify and relocate Indians who stood in the way of commercial exploitation of the Amazon. Finally, in 1987, it set up the Department of Isolated Indians inside FUNAI (Fundação Nacional do Índio), Brazil's Indian agency. The department's visionary director, Sydney Possuelo, secured the creation of a Maine-size tract of Amazonian rainforest called the Javari Valley Indigenous Land, which would be sealed off to outsiders in perpetuity. In 2002, Possuelo led a three-month expedition by dugout canoe and on foot to verify the presence in the reserve of the Flecheiros, or Arrow People, known to repel intruders with a shower of curare-tipped arrows. The U.S. journalist Scott Wallace chronicled the expedition in his 2011 book, *The Unconquered*, which drew international attention to Possuelo's efforts. Today, the Javari reserve, says FUNAI's regional coordinator Fabricio Amorim, is home to "the greatest concentration of isolated groups in the Amazon and the world."

Other Amazon nations, too, have taken measures to protect their indigenous peoples. Peru's Manú National Park contains some of the greatest biodiversity of any nature reserve in the world; permanent human habitation is restricted to several tribes. Colombia has turned almost 82 million acres of Amazon jungle, nearly half its Amazon region, into 14.8 million acres of national parks, where all development is prohibited, and resguardos, 66.7 million acres of private reserves owned by indigenous peoples. In 2011 Colombian President Juan Manuel Santos signed legislation that guaranteed "the rights of uncontacted indigenous peoples...to remain in that condition and live freely according to their cultures on their ancestral lands."

The reality, however, has fallen short of the promises. Conservation groups have criticized Peru for winking at "ecotourism" companies that take visitors to gape at isolated Indians.

Last year, timber companies working illegally inside Manú National Park drove a group of isolated Mashco-Piro Indians from their forest sanctuary.

Colombia, beset by cocaine traffickers and the hemisphere's longest Marxist Leninist insurgency, hasn't always succeeded in policing its rainforests effectively either. Several groups of Indians have been forcibly assimilated and dispersed in recent years.

Today, however, Colombia continues to move into the vanguard of protecting indigenous peoples and their land. In December, the government announced a bold new plan to double the size of remote Chiribiquete Park, currently 3.2 million acres in southern Colombia; the biodiversity sanctuary is home to two isolated tribes.

Franco believes that governments must increase efforts to preserve indigenous cultures. “The Indians represent a special culture, and resistance to the world,” argues the historian, who has spent three decades researching isolated tribes in Colombia. Martínez says that the Indians have a unique view of the cosmos, stressing “the unity of human beings with nature, the interconnectedness of all things.” It is a philosophy that makes them natural environmentalists, since damage to the forest or to members of one tribe, the Indians believe, can reverberate across society and history with lasting consequences. “They are protecting the jungle by chasing off gold miners and whoever else goes in there,” Franco says. He adds: “We must respect their decision not to be our friends— even to hate us.”

Especially since the alternatives to isolation are often so bleak. This became clear to me one June morning, when I traveled up the Amazon River from the Colombian border town of Leticia. I climbed into a motorboat at the ramshackle harbor of this lively port city, founded by Peru in 1867 and ceded to Colombia following a border war in 1922. Joining me were Franco, Daniel Matapi—an activist from Colombia’s Matapi and Yukuna tribes—and Mark Plotkin, director of the Amazon Conservation Team, the Virginia-based nonprofit that sponsored Franco’s overflight. We chugged down a muddy channel and emerged into themile-wide river. The sun beat down ferociously as we passed thick jungle hugging both banks. Pink dolphins followed in our wake, leaping from the water in perfect arcs.

After two hours, we docked at a pier at the Maloca Barú, a traditional longhouse belonging to the 30,000-strong Ticuna tribe, whose acculturation into the modern world has been fraught with difficulties. A dozen tourists sat on benches, while three elderly Indian women in traditional costume put on a desultory dance. “You have to sell yourself, make an exhibition of yourself. It’s not good,” Matapi muttered. Ticuna vendors beckoned us to tables covered with necklaces and other trinkets. In the 1960s, Colombia began luring the Ticuna from the jungle with schools and health clinics thrown up along the Amazon. But the population proved too large to sustain its subsistence agriculture-based economy, and “it was inevitable that they turned to tourism,” Franco said.

Not all Ticunas have embraced this way of life. In the nearby riverside settlement of Nazareth, the Ticuna voted in 2011 to ban tourism. Leaders cited the garbage left behind, the indignity of having cameras shoved in their faces, the prying questions of outsiders into the most secret aspects of Indian culture and heritage, and the uneven distribution of profits. “What we earn here is very little,” one Ticuna leader in Nazareth told the Agence France-Presse. “Tourists come here, they buy a few things, a few artisanal goods, and they go. It is the travel agencies that make the good money.” Foreigners can visit Nazareth on an invitation-only basis; guards armed with sticks chase away everyone else.

In contrast to the Ticuna, the Yuri and Passé tribes have been running from civilization since the first Europeans set foot in South America half a millennium ago. Franco theorizes that they originated near the Amazon River during preColumbian times. Spanish explorers in pursuit of El Dorado, such as Francisco de Orellana, recorded their encounters—sometimes hostile—with Yuri and Passé who dwelled in longhouses along the river. Later, most migrated 150 miles north to the Putumayo—the only fully navigable waterway in Colombia’s Amazon region—to escape Spanish and Portuguese slave traders.

Then, around 1900, came the rubber boom. Based in the port of Iquitos, a Peruvian company, Casa Arana, controlled much of what is now the Colombian Amazon region. Company representatives operating along the Putumayo pressganged tens of thousands of Indians to gather rubber, or caucho, and flogged, starved and murdered those who resisted. Before the trade died out completely in the 1930s, the Uitoto tribe’s population fell from 40,000 to 10,000; the Andoke Indians dropped from 10,000 to 300. Other groups simply ceased to exist. “That was the time when most of the now-isolated groups opted for isolation,” says Franco. “The Yuri [and the Passé] moved a great distance to get away from the caucheros.” In 1905, Theodor Koch-Grünberg, a German ethnologist, traveled between the Caquetá and Putumayo rivers; he noted ominously the abandoned houses of Passé and Yuri along the Puré, a tributary of the Putumayo, evidence of a flight deeper into the rainforest to escape the depredations.

The Passé and Yuri peoples vanished, and many experts believed they had been driven into extinction. Then, in January 1969, a jaguar hunter and fur trader, Julian Gil, and his guide, Alberto Miraña, disappeared near the Río Bernardo, a tributary of the Caquetá. Two months later, the Colombian Navy organized a search party. Fifteen troops and 15 civilians traveled by canoes down the Caquetá, then hiked into the rainforest to the area where Gil and Miraña had last been seen.

Saul Polania was 17 when he participated in the search. As we ate river fish and drank açai berry juice at an outdoor café in Leticia, the grizzled former soldier

recalled stumbling upon “a huge longhouse” in a clearing. “I had never seen anything like it before. It was like a dream,” he told me. Soon, 100 Indian women and children emerged from the forest. “They were covered in body paint, like zebras,” Polania says. The group spoke a language unknown to the search party’s Indian guides. Several Indian women wore buttons from Gil’s jacket on their necklaces; the hunter’s ax was found buried beneath a bed of leaves. “Once the Indians saw that, they began to cry, because they knew that they would be accused of killing him,” Polania told me. (No one knows the fate of Gil and Miraña. They may have been murdered by the Indians, although their bodies were never recovered.)

Afraid that the search party would be ambushed on its way back, the commander seized an Indian man and woman and four children as hostages and brought them back to the settlement of La Pedrera. The New York Times reported the discovery of a lost tribe in Colombia, and Robert Carneiro of the American Museum of Natural History in New York stated that based on a cursory study of the language spoken by the five hostages, the Indians could well be “survivors of the Yuri, a tribe thought to have become extinct for more than half a century.” The Indians were eventually escorted back home, and the tribe vanished into the mists of the forest—until Roberto Franco drew upon the memories of Polania in the months before his flyover in the jungle.

A couple of days after my boat journey, I’m hiking through the rainforest outside Leticia. I’m bound for a maloca belonging to the Uitoto tribe, one of many groups of Indians forced to abandon their territories in the Colombian Amazon during the rubber atrocities early in the past century. Unlike the Yuri and the Passé, however, who fled deeper into the forest, the Uitotos relocated to the Amazon River. Here, despite enormous pressure to give up their traditional ways or sell themselves as tourist attractions, a handful have managed, against the odds, to keep their ancient culture alive. They offer a glimpse of what life must look like deeper in the jungle, the domain of the isolated Yuri.

Half an hour from the main road, we reach a clearing. In front of us stands a handsome longhouse built of woven palm leaves. Four slender pillars in the center of the interior and a network of crossbeams support the A-frame roof. The house is empty, except for a middle-aged woman, peeling the fruits of the peach palm, and an elderly man wearing a soiled white shirt, ancient khaki pants and tattered Converse sneakers without shoelaces.

Jitoma Safiama, 70, is a shaman and chief of a small subtribe of Uitotos, descendants of those who were chased by the rubber barons from their original lands around 1925. Today, he and his wife eke out a living cultivating small plots

of manioc, coca leaf and peach palms; Safiama also performs traditional healing ceremonies on locals who visit from Leticia. In the evenings, the family gathers inside the longhouse, with other Uitotos who live nearby, to chew coca and tell stories about the past. The aim is to conjure up a glorious time before the caucheros came, when 40,000 members of the tribe lived deep in the Colombian rainforest and the Uitotos believed that they dwelled at the center of the world. “After the big flooding of the world, the Indians who saved themselves built a maloca just like this one,” says Safiama. “The maloca symbolizes the warmth of the mother. Here we teach, we learn and we transmit our traditions.” Safiama claims that one isolated group of Uitotos remains in the forest near the former rubber outpost of El Encanto, on the Caraparaná River, a tributary of the Putumayo. “If an outsider sees them,” the shaman insists, “he will die.”

A torrential rain begins to fall, drumming on the roof and soaking the fields. Our guide from Leticia has equipped us with knee-high rubber boots, and Plotkin, Matapi and I embark on a hike deeper into the forest. We tread along the soggy path, balancing on splintered logs, sometimes slipping and plunging to our thighs in the muck. Plotkin and Matapi point out natural pharmaceuticals such as the golobi, a white fungus used to treat ear infections; er-re-ku-ku, a treelike herb that is the source of a snake-bite treatment; and a purple flower whose roots—soaked in water and drunk as a tea—induce powerful hallucinations. Aguaje palms sway above a second maloca tucked in a clearing about 45 minutes from the first one. Matapi says that the tree bark of the aguaje contains a female hormone to help certain males “go over to the other side.” The longhouse is deserted except for two napping children and a pair of scrawny dogs. We head back to the main road, trying to beat the advancing night, as vampire bats circle above our heads.

In the months before his reconnaissance mission over Río Puré National Park, Roberto Franco consulted diaries, indigenous oral histories, maps drawn by European adventurers from the 16th through 19th centuries, remote sensors, satellite photos, eyewitness accounts of threatening encounters with Indians, even a guerrilla from the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia who had seen the Indians while on a jungle patrol. The overflights, says Franco, engendered mixed emotions. “I felt happy and I also felt sad, maybe because of the lonely existence these Indians had,” he told me on our last morning in Leticia. “The feelings were complicated.”

Franco’s next step is to use the photographs and GPS coordinates gathered on his flights to lobby the Colombian government to strengthen protection around the national park. He envisions round-the-clock surveillance by both semiassimilated Indians who live on the park perimeter and rangers within the park boundaries,

and an early warning system to keep out intruders. “We are just at the beginning of the process,” he says.

Franco cites the tragic recent history of the Nukak tribe, 1,200 isolated Indians who inhabited the forests northwest of Río Puré National Park. In 1981, a U.S. evangelical group, New Tribes Mission, penetrated their territory without permission and, with gifts of machetes and axes, lured some Nukak families to their jungle camp. This contact drove other Nukak to seek similar gifts from settlers at the edge of their territory. The Indians’ emergence from decades of isolation set in motion a downward spiral leading to the deaths of hundreds of Nukak from respiratory infections, violent clashes with land grabbers and narcotraffickers, and dispersal of the survivors. “Hundreds were forcibly displaced to [the town of] San José del Guaviare, where they are living—and dying—in terrible conditions,” says Rodrigo Botero García, technical coordinator of the Andean Amazon Project, a program established by

Colombia’s national parks department to protect indigenous peoples. “They get fed, receive government money, but they’re living in squalor.” (The government has said it wants to repatriate the Nukak to a reserve created for them to the east of San José del Guaviare. And in December, Colombia’s National Heritage Council approved an urgent plan, with input from the Nukak, to safeguard their culture and language.) The Yuri and Passé live in far more remote areas of the rainforest, but “they are vulnerable,” Franco says.

Some anthropologists, conservationists and Indian leaders argue that there is a middle way between the Stone Age isolation of the Yuri and the abject assimilation of the Ticuna. The members of Daniel Matapi’s Yukuna tribe continue to live in malocas in the rainforest—30 hours by motorboat from Leticia—while integrating somewhat with the modern world. The Yukuna, who number fewer than 2,000, have access to health care facilities, trade with nearby settlers, and send their kids to missionary and government schools in the vicinity. Yukuna elders, says Matapi, who left the forest at age 7 but returns home often, “want the children to have more chances to study, to have a better life.” Yet the Yukuna still pass down oral traditions, hunt, fish and live closely attuned to their rainforest environment. For far too many Amazon Indians, however, assimilation has brought only poverty, alcoholism, unemployment or utter dependence on tourism.

It is a fate, Franco suspects, that the Yuri and Passé are desperate to avoid. On the second day of his aerial reconnaissance, Franco and his team took off from La Pedrera, near the eastern edge of Río Puré National Park. Thick drifting clouds made it impossible to get a prolonged view of the rainforest floor. Though the team spotted four malocas within an area of about five square miles, the dwellings never stayed visible long enough to photograph them. “We would see a maloca,

and then the clouds would close in quickly,” Eliana Martínez says. The cloud cover, and a storm that sprang up out of nowhere and buffeted the tiny plane, left the team with one conclusion: The tribe had called upon its shamans to send the intruders a message. “We thought, ‘They are making us pay for this,’” Franco says.

Glossary:

Deluge- a severe flood.

Maloca- an ancestral long house used by indigenous people of the Amazon, notably in Colombia and Brazil.

Acrocity-an extremely wicked or cruel act, typically one involving physical violence or injury.

Tributary- a river or stream flowing into a larger river or lake.

Reconnaissance- military observation of a region to locate an enemy or ascertain strategic features.

Anthropologists - a person engaged in the practice of Anthropology.

Anthropology - the study of aspects of humans within past and present societies.

Narco-Traffickers-The smuggling and distribution of illegal drugs.

Indians- Native Latin Americans.

Comprehension I

Short Answer Questions:

1. Elina Martinez took off from _____ to _____ .
2. “You can’t protect their territory if you don’t know where they are,” are said by _____
3. Rio Pure National Park was setup in _____ and for _____
4. From whom was the major risks for the Amazonians?
5. What is Maloca?
 - a. Longhouses traditionally built by the indigenous.
 - b. tribal language
 - c. tribal ornaments

6. “You have to sell yourself, make an exhibition of yourself, It’s not good” are the words of _____
 - a. Matapi
 - b. Yucuna tribe
 - c. Maloca dwellers
7. Who among the following have embraced Eco-Tourism?
 - a. Yuri Tribe
 - b. Ticuna tribe
 - c. Passe tribe

Comprehension -II

Paragraph Answer Question

1. Highlight the merits and demerits of the phenomena of assimilation according to the text.
2. Elucidate on the role of government to protect the environment in context to the present text.
3. Expound on the greed of the civilized people as described in the text, “The Lost Tribes of Amazon”.
4. Justify the stand of the Amazonian tribes to stay uncontacted from the industrialization from the story, The Lost Tribes of Amazon”.
5. Write a note about the Rubber Boom of 1900s and its effects on the tribes of the rainforest.
6. Describe in brief the Polania memories of Robert Franco.

Comprehension III

Analytical/Discussion Questions:

1. Write a note on the memories shared by Jitoma Safiama in detail.
2. Elucidate on the tragic history of the Nukak Tribes as highlighted by Franco.
3. Narrate the experience of Robert Franco according to the story, “The Lost Tribes of Amazon”.
4. Discuss the relevance of title of the essay ‘The Lost Tribes of Amazon’.
5. ‘Eco- tourism’ encouraged by government policies has endangered the Amazon forest and its tribes’. Discuss with reference to the text.

About the Author:

Joshua Ives Hammer (born June 12, 1957) is an American content creator and foreign freelance correspondent and bureau chief for Newsweek and in Europe. While at Newsweek - he was the Nairobi Bureau Chief from 1993 to 1996, the South American Bureau Chief from 1996–1997, the Los Angeles Bureau Chief from 1997–2001, the Berlin Bureau Chief from 2000–2001, the Jerusalem Bureau Chief

About the Text:

The Uncontacted Frontier: Tribes of the Amazon Want To Be Left Alone .The Amazon rainforest is home to more uncontacted tribes than anywhere else in the world. It is hard to imagine that even today, there are more than 100 tribes who have never seen anything outside their home in the jungle.

Although most people in the world now live in industrial and post-industrial societies, there are communities in remote areas who still live the way that humans have lived for thousands of years. One of these areas is the western Amazon.

Deep within the Amazon rainforest are many people-groups that, rather than being incorporated into industrial civilization, have chosen to isolate themselves from the outside world. This is because of past pain and suffering that has resulted from contact with outside peoples. The rainforest is, however, at risk and will need to be protected if these tribes are to continue to maintain their traditional lifestyle.

Historical Background of the Amazon

Humans first settled the Amazon around 13,000 years ago. Although the Amazon is often thought of as a pristine wilderness, there is actually evidence that the biodiversity of the Amazon has been shaped by human activity. Archaeological investigations reveal evidence of numerous towns and possibly even cities which once existed in the Amazon.

2. The Earth is Our Friend

(Garden of Creation)

- Yasus Afari

Pre- Reading Activities:

- i. Discuss in groups the various factors which make our lives sustainable on the Earth.*
- ii. Make presentations on the resources of the Earth.*
- iii. Conduct a group discussion on - in what possible ways the Earth is 'friendly' with the human beings?*
- iv. Do you think human beings have become 'over – friendly' with the Earth? Debate.*

The earth is the garden of creation

Purposefully clothed with lush, green vegetation.

Roots!

Firm enough to prevent critical soil erosion,

All elements working in union,

For natural joy and satisfaction.

The earth is a friend, we are the friends of the earth

The cyclic function of the earth's ecology is no mystery.

Like the organs of the human body,

Each working in perfect harmony,

In this our environmental community,

of which the guardians and keepers, are the children of humanity.

The earth is a friend, we are the friends of the earth

The rivers, like blood streams flowing into the oceans
Returning secretly to the fleshy bowels of earth's creation
Evaporating to the atmospheric breath of life
Sun, moon and stars
Solid, liquid and gas
Land, sea and air
Flesh, blood and spirit.

The earth is a friend, we are the friends of the earth

Like the lungs of man
The trees breathe to keep the earth alive
Yeah! The Sun, like a devoted Father
Working from sunrise until sunset
And the Moon, like a loving Mother
Working from dusk until dawn
Shining with the sweet embrace of her children, the stars
The earth is a friend, we are the friends of the earth

If we protect the earth,
Then, the earth will protect us
Clothe, feed and shelter us.
The earth is the garden of creation.
If we keep the earth alive
Then we will stay alive,

The earth will keep us alive.
The earth is our friend,
We are the friends of the earth

Comprehension – I

Short answer questions:

1. What does the word ‘clothed’ mean? With what is the Earth ‘clothed’?
2. What is the result when ‘all the elements working with union’ takes place?
3. Who are the ‘guardians and keepers’ according to the poet?
4. What are rivers compared to? Why?
5. What are the three states of the matter that the poet talks of? What is it compared to?
6. How are the lungs helpful to the human body? What are they compared to?
7. How do the Sun and the Moon play the roles of the parents?
8. Why should be the Earth kept alive, according to the poet?

Comprehension – II

Paragraph answer questions:

1. Explain the metaphor ‘Earth is the garden of creation’.
2. Why does the poet say “The cyclic function of the earth’s ecology is no mystery”?
3. How do rivers become the lifeline of the earth?
4. How is the human body made of the elements that are found in this universe, according to the poet?
5. Write a short note on ‘our environmental community’ as referred to by the poet??
6. What are the essential things that the Earth provides the human beings?
7. How are human beings dependent on Earth?

Comprehension – III

Analytical/ Discussion Questions:

1. The poem brings out the inseparable relationship between the Earth and human beings. Justify.
2. Comment on the imagery used in the poem to substantiate the title of the poem.
3. How does the Earth become the garden of creation?
4. Bring out the common elements that constitute both the human body and the Earth.
5. ‘The Earth is Our Friend’ brings out the harmony that exists between the human body and the Earth. Substantiate.

About the author:

Yasus Afari (John Sinclair) was born in Jamaica in 1962. He is a dub poet besides a writer. Sinclair attended St. Elizabeth Technical High School and worked as a repair technician for the Jamaican telephone company, before returning to school after receiving a scholarship to the College of Arts, Science and Technology. While at the college, he began performing, appearing regularly at venues such as the University of the West Indies (UWI), a nursing school and a teachers college. His initial forays into recording were not commercially successful (his first release was “Anti-Litter Law” in 1986) but his career began to turn around after he teamed with Garnett Silk. He also performs his poetry live over dancehall music. Afari has toured the United States, Ethiopia, England performing in music and dance festivals, prisons, mental institutions, book shops and schools. Afari is the head of Edutainment promotion, organisers of the Jamaican poetry festival.

About the poem:

This poem explores the bond between the creator and the creation. The poet tries to establish the relationship of the Earth, in particular, with the human beings through various images. The poem makes a progression from the roots to the cosmic level of solid, liquid and gaseous matters to which the human beings are connected. It beautifully compares the human body and its essential process like breathing to that of trees being the lungs of the Earth. The poem voices the oneness of the Earth and its ‘friends’. The Earth is looked at as a Provider of the essential and basic things because of which the life is sustainable. The poem also emphasises the need of protecting the ‘friendly Earth’ as it has been doing the same with its ‘friends’.

3. Once Upon A Time

- Gabriel Imomotimi Okara

Pre- reading activities:

- i. Narrate your most cherished moment/moments from your childhood.*
- ii. Discuss in groups why they have been cherished to this day.*
- iii. Find out the changes in your thought process from your childhood to youth.
Share your observations and reasons for the changes.*
- iv. Discuss whether you appreciate these changes.*

Once upon a time, son, they used to
laugh with their hearts and laugh with
their eyes:
but now they only laugh with their teeth,
while their ice-block-cold eyes search behind
my shadow.

There was a time indeed they used to shake
hands with their hearts: but that's gone, son.
Now they shake hands without hearts
while their left hands search my empty
pockets.

‘Feel at home!’ ‘Come again’: they
say, and when I come again and
feel at home, once, twice, there
will be no thrice- for then I find
doors shut on me.

So I have learned many things, son. I have
learned to wear many faces like dresses – home
face, office face, street face, host face, cocktail
face, with all their conforming smiles like a
fixed portrait smile.

And I have learned too to laugh
with only my teeth and shake hands
without my heart.

I have also learned to say, ‘Goodbye’,
when I mean ‘Good-riddance’: to say
‘Glad to meet you’, without being glad;
and to say ‘It’s been nice talking to
you’, after being bored.

But believe me, son. I want to
be what I used to be when I
was like you. I want to unlearn

all these muting things. Most
of all, I want to relearn how to
laugh, for my laugh in the
mirror shows only my teeth
like a snake's bare fangs!

So show me, son, how to laugh; show me
how I used to laugh and smile once upon
a time when I was like you.

Comprehension – I

Short Answer Questions:

1. To whom is the poem addressed?
2. Whom does 'they' refer to in the poem?
3. What difference does the speaker find in people's laughter?
4. What do people's eyes search when they shake hands now?
5. Which feeling is missing when the speaker says 'Glad to meet you'?
6. Why there is no visiting for the third time to people's houses according to the speaker?
7. Give examples of "...muting things" according to the speaker.
8. What does the speaker want to relearn the most? Why?

Comprehension – II

Paragraph Answer Questions:

1. How has the laugh changed over the years?
2. What has the speaker learnt over the years? What is its importance?
3. The phrase "once upon a time..." is repeated in the poem. What is its significance?
4. Why does the speaker want to revisit his childhood?

Comprehension – III

Analytical/ Discussion Questions:

1. What are the things that are compared in the poem? What do they suggest?
2. The poem reviews the process of human beings losing their innocence in the name of ‘growing up.’ Comment with reference to Okara’s poem.
3. How do people put up different faces according to different situations? What is speaker’s opinion on this?
4. Wordsworth’s famous line “...child is the father of man” rings true in the context of the poem ‘Once Upon a Time’. Elucidate.
5. Is it ‘wise’ and easy to go according to the ways of the world or to retain the essence of one’s personality and innocence? Discuss.

About the Poet:

Gabriel Imomotimi Okara (24 April 1921 – 25 March 2019) was a Nigerian poet and novelist. In both his poems and his prose, Okara drew on African thought, religion, folklore and imagery, and he has been called “the Nigerian Negritudist”. His first novel, *The Voice* (1964), is a remarkable linguistic experiment in which Okara translated directly from the Ijo (Ijaw) language, imposing Ijo syntax onto English in order to give literal expression to African ideas and imagery. In 1953 his poem “The Call of the River Nun” won an award at the Nigerian Festival of Arts. Some of his poems were published in the influential periodical *Black Orpheus*, and by 1960 he was recognized as an accomplished literary craftsman. During much of the 1960s Okara worked in civil service. From 1972 to 1980 he was director of the Rivers State Publishing House in Port Harcourt. His later work includes a collection of poems, *The Fisherman’s Invocation* (1978), and two books for children, *Little Snake and Little Frog* (1981) and *An Adventure to Juju Island* (1992).

About the Poem:

Okara’s poetry is based on a series of contrasts in which symbols are neatly balanced against each other. The need to reconcile the extremes of experience (life and death are common themes) preoccupies his verse, and a typical poem has a circular movement from everyday reality to a moment of joy and back to reality again. In this poem there is a sharp contrast between the innate innocence and the ways of the world. The speaker mentions how the words spoken have lost their meaning and have remained as mere etiquettes which is followed. The poem also seems to explore the journey of human beings from being ‘courteous’ to being ‘curt’ in conversations and in their behaviours.

4. A Day Off

-Lucy Maud Montgomery

Pre –reading activities:

- i. Discuss in groups the various ways in which you spend leisure time.*
- ii. Share memories of your time spent in the midst of nature?*

Let us put awhile away
All the cares of work-a-day,
For a golden time forget,
Task and worry, toil and fret,
Let us take a day to dream
In the meadow by the stream.

We may lie in grasses cool
Fringing a pellucid pool,
We may learn the gay brook-runes
Sung on amber afternoons,
And the keen wind-rhyme that fills Mossy hollows
of the hills.

Where the wild-wood whisper stirs
We may talk with lispings firs,
We may gather honeyed blooms
In the dappled forest glooms,

We may eat of berries red
Over the emerald upland spread.

We may linger as we will
In the sunset valleys still,
Till the gypsy shadows creep
From the starlit land of sleep,
And the mist of evening gray
Girdles round our pilgrim way.
We may bring to work again
Courage from the tasseled glen,
Bring a strength unfailing won
From the paths of cloud and sun, And the
wholesome zest that springs From all
happy, growing things.

Glossary:

Pellucid: easily understood

Dappled: marked with spots or rounded patches

Girdle: a belt or cord worn round the waist.

Glen: valley

Comprehension I

Short Answer Questions:

1. Why do we need to take a break from our day-to- day work?
2. Where does the poet prefer to go to spend time?
3. The poet prefers to lie on_____.
4. What does she like to gather during her free time?
5. The poet likes to eat _____.
6. How long did the poet want to stay away from home?
7. ‘Wholesome zest’ springs from_____.

Comprehension II

Paragraph Answer Questions:

1. How did the poet want to enjoy a day taking a break from routine life?
2. Describe the scenic beauty of the place chosen by the poet for spending the day?
3. Did the poet find a kind of solace in the lap of the nature? Explain.
4. The beauty of nature created a pleasant impression in the poet’s mind. Elucidate.

Comprehension III

Discussion/Analytical Questions

1. Nature plays an important role in our lives. Discuss the impact of natural beauty in our lives.
2. Visit to a place abundant in natural beauty helps us to get relief from stressful life. Discuss.
3. Elaborate on the necessity to protect nature.

About the Poet:

Lucy Maud Montgomery (November 30, 1874 – April 24, 1942), published as L. M. Montgomery, was a Canadian author best known for a series of novels beginning in 1908 with *Anne of Green Gables*. The book was an

immediate success. Anne Shirley, an orphaned girl, made Montgomery famous in her lifetime and gave her an international following. The first novel was followed by a series of sequels with Anne as the central character.

Montgomery went on to publish 20 novels as well as 530 short stories, 500 poems, and 30 essays. Most of the novels were set in Prince Edward Island, and locations within Canada; smallest province became a literary landmark and popular tourist site – namely Green Gables farm, the genesis of Prince Edward Island National Park. She was made an officer of the Order of the British Empire in 1935. Montgomery's work, diaries and letters have been read and studied by scholars and readers worldwide.

About the Poem:

This poem speaks about the need to take a break and go to a place where the beauty of nature is in abundance. The poet expresses her desires to spend a whole day from morning to evening in the lap of nature keeping aside all tasks and worries. We need to enjoy the beauty of nature and that is the only way to rejuvenate ourselves. We need to take a break at least for a day to enjoy our own lives making ourselves totally free from duties and responsibilities.

5. The Garden Party

- Katherine Mansfield

Pre -reading activities: -

- i. Parties are a symbol of social status. Debate.*
- ii. Confronting reality for the first time is a valuable lesson in one's life. Discuss in groups.*
- iii. Class distinction exists in every society. Discuss.*

And after all the weather was ideal. They could not have had a more perfect day for a garden-party if they had ordered it. Windless, warm, the sky without a cloud. Only the blue was veiled with a haze of light gold, as it is sometimes in early summer. The gardener had been up since dawn, mowing the lawns and sweeping them, until the grass and the dark flat rosettes where the daisy plants had been seemed to shine. As for the roses, you could not help feeling they understood that roses are the only flowers that impress people at garden-parties; the only flowers that everybody is certain of knowing. Hundreds, yes, literally hundreds, had come out in a single night; the green bushes bowed down as though they had been visited by Archangels.

Breakfast was not yet over before the men came to put up the marquee.

"Where do you want the marquee put, mother?"

"My dear child, it's no use asking me. I'm determined to leave everything to you children this year. Forget I am your mother. Treat me as an honoured guest."

But Meg could not possibly go and supervise the men. She had washed her hair before breakfast, and she sat drinking her coffee in a green turban, with a dark wet curl stamped on each cheek. Jose, the butterfly, always came down in a silk petticoat and a kimono jacket.

"You'll have to go, Laura; you're the artistic one."

Away Laura flew, still holding her piece of bread-and-butter. It's so delicious to have an excuse for eating out of doors, and besides, she loved having to arrange things; she always felt she could do it so much better than anybody else.

Four men in their shirt-sleeves stood grouped together on the garden path. They carried staves covered with rolls of canvas, and they had big tool-bags slung on their backs. They looked impressive. Laura wished now that she had not got the bread-and-butter, but there was nowhere to put it, and she couldn't possibly throw it away. She blushed and tried to look severe and even a little bit shortsighted as she came up to them.

"Good morning," she said, copying her mother's voice. But that sounded so fearfully affected that she was ashamed, and stammered like a little girl, "Oh-er--have you come--is it about the marquee?"

"That's right, miss," said the tallest of the men, a lanky, freckled fellow, and he shifted his tool-bag, knocked back his straw hat and smiled down at her. "That's about it."

His smile was so easy, so friendly that Laura recovered. What nice eyes he had, small, but such a dark blue! And now she looked at the others, they were smiling too. "Cheer up, we won't bite," their smile seemed to say. How very nice workmen were! And what a beautiful morning! She mustn't mention the morning; she must be business-like. The marquee.

"Well, what about the lily-lawn? Would that do?"

And she pointed to the lily-lawn with the hand that didn't hold the breadandbutter. They turned, they stared in the direction. A little fat chap thrust out his under-lip, and the tall fellow frowned.

"I don't fancy it," said he. "Not conspicuous enough. You see, with a thing like a marquee," and he turned to Laura in his easy way, "you want to put it somewhere where it'll give you a bang slap in the eye, if you follow me."

Laura's upbringing made her wonder for a moment whether it was quite respectful of a workman to talk to her of bangs slap in the eye. But she did quite follow him.

"A corner of the tennis-court," she suggested. "But the band's going to be in one corner."

"H'm, going to have a band, are you?" said another of the workmen. He was pale. He had a haggard look as his dark eyes scanned the tennis-court. What was he thinking?

"Only a very small band," said Laura gently. Perhaps he wouldn't mind so much if the band was quite small. But the tall fellow interrupted.

"Look here, miss, that's the place. Against those trees. Over there.

That'll do fine."

Against the karakas. Then the karaka-trees would be hidden. And they were so lovely, with their broad, gleaming leaves, and their clusters of yellow fruit. They were like trees you imagined growing on a desert island, proud, solitary, lifting their leaves and fruits to the sun in a kind of silent splendour. Must they be hidden by a marquee?

They must. Already the men had shouldered their staves and were making for the place. Only the tall fellow was left. He bent down, pinched a sprig of lavender, put his thumb and forefinger to his nose and snuffed up the smell. When Laura saw that gesture, she forgot all about the karakas in her wonder at him caring for things like that--caring for the smell of lavender. How many men that she knew would have done such a thing? Oh, how extraordinarily nice workmen were, she thought. Why couldn't she have workmen for her friends rather than the silly boys she danced with and who came to Sunday night supper? She would get on much better with men like these.

It's all the fault, she decided, as the tall fellow drew something on the back of an envelope, something that was to be looped up or left to hang, of these absurd class distinctions. Well, for her part, she didn't feel them. Not a bit, not an atom...And now there came the chock-chock of wooden hammers. Someone whistled, someone sang out, "Are you right there, Matey?" "Matey!" The friendliness of it, the--the--Just to prove how happy she was, just to show the tall fellow how at home she felt and how she despised stupid conventions, Laura took a big bite of her bread-and-butter as she stared at the little drawing. She felt just like a work-girl.

"Laura, Laura, where are you? Telephone, Laura!" a voice cried from the house.

"Coming!" Away she skimmed, over the lawn, up the path, up the steps, across the veranda, and into the porch. In the hall her father and Laurie were brushing their hats ready to go to the office.

"I say, Laura," said Laurie very fast, "you might just give a squiz at my coat before this afternoon. See if it wants pressing."

"I will," said she. Suddenly she couldn't stop herself. She ran at Laurie and gave him a small, quick squeeze. "Oh, I do love parties, don't you?" gasped Laura.

"Ra-ther," said Laurie's warm, boyish voice, and he squeezed his sister too, and gave her a gentle push. "Dash off to the telephone, old girl."

The telephone. "Yes, yes; oh yes. Kitty? Good morning, dear. Come to lunch? Do, dear. Delighted of course. It will only be a very scratch meal--just the sandwich crusts and broken meringue-shells and what's leftover. Yes, isn't it a perfect morning? Your white? Oh, I certainly should. One moment--hold the line. Mother's calling." And Laura sat back. "What, mother? Can't hear."

Mrs. Sheridan's voice floated down the stairs. "Tell her to wear that sweet hat she had on last Sunday."

"Mother says you're to wear that sweet hat you had on last Sunday. Good.

One o'clock. Bye-bye."

Laura put back the receiver, flung her arms over her head, took a deep breath, stretched and let them fall. "Huh," she sighed, and the moment after the sigh she sat up quickly. She was still, listening. All the doors in the house seemed to be open. The house was alive with soft, quick steps and running voices. The green baize door that led to the kitchen regions swung open and shut with a muffled thud. And now there came a long, chuckling absurd sound. It was the heavy piano being moved on its stiff castors. But the air! If you stopped to notice, was the air always like this? Little faint winds were playing chase, in at the tops of the windows, out at the doors. And there were two tiny spots of sun, one on the inkpot, one on a silver photograph frame, playing too. Darling little spots. Especially the one on the inkpot lid. It was quite warm. A warm little silver star. She could have kissed it.

The front door bell pealed, and there sounded the rustle of Sadie's print skirt on the stairs. A man's voice murmured; Sadie answered, careless, "I'm sure I don't know. Wait. I'll ask Mrs. Sheridan."

"What is it, Sadie?" Laura came into the hall.

"It's the florist, Miss Laura."

It was, indeed. There, just inside the door, stood a wide, shallow trayful of pots of pink lilies. No other kind. Nothing but lilies—canna lilies, big pink flowers, wide open, radiant, almost frighteningly alive on bright crimson stems.

"O-oh, Sadie!" said Laura, and the sound was like a little moan. She crouched down as if to warm herself at that blaze of lilies; she felt they were in her fingers, on her lips, growing in her breast.

"It's some mistake," she said faintly. "Nobody ever ordered so many.

Sadie, go and find mother."

But at that moment Mrs. Sheridan joined them.

"It's quite right," she said calmly. "Yes, I ordered them. Aren't they lovely?" She pressed Laura's arm. "I was passing the shop yesterday, and I saw them in the window. And I suddenly thought for once in my life I shall have enough canna lilies. The garden-party will be a good excuse."

"But I thought you said you didn't mean to interfere," said Laura. Sadie had gone. The florist's man was still outside at his van. She put her arm round her mother's neck and gently, very gently, she bit her mother's ear.

"My darling child, you wouldn't like a logical mother, would you? Don't do that. Here's the man."

He carried more lilies still, another whole tray.

"Bank them up, just inside the door, on both sides of the porch, please," said Mrs. Sheridan.

"Don't you agree, Laura?"

"Oh, I do, mother."

In the drawing-room Meg, Jose and good little Hans had at last succeeded in moving the piano.

"Now, if we put this chesterfield against the wall and move everything out of the room except the chairs, don't you think?"

"Quite."

"Hans, move these tables into the smoking-room, and bring a sweeper to take these marks off the carpet and--one moment, Hans--" Jose loved giving orders to the servants, and they loved obeying her. She always made them feel they were taking part in some drama. "Tell mother and Miss Laura to come here at once.

"Very good, Miss Jose."

She turned to Meg. "I want to hear what the piano sounds like, just in case I'm asked to sing this afternoon. Let's try over 'This life is Weary.'"

Pom! Ta-ta-ta Tee-ta! The piano burst out so passionately that Jose's face changed. She clasped her hands. She looked mournfully and enigmatically at her mother and Laura as they came in.

"This Life is Wee-ary, A Tear--
a Sigh.

A Love that Chan-ges,
This Life is Wee-ary, A Tear--
a Sigh.

A Love that Chan-ges,

And then ...Good-bye!"

But at the word "Good-bye," and although the piano sounded more desperate than ever, her face broke into a brilliant, dreadfully unsympathetic smile.

"Aren't I in good voice, mummy?" she beamed.

"This Life is Wee-ary, Hope comes
to Die.

A Dream--a Wa-kening."

But now Sadie interrupted them. "What is it, Sadie?"

"If you please, m'm, cook says have you got the flags for the sandwiches?"

"The flags for the sandwiches, Sadie?" echoed Mrs. Sheridan dreamily. And the children knew by her face that she hadn't got them. "Let me see." And she said to Sadie firmly, "Tell cook I'll let her have them in ten minutes.

Sadie went.

"Now, Laura," said her mother quickly, "come with me into the smoking-room. I've got the names somewhere on the back of an envelope. You'll have to write them out for me. Meg, go upstairs this minute and take that wet thing off your head. Jose, run and finish dressing this instant. Do you hear me, children, or shall I have to tell your father when he comes home to-night? And--and, Jose, pacify cook if you do go into the kitchen, will you? I'm terrified of her this morning."

The envelope was found at last behind the dining-room clock, though how it had got there Mrs. Sheridan could not imagine.

"One of you children must have stolen it out of my bag, because I remember vividly--cream cheese and lemon-curd. Have you done that?"

"Yes."

"Egg and--" Mrs. Sheridan held the envelope away from her. "It looks like mice. It can't be mice, can it?"

"Olive, pet," said Laura, looking over her shoulder.

"Yes, of course, olive. What a horrible combination it sounds. Egg and olive."

They were finished at last, and Laura took them off to the kitchen. She found Jose there pacifying the cook, who did not look at all terrifying.

"I have never seen such exquisite sandwiches," said Jose's rapturous voice.

"How many kinds did you say there were, cook? Fifteen?"

"Fifteen, Miss Jose."

"Well, cook, I congratulate you."

Cook swept up crusts with the long sandwich knife, and smiled broadly.

"Godber's has come," announced Sadie, issuing out of the pantry. She had seen the man pass the window.

That meant the cream puffs had come. Godber's were famous for their cream puffs. Nobody ever thought of making them at home.

"Bring them in and put them on the table, my girl," ordered cook.

Sadie brought them in and went back to the door. Of course Laura and Jose were far too grown-up to really care about such things. All the same, they couldn't help agreeing that the puffs looked very attractive. Very. Cook began arranging them, shaking off the extra icing sugar.

"Don't they carry one back to all one's parties?" said Laura.

"I suppose they do," said practical Jose, who never liked to be carried back. "They look beautifully light and feathery, I must say."

"Have one each, my dears," said cook in her comfortable voice. "Yer ma won't know."

Oh, impossible. Fancy cream puffs so soon after breakfast. The very idea made one shudder. All the same, two minutes later Jose and Laura were licking their fingers with that absorbed inward look that only comes from whipped cream.

"Let's go into the garden, out by the back way," suggested Laura. "I want to see how the men are getting on with the marquee. They're such awfully nice men." But the back door was blocked by cook, Sadie, Godber's man and Hans. Something had happened.

"Tuk-tuk-tuk," clucked cook like an agitated hen. Sadie had her hand clapped to her cheek as though she had toothache. Hans's face was screwed up in the effort to understand. Only Godber's man seemed to be enjoying himself; it was his story.

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

"There's been a horrible accident," said Cook. "A man killed."

"A man killed! Where? How? When?"

But Godber's man wasn't going to have his story snatched from under his very nose.

"Know those little cottages just below here, miss?" Know them? Of course, she knew them. "Well, there's a young chap living there, name of Scott, a carter. His horse shied at a traction-engine, corner of Hawke Street this morning, and he was thrown out on the back of his head. Killed." "Dead!" Laura stared at Godber's man.

"Dead when they picked him up," said Godber's man with relish. "They were taking the body home as I come up here." And he said to the cook, "He's left a wife and five little ones."

"Jose, come here." Laura caught hold of her sister's sleeve and dragged her through the kitchen to the other side of the green baize door. There she paused and leaned against it. "Jose!" she said, horrified, "however are we going to stop everything?"

"Stop everything, Laura!" cried Jose in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Stop the garden-party, of course." Why did Jose pretend?

But Jose was still more amazed. "Stop the garden-party? My dear Laura, don't be so absurd. Of course we can't do anything of the kind. Nobody expects us to. Don't be so extravagant."

"But we can't possibly have a garden-party with a man dead just outside the front gate."

That really was extravagant, for the little cottages were in a lane to themselves at the very bottom of a steep rise that led up to the house. A broad road ran between. True, they were far too near. They were the greatest possible eyesore, and they had no right to be in that neighbourhood at all. They were little mean dwellings painted a chocolate brown. In the garden patches there was nothing but cabbage stalks, sick hens and tomato cans. The very smoke coming out of their chimneys was poverty-stricken. Little rags and shreds of smoke, so unlike the great silvery plumes that uncurled from the Sheridans' chimneys. Washerwomen lived in the lane and sweeps and a cobbler, and a man whose house-front was studded all over with minute bird-cages. Children swarmed. When the Sheridans were little they were forbidden to set foot there because of the revolting language and of what they might catch. But since they were grown up, Laura and Laurie on their prowls sometimes walked through. It was disgusting and sordid. They came out with a shudder. But still one must go everywhere; one must see everything. So through they went.

"And just think of what the band would sound like to that poor woman," said Laura.

"Oh, Laura!" Jose began to be seriously annoyed. "If you're going to stop a band playing every time someone has an accident, you'll lead a very strenuous life. I'm every bit as sorry about it as you. I feel just as sympathetic." Her eyes hardened. She looked at her sister just as she used to when they were little and fighting together. "You won't bring a drunken workman back to life by being sentimental," she said softly.

"Drunk! Who said he was drunk?" Laura turned furiously on Jose. She said, just as they had used to say on those occasions, "I'm going straight up to tell mother." "Do, dear," cooed Jose.

"Mother, can I come into your room?" Laura turned the big glass door-knob.

"Of course, child. Why, what's the matter? What's given you such a colour?" And Mrs. Sheridan turned round from her dressing-table. She was trying on a new hat.

"Mother, a man's been killed," began Laura.

"Not in the garden?" interrupted her mother.

"No, no!"

"Oh, what a fright you gave me!" Mrs. Sheridan sighed with relief, and took off the big hat and held it on her knees.

"But listen, mother," said Laura. Breathless, half-choking, she told the dreadful story. "Of course, we can't have our party, can we?" she pleaded. "The band and everybody arriving. They'd hear us, mother; they're nearly neighbours!" To Laura's astonishment her mother behaved just like Jose; it was harder to bear because she seemed amused. She refused to take Laura seriously.

"But, my dear child, use your common sense. It's only by accident we've heard of it. If someone had died there normally--and I can't understand how they keep alive in those poky little holes--we should still be having our party, shouldn't we?"

Laura had to say "yes" to that, but she felt it was all wrong. She sat down on her mother's sofa and pinched the cushion frill.

"Mother, isn't it terribly heartless of us?" she asked.

"Darling!" Mrs. Sheridan got up and came over to her, carrying the hat.

Before Laura could stop her she had popped it on. "My child!" said her mother, "the hat is yours. It's made for you. It's much too young for me. I have never seen you look such a picture. Look at yourself!" And she held up her handmirror.

"But, mother," Laura began again. She couldn't look at herself; she turned aside.

This time Mrs. Sheridan lost patience just as Jose had done.

"You are being very absurd, Laura," she said coldly. "People like that don't expect sacrifices from us. And it's not very sympathetic to spoil everybody's enjoyment as you're doing now."

"I don't understand," said Laura, and she walked quickly out of the room into her own bedroom. There, quite by chance, the first thing she saw was this charming girl in the mirror, in her black hat trimmed with gold daisies, and a long black velvet ribbon. Never had she imagined she could look like that. Is mother right? she thought. And now she hoped her mother was right. Am I being extravagant? Perhaps it was extravagant. Just for a moment she had another glimpse of that poor woman and those little children, and the body being carried into the house. But it all seemed blurred, unreal, like a picture in the newspaper. I'll remember it again after the party's over, she decided. And somehow that seemed quite the best plan...

Lunch was over by half-past one. By half-past two they were all ready for the fray. The green-coated band had arrived and was established in a corner of the tennis-court.

"My dear!" trilled Kitty Maitland, "aren't they too like frogs for words?"

You ought to have arranged them round the pond with the conductor in the middle on a leaf."

Laurie arrived and hailed them on his way to dress. At the sight of him Laura remembered the accident again. She wanted to tell him. If Laurie agreed with the others, then it was bound to be all right. And she followed him into the hall. "Laurie!"

"Hallo!" He was half-way upstairs, but when he turned round and saw Laura he suddenly puffed out his cheeks and goggled his eyes at her. "My word, Laura! You do look stunning," said Laurie. "What an absolutely topping hat!"

Laura said faintly "Is it?" and smiled up at Laurie, and didn't tell him after all.

Soon after that people began coming in streams. The band struck up; the hired waiters ran from the house to the marquee. Wherever you looked there were couples strolling, bending to the flowers, greeting, moving on over the lawn. They were like bright birds that had alighted in the Sheridan's' garden for this one afternoon, on their way to--where? Ah, what happiness it is to be with people who all are happy, to press hands, press cheeks, smile into eyes.

"Darling Laura, how well you look!"

"What a becoming hat, child!"

"Laura, you look quite Spanish. I've never seen you look so striking."

And Laura, glowing, answered softly, "Have you had tea? Won't you have an ice? The passion-fruit ices really are rather special." She ran to her father and begged him. "Daddy darling, can't the band have something to drink? "And the perfect afternoon slowly ripened, slowly faded, slowly its petals closed.

"Never a more delightful garden-party ..." "The greatest success ..."

"Quite the most ..."

Laura helped her mother with the good-byes. They stood side by side in the porch till it was all over.

"All over, all over, thank heaven," said Mrs. Sheridan. "Round up the others, Laura. Let's go and have some fresh coffee. I'm exhausted. Yes, it's been very

successful. But oh, these parties, these parties! Why will you children insist on giving parties?" And they all of them sat down in the deserted marquee.

"Have a sandwich, daddy dear. I wrote the flag."

"Thanks." Mr. Sheridan took a bite and the sandwich was gone. He took another. "I suppose you didn't hear of a beastly accident that happened to-day?" he said.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sheridan, holding up her hand, "we did. It nearly ruined the party. Laura insisted we should put it off."

"Oh, mother!" Laura didn't want to be teased about it.

"It was a horrible affair all the same," said Mr. Sheridan. "The chap was married too. Lived just below in the lane, and leaves a wife and half a dozen kiddies, so they say."

An awkward little silence fell. Mrs. Sheridan fidgeted with her cup.

Really, it was very tactless of father...

Suddenly she looked up. There on the table were all those sandwiches, cakes, puffs, all uneaten, all going to be wasted. She had one of her brilliant ideas.

"I know," she said. "Let's make up a basket. Let's send that poor creature some of this perfectly good food. At any rate, it will be the greatest treat for the children. Don't you agree? And she's sure to have neighbours calling in and so on. What a point to have it all ready prepared. Laura!" She jumped up. "Get me the big basket out of the stairs cupboard."

"But, mother, do you really think it's a good idea?" said Laura.

Again, how curious, she seemed to be different from them all. To take scraps from their party. Would the poor woman really like that?

"Of course! What's the matter with you to-day? An hour or two ago you were insisting on us being sympathetic, and now--"

Oh well! Laura ran for the basket. It was filled, it was heaped by her mother.

"Take it yourself, darling," said she. "Run down just as you are. No, wait, take the arum lilies too. People of that class are so impressed by arum lilies." "The stems will ruin her lace frock," said practical Jose.

So they would. Just in time. "Only the basket, then. And, Laura!"--her mother followed her out of the marquee--"don't on any account--"

"What mother?"

No, better not put such ideas into the child's head! "Nothing! Run along." It was just growing dusky as Laura shut their garden gates. A big dog ran by like a shadow. The road gleamed white, and down below in the hollow the little cottages were in deep shade. How quiet it seemed after the afternoon. Here she was going down the hill to somewhere where a man lay dead, and she couldn't realize it. Why couldn't she? She stopped a minute. And it seemed to her that kisses, voices, tinkling spoons, laughter, the smell of crushed grass were somehow inside her. She had no room for anything else. How strange! She looked up at the pale sky, and all she thought was, "Yes, it was the most successful party."

Now the broad road was crossed. The lane began, smoky and dark. Women in shawls and men's tweed caps hurried by. Men hung over the palings; the children played in the doorways. A low hum came from the mean little cottages. In some of them there was a flicker of light, and a shadow, crab-like, moved across the window. Laura bent her head and hurried on.

She wished now she had put on a coat. How her frock shone! And the big hat with the velvet streamer--if only it was another hat! Were the people looking at her? They must be. It was a mistake to have come; she knew all along it was a mistake. Should she go back even now?

No, too late. This was the house. It must be. A dark knot of people stood outside. Beside the gate an old, old woman with a crutch sat in a chair, watching. She had her feet on a newspaper. The voices stopped as Laura drew near. The group parted. It was as though she was expected, as though they had known she was coming here.

Laura was terribly nervous. Tossing the velvet ribbon over her shoulder, she said to a woman standing by, "Is this Mrs. Scott's house?" and the woman, smiling queerly, said, "It is, my lass."

Oh, to be away from this! She actually said, "Help me, God," as she walked up the tiny path and knocked. To be away from those staring eyes, or to be covered up in anything, one of those women's shawls even. I'll just leave the basket and go, she decided. I shan't even wait for it to be emptied.

Then the door opened. A little woman in black showed in the gloom.

Laura said, "Are you Mrs. Scott?" But to her horror the woman answered, "Walk in please, miss," and she was shut in the passage.

"No," said Laura, "I don't want to come in. I only want to leave this basket. Mother sent--"

The little woman in the gloomy passage seemed not to have heard her. "Step this way, please, miss," she said in an oily voice, and Laura followed her.

She found herself in a wretched little low kitchen, lighted by a smoky lamp. There was a woman sitting before the fire.

"Em," said the little creature who had let her in. "Em! It's a young lady." She turned to Laura. She said meaningly, "I'm 'er sister, miss. You'll excuse 'er, won't you?"

"Oh, but of course!" said Laura. "Please, please don't disturb her. I--I only want to leave--"

But at that moment the woman at the fire turned round. Her face, puffed up, red, with swollen eyes and swollen lips, looked terrible. She seemed as though she couldn't understand why Laura was there. What did it mean?

Why was this stranger standing in the kitchen with a basket? What was it all about? And the poor face puckered up again.

"All right, my dear," said the other. "I'll thank the young lady."

And again she began, "You'll excuse her, miss, I'm sure," and her face, swollen too, tried an oily smile.

Laura only wanted to get out, to get away. She was back in the passage. The door opened. She walked straight through into the bedroom, where the dead man was lying.

"You'd like a look at 'im, wouldn't you?" said Em's sister, and she brushed past Laura over to the bed. "Don't be afraid, my lass,"--and now her voice sounded fond and sly, and fondly she drew down the sheet--"e looks a picture. There's nothing to show. Come along, my dear." Laura came.

There lay a young man, fast asleep--sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both. Oh, so remote, so peaceful. He was dreaming. Never wake him up again. His head was sunk in the pillow, his eyes were closed; they were blind under the closed eyelids. He was given up to his dream. What did garden-parties and baskets and lace frocks matter to him? He was far from all those things. He was wonderful, beautiful. While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the lane. Happy...happy...All is well, said that sleeping face. This is just as it should be. I am content.

But all the same you had to cry, and she couldn't go out of the room without saying something to him. Laura gave a loud childish sob.

"Forgive my hat," she said.

And this time she didn't wait for Em's sister. She found her way out of the door, down the path, past all those dark people. At the corner of the lane she met Laurie. He stepped out of the shadow. "Is that you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"Mother was getting anxious. Was it all right?"

"Yes, quite. Oh, Laurie!" She took his arm, she pressed up against him.

"I say, you're not crying, are you?" asked her brother.

Laura shook her head. She was.

Laurie put his arm round her shoulder. "Don't cry," he said in his warm, loving voice. "Was it awful?"

"No," sobbed Laura. "It was simply marvellous. But Laurie--" She stopped, she looked at her brother. "Isn't life," she stammered, "isn't life--" But what life was she couldn't explain. No matter. He quite understood.

"Isn't it, darling?" said Laurie.

Glossary:

Marque- A large tent for special events

Staves- A strong post

Conspicuous- Attracting notice

Haggard- Looking exhausted

Karakas- A common tree found in the coast of New Zealand with orange fruits & seeds which are poisonous unless cooked.

Skimmed- Milk from which cream has been removed

Porch- a covered shelter over an entrance of a building

Meringue Shells- Shell made of Meringue filled with fruit & ice cream

Baize- thick green materials to cover billiard table

Crouched- bend

Enigmatically- a mysterious person or a thing

Relish- relish /enjoy

Prowls- Move about in a restless way.

Absurd- ridiculous

Alighted- get off

Fidgeted- nervousness/impatient

Palings- a fence made from stakes

Comprehension I

Short answer questions:

1. For whom did the Sheridan Family throw a party?
2. Who were the members discussing the party?
3. What impression do we form of Laura in her interaction with the Marquee men?
4. Explain the character of Kitty Maitland.
5. What kind of flowers did the florist bring?
6. 'Laura, you are the artistic one.' Who said this and why?
7. What was the unexpected news the Sheridan family received?
8. How did Mr. Scott die? What did he leave behind?
9. Where does the setting of the story take place?

Comprehension –II

Paragraph Answer Questions

1. How does the author describe the slum where Mr. Scott lived?
2. Briefly describe the arrangements for the party.
3. Describe the bonding between Laura & her mother.

4. Explain Laura's attitude towards Mr. Scott when she sees him?
5. What does Laura's mother do for the family of the man who dies in 'The Garden party'?
6. Why did Laura want to stop the party when she heard about the accident?
7. Write a short note about Laura's visit to Mr. Scott's house.

Comprehension – III

Discussion / Analytical Questions:

1. Sketch the character of Laura. How is she different from other members of the family?
2. 'The Garden Party' is a story of a young girl's initiation into the real world . Explain.
3. Examine 'The Garden Party' as an analysis of the class consciousness of the middle class'
4. How does Katherine Mansfield depict the distinction between the Upper Class & the Lower Class in the lesson, 'The Garden Party?'
5. What are the life lessons that one can learn from the story?

About the Author:

Katherine Mansfield (born October 14, 1888, Wellington, New Zealand—died January 9, 1923, Gurdjieff Institute, near Fontainebleau, France), New Zealand-born English master of the short story. Her delicate stories, focused upon psychological conflicts, have an obliqueness of narration and a subtlety of observation that reveal the influence of Anton Chekhov. She, in turn, had much influence on the development of the short story as a form of literature.

After her education (in Wellington and London), Katherine Mansfield left New Zealand at the age of 19 to establish herself in England as a writer. Her initial disillusion appears in the ill-humored stories collected in *In a German Pension* (1911). Until 1914 she published stories in *Rhythm* and *The Blue Review*, edited by the critic and essayist John Middleton Murry, whom she married in 1918. *Prelude* (1918) was a series of short stories beautifully evocative of her family memories of New Zealand.

In the next two years Mansfield did her best work, achieving the height of her powers in *The Garden Party* (1922), which includes "At the Bay," "The Voyage," "The Stranger" and the classic "Daughters of the Late Colonel," a subtle account of genteel frustration. The last five years of her life were shadowed by

tuberculosis. Her final work was published posthumously in *The Dove's Nest* (1923) and *Something Childish* (1924).

About the Text:

The Sheridan family is preparing to host a garden party. Laura is supposed to be in charge, but has trouble with the workers who appear to know better, and her mother (Mrs. Sheridan) has ordered lilies to be delivered for the party without Laura's approval. Her sister Jose tests the piano, and then sings a song in case she is asked to do so again later. After the furniture is rearranged, they learn that their neighbor Mr. Scott has died. While Laura believes the party should be called off, neither Jose nor their mother agrees. The party is a success, and later Mrs. Sheridan decides it would be good to bring a basket full of leftovers to the Scotts' house. She summons Laura to do so. Laura is shown into the poor neighbors' house by Mrs. Scott's sister, then sees the widow and her late husband's corpse. She is enamored of the young man, finding him beautiful and compelling, and when she leaves to find her brother waiting for her she is unable to complete the sentence, "Isn't life..."

6. The Rabbit Proof Fence

-Doris Pilkington Garimara

Introduction:

It was 1834 kilometers long, and ran from the Southern Ocean near Esperance in the south, to Eighty-Mile Beach north of Port Hedland on the north coast.

It was built in 1907, to keep the rabbits out of Western Australia. When the white man first arrived in the country, he brought strange new animals with him—horses, cows, sheep...and rabbits. Before long, there were thousands and thousands of rabbits, eating all the grass meant for the cows and the sheep. The government of the time believed that a good strong fence would stop the rabbits moving west into farmlands. The plan did not work, because there were already more rabbits on the Western Australian side of the fence than there were on the South Australian side.

But the rabbit-proof fence became an important landmark for everyone and when the Mardudjara people—the Mardu—began to move out of the western desert, they used to follow the fence to the government depot at Jigalong.

Note on language:

There are many varieties of English spoken in the world, and the people in this story speak a variety of Australian English that sometimes uses nonstandard forms (for example, *gunna* for *going to*,). This is how Doris Pilkington Garimara, the author represented the spoken language that her mother and her aunts actually used.

Pre – reading activities:

- i. *Discuss how in a new culture, a child overcomes its challenges amidst strangers.*
- ii. *How would hard work and perseverance help natives achieve their goals under white dominance? Debate on this issue.*
- iii. *Share your memories when you are out of your homeland which was under the influence of colonization.*

One

When the white men came to Australia, they brought many new things, things that amazed and frightened the people who lived in that sun baked land. They brought new tools, new metals, new clothes, new foods, and new weapons. They even brought new animals. But not everything the white men brought was good for the country. The new weapons killed many who resisted the whites. New diseases killed many more. And the new animals of the white man spread rapidly over the continent, killing the native beasts. The white man's sheep ate the grasses of the open lands, turning the fields to dust. Their dogs killed the kangaroos of the wild bush country. Even their rabbits were deadly: the creatures multiplied even more rapidly than the white people, and they soon numbered in the billions, causing an incredible tide of destruction by stealing the food other animals needed. But the white men also brought new ideas to Australia. Big ideas. They would build a great fence across the entire country that would keep the hundred billion rabbits of the open deserts from spreading to the valuable sheep grazing lands of Western Australian. This great fence exceeded all the dimensions that anyone had ever imagined. They called it the Rabbit Proof Fence, and it stretched fully 1500 kilometers from the burning hot northwest to the cool and rainy south of the great continent. It was and is an incredible monument to folly of man, for the rabbits soon managed to dig beneath the Rabbit Proof Fence and spread to the sheep lands, where they ate the grass that fed the animals that fed the men. The fence still stands, but what use is it?

As the white men built the great fences of Australia, they overpowered the aboriginal people, and put them behind new fences in new reservations. The Mardu people of Jigalong, in northwestern Australian comprise one of the nations of natives overwhelmed by these new white masters. They were forced to adapt to the white idea of how the world works. The Jigalong people began wearing clothes, learning English, and working the lesser jobs of the white nation. The Mardu of Jigalong came to depend on their white rulers. The young men looked to the white men for jobs; the young women looked to the white men for favors. The white was willing to bestow jobs and favors, but they wanted things in return. From the men they wanted submission; from the women they wanted pleasure. One woman of the Mardu once gave a white supervisor of the Rabbit Proof Fence what he wanted, and the two produced a mixed-race child. Australian whites called such children "half-castes"; the natives call such children "muda-mudas". Everyone – white and native – looked upon these children as "others." Within this strange and temporary marriage, the father was Thomas Craig; the mother, like most aborigines, had just one name – Maude. The child they produced was named Molly. After making the baby, Mr. Craig left the child-rearing to Maude, forgetting the promises he had made to her. But no matter – Maud loved her child and raised the girl to believe that her fate was to be a special one.

When Molly was almost six weeks old, Maude took her up to show Mr. Keeling, the Superintendent. The child was wrapped in a piece of calico and was sound asleep in her mother's arms. Mr. Keeling said all the nice things about the babe and wished them good health and issued Maude with her own ration order, which included a few yards of unbleached calico to make clothes for the baby. He later recorded in his files that he had just seen the first half-caste child to be born amongst the Jigalong people. Molly grew into a pretty little girl. Her mother was very proud of her and her father brought her gifts of clothing and pretty colored ribbons. The other members 4 of the family received parcels of brightly colored material and tobacco. These gifts were shared amongst family members and the community, and were proudly displayed and shown-off to the people at the depot.

As she grew older, Molly often wished that she didn't have light skin so that she didn't have to play by herself. Most of the time she would sit alone, playing in the red dusty flats or in the riverbed, depending where her family had set up camp. The dust-covered child stood out amongst her darker playmates. The Mardu children insulted her and said hurtful things about her. Some told her that because she was neither Mardu (black) nor wudgebulla (white), she was like a mongrel dog. She reacted in the only way she knew. She grabbed handfuls of sand or stones and threw them at her tormentors, and sometimes she chased them with a stick. After a while she became used to the insults, and although they still hurt she didn't show it. One morning, when Molly was about four years old, her mother told her some exciting news: two of her aunties had babies, little girls, and they were both muda-mudas (racially mixed) like her. The first question Molly asked was, "When are they coming to Jigalong?" She was very happy. Now she had two sisters. First came Daisy, who was born at Mad Donkey Well, south-west of Jigalong towards Mundiwindi Station. She was followed by Gracie, who was born at Walgun Station northwest of the depot.

As they grew older, Gracie and Molly became inseparable and they supported each other when other children teased them. They also saw Daisy quite frequently when her family moved closer to work on Murra Munda Station. Mr. Keeling had been taking a great deal of interest in Molly and Gracie. One day while he was observing the children at play, he noticed that the attitude of the Mardu children towards the two girls was unfair. He wrote to the Department of Native Affairs in Perth advising them that the girls would be better off if they were removed from Jigalong. In his report, he mentioned that the girls, "were not getting a fair chance as the blacks consider the H/ Cs [half-castes] inferior to them..." (Department of Native Affairs file no. 173/ 30.) Thousands of miles south, politicians and other officials were planning the destinies of children like Molly, Gracie and Daisy. Official concern shifted from the decreasing numbers of traditional or full-blood Aborigines to the half-castes and part-aboriginal children

who were being born all over the country. The common belief at the time was that part-aboriginal children were more intelligent than their darker relations and should be isolated and trained to be domestic servants and laborers. Policies were introduced by the government in an effort to improve the welfare and educational needs of these children. Molly, Gracie and Daisy were completely unaware that they were to be included in the schemes designed for children who were fathered by white men. Their mothers were accused of being promiscuous. A few critics were honest, however, when they said many white men satisfied their lustful desires with the native women until they were able to return to white society.

Eventually the Western Australian government decided to establish two institutions for Aboriginal children with white fathers: one at Carralup Settlement near Katanning in the south-west, and the Moore River Native Settlement, north of Perth and thirteen kilometers west of Mogumber. Although the births of these children were not registered, they were still noted by station owners in their journals so it was easy for the authorities to locate them. Also, movement between stations throughout the Pilbara was not quite as frequent then as it is today because the travel was mostly by foot. This helped the government officials to track down a family group. Patrol officers travelled far and wide, removing part-Aboriginal children from their families and transported them hundreds of kilometers down south. Every mother of a part-Aboriginal child was aware that their offspring could be taken away from them at any time and they were powerless to stop the abductors. That is why many women preferred to give birth in the bush rather than in a hospital where they believed their babies would be taken from them soon after birth. The years passed by, and the seasons came and went. Except for a couple of years of severe drought when no rain was recorded in the district, nothing extraordinary happened — life and the cycle of nature proceeded. Molly, Gracie and Daisy had outgrown the insults and the teasings. Once the other children accepted their differences, their lives became quite normal. Nevertheless, the trio stood out from the main community at the depot. No matter where the three girls went, there was always someone watching them very closely and recording their behavior just as Mrs. Chellow from Murra Munda Station did on 9 December 1930, when she wrote to the Commissioner of Native Affairs. Murra Munda 9th December 1930 To Mr.

Neville Chief Protector of Aborigines, PERTH: There are two half-caste girls at Jigalong — Molly 15 years, Crissy [also called Gracie] 11 years; in my opinion I think you should see about them as they are running wild with the whites. (Singed) Mrs. Chellow. (Department of Native Affairs File No. 175/ 30)

The girls were very fortunate to be part of a loving, caring family who tried to compensate for all the nasty insults and abuse by spoiling and indulging them at home. Their grandfather even went as far as to take them on walkabouts in the bush where he ground black charcoal into fine powder and rubbed it into their

bodies, covering them from their faces right down to their toes. This powder, he promised, would solve all their problems. It would darken their light skins and end all the teasings and tauntings, but most importantly, it would protect them and prevent them from being taken away from their families. The trio was joined by 7 ever-increasing numbers of half-caste or part-Aboriginal children in the East Pilbara region. However, the birth rate there was insignificant compared to the rate in the south-west of the state. In July 1930, the rainy season was exceptionally good. For the Mardu people throughout the Western Desert this was the season for taking long walks in the bush, foraging for bush tucker and feasting on the day's catch. Every Mardu welcomes the glorious warm weather, when the azure skies are even bluer against the greygreen mulga trees and the red dusty earth. Grass grows under the small shrubs and between the sandy patches around the rocky ledges and even the spinifex is fresh and green. Alas, like everything that is revived and resurrected by the winter rains, their beauty and brilliance is short-lived. They seem to fade and die so quickly.

Molly and Gracie spent a lovely weekend with their families digging for kulgu yams and collecting bunches of yellow flowers from the desert oaks, which they brought home to share with those who had stayed behind to take care of the old people and the dogs. They soaked bunches of flowers in a bucket of water to make a sweet, refreshing drink. The other bush foods, such as the girdi girdi (kangaroos), murrandus (lizards), and bush turkeys, were shared amongst the community. After supper the weary girls curled up in their swags and in no time at all, they were fast asleep. Early next morning, Molly's step-father Galli rose at dawn and lit the fire. He made a billy (a little pot) of tea and sat under the shade of a large river gum, drinking a mug of warm tea. He glanced over to the sleeping forms of his two wives, and called out, "Come on, get up." The women began to stir. Galli then cut a piece of plug tobacco and crushed it in his hand, mixed the pure white ashes of the leaves of the mulga tree into it, then put it into his mouth and began to chew the gulja (mixture of ash and tobacco), spitting the juice occasionally.

In the old days, the people would collect and chew the leaves of wild or bush tobacco that grew on the cliffs or on rock ledges. The Mardus preferred the white man's tobacco, plug tobacco, because it was easily available and also it was stronger and lasted longer. They chewed it and spat out the juice, the same way that other races chewed betel leaves. Maude was Galli's second wife. She and his other wife both belonged to the same group under the kinship system. Both were Garimaras, the spouse category for Galli. Between them they prepared breakfast for the whole family, which included three big dampers cooked in the hot ashes of the fire and the girdi girdi left over from the hunting trip in the bush. They all agreed that it had been a successful and enjoyable day.

Molly and Daisy finished their breakfast and decided to take all their dirty clothes and wash them in the soak further down the river. They returned to the camp looking clean and refreshed and joined the rest of the family in the shade for lunch of tinned corned beef, damper and tea.

The family had just finished eating when all the camp dogs began barking, making a terrible din. "Shut up," yelled their owners, throwing stones at them. The dogs whined and skulked away. Then all eyes turned to the cause of the commotion. A tall, rugged white man stood on the bank above them. He could easily have been mistaken for a pastoralist or a grazier with his tanned complexion except that he was wearing khaki clothing. Fear and anxiety swept over them when they realized that the fateful day they had been dreading had come at last. They always knew that it would only be a matter of time before the government would track them down. When Constable Riggs, Protector of Aborigines, finally spoke, his voice was full of authority and purpose. They knew without a doubt that he was the one who took their children in broad daylight — not like the evil spirits who came into their camps in the night. "I've come to take Molly, Gracie and Daisy, the three half-caste girls, with me to go to school at the Moore River Native Settlement," he informed the family. The old man nodded to show that he understood what Riggs was saying. The rest of the family just hung their heads refusing to face the man who was taking their daughters away from them. Silent tears welled in their eyes and trickled down their cheeks. "Come on, you girls," he ordered. "Don't worry about taking anything. We'll pick up what you need later." When the two girls stood up, he noticed that the third girl was missing. "Where's the other one, Daisy?" he asked anxiously. "She's with her mummy and daddy at Murra Munda Station," the old man informed him. "She's not at Murra Munda or at Jimbalbar goldfields. I called into those places before I came here," said the Constable. "Hurry up then, I want to get started. We've got a long way to go yet. You girls can ride this horse back to the depot," he said, handing the reins over to Molly.

Riggs was annoyed that he had to go miles out of his way to find these girls. Molly and Gracie sat silently on the horse, tears streaming down their cheeks as Constable Riggs turned the big bay stallion and led the way back to the depot. A high pitched wail broke out. The cries of agonized mothers and the women, and the deep sobs of grandfathers, uncles and cousins filled the air. Molly and Gracie looked back just once before they disappeared through the river gums. Behind them, those remaining in the camp found strong sharp objects and gashed themselves and inflicted wounds to their heads and bodies as an expression of their sorrow. The two frightened and miserable girls began to cry, silently at first, then uncontrollably; their grief made worse by the lamentations of their loved ones and the visions of them sitting on the ground in their camp letting their tears mix with the red blood that flowed from the cuts on their heads. This reaction to their children's abduction showed that the family were now in mourning. They were

grieving for their abducted children and their relief would come only when the tears ceased to fall, and that will be a long time yet. At the depot, Molly and Gracie slid down from the horse and followed Constable Riggs to the car. Mr. Hungerford, the Superintendent, stopped them and spoke to Riggs. "While you are here, there's a native woman with a fractured thigh, in the other natives' camp, the one on the banks of the river. Can you take a look at her, Constable?" "Yes, I'll examine her," replied the Constable. "I'll come with you," said Hungerford. "We'll borrow that native boy Tommy's horse and sulky," he added. "I'll fix him up with some rations later as payment." After Riggs had splinted the woman's leg, he told Hungerford that he would have to take her back with him to the Marble Bar Hospital. "Lift her gently onto the sulky," he asked her two brothers who were standing watch nearby. As Hungerford seated himself beside Constable Riggs he said, "And by the way, the other woman, Nellie arrived from Watchtower Station while you were collecting Molly and Gracie.

You know the one suffering from VD (stds). She needs to go to the hospital too." "Alright," Riggs replied. "But I still intend to speak to Frank Matthews, the station manager about her and remind him that he has no right to examine or treat any of the natives here. That should be left to us. We are the Protectors of Aborigines in this district." Constable Rigg was referring to the Protection Policy Regulation, number 106m: The crippled woman, Mimi-Ali, was transferred from the sulky to the car with Molly and Gracie. "Tommy," yelled Constable Riggs. "Take your horse and sulky to Walgun Station and wait for me there," he ordered. "Molly and Gracie, you had better sit in front with me, and you Nellie, can sit in the back with Mimi-Ali," said Riggs as he cranked the car. Half an hour later he was greeted by Matthews.

"You have a load this time, Constable Riggs," he said as the officer got out of the car. "Yes, I know. It can't be helped. I've got the two sick native women. Which reminds me, there is something I must speak to you about." The Constable explained the duties of the Protectors of Aborigines in the Nullagine district and cautioned Matthews that he should not take on those responsibilities himself. "I'd better get moving," said Constable Riggs. "I have to search around for Daisy. I'll call in next time I'm on patrol in the district."

The patrol officer drew up in front of the Walgun Homestead gate and was greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, managers of the station. "Hello," said Don Cartwright as he shook hands with the visitor. "Come inside and have a cup of tea," said his wife warmly, pointing towards the door. "Thank you, but not just yet. I must find the half-caste girl, Daisy," he said. "She's somewhere between here and Murra Munda Station, near the soak. I already have the other two, Molly and Gracie in the car with Mimi-Ali from Jigalong and Nellie, the cook from Watch-tower Station who are in need of medical attention." "But where are you taking those half-caste girls?" asked Mrs. Cartwright. "They're going south to the

Moore River Native Settlement, where we hope they will grow up with a better outlook on life than back at their camp,” he answered with great satisfaction. “I’ll leave the car here, but first I’ll drop the women off at the native workers’ camp. I’ll take Molly and Gracie with me, though,” he said. “I don’t want them to clear out.” Constable Riggs drove slowly down to the camp, followed closely by Tommy with his horse and sulky. Soon, he and Tommy were heading across the flats, over the spinifex grass and through the mulga trees in search of Daisy, who was with her family at the camp. Finding her had proved more difficult than the Constable expected. He had searched the Jimbalbar and Murra Munda area on horseback covering 60 kilometers, and a further 30 kilometers in the dry, rough country between Murra Munda and Walgun stations before he finally found her. The search was so tiring that he decided to spend the night at Walgun Station. His passengers stayed at the camp with Gracie’s mother Lilly, her grandmother, Frinda, and some other relatives. At 3.30 in the morning, on 16 July, the Constable noticed that rain was threatening.

The roads were bad enough as it was, but when wet they were even more hazardous, so he decided to make a start. “I don’t want to be marooned on the road with these natives,” Constable Riggs explained to the Cartwrights. “We understand,” said Mrs. Cartwright, “we’ll see you when you’re in the district. Have a safe trip home.” “Thank you. I’d better get going,” he said. “The women must have finished their breakfast by now, so I’ll go down and pick them up. Thanks again for your hospitality.” Grace’s mother, old Granny Frinda and other relations in the camp began to wail and cry. “Worrah, Worrah! He take ’em way, my grannies [granddaughters], 13 wailed the old lady, as she bent down with great difficulty and picked up a billy (cooking pot) can and brought it down heavily on her head. She and the rest of the women began to wail louder, their hearts now burdened with sadness of the girls’ departure and the uncertainty of ever seeing them again. The girls were also weeping. The wailing grew louder as the vehicle that was taking them away headed towards the gate. Each girl felt the pain of being torn from their mothers’ and grandmothers’ arms.” As the car disappeared down the road, old Granny Frinda lay crumpled on the red dirt calling for her granddaughters and cursing the people responsible for their abduction. In their grief the women asked why their children should be taken from them. Their anguished cries echoed across the flats, carried by the wind. But no one listened to them, no one heard them.

A couple of hours after the three girls had been driven away, Gracie’s mother, distraught and angry, was still sitting on the ground rocking back and forth. Maude and her brother-in-law had ridden over in a horse and cart to discuss the distressing news and stayed to comfort and support each other. Sometime later, she calmed down enough to hurl a mouth full of abuse at Alf

Fields, Gracie's white father, who was standing silently near the galvanized iron tank. She screamed at him in Aboriginal English and Mardu wangku (language), and beat his chest with her small fists. "Why didn't you stop them?" she cried out in anger and frustration. "I couldn't stop them taking my daughter — yes, she is my daughter too," he said sadly. He was so proud of his beautiful blackhaired daughter whom he had named after his idol, English singer Gracie Fields. He tried to explain to her mother that the patrol officer was a government representative and an officer of the Crown. Had he interfered or tried to stop the man he would have been arrested and put in jail and charged with obstructing the course of justice. Gracie's mother didn't listen. "You are a white man too; they will listen to you. Go and talk to them," she pleaded softly. "I am sorry but I can't do anything to stop them taking our daughter away from us," he said finally. She couldn't accept his excuse or forgive him for just standing by and doing nothing to prevent their daughter from being taken away from them. She packed up and moved to Wiluna.

The three girls were not used to rising before dawn, so they settled down in the car and fell asleep. When they opened their eyes, they realized that they had slept longer than they expected. They had passed through Ethel Creek and Roy Hill stations and were on the main road to Nullagine, which was an unsealed dirt track, full of pot holes and fine red bull dust that seemed to fill the car. They were so exhausted they couldn't cry anymore and they spoke only in whispers and sign language. Except for a curt, "You girls awright back there!" the policeman didn't speak to them or tell the girls where he was taking them. All they knew was that they were going to the settlement to go to school. After five days of sailing down the coast of Western Australia, they arrived at the Port of Fremantle. The next stop would be their final destination— the Moore River Native Settlement— the place that the three girls from Jigalong had travelled hundreds of kilometers to reach. It was intended that this would be their home for several years, and where they would be educated in European ways.

TWO

The Moore River Native Settlement, 1931

The road out to the settlement was almost totally underwater. This made the trip laborious and stressful. The engine strained as the car swayed from side to side and the wheels slid over the muddy road. "There have been scattered showers all day," Matron Campbell told the girls as they peered anxiously through the windows. "You'd better pull the blankets over your legs," she said, glancing at the thunder clouds rolling over in the west. "It's going to pour down with rain soon." She was worried but there were enough of them to push the car if it got bogged in the soft, clay road. The trip had taken longer than usual and it was almost dark

when they arrived at the settlement. The place was shrouded in fine misty rain and lit only by lights in the center of the compound. Miss Campbell parked near the staff quarters and the girls waited in the car while she went inside. "Where's everybody?" whispered Gracie, as she leant closer to the window. "I don't know," replied Molly softly, glancing curiously around her. She expected to see at least some of the residents but there was no one about, the whole place seemed to be deserted. Miss Campbell emerged from the stone and lattice staff quarters with another woman. "These three," she said, pointing to Molly, Daisy and Gracie, "came all the way from Nullagine." The three looked at each other silently. They wanted to tell these midgerji that their home is Jigalong not Nullagine. "The other one, Rosie, comes from Moora," Miss Campbell said as she handed over to the woman. Then she disappeared behind the trellised building. "Come with me," said Miss Evans. "I'll take you to your dormitory. This way." They followed her through the slushy compound to a wooden building. As they approached, they noticed that the door was locked with chains and padlocks. Molly saw that the uninviting weatherboard and latticed dormitory had bars on the windows as well. Just like a jail, she thought, and she didn't like it one bit. The four girls stood around in the cold, their arms folded across their chests trying desperately to control the shivering. They were glad when Miss Evans undid the padlocks, opened the door and invited them to follow her into the already overcrowded dormitory. There were beds everywhere.

"These are your beds; you can choose whichever one you'd like to sleep in. You can please yourself, alright," she said as she turned to leave. She paused, then added, "Eh, I nearly forgot to tell you about the lavatory. Use one of those buckets in the bathroom," she said. "See over there." Four heads turned in the direction at which the woman was pointing, but she didn't wait for confirmation, she was anxious to return to her comfortable room next door, behind the white-washed stone wall. Molly, Daisy and Gracie selected the three beds nearest to them while Rosie took the one at the other end.

The girls found it very difficult to sleep on the hard mattress. They lay feeling cold and lonely, listening to the rain falling on the tin roof. Gracie could stand it no longer, she sneaked quietly to Molly's bed. "Dgudu, (older sister) I can't sleep," she whispered. "I'm cold. I've only got one rug." "I am cold too, so bring your rug over here and sleep in my bed," Molly told her shivering young sister. As Gracie snatched up her rugs Daisy sat up and whispered, "I'm cold too, Dgudu." "You can sleep jina side," Molly told Daisy, who was already throwing her blanket across the bed. So, for the rest of the night the three of them cuddled up in the single bed. Very early the next morning they were awakened with a start by a strange voice yelling loudly, "Come on, girls, wakey! wakey! Rise and shine." The woman went to the first bed and pulled the blankets off the child's head and shook her vigorously then moved on to the next bed and repeated the performance. The new girls were surprised to see the same small, slim woman who had escorted

them last night, rushing around peeling the warm rugs from the sleeping children, who mumbled angrily as they were forced to stumble out onto the cold wooden floor. This was a ritual that Miss Evans, the staff member in charge of the dormitories, conducted every morning without fail. When she came to Molly's bed she stared at the three girls who were now sitting on top of the bed. "Eh, yes, you are the new arrivals. There are four of you, isn't there? All right, you all make your beds, then go up and have some breakfast at the dining hall. One of the others will show you where it is." Molly, Daisy and Gracie were able to observe their surroundings and dorm mates more closely in the morning light. They saw that the other girls were just as curious as they were. "Where are you lot from?" they wanted to know. "We come from Jigalong," Molly answered without hesitation. "Where's that?" asked someone from the other end of the dorm. "Up north," said Molly quietly, she didn't want to say too much to these strangers. She was glad when one of them came over to tell them that she would take them and show them around later. "But you'd better make your beds first," she said. This was easy, you just straightened the blanket over the mattress. There were no sheets on the beds. They were stored away to be issued only on special occasions to impress special visitors. "I am Martha Jones. I'm from Port Hedland," said this friendly girl who had volunteered to be their guide. "I've been here for one year now. I came from a station to go to school, then the government gunna send me back to my family to work for the station," she said proudly. She must have been about fifteen but there was no way of verifying that because, like so many others at the settlement, her birth wasn't registered. The trio from Jigalong liked her instantly. She was a treasure, full of information about everything concerning the settlement and what they could expect while they lived there. "It's not bad once you get used to things here," Martha told them. The four girls had their doubts about that but said nothing. The sound of the dining room bell cut short any further conversation. Everyone stood up, patted their beds smooth then headed for the narrow wooden door. "Come on, we'd better hurry up or we'll end up with cold breakfast," said Martha, leading the way outside. In single file they trailed behind her into the wet, drizzly morning to have their first meal in confined conditions. Opposite the girls' dormitory, the boys were teeming out of their own quarters and were making their way over the slushy compound to join the girls for breakfast. This was usually a plate of weevily porridge, bread and dripping washed down by a mug or a tin of lukewarm, sweet, milky tea. All inmates of the compound had their meals in the communal dining room. Like breakfast, the other meals were the most unappealing fare ever served to any human being. Offal collected from the slaughterhouse and taken down to be cleaned and cooked on the coals of a big fire lit on the banks of the river, was tastier than what was provided by the cook and staff at the kitchen. After breakfast Martha Jones escorted them outside. "Eh look, it might fine up later," she said with cheerful optimism as they descended the wooden stairs onto the wet graveled path that led back to the dormitory. Just as Martha was about to

open the door one of the older boys called out to her. "That's my cousin-brother Bill," she explained. "Our mothers are sisters." The girls from Jigalong understood, as they were also daughters of sisters. "Go inside and wait for me," she told the four nervous new girls. They weren't sure whether to go inside or wait for her outside. They watched as she started to run but stopped suddenly because she found that the ground was not only slushy but very slippery. Her bare feet made a squelching noise as the mud seeped between her toes. The two cousins met in the middle of the compound and stood talking softly for a few minutes, then parted. While they were waiting for Martha to come in, Molly, Daisy and Gracie whispered in Mardu wangka, their own language. "I don't like this place," whispered Molly. "It's like a jail. They lock you up at night time and come and open the door in the morning." They had all noticed the bars across the windows and were really scared of them. Martha returned to the dormitory and sat on one of the beds near the girls. They were able to have a really good look at their new friend. She was a very pretty girl with short cropped, straight black hair and hazel eyes, but best of all she had a beautiful sparkling smile that made you feel good. "Bill just wanted to know who you all were and where you came from," Martha said. "He will pass the information on to the rest of them." New arrivals always created great interest but most importantly hope. Hope of news about relations back home. The rest of the morning was spent in the dormitory sharing information and stories.

After lunch the weather had fired up but there were strong gusts of wind blowing across the compound and it was beginning to feel quite cold. Martha Jones suggested they go for their walk. She stood up, gave a cursory glance around the dorm, then called to her friend Polly Martin who came from Onslow on the north coast. "You coming with us," she asked her. "Where are you going?" When Martha explained that she wanted to take the new girls for a walk around the place Polly joined the small group. "Yer, that's better than sitting just looking at each other," she said. They decided to go behind the dormitory, then follow the trail along the cliffs overlooking the brown, foaming river. The path on the cliff edge was covered with loose, fine pale sand. The slopes were rough, dotted here and there with small, thick shrubs. Loose stones on the slopes made them difficult and hazardous to climb. Behind the girls was the "Big House": the superintendent's residence. "Do you want to go down and have a closer look at the river?" Martha asked, looking at each one in turn. "Yes," they responded with enthusiasm. As they were about to pass by the milking sheds, they heard a lot of shouting, yelling and laughter, which seemed to be coming from the flat on their left. "Hey Martha and Polly, come down and have a game of rounders with us!" a group of girls called. "You girls want to have a game?" asked Martha. The newcomers shook their heads. "Well, that's alright, we'll go down this way, you'll be able to get a closer look at the floods." Polly waved to the crowd at the football oval and

shouted loudly, “We’re taking the girls for a walk while it’s fine.” “Alright we’ll see you later.”

The river and the flats on either side were full to overflowing. To the girls from the East Pilbara region, this chocolate-colored river was a new and exciting spectacle, quite different from the normal pinky colored salt lakes, creeks and rivers back home. This sight only made Molly more aware that she was a stranger in this part of the country, as were all the others in this small group. We are all cut off from our families, she thought and was overcome with a deep longing for the dry, rugged, red landscape of the Pilbara. Still, sighed Molly, you couldn’t help being fascinated by the swirling currents and the frothy white foam that clung to the trunks of the paperbark trees and the tall river gums. As they rounded the bend of the rough road, still stepping cautiously trying to miss the muddy puddles, they were surprised to see about six or seven girls, one aged around seventeen, with a group of girls eight years old or perhaps younger, all wading across the icy cold water. The eldest girl, Edna Green, was showing the youngsters how to cross to the other side by using a long stick to measure the depth of the water. The smaller girls were following their leader, their cotton shifts were tucked into their bloomers. “Why are they doing that?” asked Rosie, who couldn’t understand why anyone would go walking in the freezing river on a cold, wet day. “Just for something to do, that’s all,” Martha told her. “When it’s not raining, we go for long walks all over the place,” said Polly. “But you see that big rock over there,” she said, pointing across to the far side of the river. “Well, that’s a woodarchies cave. Don’t go over that side.” “What are these woodarchies?” asked Rosie. “Woodarchies are little hairy men. Someone saw them for real, you know, no makeup,” she said seriously. “They must be same as marbus, (imaginary flesheating spirit creatures)” whispered Molly. “This is marbu country. We can’t stay here, they might kill us,” she added glancing at the grey limestone rock jutting out from behind the thick bushes. She turned to her two younger sisters and was about to speak when Rosie, who was still watching the river crossing, asked Martha, “What will they do when they cross the river?” They will walk along the banks on the other side and when they find a safe spot Edna will decide to cross back over. And if anyone falls in they will make a big fire and stay there until all their clothes are dry then return to the compound.” “See you later,” the girls said to Edna and her followers, and they continued their stroll along the muddy path up to the first paddock. Polly and Martha decided that this was as far as they were going this afternoon. They stood admiring the pleasant view from the bottom of the hill which was covered with the golden blooms of acacia shrubs and occasional bushes of bright pink flowers.

“I don’t feel like climbing the hill,” said Martha. “But if you do I suppose I’ll have to come too.” Nobody wanted to clamber up the stony cliffs so they retraced their footsteps to where they had started.

The group were passing the spot where Edna Green's girls had made their crossing when a shrill whistle filled the air and echoed through the trees. It startled them as each one was deep in her own thoughts. They all followed the sound that came from high above them. The whistler was leaning on the trunk of a wattle tree and he waved to them. Polly beamed as she returned the friendly gesture. The handsome lad, who was almost eighteen, beckoned her to join him on the cliffs. She shook her head then pointed to the four girls, hoping that this would explain why she couldn't meet him. "That's Polly's boyfriend, Jack Miller, from Mt Magnet. They gunna get married when he gets a job on a station or farm somewhere," Martha whispered as they walked ahead, leaving Polly behind to send hand signals to her beau who was now sitting on the edge of the cliff. Polly caught up with them as they approached the cow shed. They were greeted by the cheering spectators and team mates of the winning rounders team. The crowd at the football ground had increased while they were walking along the river. Polly and Martha introduced two of the older boys to the newcomers. As they were talking, they were interrupted by someone shouting loudly from a nearby building. "Hey, who's out there?" inquired a pathetic voice from inside. "It's me, Martha Jones and Polly Martin and four new girls." "Can you tell my sister to bring me some meat and damper, and some tea too?" the girl asked. Her voice sounded so alone and unhappy. "Yeah, I tell her," promised Polly. Molly, Gracie, Daisy and Rosie looked hard at the grey square building. "What is that place?" asked Rosie, doing the talking for the other three. "That's the 'boob', they lock anyone in there for punishment," Martha explained. "What did that girl do?" asked Rosie. "Who? Violet Williams? She's locked up for swearing at Miss Morgan, the teacher. She's lucky, she's only in there for two days," Martha told them about the others who had been incarcerated in the "boob".²⁵ "You should have seen the other ones who were locked up for running away," she said. "They all got seven days punishment with just bread and water. Mr. Johnson shaved their heads bald and made them parade around the compound so that everyone could see them. They got the strap too." "Oh, poor things," said Rosie. "Everybody felt sorry for them, those three from Carnarvon," Martha said. "Did they get far?" asked Rosie. "No. They only got as far as Jump Up Hill, along the railway line between Gillingarra and Mogumber. They knew that the train that goes through to Geraldton slowed down there. So, they waited there ready to jump into one of the goods vans. The black tracker found them there. The girls pleaded with him to let them go but he wouldn't listen, he just whipped them with his stock whip," Martha said, with anger in her voice. "He made them walk all the way back, without a break, while he rode his grey stallion like a white policeman." "Anybody get away properly— without being caught?" enquired Rosie. "No, lots of girls have tried to run away back to their homes but that black tracker has always caught them and brought them here again to be flogged and locked up in the 'boob'," replied Martha. The "boob" was a place of detention once described as a small, detached concrete room with a

sandy floor, with only a gleam of light and little ventilation coming through a narrow, barred opening in the north wall. Every inmate of the settlement dreaded being incarcerated in this place. Some children were forced to spend up to fourteen days in that horrible place. Polly and Martha led the girls past the boys' dormitory, the sewing room and the front of the "Big House", down the graveled road, through the pine plantation along the kindergarten fence to the hospital. "That road goes down to the camps where the married couples live," said Martha, "and this one," pointing to the one on which they stood, "takes us back to the compound." "And where does this one go?" asked Rosie, facing east and nodding in that direction. "That's the road to Mogumber, the only one in and out of the settlement," Martha told her. "And there's a fence right around this place." They returned to the dormitory to rest and talk.

One thing on which they could all agree was that this place was certainly different from what they envisaged. When the sons and daughters of the landed gentry and businessmen and professionals such as doctors, lawyers and politicians, were sent away to boarding schools to be educated they were likely to be given pleasant rooms that would be theirs for the duration of their schooling. Instead of a residential school, the Aboriginal children were placed in an overcrowded dormitory. The inmates, not students, slept on cyclone beds with government-issue blankets. There were no sheets or pillow slips except on special occasions when there was an inspection by prominent officials. Then they were removed as soon as the visitors left the settlement and stored away until the next visit. On the windows there were no colorful curtains, just wire screens and iron bars. It looked more like a concentration camp than a residential school for Aboriginal children. Back at the dormitory the girls were trying to snuggle down in their cold, uninviting beds. Molly, Daisy and Gracie began to talk normally amongst themselves, not whispering but speaking in their own relaxed manner.

"You girls can't talk blackfulla language here, you know," came the warning from the other side of the dorm. "You gotta forget it and talk English all the time." The girls were dumbfounded; they couldn't say anything but stare at the speaker. "That's true," said Martha in support. "I had to do the same. They tell everybody that when they come here and go to school for the first time." Molly couldn't believe what they had just heard. "We can't talk our old wangka (language)," she whispered. "That's awful." "We all know it's awful," Martha told them. "But we got over that," she added calmly. Molly lay staring at the ceiling, pondering their fate and the kind of lifestyle they could expect at this strange place and she didn't like it one bit. After a while, she and the rest of the girls dozed off to sleep.

Sometime later they were awakened abruptly by a loud voice telling them that the bell had gone. "Come on, get up, tea time everybody," the voice told them. Throughout the dormitory, sleeping forms began to rise from their narrow beds. Once again, Martha took charge and led the four newcomers to the dining

hall for a meal of watery stew, almost the repeat of what they had for dinner, except they also had bread and treacle. When no one was looking, Molly put all the unwanted crusts in her calico bag, and nudged her young sisters sitting either side of her to do the same. “For later,” whispered Molly. “Well, everybody finished now?” asked Martha politely. “Yes,” said the girls softly. “We’d better hurry, it’s going to rain again.” They stood briefly on the verandah to watch the thunderclouds rumbling in the west. There was a flash of lightning, followed by another. “Quick, run,” urged Martha. “It’s going to pour down soon.” They reached the dormitory just in time, many of the other boys and girls were running quickly to beat the rain. It began to fall lightly at first then as darkness approached, the wind blew strong and cold. All the inmates returned to their dormitories, the younger ones lay quietly in their beds listening to the older ones sharing with each other stories, anecdotes and hopes for the future. After roll call and lights out, Molly listened to the slide of the bolt and the rattle of the padlock, then silence. It was at that moment this free-spirited girl knew that she and her sisters must escape from this place.

THREE

The Escape

The conditions were so degrading and inhumane in the early years of the settlement that a staff member from that period later pronounced that anyone living there, children or staff, were doomed. Perhaps a huge sign warning of the perils that lay within should have been erected at the entrance gate. However, that sign would have had no effect on the boys and girls who were abducted with government approval from their traditional homelands— because they were illiterate. But Molly, Daisy and Gracie were going to be taught to read and write, this was to be their first day at school. It was still dark, wet and cold on that morning in August 1931 when the girls were awakened at 5.30. The little ones protested loudly and strongly at being forced to rise at that ungodly hour to leave their warm beds. Molly got up reluctantly and walked out onto the verandah, peeped through the lattice and smiled secretly to herself. Gracie and Daisy joined her but they didn’t care for the grey, dismal day and said so in no uncertain terms. The girls waited for Martha and the others to join them, then they made their way through the slushy mud near the stone wall of the staff quarters to the dining room.

After a breakfast of weevilly porridge, bread and tea, they returned to the dormitory to wait for the school bell. Molly had decided the night before that she and her two sisters were not staying here. She had no desire to live in this strange place amongst people she didn’t know. Anyway, she was too big to go to school, they had no right to bring her 30 here. She was a durn-durn, (a young girl who had reached puberty), she thought, touching her small budding breasts. These

government people didn't know that she had been allocated a husband. But the man — Burungu — had passed her over for another Millungga sister and they had a four-year-old son. So, reasoned Molly, if she was old enough to be a cowife, she should be working on a station somewhere. Mr. Johnson, manager of Ethel Creek Station, thought so too when he sent a telegram requesting permission to employ her and Gracie. The application was refused. It was too early for school, so most of the smaller girls slipped back into bed. Molly, Gracie and Daisy did the same thing but they squashed into the one bed with two girls at the head and Molly at the end. Molly finished combing her light brown hair and lay watching the movements of the others around her. At the other end of the bed Daisy and Gracie were whispering quietly to each other. Daisy, aged nine, had the same-colored hair and texture as her eldest sister, while Gracie had straight, black hair that hung down to her shoulders. It was very apparent that the three girls had inherited features from their white fathers. The only obvious Aboriginal characteristics were their dark brown eyes and their ability to control their facial expressions, so that when they reached maturity, they would develop the look of a quiet, dignified Aboriginal woman from the Pilbara region. The other girls were now getting ready for school, and the three watched quietly amidst all the activity. Bossing and bullying was everywhere around them and there were cries and squeals of, "Don't, you're hurting my head," as the tangled knots were combed out with tiny, fragile combs. "Oh, Mummy, Daddy, Mummy, Daddy, my head," yelled a young girl, who stamped her feet and tried to pull away from her torturer, an older, well-built girl who seemed to have adopted the girl as her baby sister. They performed this ritual together every morning before school. "Come on, you girls," ordered Martha Jones as she passed by their bed. "The school bell's gone. Don't be late on your first day." "Alright, we're coming as soon as we empty the toilet bucket," answered Molly softly. "I'll wait for you then," said Martha. "No, don't wait we'll follow you, we know where the school is." "Alright then, we'll go along. Come on, Rosie," she said as she rushed out of the door into the cold, drizzly morning. As soon as the other girls left the dormitory, Molly beckoned her two sisters to come closer to her, then she whispered urgently, "We're not going to school, so grab your bags. We're not staying here." Daisy and Gracie were stunned and stood staring at her. "What did you say?" asked Gracie. "I said, we're not staying here at the settlement, because we're going home to Jigalong."

Gracie and Daisy weren't sure whether they were hearing correctly or not. "Move quickly," Molly ordered her sisters. She wanted to be miles away before their absence was discovered. Time was of the essence. Her two young sisters faced each other, both looking very scared and confused. Daisy turned to Molly and said nervously, "We're frightened, Dgudu (big sister). 32 How are we going to find our way back home to Jigalong? It's a long way from home." Molly leaned against the wall and said confidently, "I know it's a long way to go, but it's easy. We'll find the rabbit-proof fence and follow that all the way home." "We gunna walk all

the way?" asked Daisy. "Yeah," replied Molly, getting really impatient now. "So, don't waste time."

The task of finding the rabbit-proof fence seemed like a simple solution for a teenager whose father was an inspector who travelled up and down the fences, and whose grandfather had worked with him. Thomas Craig told her often enough that the fence stretched from coast to coast, south to north across the country. It was just a matter of locating a stretch of it then following it to Jigalong. The two youngsters trusted their big sister because she was not only the eldest but she had always been the bossy one who made all the decisions at home. So they did the normal thing and said, "Alright, Dgudu, we'll run away with you." They snatched up their meager possessions and put them into calico bags and pulled the long drawstrings and slung them around their necks. Each one put on two dresses, two pairs of calico bloomers and a coat. Gracie and

Daisy were about to leave when Molly told them to, "Wait. Take those coats off. Leave them here." "Why?" asked Gracie. "Because they're too heavy to carry." The three sisters checked to make sure they hadn't missed anything then, when they were absolutely satisfied, Molly grabbed the galvanized bucket and ordered Gracie to get hold of the other side and walk quickly trying not to spill the contents as they made their way to the lavatories. Daisy waited under the large pine tree near the stables. She reached up and broke a small twig that was hanging down low and was examining it closely when the other two joined her. "Look, Dgudu, like grass indi?" asked Daisy, passing the twig to Molly to feel. "Youay (yes)," she said, as she gave it to Gracie who crushed the green pine needles into her small hands and sniffed them. She liked the smell, and was about to give her opinion when Molly reminded them that they didn't have time to stand around examining pine needles. "Come on, run, you two," she said sharply as she started to run towards the river. On they went, dashing down the sandy slope of the cliffs, dodging the small shrubs on the way and following the narrow path to the flooded river.

They slowed down only when they reached the bottom. Molly paused briefly, glancing at the pumping shed on their right where they had been the day before. Turning towards it, she said to Gracie and Daisy, "This way." She ran for about twenty-five meters, crashing into the thick paperbark trees and the branches of the river gums that blocked their path. Molly strode on as best as she could along the muddy banks, pausing only to urge her young sisters to hurry up and try to keep up with her. She kept up that pace until she saw what she thought to be a likely spot to cross the swift flowing river. The three girls watched the swirling currents and the white and brown frothy foam that clung to the trunks of the young river gums and clumps of tea-trees. "The river is too deep and fast here; let's try up further," Molly said, leading the way through the thick young suckers and

washed-up logs. They continued along the bank making slow progress through the obstacles that nature had left in their path. At last they came to a section in the river that seemed narrow enough to cross. 34 “We’ll try here,” said Molly as she bent down to pick up a long stick. She slid down the bank into the river and began measuring its depth just as she had seen Edna Green do the previous afternoon, while Daisy and Gracie watched patiently on the bank. “Nah, too deep,” Molly said in disgust. “Not here.” “Gulu, Dgudu (wait older sister!),” cried the youngsters as they ran to follow her through the wet foliage. The three girls walked along the muddy banks for another twentyfive meters when they came to a clearing, devoid of any shrubs or young suckers, where the floods had receded. Molly decided to follow the paths made by the cattle. Another attempt was made to cross the river but once again proved unsuccessful. She walked on angrily, pushing the thick growth of eucalyptus suckers roughly aside, at the same time urging Daisy and Gracie to walk faster. But they decided that it was much safer at a distance and they followed her muddy footprints in silence without any questions, trusting her leadership totally. They were still fighting their way through the tea-trees for almost an hour when they heard Molly call out to them somewhere down the track. “Yardini! Bukala! Bukala!” (Come here in a hurry!) Daisy and Gracie ran as fast as they could along the muddy path until they reached her. Molly was standing near a large river gum tree. As they stood gasping for wind she said, “We gunna cross here. As three pairs of eager eyes examined it closely, they knew that they had found the perfect place to cross the flooded river. A tree leaned over the water, creating a natural bridge for them to cross safely to the other side. The girls scraped mud from their feet then climbed onto the trunk and walked cautiously to the end, then swung down off the limb onto the slippery, muddy bank on the other side. They slogged through the wet, chocolate-colored banks for at least another two hours, then decided to rest amongst the thick reeds behind the tall river gums. A few minutes later, Molly stood up and told her young sisters to get up. “We go kyalie (north) now all the way.” They obeyed without any protests. Ducking under the hanging branches of the paperbark trees they hurried as best they could, stomping on the reeds and bull rushes that covered the banks of the fast-flowing river. The only sounds that could be heard were the startled birds fluttering above as they left their nests in fright, and the slish, slish of the girls’ feet as they trampled over the bull rushes. Now the question is, how does anyone keep travelling in a northerly direction on a dismal, grey day without a map or compass? It would be difficult for an adult without the most thorough knowledge of bush-craft not to become disoriented and lost in a strange part of the country where the landscape is filled with thick undergrowth and without the sun to guide the way. Well, Molly, this fourteen-year-old girl, had no fear, because the wilderness was her kin. It always provided shelter, food and sustenance. She had learned and developed bush-craft skills and survival techniques from an expert, her step-father, a former nomad from the desert. She memorized the direction in

which they had travelled: it was north by car from Perth to Mogumber siding, then west to the settlement. Also, she had caught a glimpse of the sun when it appeared from behind the rain clouds at various intervals during their tour of the place on their first day. That enabled her to determine that she was moving in the right direction.

The girls were relieved to leave the sloshy, muddy banks that were covered with reeds. Further up from the riverbank grew stands of flooded gum. These were tall trees with straight, white trunks and a dense canopy of leafy branches. Amongst them grew the tightly bunched swamp paperbarks that were so difficult for the three girls to forge a path through. Once they had left the flooded river area the three were able to speed up their progress as they stomped over the wet grass on the flats and passed through an open land scape and under giant marri gums with thick trunks covered with grey to brownish-grey flaky bark. The girls trod gingerly over dry and decayed honky nuts that had fallen from the marri gum, trying not to slip. Nearby, grasslands led into a fenced-off area of sandy slopes filled with marri gums, banksia and prickly bark or coastal blackbutt. The sand plains that the girls came to over the rise were covered with acacia thickets and prickly grevilleas that scratched their bare legs. They tried not to let the discomfort bother them but this was difficult in the cold weather. Stepping around the prickly, dense undergrowth and over the ground cover onto patches of white sand, the girls continued at their steady pace, pausing only to climb through boundary fences. Molly was pleased that the mud and slush and the swamp paperbarks were behind them. They were now on the heathlands. The heathlands of Western Australia contain some of this country's most beautiful and unusual wildflowers. The girls stood among the banksia trees admiring the magnificent flowers of the many species that thrive in the sandy plains. They knelt to have a closer look and to touch the beautiful kangaroo paw flowers, from the smallest — the yellow and orange cat's paw — to the yellow and the green and black varieties. The most famous variety is the red and green kangaroo paw, West Australia's emblem. There are so many colorful and magnificent flowers in this part of our state and because they bloom throughout the year, there is always some plant displaying its beauty in these heathlands. It started to sprinkle again; the girls looked up to the sky and saw that there were only scattered clouds, so they trudged on unperturbed through the open forest of banksia, prickly bark and Christmas trees, that covered the low sand dunes. Eventually, the showers passed over them heading inland and the girls tramped through the thick wet grass. Molly, Daisy and Gracie tried not to look at the dark blue hills in the distance on their right. They were content to keep walking north at an easy pace that suited them well. Their sights were fixed on what lay before them. They had covered a lot of ground since crossing the main branch of the Moore River, over hills and sand dunes, and across the white sand plains. Yes, they were making very good progress through the open banksia forests and they had covered a wide area of coastal, sandy heaths and had the pleasure to

see a variety of flowers. They were almost past the clumps of banksia trees when they heard heavy foot falls. It sounded like someone or something was heading their way. At that moment, it began to sprinkle but they could still hear those footsteps. They were coming closer. There was another flash of lightning and in the distance they heard a rumble of thunder. The footsteps were even closer. "Quick," whispered Molly and all three dived head first into the thicket and slid on their stomachs as flat and low as they could, not daring to breathe. They kept very still, frozen with fear as they lay under the cover of the tangled scrub and waited for whatever it was to appear. Molly had no intention of being caught only to be sent back to the settlement to be punished by the authorities. The footsteps were so close now that the ground was vibrating and they could feel every step it took. Then they saw it. The frightened girls couldn't believe their eyes, and they couldn't move if they wanted to. They could only lie there staring at the "thing" that was emerging from behind the banksia trees. Gracie started to say something in a low whisper but the words came out as an inaudible stutter. She tried once more, but the result was the same, so she gave up and shut her eyes tightly and began to swallow deeply, trying desperately to control her fear.

For several minutes after the "thing" had gone by, its footsteps still thundering along, the girls remained on the prickly leaves, pondering whether or not it was safe to move. Their young hearts were thumping right up into their ears. They lay shivering with fear.

FOUR

Alone in the Outback

It was another few second before they regained their composure and their fear subsided. Only then could they rise and stand firmly on their feet without shaking, to continue their trek homewards. "That was a marbu, indi Dgudu? (That was a flesh - eating spirit - wasn't it older sister?)" said Daisy, still obviously shaken by what she had seen. "Youay (yes), it was a marbu alright," Molly agreed. "A proper marbu," she added shivering as she remembered the frightening image. Yes, the thing fitted the description of a marbu, a sharptoothed, flesh-eating evil spirit that has been around since the Dreamtime. The old people always told children to be careful and to watch out for them and now the three girls had finally seen one. "That marbu had a funny head and long hair. He was a big one alright," said Daisy. There seems to be only one logical explanation to that phenomenon, and that was the so-called marbu may have been a particularly large, hairy Aboriginal man with prominent facial features who was running to beat the storm that was 40 brewing and the fast - approaching nightfall. The man's giant-like stature may have played upon the girls' imaginations and their belief in a mythical being of the Dreamtime stories.

But to these children from the Western desert, it was genuine and no one could tell them otherwise. “Quickly,” urged Molly. “Let us get away from this place.” The sight of the marbu had unnerved her so she was also very scared. “There might be others around here. We gotta get away from this bad place,” she added urgently with a slight tremble in her voice. “It’s getting dark. We have to find a good, safe place to make a camp for the night.” Molly scanned the surrounding countryside swiftly, then paused and pointed to a small range of sand dunes not far from the forest of banksia trees. The two younger sisters nodded. They could see the shallow valley of deep sand and the sand dunes on the left and began making their way towards them. “See that,” said Molly when they reached the sand dunes, pointing to the rabbit warrens. “We’ll just dig one. We have to make it big enough for three of us to fit into.” “We gunna sleep in the bunna (in a dirthloe) like rabbits too, Dgudu?” asked Grace. “Youay, nobody gunna look in a rabbit burrow for us, indi,” replied Molly confidently. “That’s true, no one will find us in there,” said Daisy as she joined them. So, crouching on their knees, they dug furiously with their elbows almost touching each other’s. Very soon they managed to widen and deepen a deserted 41 burrow to make a slightly cramped but warm, dry shelter. This was their first night out in the bush since leaving their homes in the East Pilbara. Before the three sisters settled down to sleep, they ate some of the dry crusts of bread and drank the cool, clear water from the pools at the bottom of the valley. They had nibbled on some of the bread while they walked during the afternoon. Molly had chosen a rabbit burrow that faced east because she had noticed that the rain came from the west over the coast. They would be well protected from the wet and cold while they slept. Crawling in one at a time, they cuddled up together in the rabbit burrow, wriggling and twisting around until they were comfortable. Soon, with the warmth of their young bodies and weariness, Daisy and Gracie drifted off to sleep. With their heads resting on their calico bags at the entrance and their feet touching the sandy wall at the back of the burrow they felt safe and warm. While her two sisters were sleeping, Molly lay quietly listening to the rain falling steadily on the sand outside. She was too tense and had too much on her mind to relax and go to sleep just yet. But despite that she felt safe inside the rabbit burrow. Tomorrow, she told herself, I will find the rabbit-proof fence and it will take us all the way home to Jigalong. The thought raised her hopes and a few minutes later she too drifted off into sleep. Suddenly Molly and Daisy were awakened by the frightened cries of Gracie, “Dgudu, Dgudu, where are you?” “I am here, right next to you. What’s wrong?” Molly asked. “Dgudu, that marbu, he came back and pulled me by the hair. He tried to drag me outside,” she said shivering and sobbing loudly. “Shush, don’t cry,” said Molly as she put her arm around her. “It was just a bad dream. Go back to sleep. I won’t let anything bad happen to you,” she promised. Molly managed to calm Gracie and soon they all fell asleep once again. The next morning, very early, the three girls were awakened by the thump, thumping of rabbits from adjoining burrows. “It’s

not worth trying to catch any rabbits this time,” said Molly disappointedly. “Why can’t we catch any rabbits, Dgudu?” queried Gracie, brushing the pale-yellow sand off her legs, while trying rather feebly not to think of the aroma and taste of a freshly cooked rabbit. At that moment Gracie spied one and gave chase, caught and killed it. “What did you do that for?” asked Molly angrily, “I told you, we got no matches to make a fire to cook it.” Gracie replied, “Well, I’m hungry,” as she searched around for a sharp object with which she could gut the rabbit. Finding none, she swore loudly then threw it hard on the ground, and stomped off over the thick prickly undergrowth. So instead of rabbit roasted over the coals for breakfast, there was plenty of fresh water from the pools at the bottom of the valley and stale crusts from the settlement. This was their second meal on the run. “Dgudu,” said Gracie, “we should go back to the settlement. We might die. Come on, we go back,” she pleaded. She was still shaken by the sight of a real marbu. There might be more lurking in the woodlands. “You want to go back to the settlement,” retorted Molly angrily. “You heard what they’ll do to us. They’ll shave our heads bald and give us a big hiding and lock us up in the little jail,” she said shaking her finger, while Daisy stood silently watching and listening.

“You want to go back, you’re mad. We three came down together, and we will go home together. We’re not going to die in the bush,” she assured her. “So let’s move,” she added finally as she strode off into the acacia thickets. Gracie became stubborn and refused to move. “I’m hungry Dgudu. I want some mundu (meat) not just bread and water.” Molly stopped and turned to face her young sister. “I know that. We are all hungry for meat,” she reminded her. But most of all they were missing their mothers and wished that they were back home with them. Molly walked back to the dejected younger sister and put her arm around her shoulder and told her gently, “Don’t worry, we will find something to eat, you’ll see. This country’s different from ours, so we gotta learn to find their bush tucker, that’s all. Come on, let’s go along now.” Molly managed to coax Gracie out of her stubbornness and they walked briskly to where Daisy sat playing with some dry banksia nuts. She stood up when she saw them coming and the three of them walked northwards.

The weather remained unchanged. The skies were grey and a cold wind was blowing across the bushland. It looked like more rain was coming their way. Gracie and Daisy missed their warm gabardine coats and they longed for a meal of meat, hot damper and sweet tea. They continued north, through the wet countryside, never knowing what was waiting for them over the next hill. The three were pacing in good style, covering the miles in an easy manner. Soon they found that they were entering a landscape dominated by clumps of grass 44 trees. Interspersed amongst them were zamia palms and scattered here and there were a few marri, wandoo and mallee gums (Australian trees). The girls descended a hill into a stand of tall flooded river gums and paperbarks and reached the edge of a river and stared at the flowing water. They had come to a branch of the Moore

River. “How are we going to get across the river, Dgudu?” asked Daisy. “I don’t know yet,” she replied as she began to search along the banks until she found a suitable place to cross. “Up here,” she called out to her sisters. “We will cross over on this fence. Come on,” encouraged Molly as she tucked her dress into the waist of her bloomers. With her calico bag slung around her neck, she clung to the top strand of fence wire, while her feet were planted firmly on the bottom strand. “See, it’s strong enough to hold us,” she assured them. “Watch me and follow, come on.” Slowly and gingerly they stepped onto the fence wire, not daring to look down at the brown flooded river below. The water swirled and splashed against their feet. They tried to shut out the sounds and sights of the gushing water and instead they concentrated on reaching the muddy bank on the other side. They were worried about their precious bags that contained all their worldly goods, which wasn’t much at all, just an extra pair of bloomers, a frock and their small mirrors, combs and a cake of Lifeboy soap. However, they made it safely. On their second day they came into a section of bushland that had been ravished by fire. All the trees and the grass under them was burnt black. In a few weeks’ time, however, this charcoal landscape would be revived by the rain. It would come alive and be a green wilderness again, full of beautiful flowers and animals that are wonderfully and uniquely Australian.

The three girls walked in silence over the next hill where they saw a most unexpected but very welcome sight indeed. Coming towards them were two Mardu men on their way home from a hunting trip. Gracie and Daisy were so pleased to see them that they almost ran to meet them, but Molly held the girls back and whispered softly, “Wait.” So the three girls waited for the men to come closer. When they saw the men’s catch, they drooled— a cooked kangaroo and two murrandus (big lizards). The girls were more interested in the bush tucker than in the two hunters who introduced themselves and told the girls that they were from Marble Bar. “Where are you girls going?” asked one of the men. “We are running away back home to Jigalong,” replied Molly. “Well, you girls want to be careful, this country different from ours, you know,” advised the old man with white hair and a bushy white beard. “They got a Mardu policeman, a proper cheeky fella. He flogs ’em young gals runaway gals like you three,” he added very concerned for them as they were from the Pilbara too. “Youay,” said Molly. “We heard about him at the settlement.” “He follows runaway gals and take ’em back to the settlement. He’s a good tracker, that Mardu,” the old man told them. “We know that, the girl from Port Hedland already told us about him,” replied Molly who was very confident that the black tracker would not be able to follow their path because all their footprints would have been washed away by the rain. The men gave them a kangaroo tail and one of the goannas. They shook hands with the girls and turned to walk away when the younger man remembered something. “Here, you will need these,” he said as he held up a box of matches. Then he emptied another box and filled it with salt. The girls thanked them and said

goodbye. “Don’t forget now, go quickly. That Kimberley bloke will be looking for you right now, this time now.” It was highly unlikely that an attempt to track them down in this weather would even be considered but Molly wasn’t taking any chances. They would only stop when she was satisfied that it was safe to rest. The miles they had covered should have been adequate according to Daisy and Gracie but no, their elder sister made them trudge along until dusk. Then the three young girls set about preparing a wuungku (a shelter) made from branches of trees and shrubs. They searched under the thick bushes and gathered up handfuls of dry twigs and enough leaves to start a small fire. There was no shortage of trees and bushes around their shelter as they grew in abundance; quite different from the sparse landscape of the Western Desert. Each girl carried armfuls of wood and dropped them on the ground near the fire to dry as they had decided that it was safe enough to keep the fire burning all night. They made the fire in a hole in the ground in the center of the shelter. After a supper of kangaroo tail, goanna and the last crust of bread, washed down with rain water, they loaded more wood on the fire and slept warm and snug in the rough bush shelter around the fire.

The next morning, the girls were awakened by the sounds of birds fluttering and chirping all around them. The rain had stopped but the wind was blowing strong and cold. The clouds were scattered about like huge balls of cotton wool and the sun was trying hard to shine through the gaps. It may have been wishful thinking on their part but the weather looked promising. For breakfast they ate what was left over from supper with a refreshing drink of water. When they had finished, they quickly removed the firewood that was still burning and covered it with wet sand and moved on. Molly looked up at the sky and said confidently, “More rain coming,” pointing to the west where the white, fluffy clouds were now being pushed aside by grey rain clouds. “Never mind,” she said. “It’s good because that Mardu policeman can’t follow us now. We lose all our tracks anyhow. The rain will wash them all away.” She and her sisters were safe from capture for the time being. “Come on, walk faster, the rain is a long way off yet,” she told them, hoping her estimation was accurate, because she wanted to be a long way away by nightfall. In this weather and in this sand plain country the girls had been covering 24 to 30 kilometers a day. They each realized that they must push on further into the wilderness, steadily covering as much ground as they could during the daylight hours. By midday, the girls were hit with pangs of hunger. Gracie was feeling very irritable and began to stamp her feet in protest and dawdled along. Suddenly she got caught in the dense, tangled scarlet runner creepers, she overbalanced and fell onto the wet ground with a thud. She lay there moaning and groaning softly to herself. “We gunna die. We got nothing to eat.”

FIVE

Mrs. Flanagan Helps

“Oh shut up and stop whining,” ordered Molly as she helped her up on her feet. “We gotta hurry up.” Molly was losing patience with her younger sister. At that moment the most important thing on her mind was distance; the more land they covered in this weather, the less chance they had of being captured. Getting lost or walking around in circles may have signaled the end of their escape but Molly kept reminding them to be brave and to conquer their fears. There was little danger in this part of the country, as there were no poisonous snakes lurking about at this time of year. Gracie withdrew into herself, refusing to talk. She just followed Molly and Daisy in a trance, eyes straight ahead, looking neither right or left, silent and sullen. Suddenly Molly shouted excitedly, “Look over there.” Shaken out of her grey mood, Gracie was interested in what her big sister had seen. “What is it, Dgudu?” Daisy wanted to know. Daisy and Gracie looked up to see rabbit burrows in the sand dunes. “We’re not sleeping in the bunna (dirt hole) again, eh Dgudu?” asked Gracie. “No,” replied Molly. “We gunna catch them to eat.” The girls hadn’t eaten since the morning and it was now very late in the afternoon. Stumbling on another rabbit warren was indeed an exciting find. They were starving, and the prospect of a feed of meat spurred them on. “We will block all the burrows except that one in the middle, alright?” suggested Molly. So the three set about blocking all the entrances, leaving only one open. Then they sat down quietly behind some acacia bushes and waited. After what seemed like ages, out came the rabbits. First one, then two, four, then more. “Now,” ordered Molly. “Go.” She leaped up and chased the rabbits and the others joined in. Molly and Gracie were excellent runners, they caught a rabbit each, while their knock-kneed youngest sister missed them. She could not catch even the slowest in the group. It was past dusk when they found a suitable place to make a shelter and camp for the night. The girls were in good spirits as they made a huge fire in a hole in the ground and cooked the rabbits in the ashes, after gutting them roughly by using a sharp point of a green stick. They ate one of them for supper that evening with water from a soak they found in the limestone rocks near the camp site. The other rabbit was saved for breakfast. Molly rose early the next morning to stoke up the dying fire, the other two were content to lie there in their cozy shelter for a couple of hours more, they got a 50 hour at least. Molly sat warming herself by the fire, listening to the sounds of the heathlands.

There were lots of black and white Willie wagtails and other beautiful birds darting in and out of the trees and shrubs but she still missed the sounds of the finches and white cockatoos of her home. Thoughts of home reminded her of the distance they had to cover and as quickly as possible. “Come on, get up,” ordered

Molly. "We can't stay here all day. We got a long way to go yet," she added impatiently as she broke the rabbit in three portions. There was no response so she called again for them to get up. "Move, come on," she urged. "Oh, alright, we're coming," said Daisy as she shook the sleeping Gracie. When her sisters joined her for breakfast, Molly said, "Don't eat it all, save some for later." They nodded in agreement as they bit into the tough flesh of the cold cooked rabbit. Once breakfast was over, they drank the soak water and washed their hands and faces, drying them with the calico bags, then they continued onwards, over the sand hills and through the banksia woodlands, with their acacia thickets and thick clumps of heath. Scattered among them were tall marri gums and mallee. The drier conditions along the coastal sand plains made bushes grow thick and small, and the trees were stunted because of the sandy soil. Molly was pleased that there was no shortage of trees and shrubs to hide under. They grew in abundance, quite different from the sparse landscape of the northwest. The morning was pleasant; everything was quiet and peaceful. The sun was shining through the clouds and the raindrops on the leaves and spiders' webs sparkled like diamonds. Below them was an open grassland of lush green pastures that would soon become a field of bright yellow dandelions. By their manner one could have thought that the girls were taking a leisurely stroll in the bush. They appeared very relaxed as they walked along together. Then all of a sudden, they stopped and gasped, all three of them looked then dropped behind the shrubs and peeped around cautiously to watch from this safe distance. In the clearing in the far end of the paddock were two of the biggest and blackest kangaroos they had ever seen.

"Look at them, they're standing up and fighting like men," whispered Molly. "But they can't see us up here." "I'm frightened, Dgudu," Gracie whispered. "Me too, Dgudu," said Daisy moving closer to her older sister. The sight of these big boomers (kangaroos) had unnerved the younger sisters and Molly wasn't feeling brave herself. The fear of venturing into unknown territory had resurfaced and she didn't want that to happen. "Come on, let's get away from here. We'll walk around them. They won't see us if we crawl behind these bushes," Molly whispered. "And keep your eyes on them all the way to the end of the paddock." "Ready, come on," she ordered. Molly began to crawl on her hands and knees with great discomfort as the ground was covered with prickles and dry twigs and leaves. She tried to make a clear path for her two sisters to follow. 52 The two smaller girls felt threatened by the size of the big boomers so they were glad to be out of sight. They didn't want to be attacked by kangaroos, and they were very relieved when they had climbed the boundary fence. It was only then that they could feel safe again.

The three girls sat on a fallen log, trying to recover from the shockingsight of the fighting animals. "Those boomers are bigger than the ones we got athome, indi Dgudu (isn't it sister?)," said Gracie fearfully, "and cheeky fullahs too." Daisy and Molly both answered together. "Youay (yes!)." The trio sat quietly on the dead

log. The silence was broken suddenly by an alarmed Molly, who pulled Gracie up roughly by the arms. "Run under that big tree over there," she yelled, pointing to a large banksia tree. "Climb up and hide there. You too Daisy. Come on." When she saw that they had difficulty getting up, she ran over to help them. She pushed her two young sisters up into the branches and told them not to move unless she said so. Although the two youngsters could not see any danger they obeyed without question, they trusted her with their lives. After all, hadn't their big sister proved herself to be a worthy leader. Her self-control and courage had never faltered throughout the trek. So, there they lay, stretched out on the rough branches not daring to move, just silently waiting and listening. At last, they heard it. It was a plane, a search plane sent out to look for them, these runaway girls. Sitting very still, the girls listened while the plane circled above them, then it gave up and returned home. Several minutes passed before Molly decided it was safe to climb down from their hiding places in the trees. Once they were on the ground, they quickened their pace, 53 keeping close to the trees in case they needed to hide again. They walked in silence, concentrating on movement, distance and safety. No one took any notice of the change in the weather until they were caught in the showers. It was only then that they realized that the sun and blue sky had disappeared. There was nothing but dark rain clouds. It seemed hopeless to try to find shelter; they were drenched and their hair hung limp and dripping with water. Just when they were overcome with gloom and despair, they heard the most welcomed sounds with which they were each familiar. At that moment they realized just how much they had missed them and they were overcome with depression. It was noon, and these were the sounds of fowls, squeaky windmills and barking dogs, that reminded them of Jigalong, Walgun and Murra Munda stations, but most of all these sounds brought back memories of their loved ones who remained there. Pangs of hunger overcame their nostalgia. As they approached the farmhouse, Molly gently urged the two sisters forward. "Go in there and ask the missus for some food to eat. Hurry up. I'll wait here," she said as she settled down behind the thick trunk of a marri gum. Daisy and Gracie went willingly because they were feeling very hungry and here was the chance to find something more substantial than what they had been forced to live on so far. The last remaining pieces of rabbit leftover from breakfast had all gone. Approaching the farmhouse slowly, they looked about them. Glancing at the barking dogs they saw that both were chained near their kennels but they still gave the girls a scare as they tried to rush past them. Fortunately, the strong chains held.

The girls opened the wooden gate and were greeted by a little four-year-old girl who was playing with her toys on the large verandah. "Come inside," she said warmly as she opened the door. "My name is Susan," she added as she rushed inside. "Mummy," she yelled, "there's two girls outside and they're all wet." Daisy and Gracie didn't accept the child's invitation to go inside, but stood politely on the verandah, letting the water trickle to the hems of their dresses then onto the

timbered verandah. Little Susan's mother came to the door and asked them, "Are you the runaways from the settlement?" "Yes," they replied shyly. "Where's the other one?" she asked. "She's outside near the big tree, on the other side of the fence," Gracie informed her. "Go and tell her to come inside and dry herself while I make something to eat," the woman said. When she saw their reluctance, she smiled and said, "It's alright, you won't be reported." So Gracie dashed out in the rain to bring Molly inside the warm kitchen. The woman, whose name was Mrs. Flanagan, had received a phone call from Superintendent Neal on Tuesday afternoon asking her to watch out for three absconders and to report to him if she saw them. Mrs. Flanagan asked the girls a lot of questions, especially about their ultimate destination. "We are going to find the rabbit-proof fence and follow it all the way home to Jigalong," Molly said. "Well, I'm afraid you're going the wrong way. The rabbit-proof fence is not north. You must go east towards Ayres Find and Wubin. If you keep going north you will come to the coastal towns of either Dongara or Geraldton." Mrs. Flanagan made thick mutton and tomato chutney sandwiches, which the three girls stared at as if mesmerized. The aroma was overpowering, they could almost taste the cold mutton and crusty bread. Then they devoured them greedily, like the starving youngsters they were. These were followed by generous pieces of fruit cake and a cup of sweet, milky tea.

A feeling of contentment prevailed in the comfortable, warm, dry farmhouse kitchen. Soon they became quite drowsy. The girls watched as Mrs. Flanagan filled a couple of brown paper bags with tea leaves, sugar, flour and salt and half a leg of mutton and a chunk of fruit cake and bread. She took three large empty fruit tins and said, "You will need these to boil your tea in. It may be easier to carry them in your bags. Have you all had enough to eat?" "Yes, thank you," they said. They almost added, "missus" but managed to stop quickly. "Right then, come with me and I'll give you some dry clothes to change into, and warm coats," she said as she led the way outside to a large shed opposite the house where there was a small storeroom. Inside was stored farm machinery, implements and grain. Mrs. Flanagan pulled out some old army uniforms — a greatcoat for Molly and jackets for Gracie and Daisy. "Here, you'd better take these too," she said, handing them some wheat bags. "Use them as capes to protect you from the rain and cold winds." Mrs. Flanagan demonstrated how to make a cape by pushing one corner into the other. With their army coats and bag capes they were warm and dry. Watching the three girls disappear into the open woodlands, she said loudly to herself, "Those girls are too young to be wandering around in the bush. They'll perish for sure. They don't know this part of the country. And the three of them with just dresses on. It's a wonder they didn't catch colds or worse, pneumonia. I'll have to report this to Mr. Neal for their own good before they get lost and die in the bush," she said. "It's my duty." When she had made her decision, she went inside and lifted the earpiece of the telephone, turned the handle and listened, then she spoke into the mouthpiece. "Good afternoon, Christine," she greeted the girl at the

exchange. “Has Kath Watson had her baby yet?” “No, not yet,” the girl replied. “It’s due any day now.” After a few minutes, Mrs. Flanagan had learned all the news of the local townspeople. “Christine,” she said, “can you send a telegram to Mr. Neal, the Superintendent of the Moore River Native Settlement, please.” “Yes. Just hold the line for one moment.”

Mrs. Flanagan made a fresh pot of tea, satisfied that she had done the right thing. Anyway, she told herself, those three girls from the north-west would fare no better than the other runaways. Once they reached the railway line they would decide to sit and wait for the train, then they would be handed over to the police at the next railway siding or station. They always get caught.

SIX

The Authorities Chase

A kilometer away, the three sisters agreed that from that point onwards they would follow a routine. Whenever they arrived at a farmhouse or station homestead, Daisy and Gracie would enter the yard and ask for food while Molly waited a safe distance away, out of sight, where she could watch them. Thankfully, food was never refused. These handouts sustained the girls during their long trek home. Molly decided to continue in the same direction for a couple of hours at least— just to foil their would-be captors whom the lady at the farmhouse may have contacted. “We go that way,” she said, pointing northeast. “Not kukarda. That midgerji (white lady) know which way we’re going now.” “You know, we shouldn’t have told her where we were heading,” Molly said regrettably. “They might have someone waiting for us along the rabbitproof fence. Never mind. We’ll go this way for now.”

So, they walked quickly, wearing their wheat bag capes and military coats that protected them from the rain. 58 They had enough food for a day or two, so if they quickened their pace, they would reach somewhere safe before dark and make a warm, dry shelter for the night. The girls were still in the coastal heathlands among scattered tall shrubs and low trees, having passed through the tall trees and open grasslands of the marri woodlands. Molly, Daisy and Gracie had grown used to the landscape of the coastal plains. They liked the Geraldton wax flowers and the dainty, white tea-tree flowers. This drier, more northerly section of the heathlands, with its pure white and grey sandy soils, put the girls at a disadvantage. There were no tall trees with dense foliage under which they could hide from search parties. Darkness and the drizzling rain forced them to find a spot to make camp for the night. “Here!” said Molly as she broke off a thick heath bush. “This is a good place to make our camp. Come on, hurry up and break more bushes.” In a few minutes they had erected a cozy, firm little shelter under the bushes, then they rushed around and collected dry twigs and leaves to make a fire. This warmed

them while they enjoyed their supper of cold mutton, bread, fruit cake and sweet, black tea. The fire and food made them feel more relaxed and helped them to talk and laugh together—a ritual that had been sadly missing during the past few days.

Soon the heat made them drowsy, so they settled into their shelter and in no time at all, they were fast asleep. The next morning the skies were clear. There was no rain, only raindrops drip, dripping from the leaves of the trees and shrubs onto the sand and dead leaves beneath. Patches of grass were still wet and were dropping heavily with water. 59 Just looking out made the girls shiver. None of them wanted to leave their cozy shelter. Gracie and Daisy waited until their big sister got up and made a fire, then crawled out to join her. “There’s enough water in my fruit tin to make tea,” Molly said. Gracie watched her older sister break the meat, bread and cake as fairly as she could with her hands. They had no knife to cut the food evenly and to stir the sugar in their tea they simply broke a strong eucalyptus twig. While the three runaways were having a quiet breakfast in the bush, news of their escape was spreading across the country. Mrs. Flanagan was not the only person who knew or guessed their whereabouts; the whole state was told about them when this item appeared in the West

Australian newspaper on 11 August 1931: MISSING NATIVE GIRLS, The Chief Protector of Aborigines, Mr. A.O. Neville, is concerned about three native girls, ranging from eight to 15 years of age, who a week ago, ran away from the Moore River Native Settlement, Mogumber. They came in from the Nullagine district recently, Mr O’Neville said yesterday, and, being very timid, were scared by their new quarters, apparently, and fled in the hope of getting back home.

Some people saw them passing New Norcia, when they seemed to be heading northeast. The children would probably keep away from habitations and he would be grateful if any person who saw them would notify him promptly.

“We have been searching high and low for the children for a week past,” added Mr. O’Neville, “and all the trace we found of them was a dead rabbit which they had been trying to eat. We are very anxious that no harm may come to them in the bush.” “We go kukarda (toward the east),” said Molly as she picked up her fruit tin and emptied the contents on the patch of grass outside their shelter. “But we’ll fill our 60 tins first.” Molly noticed that a few meters along the track was a pool of murky brown water trapped in the clay soil. It looked alright but was it drinkable, she wanted to know. She dipped her hands in and sipped the water. Yes, despite its color, it was all right. Leaving the bushlands, they entered the cleared farmlands of the northern wheatbelt. Another farmhouse was in sight. Soon they were approaching the house very cautiously, and using the same routine as before, the girls were supplied with enough food to last them for a few more days. Contented and with full stomachs, the trio trudged on until darkness fell and they made a shelter for the night. Since their escape, Molly, Daisy and Gracie had cut down their sleeping hours from sunset to first light or piccaninny dawn; a pattern

they intended to use all the way home. That evening, the runaways chattered quietly around the fire before snuggling into their bush shelter to sleep. They talked about the countryside through which they had passed, from the woodlands of the majestic marri and wandoo to the banksia trees of the coastal sand plains.

They had seen the chocolate-colored river, they had slipped through the wet swamp lands and dipped their hands into clear pools filled with black tadpoles. The girls were very interested in the way the water seemed to change colors with the soil. It was milky white in the clay pans and pink or beige in the coarser graveled land. But the memories that were to remain in their minds forever were of the “funny trees” that grew around the settlement and the grass trees with their rough black trunks and the tufts of green, rush-like leaves that sprang out from the top of the plant. That night, Molly shivered as she lay on the ground pondering on the day’s events. She realized that they still had a long, long way to go through an unknown part of the country. 61 The next day, as they skirted the green wheat fields using the fire break as a path, they were able to pass through the paddocks fairly quickly. In one paddock, flocks of sheep and a herd of cows grazed contentedly. “Oh look, Dgudu,” said Gracie excitedly as she pointed to the white lambs in the flock. The two younger ones oohed and aahed over these beautiful lambs. The girls were delighted by them and they reacted in the same way as little girls everywhere— they wanted to cuddle and fondle the little lambs. Sadly though, they had a big task ahead of them, with miles to go and lots of ground to cover yet. Daisy and Gracie looked back once more before they descended into another valley, through the wheat fields and uncleared strips of land then towards the red colored breakaways in the distance. Everything was peaceful, the birds were singing and the sun was shining through the fluffy white clouds once more.

The rain had ceased and the girls now had plenty of food, but they were experiencing another problem. The scratches on their legs from the prickly bushes had become infected and sore, causing them great discomfort. They tried not to think about the pain as they climbed into their cozy shelter that night amongst the mallee gum trees, acacia shrubs and York gums, and quietly listened to the sounds of the bush. The temperature had dropped considerably and a roaring fire would have been most welcome. As they drifted off to sleep, they heard the barking of a lone fox, followed by the bleating of lambs. After a pause came the deep baas of the ewes, comforting and protecting their young ones from the terrorizing fox. 62 Rising at dawn the next day, the three girls ate their breakfast on the move. They had gone several kilometers when they came upon a large, dead marri gum burning fiercely. They walked around it quickly and disappeared into the shrubs. Three days after the article was published in the West Australian newspaper: Missing Half-Caste Girls Constable H.W. Rowbottom of the Dalwallinu police station reported that, “relative to Escape of three Native girls from Moore River Settlement”, he had received a telephone message from Mr D.L. Lyons, farmer of East Damboring who stated that, “he had just noticed in the West Australian

newspaper that three native girls had escaped during the previous week. These children had called at his farm on Saturday and he had given them food, after which they had travelled across his paddocks going east towards Burakin. He questioned them and asked them where they had come from, but they would not tell him. The eldest one was dressed in what appeared to be a khaki military overcoat, and the others had khaki military jackets on.” The Eastern District Police Inspector Crawe was notified immediately. Later that afternoon an urgent telegram was received by Constable Rowbottom, from Mr Neville, the Chief Protector of Aborigines, Perth, authorizing him to “incur the expenditure to effect their capture”. The constable left immediately by car to East Damboring, calling in at all farms along the road to Burakin. One farmer, Mr Roche junior of Burakin, noticed a fire at the south end of his boundary and wondered what it was. When he investigated the next day, he found that a dead tree had been set on fire, and the tracks of bare feet were visible. “It was useless to attempt to do any tracking as it rained all Monday night, and the tracks were obliterated,” reported Constable Rowbottom. 63 No one had seen the runaways at the town of Burakin. It was estimated that they had passed by, travelling due east towards the rabbit-proof fence near Ballidu. No fires were reported in the area. The dead tree fire could have been caused by lightning because Molly, Daisy and Grace had been very careful not to let their fires be seen. That is why they lit them in a hole in the middle of their shelters and covered the ashes over before they left. Within days of the announcement, responses came in from all around. Telegrams and reports were exchanged back and forth. But the girls continued trekking on, unaware of the search parties that were being assembled by the police. They didn’t know that they were just a few days ahead of the searchers and their would-be captors.

Within the week, the scratches on their legs had become festering sores. The three girls had been on the run for over a month. They had left the landscape of red loam, mallee gums, acacia trees and green fields and found themselves in a very different countryside; one of red soil, tall, thick mulgas, gidgies and the beautiful, bright green kurrajong trees that stood out against the grey-green colours of the other vegetation. Underneath the shrubs and trees was a green carpet of everlasting flowers in bud ready to bloom in a couple of weeks’ time. The green would then be transformed into a blaze of pink, white and yellow papery flowers. Molly, Daisy and Gracie were very much at home in this part of the country. They evaded capture by practicing survival skills inherited from their nomadic ancestors. “My legs are sore, Dgudu,” cried Gracie. “I can’t walk.” “My legs hurt too,” chimed in Daisy. 64 “Mine are sore, too,” said Molly. “But we can’t hang around here all day, we gotta walk on further.” “I’ll carry Daisy first, have a rest then it will be your turn, Gracie,” said Molly. “Alright,” both agreed. The progress was slow and laborious but they persisted. When Molly’s turn came to have a break from carrying them, the younger sisters took turns piggy-backing each other. To fool possible informants, they would approach a farmhouse or a station homestead

from one direction and pretend to go off in the opposite way. Then they would do a full circle, making sure that no one was following them, and double back when all was clear and continue along their usual route. But they never ventured too close to any towns throughout the Upper Murchinson district.

One late afternoon, the girls were enjoying the mild winter day, with the sun shining on their backs. It was the kind of day when you felt happy to be alive. The absconders gleaned all the positive energy from the environment, from everything that lived and breathed around them. It would have been perfect if only their legs hadn't been so painful and they had something to eat. Molly was out in front of the other two when she crouched down suddenly amongst some thick prickly kurrara trees and picked up a small stone and threw it at Daisy and Gracie. They had stopped to dig a hole under a large mulga tree. When they looked up, she signaled to them to come to her and sit down. "Look over there, a station out-camp," whispered Molly. "Go in there and look for some food."

SEVEN

Almost Caught

The two youngsters were used to this kind of request. When it came to obtaining food, they never sneaked or crept up to the places — the frontal direct approach was their method. Molly watched them from the safety of the trees and shrubs, as they walked up to the shed. Daisy peeped through a crack in the wooden door and saw the shed was unoccupied. "Come on," she called to Gracie. "There's nobody in there," she added as she unbolted the door and entered. Inside the camp, which was merely a tin shed with a bough shelter in front of it, were two camp beds, a table and empty four-gallon tins scattered about in an untidy mess. Daisy and Gracie quickly searched the shelves and the table and found some matches, flour, salt and three large Sunshine milk tins. Removing the lids with a butcher's knife, which they had found on a rough bench, they were immediately overcome by the appetizing aroma of dgingi (fat), the tins were filled with dripping. They couldn't remember when they had smelt this last. They hadn't eaten since breakfast and they were very hungry, so they dipped both hands into the tin and scooped up as much fat as they could and ate it. "This tastes really good," said Daisy, as she dipped in once again. "We gotta hurry up," Gracie reminded her sister as she snatched up some of the precious finds. "Come on," she urged and she rushed out through the door. Daisy spied a billy can underneath the table. She grabbed it and the remaining items and joined the other two outside. They got as far as the kurrara trees where Molly was waiting for them, when both girls simply doubled over and vomited. When Molly heard what they had done she said, "You silly beggars, you shouldn't eat that dgingi (fat) by itself. See you both get sick now." She waited impatiently for the two little girls to finish emptying the dripping

from their stomachs. “Are you alright?” she asked them. They nodded in reply. “Well, come on. Let’s move along.” Daisy and Gracie recovered enough to straighten up and take their position behind their older sister who was striding on towards the rabbit-proof fence.

That evening they supped on hot damper, which was made on a clean spare frock, and sweet black tea, then they slept in a dry gully. Their simple meals were just like the ones they ate at home— especially when they managed to find birds, birds’ eggs, rabbits and lizards to supplement their meagre diet. But their festering sores were still aching and they could find no relief. Despite the pain they pressed on using the same procedure as before; taking it in turns to carry each other— except Molly who was heavier and bigger than the other two. One day about midday, when the sun was high in the azure sky, Daisy and Gracie heard an excited shriek from Molly who, as usual, was walking ahead of them.

“Here it is. I’ve found it. Come and look,” she yelled as she laughed and waved her arms. “What is it?” asked Gracie. “What are you shouting for?” “I’ve found the rabbit proof fence. See,” she said, pointing to the fence. “This will take us all the way home to Jigalong.” “But how do you know that’s the rabbit-proof fence, Dgudu?” asked Daisy, with a puzzled look on her face. She didn’t notice anything special about this fence. “This fence is straight, see,” Molly explained. “And it’s clear on each side of the fence.” She should know, after all her father was the inspector of the fence and he told her all about it. Now the fence would help her and her sisters find their way home.

There was much excitement when the girls at last reached the rabbit-proof fence. From when she was young, Molly had learned that the fence was an important landmark for the Mardudjara people of the Western Desert who migrated south from the remote regions. They knew that once they reached Billanooka Station, it was simply a matter of following the rabbit-proof fence to their final destination, the Jigalong government depot; the desert outpost of the white man. The fence cut through the country from south to north. It was a typical response by the white people to a problem of their own making. Building a fence to keep the rabbits out proved to be a futile attempt by the government of the day. For the three runaways, the fence was a symbol of love, home and security. “We’re nearly home,” said Molly without realizing that they had merely reached the halfway mark, they had almost eight hundred kilometers still to go. “We found the fence now. It gunna be easy,” she told her younger sisters. They were glad to hear that because each morning when they awoke they were never sure whether they would survive another day. Molly was determined to reach Jigalong and nothing was going to stop her. She renewed her vow as she greeted the fence like a long-lost friend, touching and gripping the cold wire. “We gunna walk alongside it all the way to Jigalong,” Molly said confidently. It would stand out like a beacon that would lead them out of the rugged wilderness, across a strange country to their

homeland. "They must have had plenty of rain around this country," said Molly as they tramped through the tall green grass.

It was difficult to imagine that within a few weeks this landscape would be transformed into a mass of color and beauty as pink, white and yellow everlasting flowers bloomed. These would cover the red earth and delight any travelers who passed through. But the three girls would not have that pleasure as they would be miles away by then, out of the Murchinson and into the Pilbara region. By mid-afternoon, they entered a clearing amongst the mulga and gidgi trees and found some murrandu holes that appeared promising. But at that very moment, they heard a man yelling out to them. "Hey, you girls. Wait." The voice came from down the track along the fence. They saw an Aboriginal man riding a bike. The three dashed into the bush forgetting the pain of the sores on their legs. "Don't run away. I want to talk to you," he shouted. Peeping out from the thick acacia bushes they saw that he was holding something in one hand as he pedaled with great difficulty. "Look, I've got some food to give you. See," he said. "Come on, don't be frightened." Their need and desire for food overcame fear and caution. The man's name was Don and he explained that he worked on Pindathuna Station. He shared his lunch of tinned meat and bread with them and gave them a box of matches. "Where are you going?" he asked them. "We gunna follow the railway line to Wiluna," said Molly. Stockman Don Willocks reported the incident to his boss. Mr. A.H. Gillam telephoned Constable Robert Larsen at the Yalgoo police station who reported that: one of his stockmen, Don Willocks, had reported to him that he had seen tracks in one of the Pindathuna paddocks which appeared to have been made by two females. He followed the tracks on 4/ 9/ 31 and came up with three female half - castes who were travelling north along the rabbit-proof fence. He then ascertained that ... one was about 8 years of age and the other two older. They were all dressed in khaki dresses and dark overcoats and were carrying a bundle and a billycan. Original Police No. 5979/ 31 Reg. No. 1163 Don Willocks had noticed signs of the girls three days earlier in one of the Pindathuna paddocks, but he saw only two sets of tracks which indicated that, "they were in a bad way, as in places they appeared to be dragging their feet and that he thought inquiries should be made". However, when he caught up with them, he was pleased to notice, "that there was nothing wrong with them".

He found that there were three of them and that two were carrying one girl between them. Constable Robert Larsen of the Yalgoo police station, had led an earlier search party for the girls and so he was keen to follow up these reported sightings. At last, he would be able to inform Inspector Simpson at the Geraldton police station that some contact had been made with the girls. A tracker named Ben from Noongal Station was brought into the search and he and Larsen travelled to Pindathuna to pick up Willocks on 5 September 1931. It was impossible for the men to find the tracks because heavy rains the night before had washed them away. Nevertheless, the search party proceeded along the rabbit-proof fence for a few

kilometers, searching for tracks as they went. Finding none they continued parallel with the fence until dark then made a camp. At dawn the next morning they continued their search and came upon fresh tracks. Finally, however, Larsen recorded that the tracking “was discontinued “owing to the tracker having sore feet, myself having to attend the Police Court on Monday 7/ 9/ 31. I decided to return to Yalgoo”. Constable Larsen, Don Willocks and Ben, the Aboriginal tracker, left the tracks about 28 kilometers north of Dalgaranga Station. What they didn’t know was that the three runaways had climbed over the rabbit-proof fence and doubled back to pick up some bush tucker and return the same way. In his report to Inspector Simpson, Larsen wrote: Apparently these girls are following the fence going to Nullagine, and could probably be picked up at the next junction. No doubt seeing Willocks on the Pindathuna run frightened the girls, thinking that he would probably report the matter. I am of the opinion that they will settle down when they get further up the fence, as it would be impossible for them to keep travelling at the same pace on the 5th and 6th inst. having travelled about 40 miles in two days. (Original Police No. 5979/ 31 Reg. No. 1163.) Molly, Daisy and Gracie realized that although they were in familiar territory, they were not safe from the authorities. The girls knew that they could be captured at any time of the day or night and be sent all the way back to the settlement. It was too risky even to stop to light a fire to cook their murrandu (lizard meat).

By early September, the police were increasing their efforts to find the girls and any information they collected was passed on to other officers stationed further north. Constable Summers, for example, notified Constable Fanning by railway phone on 8 September that the girls were following the fence and would probably be going near Nannine and Gumtree Creek. Constable Larsen kept Inspector Louis Simpson informed about the search. “The Tracker Ben is of the opinion that if these girls come in contact with the Sandstone blacks they will be done away with as they will not stand any other natives in their country, as they are a very treacherous tribe.” The girls had been on the run for five weeks and were surviving on bush tucker and water. They would sleep for only a few hours under bushes as they were aware that they could be caught following their contact with Don Willocks. They purposely avoided station homesteads and despite the cold nights no fire was lit. Report: Unless these girls are intercepted, I am afraid that they are in for a very bad time after they pass Gum Creek on the old Nannine – Wiluna Road. I feel sure that the girls will stick to the No. 8 rabbitproof fence until it junctions with No. 1 rabbit-proof fence going towards Nullagine. Water and native game should be abundant at this time of the year, but as the girls get further to the north I fear for their safety. Thus, reported Louis D. Simpson, Inspector of Police, Geraldton on 10 September 1931.

One day in a clearing close to the fence, the girls spied an emu and a family of six tiny black and white striped chicks strolling along behind him. While Daisy

stood perfectly still behind some trees, Molly and Gracie chased and captured a chick each. The old man emu turned on them but gave up when he remembered that the other four chicks were unprotected. The three girls waited in the seclusion of the small acacia bushes to see if anyone would come to investigate the commotion, but no one appeared so they plucked and cooked the emu chicks for supper, accompanied by damper and washed down with black bitter tea; there was no sugar left. After supper, they slept under some thick shrubs. That night Molly dreamed that she and her younger sisters were being pursued by a policeman and a black tracker on a horse. She could see them riding beside the fence on magnificent grey stallions, coming towards them from the north. They were coming closer, and closer— at that critical moment she woke up shaking with fear and covered in sweat. Then she heard them. It wasn't a dream after all. It was real. Clop, clop, clopping of the horses came. Molly shook the other two awake. "Keep still and don't make a noise," she whispered, shivering slightly. "It might be a policeman and that Mardu tracker." They lay on their stomachs, not daring to move and watched sleepily as the riders passed slowly by them.

EIGHT

Follow the Fence

Molly sat up and sighed with relief and said, "They're only station yowadas (horses), not policemen." It was still dark with the first rays of dawn only just appearing in the eastern sky. The birds began twittering and fluttering through the trees and bushes around them. "We'll eat on the run," said Molly, and they headed towards Meekatharra. Soon they were on the outskirts of the town where they could hear the sounds of people going about their business, the shunting of the goods train, and other noises unfamiliar to these girls from the desert area. "Dgudu, let us go into Meekatharra and ask somebody to give us midka (food) for the road," Gracie suggested. "That old lady Minnie, you know the one who used to be on Ethel Creek Station, the one married to that old man from Nullagine. She will help us," she added hopefully. "No," snapped Molly. "There're policemen in that town. They will pick us up and send us to Moore River," she reminded Gracie. "No, we go around Meekatharra." Daisy said nothing, she was used to them bickering and squabbling, so she didn't let any of it bother her at all.

A week later on 13 September, Constable T.R. Penn of the Meekatharra police station, accompanied by a tracker named Jacky, left the station, "in a private motor car and proceeded along the Meekatharra – Nannine Road to where the No. 5 rabbit-proof fence intersects it. We made a thorough search in this vicinity, along the road and up and down the fence for tracks and through the surrounding bush but found no trace." Original Police No. 5979/ 31 Reg. No. 1520 The men searched on either side of the fence and a considerable distance from it in the Annean Station

for about 16 kilometers in very rough country until nightfall when they set up camp. The next morning the pair continued the search. Travelling in this rough country is always difficult and hazardous, however, but with the heavy rains it was impossible to proceed any further by car. Constable Penn returned to Meekatharra at 9.30 am on the 15 September after making a “thorough search along the road for about two miles north and south of the fence in case the girls crossed the road further away from the fence and surrounding bush”. The girls’ spirits soared as they realized that home was drawing nearer and nearer each day. They had reached the railway siding near Mt Russel Station quite unexpectedly several days after passing near the town of Meekatharra. It was here that Gracie decided that she had had enough of trekking in the wilderness and living off bush tucker. She’d had her fill of this arduous venture. “I’m going to the station to see those people working over there,” a determined Gracie told her sisters. Fifteen minutes later she returned to announce her decision. “That woman, the muda-muda (half black, half white) one working here told me that my mummy left Walgun Station and is living in Wiluna,” she said excitedly. “I am going with her when the train comes.” Gracie was just plain tired and weary of walking; her bare feet were very sore. Looking at the endless posts and wire that made up the rabbit-proof fence became too much for her. She flatly refused to go any further. “I don’t want to die,” she said finally as she turned her back to walk away from them. “I’m going to my mummy in Wiluna.” The pleadings and beggings of her sisters fell on deaf ears. For Gracie it was easier to hop on a train than to trudge on further to Jigalong. Molly and Daisy lingered for as long as they dared before they accepted Gracie’s parting. Then they continued north on their incredible journey to reach their goal, that lonely isolated outpost on the edge of the desert. Molly found Gracie’s decision very hard to accept, but she agreed with her younger sister in the end that it was closer to Wiluna than it was to Jigalong. By noon on the day they parted, the temperature had risen and it was the hottest day since their abscondment. The military coat and jackets were discarded and Molly and Daisy decided to rest beside a creek-bed. There wasn’t much water in it but there was enough to quench their thirst and to fill their billy can (cooking pot), so that they would have a supply of drinking water until they came across a windmill or one of the wells along the Canning Stock Route.

Molly was exhausted, not only from the trekking and the lack of sleep, but the argument with Gracie had left her emotionally drained. So, she found a soft spot near the creek, clear of rocks and stones, and making herself comfortable she dozed off to sleep. Daisy had discovered a bird’s nest in a river gum on the bank. It was a pink and white cockatoo’s nest with four young squawking chicks in it. While her older sister slept, Daisy climbed up and grabbed three of the chicks, one by one, and killed them by wringing their scrawny necks, then dropped them onto the ground. As she was reaching for the last chick, she slipped and grazed her knee. It was very painful so she rubbed it to soothe the stinging. There was no

relief so she became quite angry and swore loudly to herself, which didn't stop the pain but it made her feel better. Suddenly she was disturbed by a man's voice. "Hey, where's your big sister?" "What?" answered Daisy as she turned around to the speaker, a young man, a muda-muda dressed in station workers clothes, standing on the rocky outcrop near a larger river gum. "I said, where's your big sister?" he yelled. "Tell her to come here to me. I want her. I heard about you girls; you ran away from the settlement. Yeah, Moore River," he added as he swaggered towards her. Daisy was still smarting from the knee injury and let out a string of abuse, swearing in both English and Mardu wangka (the Mardu language), telling him exactly what to do with himself. Then she bent down and down and picked up some big stones and pelted him with them. He ran, ducking and weaving, to avoid the missiles that were being hurled at him. As the young stockman mounted his horse he yelled back angrily, "Awright, you bitch, you wait. I gunna report you to the police." Molly came running, awakened by the shouting and swearing. "What's wrong?" she asked. "Who are you swearing at?" When Daisy had finished explaining what had occurred, Molly cursed. "The mongrel bastard," she said, feeling very threatened. A man who had been spurned and attacked by a small girl might just carry out his threat. "Come on, we'd better move along," urged Molly. So, they picked up the chicks and plucked them as they walked over the stony surface of the rugged red plains. The girls didn't stop until nightfall, when the shadows were long and they felt it was safe to make a fire to cook the birds.

Since the confrontation with the station hand, the two sisters became even more cautious. They were taking no chances at this stage of the trek as they were so close to home. With the change of climate, the girls were able to take advantage of the longer hours of daylight. They were able to rise early and cover a good distance before nightfall. They were now in their own land and they knew exactly where they were heading. Just south of Station 594, along the Canning Stock Route, they discovered a burrow with fresh tracks leading to it. They realized that it wasn't made by rabbits, but by a cat, a feral cat. Molly grabbed a thick stick and began digging while Daisy stood by to clobber it with her stick. The fat cat spat and scratched Molly's arms and neck but that didn't deter her. That evening they had feral cat for supper, and some for breakfast the next morning. The fat cat spat and scratched Molly's arms and neck but that didn't deter her. That evening they had feral cat for supper, and some for breakfast the next morning. Molly and Daisy were relieved when they climbed through the southern boundary fence of Station 594, or as it was known by the local people — '94. It was a cattle station along the Canning Stock Route, south of Jigalong.

By this time all the flour, tea and water had been used so they forced themselves to walk faster and make an effort to reach the windmill south of the station. That night they had no supper but they filled up with water until they were bloated and very uncomfortable. As they couldn't sleep, the girls decided to

continue walking towards the station while the moon was full and shining brightly. Eventually, weariness forced them to stop and they made themselves as comfortable as they could on the rough sand of a creek-bed and fell asleep immediately. Molly and Daisy woke at piccaninny dawn and were driven by pangs of hunger to Station 594. When they saw the camp site they almost ran but they didn't have the energy. They knew exactly where to find their aunt's camp as they had both been there before.

Their aunt, Molly's step-father's sister, greeted them in the traditional manner by crying with them and for those who had passed away since their last meeting. "Where did you girls come from? Where have you been?" she asked. Their aunt and other relations couldn't believe what the girls told them. They were amazed and intrigued by their story. "You poor silly girls, you could have died in the bush somewhere and no one would have known." She began to cry loudly. The two sisters sank gratefully into the warm bath their aunt prepared for them; their first since leaving the East Perth Girls Home. They had grown used to washing themselves at the windmills and pools along the way. The supper of beef stew, home-made bread and tea revived them. Their aunt heaped their plates with stew but Molly and Daisy found that they could only manage small quantities of food as their stomachs had shrunk during their trek. "Don't worry about that," said their aunt warmly. "You'll soon be fixed when you get back to your mummies. They will fatten you up again. You're too skinny." After supper they all sat around the fire, sharing some of their experiences with their relations late into the night. Then both stretched out on comfortable beds and fell sound asleep. The two sisters awoke the next day feeling refreshed and rested after the good night's sleep. In fact, they felt that they could complete the last leg of their journey without the constant fear of capture or starvation. "Not far to go, Dgudu," said Daisy. "No, not far now. We'll be home soon," replied Molly. They would have reached their goal within the next three or four days. These two girls had overcome their fears and proved that they could survive. It took a strong will and a purpose—they had both.

For the first time in seven weeks, the sisters didn't have to rush or eat on the run. They found it very pleasant to have breakfast later instead of rising at first light, and they took their time to enjoy the small pieces of juicy pan-fried steaks, hot damper and tea sweetened with Nestles milk that their aunt had prepared for them. When they had almost finished breakfast, their cousin Joey came over and joined them and accepted a mug of tea. "We're going back to Jigalong this morning as soon as the boss finishes his breakfast," he said. Molly and Daisy were ready in a few minutes and sat waiting for Joey's signal. They didn't have to wait long. Picking up their calico bags, which were now the same color as the red earth, they walked purposely towards Joey and his boss. They turned and waved goodbye to their aunt and cousin, the others were still asleep, and joined the maintenance

workers of the rabbit-proof fence. “You two girls can take it in turns riding this camel back to Jigalong,” said Ron Clarkson, the contract worker, as he patted the animal. The camel raised its head, looking around everywhere and chewing without pausing. Ron returned to the other camel that he normally rode. Daisy nudged her older sister and pointing to the camel, whispered, “Is this a man or woman one, Dgudu?” “I don’t know yet. I can’t tell while it’s lying down. Wait till it stands up, then I’ll tell you.”

The girls had seen the cheeky, spitting, biting camels at the depot and didn’t like them one bit. “You go first, I’ll walk and we’ll change over when I get tired, alright,” said Molly as she helped Daisy onto the camel’s back. “Yeah, alright then,” said Daisy, giving the animal the correct commands as instructed by Ron Clarkson. “It’s a woman camel,” Molly informed her. Both were relieved that they weren’t given a nasty, bad tempered, spitting bull camel. “Ready to move along?” asked the boss. “Yes,” they replied, and followed him slowly out through the station gates and across the stone covered plains, scattered with spinifex grass, acacia bushes and spindly mulga trees, towards the rabbit-proof fence. Daisy enjoyed the ride and welcomed the chance at last to watch the passing scenery from above ground level. The first break was beside Lake Nabberu between Station 494 and Mundwindi Station.

After a lunch of grilled steak, damper and tea, the four travelers rested in the cool shade of the river gums until mid-afternoon. At sunset, they entered the camp of Bob George, the owner of 494 Station, and his wife Ibbey, that was set up near the rabbit-proof fence. Here they ate and camped the night. At seven o’clock the next morning they continued their journey northwards. The sun was setting the following evening when they entered the main gate to Munda Mindi, several kilometers to the left of the rabbit-proof fence and made a camp. “You three stay here. I’ll be back soon,” Ron Clarkson told them, as he tied his camel to the fence. Joey, Molly and Daisy set about gathering wood for a fire and sat down and listened while Joey brought them up to date with the latest news and family gossip. Half an hour later, Joey’s boss returned carrying a cardboard box of homemade bread, boiled cold potatoes, tins of corn beef and a canvas bag of water. “Here, you can make your own tea, alright.” The three nodded. Joey untied his billy can from his swag and filled it with water from the water bag and put it on the fire. Molly and Daisy agreed that this was the best supper yet. After their meal, they sat around the blazing fire and yarned until they grew weary and settled down to a peaceful sleep near the fire, sharing a blanket between them. Soon they would be reunited with their mothers, just as their sister Gracie had been. That night they slept a dreamless sleep.

NINE

Reaching Home

For breakfast the following morning they ate bread and jam, salted beef and sweet, black tea, which they thoroughly enjoyed. Molly took her turn to ride while Daisy walked beside her. They were passing through country that was familiar to Daisy, so she took great delight and pleasure showing her big sister all the places where her family had camped and where bush tucker was plentiful. Her step-father and uncles always managed to bring home more than enough for the whole family. Molly, Daisy, Joey and Ron Clarkson lunched and rested on the banks of Savory Creek, quite near where Molly was born, then facing north they made tracks for home. It felt wonderful. One late afternoon in October 1931, the four travelled silently across the plains along the rabbit-proof fence, each one deep in their own thoughts. The silence was broken occasionally by the cawing of crows and the swishing of the camels' tails as they brushed away the scores of pesky bush flies. These insects attached themselves to the dusty travelers and hitched a ride all the way to the end of their journey. The late afternoon was pleasantly warm, though the nights were still rather cool. Now it was Molly's turn to point out special places to Daisy. It was a quick trip down memory's landscape. They passed close to the claypan where Molly was born. A feeling of nostalgia brought tears to her eyes as memories of her childhood flashed before her. "You can get up now," said Molly. She was tired of sitting on the camel's back. "Alright," said Daisy eagerly. She didn't mind riding the rest of the way.

As they drew closer, nervous excitement was building up inside them. Both girls took in the familiar landscape of the red earth, the dry spinifex grass and grey green mulga trees. There was nothing to compare with the beauty of these plains that stretched out in all directions. They could see the black hills in the distance where their families hunted for girdi-girdis and murrandus. They were approaching the camp site now; the dogs were barking and people were shouting to each other and pointing in their direction. Some were sitting in the creek bed, wailing quietly. But all eyes were focused on the four weary travelers. Unbeknown to them, their Uncle Freddie had ridden on ahead to tell the old people that Molly and Daisy were returning home to them. The four travelers parted company on the banks of the Jigalong Creek, close to the mud-brick huts of the depot, and made their way to their homes. The girls walked slowly towards their mothers' camps where their family sat awaiting their arrival. The wailing began softly at first then grew louder as more people joined the group. The maintenance boss called out just before he disappeared behind the huts. "Come down to the store and get some rations, alright." "Yeah, alright," they replied shyly. But neither of the girls accepted that offer because at daybreak the next morning, their families moved

away from the depot and had no intention of returning until they were absolutely certain that the girls were safe from government officers and policemen.

Molly and Daisy did not relish the idea of being sent back to the Moore River Native Settlement. The trek had been no easy feat. It had taken the girls months to complete and nothing or nobody could take this moment of happiness and satisfaction from them. They had finally reached their destination and were reunited with their families. They had taken a great risk. Inmates absconding from the settlement were considered to be a serious problem. If they had been caught, the girls would have had their heads shaved or made to wear sacks and other more serious punishments. “We followed that fence, the rabbit-proof fence, all the way home from the settlement to Jigalong. Long way, alright. We stay in the bush hiding there for a long time,” remembers Molly, who is in her late seventies. When she was only fourteen years old she decided that she wanted to have a part in planning her own destiny. “Long way” sums up rather understatedly what was, without a doubt, one of the longest walks in the history of the Australian outback. While other parts of this vast country of ours have been crossed on horses or camels, these three girls did their exploring on their bare feet. An incredible achievement in anyone’s language. The vastness and the diversity of the Western Australian landscape would always be respected and appreciated by them— they trekked across it and conquered.

This historic trek had taken almost nine weeks. Several months later a small group of people were relaxing around a fire in the lounge room of a boarding house in the south-west town of Margaret River. They were listening with great interest while some young women were relating a tragic incident where three Aboriginal girls were either drowned in the raging floods or perished in the wilderness, but their bodies were never found. “Where did this happen?” asked a lady named Mrs. Mary Dunnet, who was holidaying with her sister— the proprietor of the boarding house. “At the Moore River Native Settlement near Mogumber north of Perth,” was the reply. The women recounting the story were employed as nurses there at the time the incident occurred. “Well, I am pleased to tell you that those girls didn’t drown, they returned home safe and sound to Jigalong and Wiluna,” said Mrs. Dunnet.

Glossary:

Aborigine – a member of the people who were the original people from Australia

Anguished - severe mental or physical pain

Assimilation - when a minority group adapts to the culture of the majority group and loses parts of its own culture in the process

Billycan – a metal can used for boiling water

Ceaseless - continual

Colonization - when one country sends a group of people to take political control of another place

Damper – flat bread

Dormitory – a room for several people to sleep in

Fence – a thing like a wall made of pieces of wood joined by wires

Goanna – a lizard

Half- caste – a person whose parents are from different races

Indigenous people - the first or earliest people living in a place

Mongrel – a dog mixture of different breeds

Pristine - perfect

Superintendent- an important government official

Tranquil – peaceful

Comprehension - I

Short Answer Questions:

1. At the beginning of the excerpt where are the three sisters living?
2. What did the white men bring when they landed in Australia?
3. What were the mixed-race children called by the Australians and the Natives?
4. Why were orders given about Molly, Gracie and Daisy?
5. Why did the Government build the fence?
6. Where does Molly want to go?
7. How did the three girls travel to Moore River Settlement? How did they feel when they got there?
8. Which of the three girls decide they must escape?
 - a. Molly
 - b. Gracie
 - c. Daisy
9. How soon after arriving does she decide to escape? How do the other two girls feel about escaping?
10. _____ were beaten and had all their hair cut off.
11. _____ always went after any runaways and caught them.
12. _____ had the idea of sleeping in a rabbit hole.

13. _____gave the girls a cooked kangaroo tail.
14. _____went to the farmhouse to ask for something to eat.
15. The woman at the farmhouse -----
 - a. shouts at them and tells them to go away
 - b. gives them food and some warm coats
 - c. Phones the Superintendent at the Moore River Settlement.
16. Molly carried the other two girls because_____
17. When they found the fence, they did not know that _____
18. Don Willocks gave the girls food, but later he---- 19. The girls never walked close to the fence because..... 20. _____never returned to Jigalong.
21. Ten years later, _____was sent to back to Moore River.
22. _____'s daughter Doris was left behind at Moore River.
23. _____and_____lived at Jigalong as old ladies.
24. Why did Doris feel the need to write about her mother's experiences?

Comprehension - II

Paragraph Answer Questions:

1. Who are the fathers of Molly, Gracie and Daisy? Where have they gone?
2. What three things do Aboriginal people need to ask Mr. Neville's permission to do?
3. What are some of the rules at Moore River that the children must follow?
4. Who is Modoo? Explain his character.
5. How is the Rabbit proof fence used as a symbol of both hope and division in the novella?
6. Neville's official title is 'Chief Protector', yet the children at Moore River call him 'Devil'. Why?

Comprehension - III

Analytical/Discussion Questions:

1. At the beginning of the novella, what are the girls called in relation to their race? What do you think of this term?
2. What did Neville believe would happen to 'mixed blood' and 'full blood' Aboriginal people once his plan was implemented? Explain.
3. Why do obituary writers think that the Australian government has never admitted its guilt?
4. What for you is the saddest and happiest thing in the novella of Molly and her two daughters, Doris and Gracie?

5. Molly says "I lost one. I lost one" in reference to Gracie. Explain.
6. Do you think the government has a responsibility to help them? Why or why not?
7. The importance of family and family relations is well presented in RabbitProof Fence. Elaborate.
8. The theme of racial segregation is central to the novella. Discuss.
9. Show the role that will- power plays in the novella.

About the Author:

Doris Pilkington Garimara AM (born Nugi Garimara; c. 1 July 1937 – 10 April 2014), also known as Doris Pilkington, was an Australian author. Pilkington was born at Balfour Downs Station, near the north Western Australian settlement of Jigalong. Her mother, Molly, named her Nugi Garimara, but she was called Doris after Molly's employer at the station, Mary Dunnet, who thought Nugi was "a stupid name". She wrote *Follow the Rabbit-Proof Fence* (1996), a story of three Aboriginal girls, among them Pilkington's mother, Molly Craig, who escaped from the Moore River Native Settlement in Western Australia and travelled 2,414 km (1,500 miles) for nine weeks to return to their family.

Pilkington Garimara died of ovarian cancer at age 76 on 10 April 2014 in Perth, Western Australia. **About the Text:**

The *Rabbit-Proof Fence* is an Australian book by Doris Pilkington, published in 1996. Based on a true story, the book is a personal account of an indigenous Australian family's experiences as members of the Stolen Generation – the forced removal of mixed-race children from their families during the early 20th century. It tells the story of three young Aboriginal girls: Molly (the author's mother), Daisy (Molly's half-sister), and Gracie (their cousin), who are forcibly removed from their families at Jigalong and taken to Moore River, but escape from the government settlement in 1931, and then trek over 1,600 kilometers (990 mi) home by following the rabbit-proof fence, a massive pest-exclusion fence which crossed Western Australia from north to south. This is the political background, the setting which must be comprehended before the story's full tragedy can be understood.

Three girls, Molly, Gracie and Daisy, are "half-caste" Aboriginal youngsters living together with their family of the Mardu people at Jigalong, Western Australia. One day a constable, a "Protector" in the sense of the Act, comes to take the three girls with him. They are placed in the Moore River Native Settlement north of Perth, some 1,600 kilometers away. Most children this was done to never saw their parents again. Thousands are still trying to find them.

Molly, her half-sister Daisy and their cousin Gracie are taken to Moore River for schooling to become more like a white person and to eventually be taken to a (more) rural part of Western Australia. The girls escaped from the Settlement and took the 1,600 km (990 mi) walk home along the rabbit-proof fence.

This may help you:

What is Colonialism?

Colonialism is the “control by one power over a dependent area or people.” It occurs when one nation subjugates another, conquering its population and exploiting it, often while forcing its own language and cultural values upon its people. By 1914, a large majority of the world's nations had been colonized by Europeans at some point.

British Colonisation of Australia:

The British Empire’s main objective in colonizing Australia was to serve the economic interests of the Crown. The accessibility of the Pacific waterways, the hospitality of the Indigenous inhabitants, the large availability of water and land resources, the possibility for early mining ventures, and the quick take-off of agro-economic activities encouraged the colonization of Australia. Furthermore, to deal with the social problems of increasing crime rates, congested prisons, heavy prison budgets, the British Empire began to ship its convicts to Australia.

Mardu/Martu People:

The Martu are the traditional owners of a large part of central Western Australia which extends from the Great Sandy Desert in the north to around Wiluna in the south. Across this country, Martu share a common law, culture and language. The Martu were some of the last of Australia’s Indigenous people to make contact with European Australians.

Old people have first-hand experience of traditional life and have extensive traditional ecological knowledge of their country. This provides an important and time limited opportunity to preserve and transfer this knowledge before they pass away. Like many Aboriginal people, Martu speak or understand numerous languages. For most Martu, even the children, English is a second language.

Jigalong is the most well-known of the communities having been established as a maintenance depot for the rabbit proof fence. It is the subject of this story about three children who walked back 2,400km from Moore River Native Settlement north of Perth.

The Stolen Generation:

The Stolen Generations (also known as Stolen Children) were the children of Australian Aboriginal and European descent who were removed from their families by the Australian federal and state government agencies and church missions, under acts of their respective parliaments. The removal of those referred to as "half-caste" children were conducted in the period between approximately 1905 and 1967. They were removed with the aim to integrate Aborigines into Anglo-European culture and institutions (both government and missionary) for half-caste children were established in the early decades of the 20th century to care and educate the mixed-race children taken from their families.

Language Component

1. Slogan Writing

A slogan is a catchy phrase or a few words arranged in a specific manner to represent a motto. It is a small set of words written to represent an event, campaign, product or company, topic. In general, the slogan is used in commercial, religious, political perspective to represent the repetitive expression of a purpose or an idea.

Tips to write Slogans:

- Keep it simple.
- Add humour if (and where) you can.
- Try to highlight the uniqueness of the idea/concept.
- Consider linking a proverb or a well-known expression.
- Don't Rush.

Worked out Examples-I

1: To stop the use of tobacco.

Answer: "Tobacco breaks hearts. Choose health, not tobacco"

2: To save wildlife.

Answer: Wildlife – A priceless treasure, save it with pleasure

3: To stop pollution.

Answer: Be A Part Of The Solution Not Part Of The Pollution.

4: To raise awareness on blood donation.

Answer: You are someone's type, so donate blood today.

Exercises:

Write slogans on the following topics:

1. To celebrate Gandhi Jayanthi.
2. To save our natural resources.
3. To stop child labour.
4. To advertise a historical monument.

Worked out Examples



Exercises: Write Slogans for the following Pictures



2. Giving Directions

Directions tell someone how to do something or in which order to do something. It is important to understand the purpose of the directions. It is also important to read ALL the directions before beginning something. For example, when you're in a country you don't know, you can easily get lost at some point, even if you have a map. So, it's useful to understand directions. It's also great to be able to give directions yourself to tourists or foreign colleagues.

Guidelines:

1. Be specific.
2. Make it a statement.
3. Give one direction at a time.
4. Give the direction in a neutral tone.
5. Be polite and respectful.
6. Choose your words carefully.
7. Provide carefully timed explanations.

While giving directions, you can use certain words, phrases, expressions, some of which are listed below:

At, up, around, past, along, up to, till, until, to, through, via, between, beyond, behind, before, under, near, beside, by, across, opposite, ahead, into, on, above, below, next, next, further, farther, distant

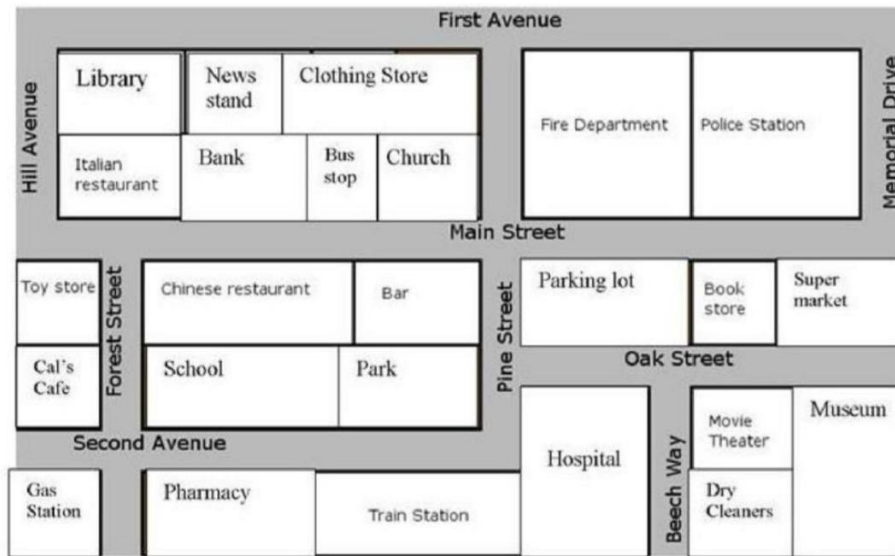
In front of, not far from, as far as, in the middle of, at the end of, go straight, turn left, turn right, take a U-turn, go back,

Take the first/second road on the left/it's on the left/right/around the corner, traffic lights, crossroads, junctions, turn back

EXERCISES:

Look at the following map and do as directed:

i)



● **YOU ARE HERE**

I) True or false

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 1) The school is next to the pharmacy | T | F |
| 2) The bar is on the corner of Main St and Pine St. | T | F |
| 3) The police station is next to the Fire Department | T | F |
| 4) The toy store is across from the Chinese Restaurant | T | F |
| 5) The pharmacy is between the trains station and the hospital | T | F |
| 6) The hospital is across from the parking lot | T | F |
| 7) The newsstand is between the library and the clothing store | T | F |
| 8) Cal's Cafe is on the corner of Hill Ave. and Main St. | T | F |
| 9) The movie theater is next to the dry cleaners | T | F |
| 10) The gas station is across from Cal's café. | | |

2) Give directions

A: Excuse me. Where's the supermarket?

You: The supermarket? Go _____ on _____ turn _____ on _____ it's _____ from the museum.

A: Thank you!

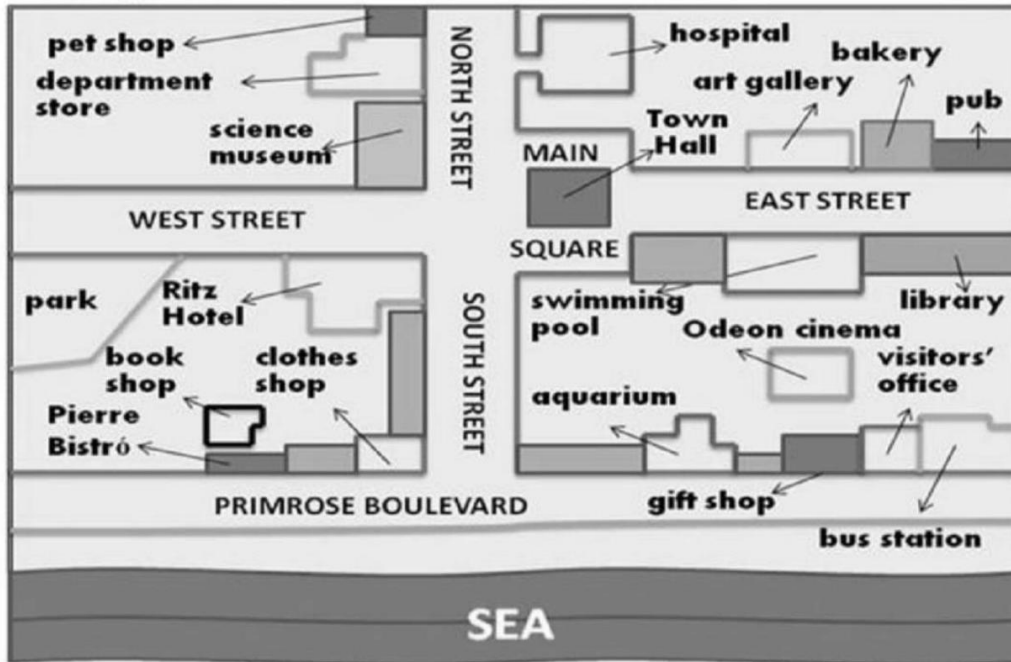
You: _____.

A: Excuse me. Where's the bank?

You: Go _____ on _____ turn _____ on _____ and turn _____ on _____ and again turn _____ on _____. The bank is _____ the Italian restaurant and the bus stop.

ii)

Where are you?



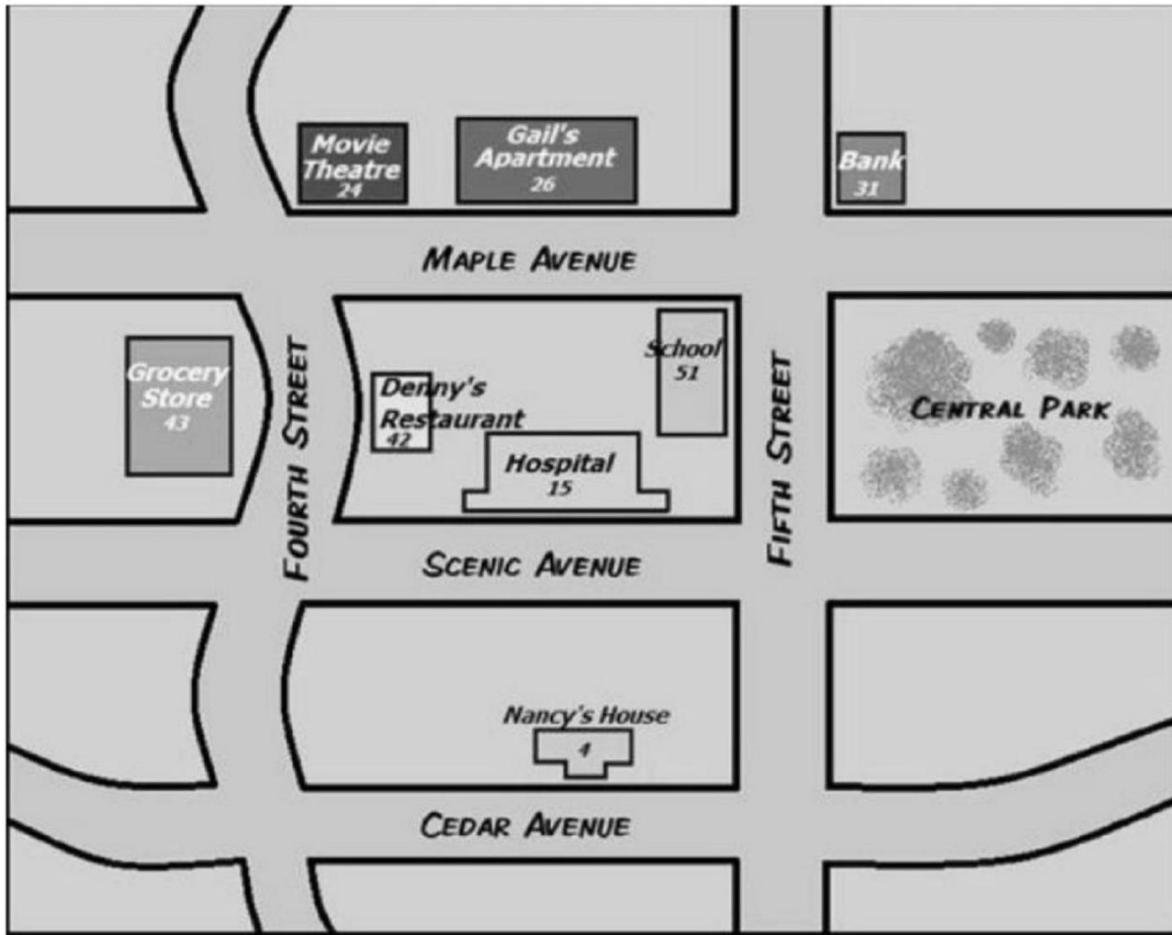
Look at the map and then complete the sentences using the right prepositions of place. They can be used more than once. Write more sentences using the map.

at ■ behind ■ between ■ in ■ in front of ■ in the centre of ■ next to ■ near ■ on ■ on the right / left of ■ opposite ■

1. Primrose Town is a small town on the coast.
2. The book shop is _____ Pierre's Bistró.
3. The Ritz Hotel is _____ the corner of _____ and _____.
4. The bakery is _____ the pub and the art gallery.
5. The hospital is _____ the department store.
6. The gift shop is _____ the left of the visitor's centre.
7. The swimming pool is _____ the Odeon cinema.

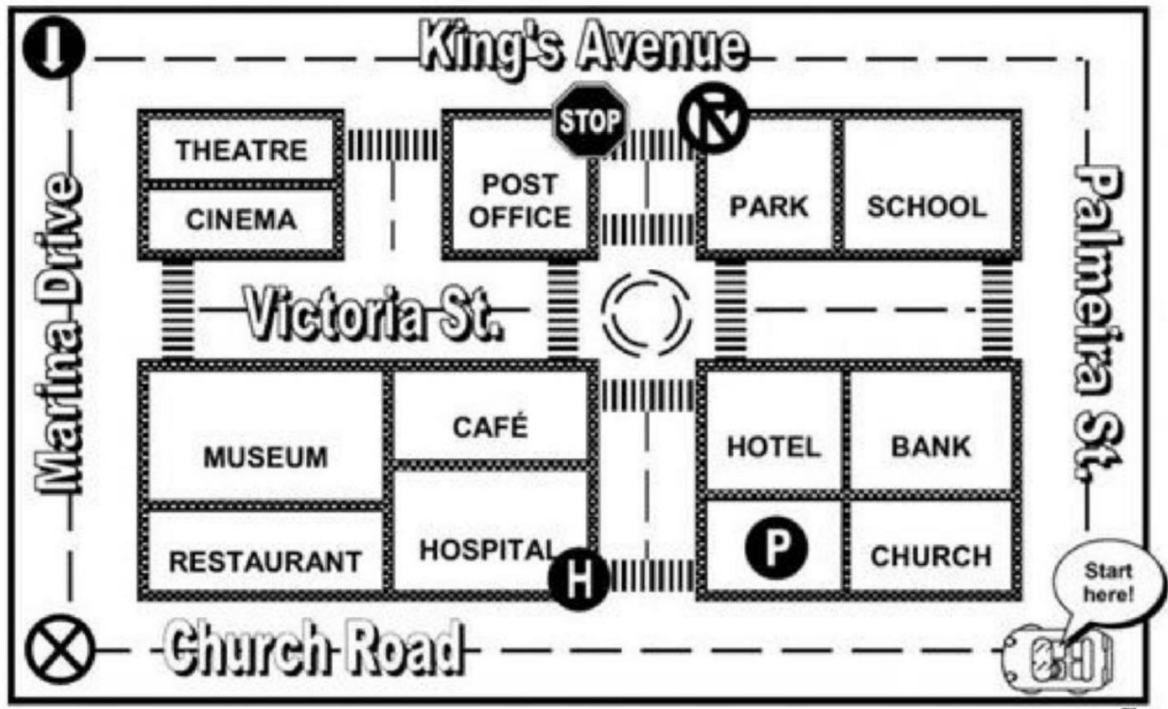
8. The town hall is _____ Main Square.
9. There is a clothes shop _____ Primrose Boulevard.
10. The library is _____ the swimming pool.
11. The Odeon cinema is _____ the gift shop.
12. The pet shop is _____ the end of North Street.
13. The bus station is _____ the Visitor's Office.
14. The pub is _____ the library and _____ the bakery.

iii)



1. Gail's apartment is _____ Maple Avenue, _____ Central Park.
2. Denny's Restaurant is _____ 42 Fourth Street, _____ Maple Avenue and Scenic Avenue.
3. Gail lives _____ an apartment.
4. The grocery store is _____ the movie theatre.
5. The bank is _____ 31 Fifth Street, _____ the park.
6. Nancy works _____ home.
7. The hospital is _____ Scenic Avenue, _____ the school.
8. The school is _____ Fifth Street, _____ the park.
9. Denny's Restaurant is _____ the hospital.
10. The grocery store is _____ Denny's Restaurant.

iv)



A. Look at the map, follow the directions and write the answers.

1. Go straight ahead, past the hospital, and then turn right. Go along Marina Drive and turn right into King's Avenue. Take the second turning on the right. Cross the street. You are in front of the _____.
2. Go up Palmeira Street and take the first turning on the left. Go past the post office and turn right. Don't cross the street. Are you at the post office, opposite it or at the school? _____
3. Go straight ahead. Take the first turning on the right. Go along this street and turn left. Stop! What's on your left? _____
4. Go straight ahead. Take the first turning on the right and then right again. Cross the street and get into the park. Turn right and walk across the park. Where are you? _____
5. Go down Church Road and turn right into Marina Drive. Go around the corner and stop. What's on your right? _____
6. Go up Palmeira Street and turn left into King's Avenue. Take the first turning on the right and go straight ahead, past the café. The _____ is on the left, opposite the hospital.

B. Complete the conversations using the words in the box.

on straight past left next to
 turn behind up in front of right
 opposite (2) left near

1. 'Excuse me! Could you tell me the way to the cinema?'
 'Yes, certainly. Go _____ ahead until the end of this street, and then turn _____. Go _____ the restaurant and the museum and _____ right into Victoria Street. The cinema is _____ the museum, _____ the theatre.'
 'Thank you so much!'
 'You're welcome!'
2. 'Excuse me! Is there a bank _____ here?'
 'Yes, there is one _____ the church, _____ Victoria Street.'
 'Could you tell me how to get there?'
 'Yes, of course. Go _____ Palmeira Street and turn _____ at the corner. You'll get _____ the school. Cross the street. The bank is _____ the school.'
 'Thanks a lot!'
 'No problem.'

3. Story Outline

Story writing is an art. It is the oldest form of written composition. It is a work of imagination that is written in easily understandable grammatical structure. A short story is meant to be read in a single sitting and therefore it should be as direct and brief as possible.

To write a good story the writer needs to have a clear plot in his mind. The events need to be arranged in a sequential manner. There should be some interesting twists and surprise elements in the story in order to make it interesting.

Key Elements of a Short Story:

A short story has five key elements:

1. *Characters*: A short story has a few characters.
2. *Setting*: Time frame and place constitute setting of short stories.
3. *Plot*: As simple and as interesting as possible.
4. *Conflict* It is the struggle between two sides of the theme of the story. Conflict can be between characters, emotions, beliefs or thoughts. It gives life to short stories.
5. *Theme*: The central idea or the main belief of the story is the theme. The story should be developed on the provided outline/theme.

Worked Out Example – 1

An old lady becomes blind calls in a doctor agrees to pay large fees if cured doctor comes daily Starts stealing one piece of furniture daily delays the cure.....at last cures her demands his feeslady refuses to pay, saying cure is not complete..... doctor objects lady says sight not restored as she cannot see all her furniture

Title: The Missing Furniture

There was once an old lady. She meets with an accident and loses her eyesight. She becomes very upset and calls in the most qualified surgeon in town to treat her. She promises to pay a large amount of fees to the surgeon if he is able to restore her eyesight. The surgeon visits the old lady every day and gives her

some medicines. He takes advantage of the fact that she is blind and can't see anything. He starts stealing pieces of expensive furniture from the house.

He takes away one piece every day. For this purpose he delays the cure. When he takes away all the furniture from the house, he restores the eyesight of the lady. When he asks for the fees, the old lady refuses to pay him. She says that her eyesight is not yet fully restored. The surgeon disagrees. The lady plainly replies that she is not able to see the furniture in the house, which means that her eyesight has not been restored. The doctor feels ashamed and quietly leaves the house.

Worked out Example - 2

God's promise to a disciple to visit her..... disciple cleans her house and waits for God..... poor old lady knocks her door.....disciple doesn't help her tells her not to waste her timenext, beggar comes at her door step she doesn't entertain him either Finally a child knocks her door.....she sends him away too dreams of God that night.....God tells him that he had come thrice at her door step, but she didn't bother. lady disappointed

Title: God Coming Home

God promised a devoted disciple that he would visit her that day. She felt very happy. She started cleaning her house. She mopped, cleaned, polished and scrubbed every nook and corner of the house. Then she sat and waited for God desperately. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. She was very excited to see God standing at her doorstep. When she opened the door, she found a poor hungry old lady asking for alms. She points blank refused to talk to her saying, "Go away, don't waste my time. I am waiting for someone special. I am waiting for God." The old, helpless lady left, disappointed.

After some time there was another knock at the door. She opened the door thinking that this time it has got to be God at her door step. To her utter dismay, when she opened the door she saw a beggar standing there. He was looking tired, helpless and hungry. He asked for something to eat. "Don't waste my time, you old beggar. "The woman replied." Can't you see I am expecting to see God any moment now. Go away and come back another day." She slammed the door at his face. The beggar turned back with tears in his eyes.

There was a third knock at the door. The woman ran to open the door to welcome God. To her surprise, she saw a hungry child standing outside. He was crying and his clothes were torn. The woman lost her temper and scolded the child for ringing her doorbell unnecessarily. Again, she slammed the door angrily. As

evening approached, there was no sign of God. She went to bed with a heavy heart. God came in her dream and said “I knocked at your door three times and every time you slammed the door at my face.” The woman was shocked to hear this and repented her behaviour.

Worked Out Example 3

A rich man had many servants..... purse with lot of money is stolen from rich man’s drawer..... rich man files a complaint in the police station all the servants called stick of same length given to each servants said that stick of the thief will grow by one inch overnight the thief cuts his stick by one inch he is easily caught the next day.

Title: Mystery of the Stolen Purse

There was a rich man who has many servants to serve him. One day he realises that his purse is missing from his drawer. The rich man is shocked as there are? 10000, in the purse. He decides to file a complaint in the local police station. The chief of police writes the complaint and decides to solve the matter himself. He calls all the servants of the house and gives a stick to each one of them. All the sticks are of equal size. He further tells them that the stick of the thief would grow longer by one inch, overnight. He calls all the servants to the police station along with their sticks, the next day.

The servants go back home and sleep peacefully. The one who had stolen the purse, spends a sleepless night. He is worried about his stick growing longer by one inch. He keeps measuring the stick from time to time. At last, in the small hours of the morning, he cuts his stick by one inch, as he is scared of being caught. The next day as all the servants reach the police station with the sticks, the chief inspects the sticks. He finds the stick of the servant who had stolen the purse, shorter by one inch. He immediately cuffs him up and puts him behind bars. He recovers the purse and returns it to the rich man.

Worked Out Example - 4

Apple tree in a house..... small boy plays around it..... tree becomes fond of the boy..... boy grows up.....has no time to play with the tree tree feels sad boy comes back after many years asks tree to give him money for toys.....tree asks boy to pick apples and sell them boy is happy and goes.....doesn’t return for many years..... tree feels sad..... after few years comes again and asksfor

house to live intree tells him to cut wood from its branches and make a house boy takes wood and again doesn't return for a few years after many years comes back and asks for a place to rest tree offers its roots as a resting place tree compared to parents parents always ready to give..... selfish children always ready to take moral.

Title: The Apple Tree

Once there was a huge apple tree in the front yard of a house. A small boy lived in that house who loved to play around the apple tree. He would spend hours climbing the tree and running around it. He climbed to the tree top, plucked and ate the apples and even took a nap in the shadow of the tree. He grew fond of the tree and so the tree loved him. Time went by, the little boy grew up.

He no longer had time to play around the tree. One day, the boy came to the tree, but he looked sad. The tree asked the boy, "Why don't you come and play with me? I miss you a lot." "I am no longer a kid, I do not play around trees anymore." The boy continued "I need money to buy toys." "Sorry, but I do not have any money. You can pick all my apples and sell them. That way you will have enough money to buy toys." The tree suggested.

The boy happily picked all the apples from the tree and went away. He did not come back for many years. The tree was sad.

After many years, the boy who had grown into a man returned. The tree was excited. "Come and play with me," the man said.

"I do not have time to play. I have to work for my family. We need a house for shelter. Can you help me?" The boy asked. "Sorry, but I do not have any house. But you can chop off my branches to build your house." So the man cut all the branches of the tree and left happily. The tree was glad to see him happy. The man didn't come back for many years. The tree was again lonely and sad. One hot summer day, the man returned. "Sorry, my boy, but I do not have anything for you anymore. No more apples for you." The tree said. "No problem, I do not have any teeth to bite," The man replied. "The only thing left are my dying roots." The tree said with tears. "I do not need much now, just a place to rest. I am tired after all these years." The man replied. "Old tree roots are the best place to lean on and rest." The man sat down and the tree was glad and smiled with tears.

This story is of everyone. The tree is like our parent. When we were young we loved to play with our mum and dad. When we grow up, we leave them and go. We come to them only when we need something or when we are in trouble. No

matter what, parents will always be there and give everything they can, to their children, just to make them happy.

Exercises:

Given below is an outline of the story given in the form of phrases. Fill in the blanks to create the complete story and give a suitable title.

1. Son falls into bad company..... disobeys his parentsloses interest in studies father decides to bring the son back to the right path gives him a few applesplaces a rotten apple among the good ones after a few days the good apples also become rotten son understands that one rotten apple spoils all the apples tries to mend his ways.....gets transformed.....
2. Lived a noble and generous man..... all his slaves adored him the Devil was vexed..... he got one of the slaves Aleb on his side..... was to incite others against the master master was showing rams and eves to his guests..... special praise for a ram..... priceless Aleb played mischief..... seized the left leg of the ram and snapped before the master..... The Devil was happy at Aleb's conspiracy..... The master looked heaven wards..... "O Aleb, Aleb! Your master bade you anger me; but my master is stronger than yours. I am not angry with you." The Devil grinding his teeth fell down from the tree.
3. Lazy king liked to eat and sleep all the time became inactive doctor called to cure himminister of king meets a holy man sadhu offers to cure the king calls the king to his hut on foot king does as he is told walks all the way to the hut..... starts sweating Sadhu gives iron ball to the king and asks him to do exercise with it every day..... king does as he is told.....loses weight gets cured
4. Salt merchanthad a donkey who carried heavy loads of salt on its back donkey had to cross a stream to transport the salt to other villages once the donkey slipped in water

salt dissolved in water load became lighter. donkey
felt happyrepeats the process of falling in water every day to
lessen the burden.....merchants suspects the donkey's evil
intentions plans to teach it a lesson..... loads cotton on
donkey's back as donkey falls in water cotton becomes
heavy donkey repents his actions

Question Paper Pattern

IV Semester CBCS (Freshers)

Additional English

B.A/B.COM/ BBA/BCA/B.SC(FAD)

Time: 3 hours

Marks: 70

Section – A

(Prose and Poetry)

- I. Answer any five out of seven questions in one or two sentences each. (2x5=10 marks)
- II. Answer any three out of six questions in a paragraph each. (3x5=15 marks)
- III. Answer any one of the following in about two pages. (1x10 =10marks)

Section – B

(Novella)

- IV Answer any one of the following in a paragraph. (1x5=5 marks)
- V Answer any one of the following in about two pages. (1x10=10 marks)

Section – C

(Language Component)

- V. Slogan writing (2.5 x 2 = 5 marks)
- VI. Giving Directions (1 x 5 = 5 marks)
- VII. Story Outline (1 x 10 = 10 marks)

Model Question Paper

IV semester CBCS (Freshers)

Additional English

B.A/B.COM/BBA/BCA/B.SC (FAD)

Time: 3 hours

Marks: 70

Section – A

I. Answer any **FIVE** of the following in **ONE OR TWO** sentences each.

(2 x 5 = 10)

1. What according to Amazon Indians are the consequences of assimilation?
2. Who are the “guardians” and “keepers” in the poem “The Earth is Our Friend”?
3. How do the Sun and the Moon play the roles of the parents according to Yasus Afari.
4. Which feeling is missing when the speaker says “glad to meet you” in “Once Upon a Time”?
5. How long does the speaker want to stay away from home in the poem “A Day Off”?
6. Why does Laura want to stop the party? Is she successful?
7. Why did Laura wish to befriend the workmen? Why couldn't she do it?

II. Answer any **THREE** out of the following in a paragraph each.

(3 x 5 = 15)

1. Bring out the greed of the civilized people as described in the essay “The Lost Tribes of Amazon”.
2. Human beings are dependent on Earth. Explain this with reference to the poem “The Earth is Our Friend”.
3. Why does the speaker want to revisit his childhood in the poem “Once Upon a Time”?
4. How does the beauty of nature create a pleasant impression in the mind of the poet in the poem “A Day Off”?
5. Contrast Laura with the other members of her family in “The Garden Party”.
6. In the “The Garden Party” explain Laura’s attitude towards the dead man when she sees him.

III. Answer any **ONE** of the following in about two pages.

(1x10 = 10)

1. How do people put up different faces according to different situations? What is the speaker’s opinion on this in the poem “Once Upon a Time”?
2. Bring out the tragic history of the Nukak tribes as highlighted by Franco.
3. How would you characterize the character of Laura from Katherine Mansfield’s “The Garden Party”?

Section – B
(NOVELLA)

IV. Answer any ONE of the following in a paragraph. (1x5 = 5)

1. What happened to Gracie?
2. Discuss the character of Modoo? Does he want to catch the girls?
3. Describe the character of Molly.
4. What was life like at Moore River?

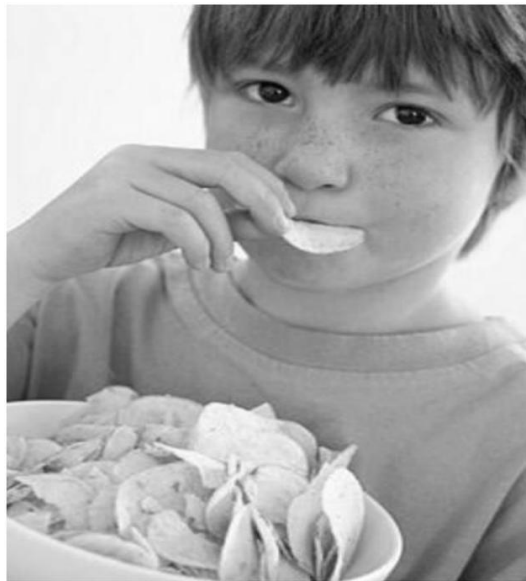
V. Answer any ONE of the following in about two pages. (1x10 = 10)

1. Show the role that willpower plays in Pilkington's "The Rabbit Proof Fence".
2. Molly says "I lost one, I lost one" with reference to Gracie. Explain.
3. The theme of social segregation is central in the novella "The Rabbit Proof Fence". Illustrate.

Section – C

VI. Write a slogan for the following picture: (2.5 x 2 = 5)

a) 2.5

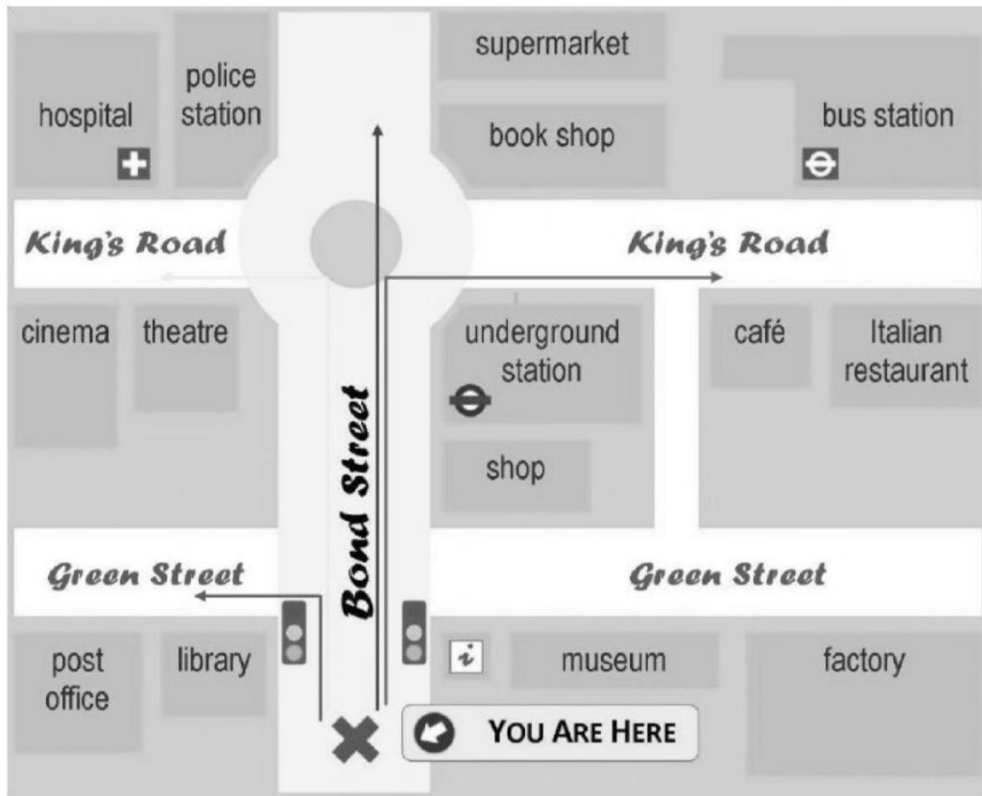


b) Write a slogan on:

2.5

To segregate wet waste and dry waste.

VII. Look at the following map and do as directed.



Fill in the blanks:
Marks)

(1 x 3 = 3

1. How do I get to the café?

Go straight along _____ Street. Turn _____ at King's Road and go straight on.
The café is _____ the Italian restaurant.

Say True or False:

(1 x 2 = 2 Marks)

1. The post office is next to the library.
2. The police station is opposite to the factory.

VIII. Write a story based on the given outline with a title.

(1 x 10 = 10 Marks)

Children found a thing shaped like a grain..... a traveller bought it from the children..... sold to the king..... asked wisemen..... it was a grain..... when and how was it grown? asked the king..... an old farmer was called..... he was on two crutches..... weak and deaf..... told he never sowed or reaped anything like that old farmer's father was called..... he walked with one crutch..... told the same thing.the grandfather of

the old farmer was called..... he was healthy, walked freely..... could hear clearly..... told they sowed and reaped such grains... the king asked why his old grandson and son were so weak, miserable and unhealthy..... the grand old man replied in his old times all land was free..... there was no money..... men lived on their own labour..... in his grandson's and son's time men started grabbing others' land..... depended on others' labour didn't live according to God's law and were miserable.