

Djarmpi

The Different Kookaburra



Amamoo

Lai

Vivas

Taduran

Visionaries:

Positive Partnerships contracted Inception Strategies to develop an Indigenous children's storybook about Autism.

Workshops:

The workshops to develop the script were held with Aboriginal people in Shepparton, Victoria.

Production:

Damian:	Workshops, Script, Creative Supervision
Rachel:	Project Manager
Mereseini:	Workshop Notes, Script
Tim:	Pencils and Inks
Mark and Mark :	Colours
Jaymes:	Letters
Rachel, Diane, Jax:	Editing
Erik, Liz, Elsie:	Proofing
Lesley:	Pre-press

Thanks:

Lee Casuscelli and Karen Jones from Positive Partnerships. Anne and the team from Rumbalara Aboriginal Cooperative.



We hope parents and their children enjoy reading about Djarmbi and his family.

Damian Amamoo, CEO, Inception Strategies

www.inceptionstrategies.com



The Positive Partnerships initiative is funded by the Australian Government Department of Education and Training through the Helping Children with Autism package. The views expressed in this publication do not necessarily represent the views of the Australian Government or the Department of Education and Training.

ISBN 9780-99254-6021



#KOOKABURRAS

**WITJUTI GRUB

The Jones family kooka's* are havin' brekky by the creek. Mum Jacinta's feedin' Djarmbi with a bardi** from her beak. Dad Bruce and daughter Pretty are tuckin' right into their worms. While brother Reuben accuses mum of puttin' Djarmbi before him. 'Reuben won't you learn?' says Mum, 'you know Djarmbi's very fussy. We have to give him the bardi's this way or he could get very testy!'



© RUMBA LARA

The Joneses went to footy and watched Reuben kick a goal. Bruce and Jacinta cheered like it was the Rumba* team of old. All the cheering hurt Djarmbi's ears and made him feel distressed. It changed his mood, his happy smile and the superhero cape. Then sister Pretty took pity on Djarmbi's aching head of woe. And she lent her pinky headphones to him which made the throbbing go.



Jacinta laid four baby eggs in a lovely soft warm nest. She's also packed her bags to holiday in Gold Coast with her friends.

Bruce is going out hunting to Kaiela* with his mates. 'Pretty, you keep an eye on Djambi so he doesn't stay up too late.'

Reuben says, 'But dad don't the eggs have to be kept warm?' 'Yes, Reuben they do, so you'll need to sit on them till the morn!'



Dadda Bruce has returned back home with four big **Bogong Moths** for dinner. And Reuben's eye's pop wide, with 'Oh my gosh Dad you're a winner!'

Pretty too, thinks Bogong's are yummy like pudding on Christmas day. But Djarmbi thinks they're yukky, furry monsters from far away.

Bruce says, 'Djarmbi now don't spit the dummy on Bogong's before you try em.' Moth's can taste average until you spend a packet on buyin' em!'



Pop Ganka and Djarmbi practice their didgeridoos at Moira Lakes. Djarmbi's circular breathing makes the bubbles rise like a snake. Hurtle the Turtle loves the sound of the didge's musical rhyme. So he's whackin' his flippers together like the clap-sticks of old times. And Mad Murray the Cod had risen up like a ghost comin' from the deep. He's singin' along to Djarmbi's didge like a band member from up the street.



Now the eggs just hatched four little chicks with cracked shells on their heads. Then Reuben, Pretty, Pop and Aunty sang and smiled them off to bed.

Djarmbi's in the corner again but this time he's turned around. To see his little sisters squawk so cutely without a sound.

Djarmbi loves them dearly but he finds it difficult to show, his feelings and emotions rising up from down below.



Jacinta's relaxing on a Gold Coast beach, with a cool drink in her hand. Her girlfriends lying beside her are drifting in dreamy sleep on sand. Bruce calls up 'Dear Jacinta, my darling wife, I hope you're free? You're not gonna believe this, but today our babies hatched at three!' 'Hatched!' Jacinta cried. 'It's impossible they've arrived so early!?' But I mustn't dilly dally. I'll fly back with the girlies!



It was Reuben's turn to mind the chicks but he skipped out for footy practice. And Pretty joined her girlfriends to apply mascara with praying mantis!

Dadda Bruce had gone out hunting again to feed his growing tribe. Leaving Djarmbi to stand guard by his little sisters' sides.

Lucky! Djarmbi had a sense of smell like the chefs from Italy. Because he smelled somethin' really rotten, rising right up his gumtree.



Djarmbi free-fell down the tree towards Stan's scaly face. And Stan the goanna wondered how he could survive this flying ace? Djarmbi hazarded upon an idea, a terror for the moment. A shock to dislodge the goanna's gangly grip on his tree-home and **SQUAARK!** Djarmbi bellowed, like a thunder from on high. And Stan fell off like he'd been struck by lightning from the sky.



Down Stan fell, like lead into the ground. His head drove down into the earth like a stake without a sound.

Djarmbi touched Stan on the tummy, to see if he was breathing? And then suddenly Stan flipped back up on his feet and he was sneezing.

AACHOO! Stan sneezed. 'My bose* is full of dust. I'm outta here right now, I'll keep runnin' till I'm bust!'



Mum says 'Djambi, you hero! You've squeaked and squawked and dived. I heard you fell on that goanna like an angry wasp from a hive!' Bruce says 'Son, I can't thank you enough for saving my little chicklings. I shudder to think of what could have happened without your fancy squeal thing!' 'It's alright Mum and Dad, I'd do it again to protect my sisters. And Stan better stay right away or else next time I'll fix him!'



It was a splendid day to watch the footy and Reuben kicked a goal. The Rumba fans and Reuben's family cheered hard against the cold.

Mum and Dad went up again and jumped right out of their seats. While Pretty, in her pink headphones just smiled along to beats.

And Djarmbi's on the bonnet with blue headphones from Mum and Dad. A thank you for saving the little chicks, the best Saturday he'd ever had!



We would like to thank the following talented people for their assistance in developing the storyline:
Lyn Thorpe, Teena Knight, Cheryl Bourke, Tracy Barker, Tania L Miller, Jacinta Ladgrove, Nicole Morris, Amanda Maher and Tom Baksh.



ISBN 9780992546021



9 780992 546021