English Stage 5 (Year 9) – core texts booklet

Poetic purpose

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* Right click on the table and select ‘Update table of contents’ (in the browser version) or ‘Update field’ (in the desktop app). In the browser version, it will automatically update the entire table.
* In the desktop app, you will then need to select ‘Update entire table’. Your table numbers should then update to reflect your changes.

# About this resource

## Purpose of this resource

This core texts booklet has been developed to assist teachers in NSW Department of Education schools to create and deliver teaching and learning programs and assessment that align with the [English K–10 Syllabus](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview) (NESA 2022).

## Target audience

This core texts booklet is created as a teacher resource. It provides the full version of core texts or the full excerpts that are licenced and explored in the Year 9 ‘**Poetic purpose’ program.** It has been designed for use by teachers in connection to Year 9 resources designed by the English curriculum team for the NSW [English K–10 Syllabus](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview) (NESA 2022). Links contained within this resource were correct as of 17 October 2023.

## When and how to use

The core texts provided can be used as a basis for the teacher’s own programming and, assessment processes. It can also be used as an example of how the [English K–10 Syllabus](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview) (NESA 2022) can be implemented, specifically the text requirements for Stage 5. Additionally, the annotations provided in this resource are aligned with [National Literacy Learning Progression (V3)](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/). Teachers can use this resource to consider how the texts selected for study challenge and support all learners and meet syllabus requirements.

The following is an outline of some of the ways this program can be used. Teachers can:

* use the core texts booklet as a model and make modifications reflective of contextual needs
* examine the core texts booklet during faculty meetings or planning days to collaborate regarding programming and text choices
* examine the core texts booklet during faculty meetings or planning days and collaboratively plan opportunities for team teaching, collaborative resource development, mentoring, lesson observation and the sharing of student samples
* use the core texts booklet as a model for appropriate text selection using the [National Literacy Learning Progression (V3)](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/) to guide this process.

This resource aligns with the completed [Stage 5 scope and sequence](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/curriculum/english/planning-programming-and-assessing-english-7-10). This ensures all syllabus requirements are met across the stage.

Before using this resource, teachers are encouraged to investigate [8 Aboriginal Ways of Learning](https://www.8ways.online/), explore the ways other school communities have adapted these pedagogies for their unique learning communities. It is important schools create their own community links by connecting with and consulting local Aboriginal communities about the learning pedagogies of the land on which they teach and learn. This is outlined in [The Partnership Agreement with the NSW Aboriginal Education Consultative Group Inc](https://education.nsw.gov.au/teaching-and-learning/aec/aboriginal-education-consultative-group-partnership-agreement).

In this way, teachers can take responsibility for ensuring a cultural exchange, avoid cultural appropriation and make their students aware of the importance of seeking permissions, following cultural protocols and connecting with community. The [Map of Indigenous Australia](https://aiatsis.gov.au/explore/map-indigenous-australia) is a useful resource for teachers wishing to explore this process with students.

## Texts and resources

A succinct overview of the texts required for the teaching and learning program is outlined in the table below. This brief overview provides the name and details of each text, the syllabus requirement being addressed and points of note.

Table – texts selected and their alignment to the text requirements

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Text | Text requirement | Annotation and overview |
| Langton M (2019) Welcome to Country, Hardie Grant Publishing, Australia | This text is a moderately complex text as per the [NLLP (V3)](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/). It is a non-fiction, informative text which uses subheadings to separate information. Some prior or cultural knowledge is required to understand the content. The selected extracts help to meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022:~:text=requirements%20K%E2%80%9310-,Text%20requirements,-Engaging%20with%20texts) as students are required to explore texts which give them experiences of a range of fiction and non-fiction texts that are widely regarded as quality literature and a range of texts by Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander authors. | The extracts selected from this text provide students with information about the historical and cultural role of storytelling, music and poetry in Aboriginal communities. Engaging with this text will help to build an awareness of Aboriginal cultural traditions. This will support students in their engagement with the poetry they will encounter within this teaching and learning program. |
| Clayton I (1988) ‘The Black Rat’, in Gilbert K (ed) *Black Australia: an Anthology of Aboriginal Poetry*, Penguin, Ringwood Victoria. | This poem is a complex text as per the NLLP (V3) due to its vocabulary, structure and content. **EN5-RVL-01** requires students to interpret complex texts. The poem helps meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022:~:text=requirements%20K%E2%80%9310-,Text%20requirements,-Engaging%20with%20texts) as students are required to engage meaningfully with poetry. It also gives students experiences of a text written by an Aboriginal author. | The poem is written in the ballad form and has subverted some of the conventions of this form. The poet is the daughter of the unnamed persona in the poem. Iris Clayton has used the ballad form to explore her father’s experience as a veteran of war and his Aboriginal identity.Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander readers are advised that the poem contains reference to people who have died. |
| Cobby Eckermann A (2017) ‘Circles and Squares’, Little Bit Long Time, Ginninderra Press, Australia. | This poem is a moderately complex text as per the National Literacy Learning Progression (NLLP) (V3) due to its use of language, structure and content. The poem helps meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022:~:text=requirements%20K%E2%80%9310-,Text%20requirements,-Engaging%20with%20texts) as students are required to engage meaningfully with poetry. It also gives students experiences of a text by an Aboriginal author which explores cultural, social and gender perspectives. | The poem explores how identity and connection to culture are forever complicated by consequences of past injustices. It explores the navigation of a ‘split’ identity, an individual trying to exist in 2 worlds and feeling that they will never wholly belong to either one. It underpins the resilience of culture, the desire to heal and strong pull of reconnection to roots.Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander readers are advised that the poem contains reference to people who have died. |
| Hartley J (2018) ‘I Remember’, in Heiss A (ed) *Growing Up Aboriginal in Australia*, Black Inc Books, Australia | This poem is a highly complex text as per the [NLLP (V3)](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/) due to its hybrid form, length and content. **EN5-RVL-01** requires students to interpret complex texts. The poem helps meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022:~:text=requirements%20K%E2%80%9310-,Text%20requirements,-Engaging%20with%20texts) as students are required to engage meaningfully with poetry. It also gives students experiences of a text by an Aboriginal author which explores cultural, social and gender perspectives. | The poem is a spoken word text initially written for and delivered at a men’s talking circle. Its hybrid form contains elements of prose and verse to share a collection of memories. These memories reflect Hartley’s personal, cultural and political contexts.Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander readers are advised that the poem contains reference to people who have died. |
| Money J (2021) ‘GUDYI’, *h*ow to make a basket, University of Queensland Press, Australia. | This poem is a complex text as per the NLLP (V3) due to its extensive descriptive detail and inferred meaning. **EN5-RVL-01** requires students to interpret complex texts. The poem helps meet the [Text requirements for English 7–10](https://curriculum.nsw.edu.au/learning-areas/english/english-k-10-2022/overview#course-requirements-k-10-english_k_10_2022:~:text=requirements%20K%E2%80%9310-,Text%20requirements,-Engaging%20with%20texts) as students are required to engage meaningfully with poetry. It also gives students experiences of a text by an Aboriginal author which explores cultural, social and gender perspectives. | The poem is written from the perspective of a Wiradjuri woman and explores the meaningful connection to land and Country experienced by Aboriginal people. Money’s ‘song’ explores the beauty of Wiradjuri country and its strength and resistance to interference by colonialisation. Money creates effective sensory imagery to celebrate this deep connection with country. |

# Core texts

## Extracts from *Welcome to Country* by Marcia Langton

**Teacher note**: this core text is used in phase 2 of **Poetic purpose phases 1, 2 and 6 teaching and learning program**.

**From Chapter 3 ‘Language’**

**p 30**

More than 600 distinct language dialects and at least 250 languages were spoken across the continent before colonisation. Many of these languages were completely different from one another, and the majority of people spoke more than one language.

There is a strong cultural association between language and land. This means that when the Indigenous people lost their land, in many cases they also lost their language. Australia is one of the world’s hotspots for language loss. Many Indigenous languages are no longer spoken; for some languages only a few words are remembered. Since colonisation, governments and organisations, such as the churches that ran the missions, banned or discouraged Indigenous people from speaking their languages. So, it is remarkable that 120 of those languages are still spoken.

Aboriginal languages strengthen the connections people have with their land, their culture and their identity. This is one of the reasons why it is important to preserve, record and learn them.

**From Chapter 7 ‘Performance’**

**p 110**

### Music, storytelling and cultural change

Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander performers are committed to keeping alive the traditional styles of music, dance and storytelling, and to creating new forms of performance. The peoples whose traditions were all but destroyed by colonisation and assimilation see the traditional forms of dance, singing and music as a precious legacy inherited from their ancestors.

The terrible history of oppression has not stopped the flow of cultural energy and creativity. Events, ceremonies and festivals featuring Indigenous performance styles are held all around Australia. Storytelling through performance is a distinctive part of our First peoples culture. Many Indigenous performers work to maintain and revitalise our culture, offering our young people the opportunity to learn our stories, identify with their traditions and develop their identities and self-respect. Bringing the sacred past and ancestral events to life through performance lies at the heart of our cultures.

**From Chapter 8 ‘Storytelling’**

**p 111**

Storytelling is the original classroom. Through storytelling, history, beliefs and knowledge about people, places and the world are relayed to each new generation. Storytelling is also entertainment, bringing people together to laugh about life, adventures, love, travelling and mishaps. When the best storytellers are in charge, humour and tragedy bring stories to life. Stories can be told through art, song and dance. A traditional Indigenous performance often combines theatre and storytelling.

For people on the verge of extinction in the early twentieth century, due to the frontier wars and introduced diseases, the Indigenous people have shown great resilience. Many of them are cultural warriors who paint, sing, write and tell stories. This is a testament to the power of our culture. Storytelling continues in the same form as before European contact (e.g. oral history), as well as introduced forms (e.g. literature). Our storytellers can be heard at Indigenous festivals and writers’ festivals around the country.

Many collectors of Aboriginal stories are surprised at how little the traditional stories have changed over the generations. There are stories that tell of the rising of the oceans around 7000 years ago, erupting volcanoes 30,000 years ago, and the very different climate, landscapes and animals of the long distant past.

Aboriginal poets, playwrights, script writers and authors of novels, histories and memoirs continue the tradition of storytelling that has preserved the history and myths of our people for thousands of years. Their works have won national and international awards and hold a highly respected place in Australian literature.

### Storytelling is culture

**p 126**

There are Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander storytellers working across most genres and formats. They are continuing ancient traditions of sharing culture, knowledge, ideas, wisdom and understanding about people and our world, and above all, entertaining audiences. Now our creators have access to global publication and the broadcast potential of film, television and, increasingly, the worldwide web.

As Indigenous storytelling adapted to new ways of communicating in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, the positive reception to this creative outpouring has been encouraging. Best of all, our most accomplished storytellers keep our cultures alive and make a living from their talents. Our children and youth, indeed all children and youth, have a right to hear and read these great stories. They will help them to learn about themselves and about the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander worlds, and to enjoy them.

## ‘The Black Rat’ by Iris Clayton

He lived in a tin hut with a hard dirt floor.
He had bags sewn together that was his door.
He was a Rat of Tobruk until forty five,
He was one of the few that came back alive.

Battered and scarred he fought for this land,
And on his return they all shook his hand.
The price of fighting for the freedom of man
Did not make any difference to this Blackman.

He returned to the outback, no mates did he find.
If he had a beer he was jailed and then fined.
He sold all his medals he once proudly wore:
They were of no use to him any more.

Confused and alone he wandered around,
Looking for work though none could be found.
The Anzac marches he badly neglected,

Would show to his comrades how he was rejected.

He fought for this land so he could be free.
Yet he could not vote after his desert melee.
And those years in the desert they really took their toll,
He went there quite young and he came home so old.

This once tall man came from a proud Black tribe,
Died all alone – no one at his side.

## ‘Circles and Squares’ by Ali Cobby Eckermann

I was born Yankunytjatjara My mother is Yankunytjatjara Her mother is

Yankunytjatjara

My family is Yankunytjatjara

I have learnt many things from my Family Elders

I have grown to recognise that my life travels in Circles

My Aboriginal Culture has taught me that

Universal life is Circular

When I was born I was not allowed to live with my Family

I grew up in the white man’s world

We lived in a Square house

We picked fruit and vegetables from a neatly fenced Square plot

We kept animals in Square paddocks

We ate at Square tables

We sat on Square chairs

I slept in a Square bed

I looked at myself in a Square mirror and did not know who I was

One day I met my Mother

I just knew that this meeting was part of our Healing Circle

Then I began to travel

I visited places that I had been before

But this time I sat down with Family

We gathered closely Together by big Round campfires

We ate bush tucker feasting on Round ants and berries

We ate meat from animals that live in Round burrows

We slept in Circles on the beach around Our fires

We sat in the dirt on Our Land that belongs to a big Round planet

We watched the moon grow to a magnificent yellow Circle

That was our Time

I have learnt two different ways now

I am thankful for this

That is part of my Life Circle

My heart is Round like a drum ready to echo the Music of my Family

But the Square within me remains

The Square stops me in my entirety

## ‘I remember’ by John Hartley

I am Ku Ku Yalanji Bama. My name is Karranjal John Hartley, and I was born in Kogarah, New South Wales, in 1956. My ancestral homeland is in far north Queensland.

I wrote this spoken-word piece for a men's talking circle when I was in my mid-thirties, some twenty-five years ago. It covers some of my earliest memories over a period of some thirty years, from when I was four years of age and living in returned soldiers barracks at what was then called Herne Bay and is now known as Narwee.

\*

I remember rows of paint-peeled tinderbox homes, paper-thin walls, wooden floors and a kerosene fridge. Long wooden tables that stretched forever with church-like chairs, black and stained, where I sat straining to reach my dinner.

I remember communal washrooms, wire fences, electrical transformers and old dirt roads, and two Dutch friends. I remember open fields, two swings and a roundabout, a snow-white horse roped in a grass-filled paddock, and how I rode that horse without climbing on its back.

I remember farewells, the moving, and a freshly laid cement path leading all the way to a newly built war-service home. Mum, Dad, Granny and Granddad, my brothers and sisters, photos on the doorstep, and the metal outline of 'a Mexican seated beneath a palm tree in perpetual siesta' living lazily on our front-door screen.

I remember the black-tarred roads in our neighborhood that would feel the constant weight of my shoeless feet, and how my feet would blister on melting summer days, and how my blue twenty-four-inch Malvern Star with back brakes would leave skid marks on its surface for days.

I remember it was the road that always led me home, and it came to be the road I walked away on and left behind.

I remember being the new kid on the block, trying to fit in but just never quite.

I remember sitting in the bush on my favourite rock for hours, never tiring; the spirit of that place would send my mind walking to places far and quiet.

I remember being a welcomed guest in that eucalypt and paperbark country, except for when the sun went travelling, and shadows grew tall and hungry, and those red-eyed *Quinkins* (spirits), chased me home.

I remember Mum pointing out the tracks left by the ancestors of that country, the waterholes and sharpening stones, the many hidden shelters. I remember how we would map and name features of that country: the big rock, the big tree cave, the little saltpan and the paperbark mob.

I remember a sense of place becoming embedded in my marrow.

I remember the visitors to our home, black and white of all nationalities; the long political talks and conferences, the '67 referendum, the never-ending bottles of DA lager empty and drained, and me forever watching and wanting to catch the eye of my father.

I remember going to work with my dad and how I had to dress just like him.

I remember walking up the gangplank of the passenger ship *Oriana*, marching alongside Dad in the May Day rallies and feeling ten feet tall, but remaining unseen, hidden beneath the banners and the militant gait of working-class giants. I was safe and complete, and I didn't know a damn thing, and nothing mattered, as long as I was walking beside him.

I remember being told to be proud of who you are and where you come from.

I remember visiting my father's father and mother, the train trips and ferry rides, the steep climb to their home that would put an ache in your legs that burnt for days; the fruit salad and icecream and the endless supply of barley sugar. I remember their smiles of greeting and their waves at parting, their hugs, their fare- wells and so-longs.

I remember the old musty smell as I ventured through their home, and the view over the harbour through binoculars that I strained to hold, and how I loved my grandparents.

I remember lying in the big room at the end of my parents' house on a double bed that you could get lost in. I remember floating in the warmth between my mum and dad, curling their hair simultaneously with my left and right index fingers.

I remember Dad getting up to go to work for the midnight shift down on the wharves and never returning.

I remember the stillness of the morning I still wish had never come, and my mother taking me to the blue fold-out vinyl lounge where our visitors often slept with full bellies and warm blankets. She sat me down and I looked up at her, knowing and feeling the deep sadness but not knowing what was to come. Hugging me, she whispered brokenly: *Your father has died; he won't be coming back.*

I remember the light in my mother's eyes becoming dim; I became weightless, without anchor, and darkness entered my life also.

I remember becoming numb that day; I remember being told to be strong, that I was now the man of the house and I had to look after my little sister and mother.

I remember my aunty saying to let me cry; I never did – men don't cry. I remember I wasn't a man: I was eight years old.

I remember being in third grade and informing the class that my father had died. I remember them laughing. I remember sinking under the floorboards, dissolving, evaporating like water on hot coals.

I remember my mother struggling to make ends meet; to my shame, I only ever made it harder.

I remember my father was a wartime hero with citations from President Truman. I remember he was deported from America as politically undesirable.

I remember they said he was a working-class hero with the respect of his fellow workers and how thousands lined the streets of Sydney for his funeral. I remember watching his casket go into the fire and, just as bravely, I watched his spirit quietly leave, and something in me left also.

I remember never reaching out again. I remember not believing, and searching for him in the places we went, but never finding any trace.

I remember being an eight-year-old man of the house, who did nothing but grow angry. Anger was a feeling; anger was understood; anger was tangible; anger, I thought, got results; anger was a moat; anger was protection and brought a pulse to numbness.

I remember in third grade being told I was not Aboriginal, because I was not black. I remember being educated to feel shame just because of who I was and where I came from; I remember becoming nothing. I remember being educated into forgetting who I was and no longer feeling where I belonged; that I just didn't fit.

I remember objecting to the teachers' description of the 'Aborigine' and being told I was too 'fair of skin' to be Aboriginal and to stop being silly and to sit down; and yet, I felt the pull of the earth and the call of my ancestors, too strong to be anything else; but yet, I was told I was not who I was brought up to be – I was not, they said, 'Aborigine'.

I remember learning racism in school: that we live in a world of colour; that it was your colour that made the difference, was the determining factor on the ladder of 'success'. I remember being brought up proud of my people and my cultural heritage, yet 'educated' 'teachers' were telling me I could not be at home in my culture due to my skin colour.

I remember burying who I was. That day in the classroom, they dispossessed me of a proud and strong culture. Like an ancient gum protesting the march of 'modernity', my roots were torn up and I floated aimlessly without connection when they said I wasn't black.

I remember my mother taking us up to meet our relations in far north Queensland: Granny Caroline, Grandfather Edgar, my uncles, aunties, cousins, nieces, nephews, brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers, the ancestors of the rainforest; going for the obligatory swim in the Davis family waterhole at the Mossman Gorge.

I remember the run-down conditions of the Bama settlement and butter-box homes. The tin house where my mother grew up in silent dignity. I remember the termite-crushed floors and sugarbag doors; a smile, a cup of tea, a feed and a warm bed, and places to heed.

I remember the prejudice and the eyes of disgust that followed you in lily-white northern towns. I remember sitting in the front row of the picture theatre in baggy canvas seats as we watched with strained necks, because that's where the blacks were allowed to sit. I remember being told I could sit anywhere. I remember I sat that front row: I sat with my family; I sat proud in my resistance.

I remember the feeling of dismissal from blackfella and racism from whitefella, all because you don't fit a mould - I remember constructs of invasion and other colonial stings designed to hasten the death of ancient memory. I remember thinking I don't need this shit; black of mind, white of skin, where do I lay my head when others have already made my bed?

I remember the feeling of feeling nothing. I remember I made a choice. I remember I cried.

I remember 'Aboriginal' is coloured by a colonial construct. *Bama* is belonging: it is family; it is connection; it is lawful; it is colour-less.

I remember loneliness is a state of mind, and family are never far from mind. I remember the ache in my heart when I began to feel for others again, and not being fearful of the feeling. I remember tears are cleansing.

I remember each day the pain in my body. I remember we can't go back; nothing changes the past, only how I tell it. I remember tomorrow can change, but I don't remember it yet.

I remember I am not one-eighth, one-quarter, half, three­quarters, full, fair, red, yellow, copper, brown, dark or black . . . I am memory. I remember I am eight pints of 'full-blood' human being.

I remember I can change ... if *we* change.

I remember the tightness in my chest, the ambulance, looking up at white-panelled ceilings, the wires and the beep of bedside monitors and thinking this is it. I remember the ancestors came and said: *Boy, you have to go back to your culture.*

I remember, I am not broken or bygone. I am not the neatly framed picture nailed-tight to a well-constructed wall.

I remember Aborigine is a colonial construct.

I know very well my law and my culture.

I am Ku Ku Yalanji.

I am Bama.

I am Karranjal.

I am proud.

Born of ancient song.

My blood is in the country and the ancestors know me there.

I remember, beneath this skin

I am continuance.

I am resistance.

And . . . yes.

I am living memory. Some call 'Aborigine'.

## ‘GUDYI’ by Jazz Money

GUDYI

*song*

song for the rivers caring the land whole

carving the land together

whose currents birth us old here

BILA

song for the breeze who knows the shape

of my face turned skywards

fills the lungs with language and song

YAWILAWILAWIL

song for the soil who catches the tears

of our joy and our sorrow

blood and ash and possibly

DHAAGUN

song for the paths that lead us home

the scar trees that guide the way

holding safe ancestors and time and tomorrow

MURRU

song for the stone placed deep long ago

remembers the shape of the first land

and every hand whose touch wears it soft

MALANG

song for the sun warm on our cheeks

mercy gift for life and destruction

who bends the will of a land dry and true

YIRAY

song for the rain whose gift heals the land

fills bila soothes dhaagun

flowing capacity of transformation

YURUNG

song for the places we digitally visit

while our physical limits keep us

untouched and together

GULUWIN

song for the land that cannot be claimed

mapped or stolen that withstands hard-footed herds

and agricultural poisons

GUYULGANG

song for Wiradjuri bila

song for Wiradjuri yawilawilawil

song for Wiradjuri dhaagun

song for Wiradjuri murru

song for Wiradjuri malang

song for Wiradjuri yiray

song for Wiradjuri yurung

song for Wiradjuri guluwin

song for Wiradjuri guyulgang

song for Wiradjuri gudyi

# References

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8 Ways (an initiative of NSW Department of Education) (n.d.) [*8 Aboriginal Ways of Learning*](https://www.8ways.online/) [website], accessed 19 October 2023.

ACARA (Australian Curriculum, Assessment and Reporting Authority) (2020) [*Version 3 of National Literacy and Numeracy Learning Progressions*](https://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au/resources/national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/version-3-of-national-literacy-and-numeracy-learning-progressions/), ACARA website, accessed 23 March 2023.

AIATSIS (Australian Institute of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Studies) (n.d.) ['Meriam' [video]](https://aiatsis.gov.au/explore/languages-alive), Languages Alive, AITSIS website, accessed 29 September 2023.

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