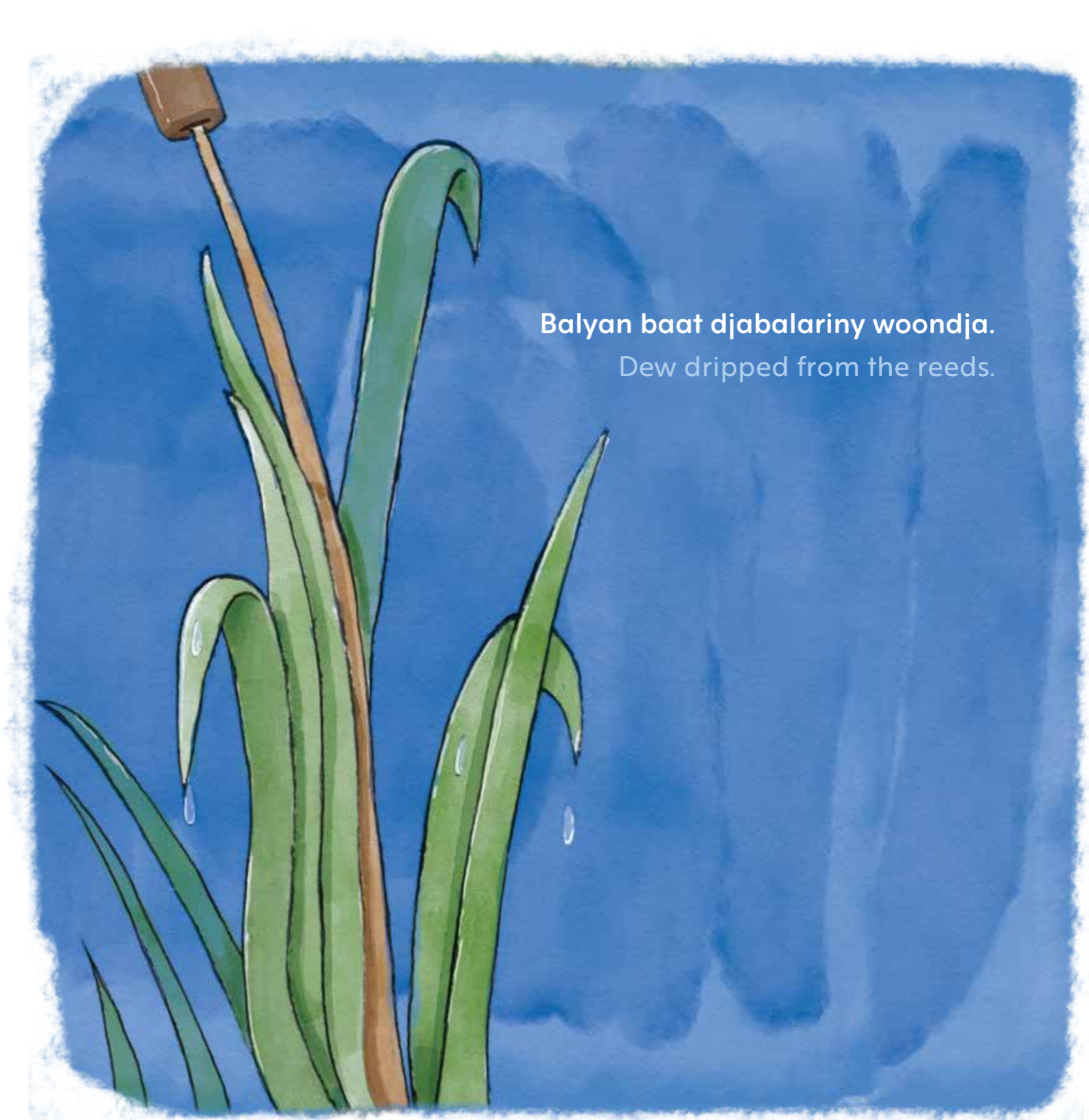


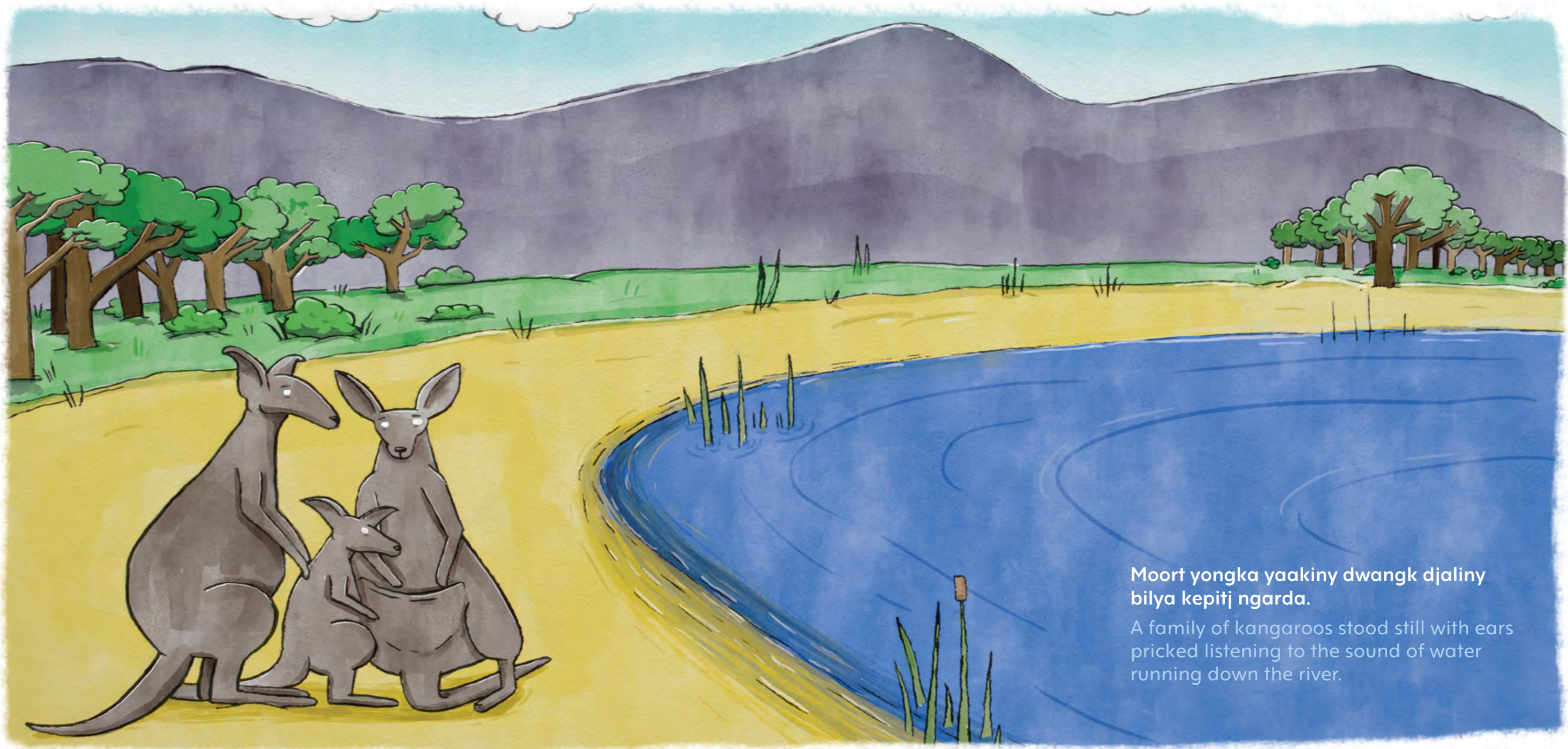


**Baal djilba nganop.**  
It was the end of spring.

**Ngangk baal koondart bakiny.**  
The sun poked through the clouds.



**Balyan baat djabalariny woondja.**  
Dew dripped from the reeds.



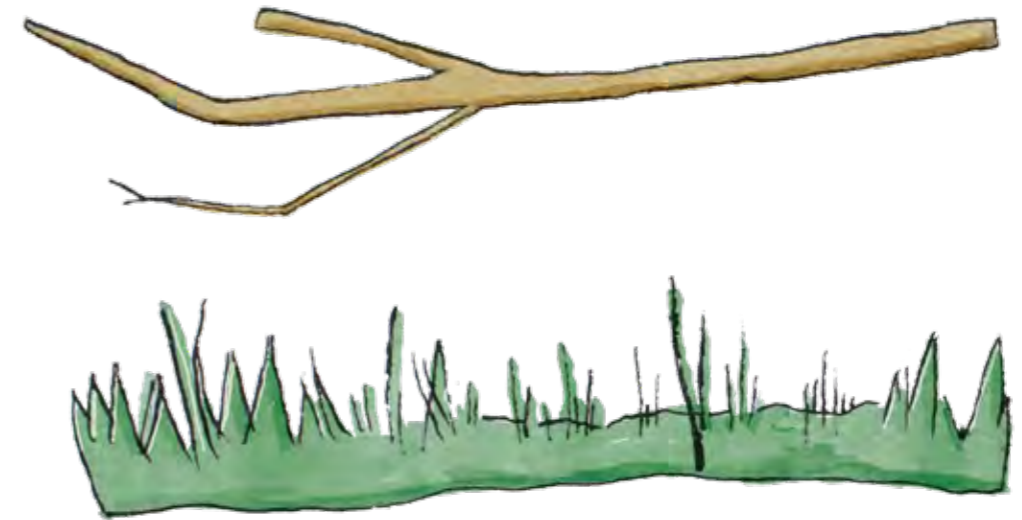
**Moort yongka yaakiny dwangk djaliny  
bilya kepitj ngarda.**

A family of kangaroos stood still with ears  
pricked listening to the sound of water  
running down the river.



**Moorditj maambart wer ngangk bardook baalabiny  
koolark nyininy wer djinanginy.**

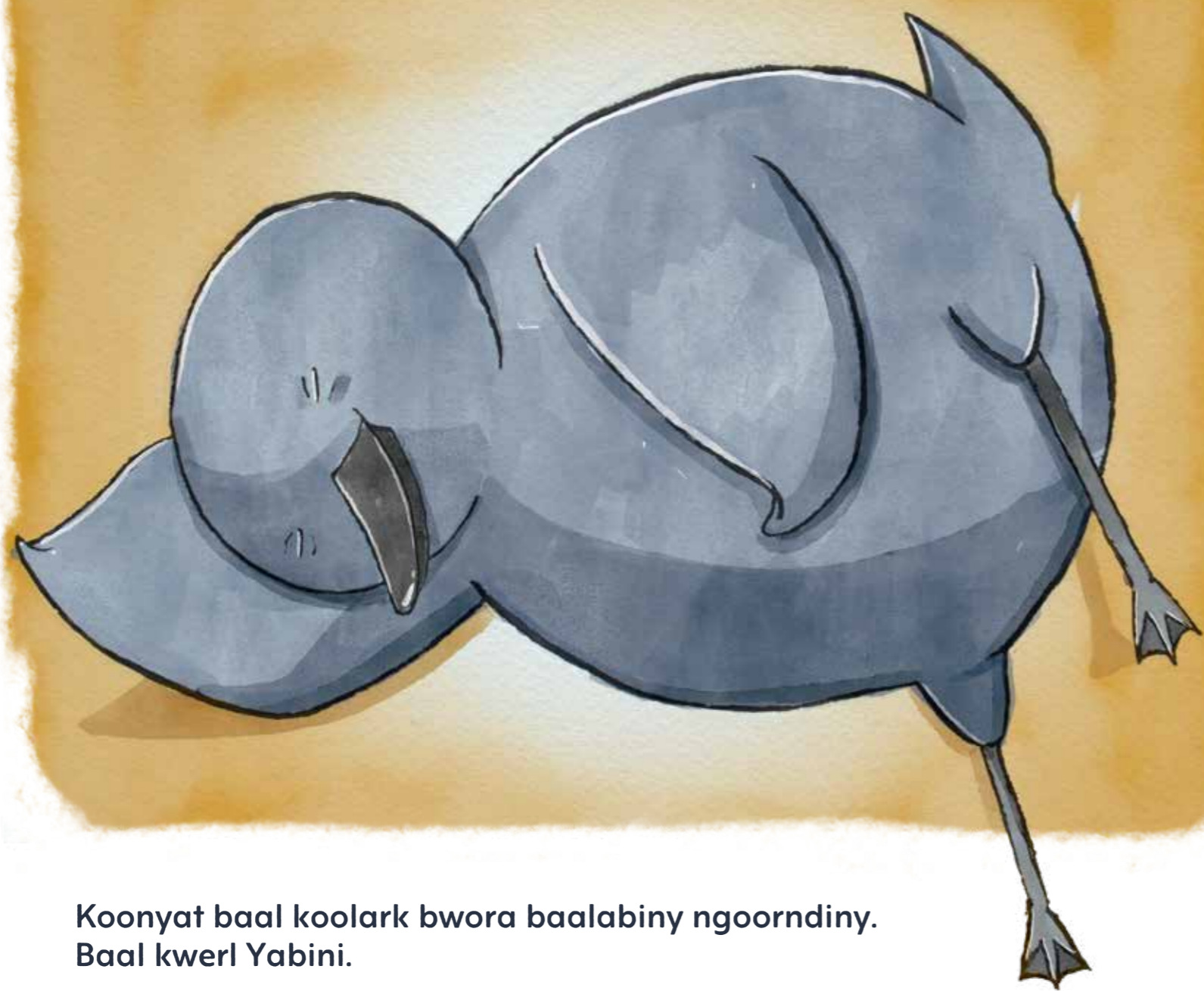
Nearby, Maali and Djidar sat proud looking at their nest.



**Boorn baat ngarl warniny  
wer baal kalang wer koonyak.**

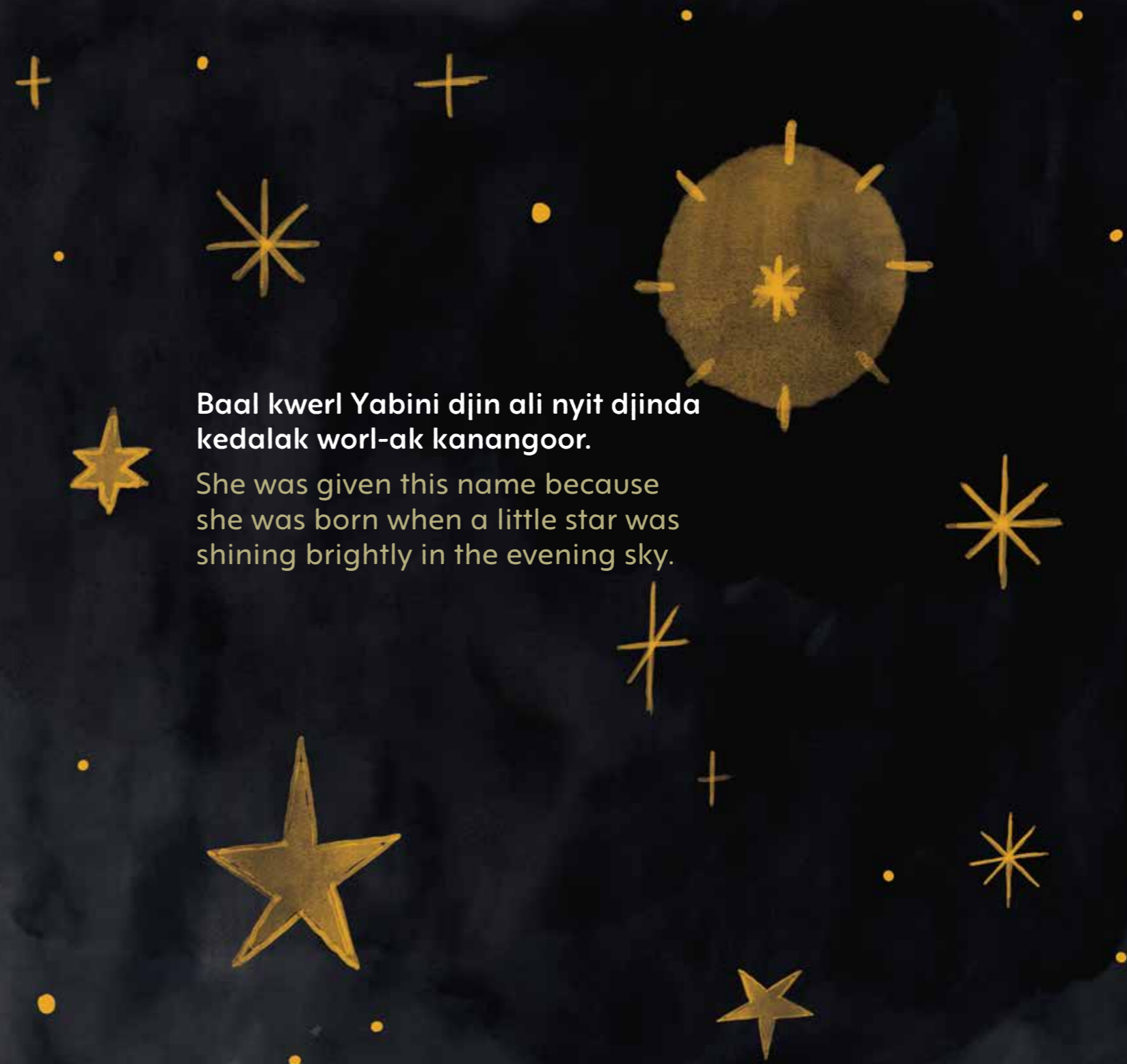
It was made of sticks and river  
grasses and was warm and soft.





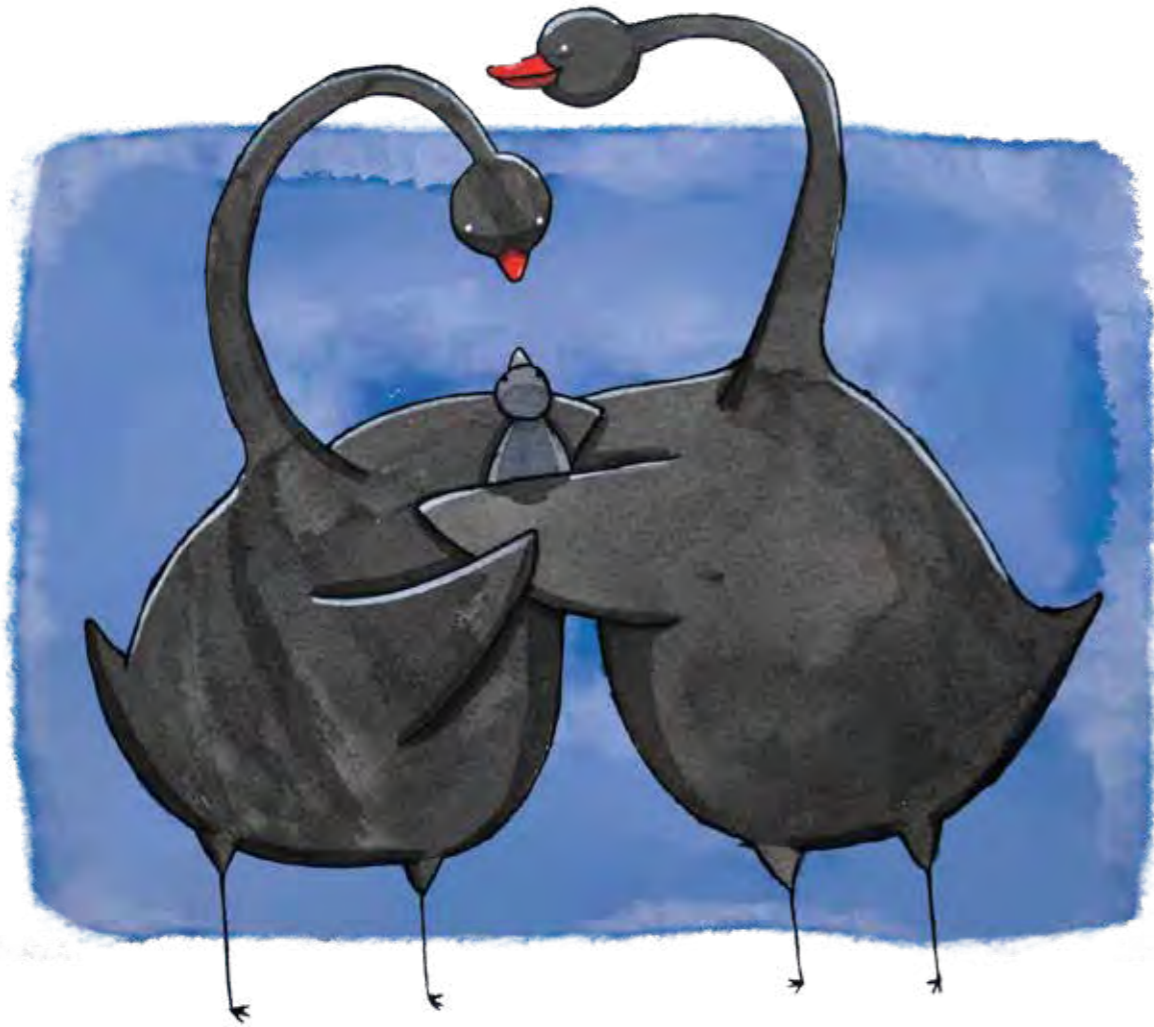
**Koonyat baal koolark bwora baalabiny ngoorndiny.  
Baal kwerl Yabini.**

Inside the nest was their sleeping baby.  
Her name was Yabini.



**Baal kwerl Yabini djin ali nyit djinda  
kedalak worl-ak kanangoor.**

She was given this name because  
she was born when a little star was  
shining brightly in the evening sky.



Maambart wer ngangk balang Yabini kalyakoorl waabiny wer nindyan.  
Maali and Djidar cuddled, kissed and played with Yabini every day.

'Nyit yabini ngalang nyininy. Kalyakoorl noonook koordak.'  
'You are our ninni yabini. We love you very much.'

