

# Jaburara Spirit

I rise as the bright summer sun shines in my face. I look up to the intense blue of the Pilbara sky. Another morning, in the district of Karratha. By the way- my name is Ngari and I am the spirit of a Jaburara (yabura) elder. I live on the hills that surround the city of Karratha. It is my job to watch down on the people and wildlife of this amazing town.

I can see the good and the bad from my rock high up in the Spinifex on the hills. I can see the bad people that litter and drive really fast on the roads and the good people that pick up their rubbish as well as others and slow down on the main roads. I also love watching all those trains go past the salt flats that glisten in the sun as this means progress for all mankind.

I also enjoy watching people go for their morning walk up my hill. Sometimes they come to get fit, some times they come so that they can learn about my tribe and some come to watch the beautiful glittering sun go down on another day in Karratha.

Any way back to the story, I was killed in the 1800's by some Europeans. They massacred my tribe because one of our members killed a Police Constable. Because I was the only one to go through the law I am the only one that lives on as a spirit. To pass the lonely hours up on top of my hill all by myself I like to watch keen fishermen and women out in their boats on the Dampier Archipelago. They mostly only go out on weekends and on holidays when the adults don't have to work. I love watching when the local fishing clubs organise competitions and the massive fishes the winners catch.

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Another thing I like to watch is the local school children going to school and the hard work some kids put into schoolwork. I also like to laugh when I see all those poor men and women that have to get up very early to go to work and the effort they put into doing their jobs. If I was still alive I would be a member of a local community group, because of the way everyone helps in a team. I also like the way everyone goes there on a Friday and how the local mining groups such as Woodside and Rio Tinto sponsor it. Woodside and Rio Tinto put a lot back into our local community. One of the other things I love watching is all the volunteers that help to make this community the way it is. They pick up rubbish, operate ambulances and help to stop fires. They also look after animals that have gotten lost or their owners have abandoned them. I also like watching the local sporting groups play their weekend and after school/work sports. Some of the most popular sports are: netball, soccer, BMX and footy.

During cyclone season, the movement of the town is quite rapid. From cleaning up the back yard and making everything safe to collecting batteries and food for the safety boxes. When the cyclones do eventually come it rains very heavily. So heavily there is a waterfall that gushes down the side of my hill. When it does rain it is quite normal to see some keen motor bikers roaring up and down my hill. When there is a storm and lightning starts flashing then some locals come up and watch a vast array of forks of lightning.

Another part of my hills greatness is the heritage trail. It's a 2-hour walk over the top of my hill where you get to go past unique burial and eating-places as well as lots of rock art made by my people. It is a popular activity for visiting tourists. The red rock and spiky golden spinifex that glitters in the

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magnificent Pilbara sun of my hill does not look very fantastic from the road below, but if people would just take the time to come and have a look at the magnificent view from on top of my hill they would be amazed!

**By Emily Hobart**

