It takes time
Inspiring:
The ultimate adventure through nature, culture and history. Be inspired, at every turn, by the powerful stories of Australia’s First Peoples. Tens of thousands of years of rich and enduring culture.

Epic:
The pathway you wander has been in use for more than 40,000 years. Two different cultures - about one another and about time. A pathway travelled.

Natural:
Visitors will experience some of the most stunning and unspoilt Australian landscapes as they travel through diverse ecosystems from sea to mountains.

The Bundian Way Relationships and Stories
Typical Success Factors

- Financial Planning
- Effective Marketing
- Product differentiation
- Quality and Authenticity
- Destination and Proximity
- Interpretation Design
Bundian Way Success Factors

- Respect
- Shared or complimentary interests
- Open and honest dialogue
- Identify your relationship motivations
- Welcome diversity
- Perpetual evaluation
Story Types

- Individual
- Common
- Cultural
- Historic
- Brand
- Changing
Relationships

• Stable
• Discontinuous
• Temporary
• One-off
• Returnee
Output

• Brand Development
• Experience Development
• Story Development Three Trails
• Image Library
• Website update
• ...

Gugunyal’s vision

Gugunyal spoke with the spirits, who was in the form of this imposing white man. He had come to take some of our people from our country and take them to the spirit world. Gugunyal was told these men and women who were taken to this spirit world would one day be allowed to return, but they would return as a white spirit in human form. This is why when white men and women came to our country, we thought they were our people returning.

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The sun was just shrugging off Gudu’s (ocean’s) covers and was slowly climbing closer to Duruman (creation). Gugunyal looked towards the Tinha (sacred rock formation), through the coastal thicket. It seemed mystically brighter than usual with a blinding white light. He walked to the top of the dunes. Shading his eyes as he looked towards the light, he was shocked. His gaze was met by that of a large man whose skin was white. His hair and beard were also white and his eyes could be easily seen, even from where Gugunyal stood, a good distance away.

Quarantine Bay

These pale-skins are using our country to keep their sick people away from their healthy. The word they use is ‘quarantine’. They came to shore and made camp and started to call this country of the Nullica and Wacoon, ‘Quarantine Bay’. Many of these people have now died of the illness. They dug a deep hole and placed the bodies on top of each other in the large grave. Their custom for taking care of their ancestor’s spirits seems strange. Now this country is polluted with the disease. We live with worry we did not know before the pale-skins arrived.

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A darkness has fallen over my country. The numbers of pale-skinned people coming into our country grows constantly. We struggle to make them understand the laws of this land. They are plagued by illnesses we have no immunity to.

Several seasons ago one of their boats stopped in waters just between Nullica and Wacoon country. People on this boat had a strange sickness, which weakened their body and made their pale skin turn red with rashes. We have heard they call this illness smallpox, and that it has devastated tribes from Yuin–Kurrajong country. This has struck fear in us all.

“The pale-skins are using our country to keep their sick people away from their healthy. The word they use is ‘quarantine.’ ”

“A long time ago when the country was still fresh and spirits walked among us and we were learning the lore and the law, Gugunyal (kookaburra) woke early.”
Fields of murrnong
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This country of undulating hills and golden grasses provides us murrnong (yam daisy) to eat. We restore balance by replanting them, but first we burn the country to cleanse it in readiness to give back what we have taken. The fields of murrnong are a mosaic of fertile black earth and shimmering yellow, with the murrnong gently swaying in the breeze. This practice of fire and replanting, handed down from generation to generation, serves both a spiritual and useful need. Often there is raucous joy as my mothers, my grandmothers, my aunties and sisters care for the murrnong fields. Some stand tall, carefully ensuring the fires are controlled, while others hunch low to the ground using yam sticks to dig up the murrnong roots. I remember when I was first shown how to craft my own yam stick. Each woman when allowed makes her own – it is an important milestone. There is laughter and the language of song, and the children eagerly try to learn from their elders. They mimic what they see, digging playfully in the dirt among the dancing murrnong with their broken branches and twigs they call their yam sticks.
Becoming Beowa

These men call me Charlie Adgery, which was my name when I was a strong, proud Katungal man. Now it is my Beowa name.

My Katungal kin were born into a colliding world, however in the hunt for Jaanda, we found a temporary bond with white people, even if they did not hunt for the same reasons we did.

Then the white men wanted more country and they took us to live on places called ‘missions.’ More than once they tried to make me leave my country. Some of my people went with the white men to Wallaga Lake Aboriginal Mission. I would not go. They built me a hut and moved me to Cocora, close to here, but after a few more seasons they took me also to Wallaga Lake. It is there, where, I would take my last human breath before becoming Beowa.

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Changing country

I feel the warmth of the fire on my face as flames dance, casting shadows in the light and over the weary face of my father. In the firelight I remember the cool spray of water as my wife Bloomah and I coasted over Turemuleree (Twofold Bay). We are in a white man’s canoe going to the large floating home they called the Sea Horse. My friend Oswald Brierley has invited us to visit him. My name is Badjingblo, but these men, who we first thought were our ancestors, call me Toby.

My friend Oswald Brierley was different from a lot of the other white men. He listened to me and was always asking questions about our culture, our language. He would make patterns in something he held in his hands. He told me he was ‘writing’ and his language was English. Maybe, we thought, the white people couldn’t remember the stories of the old people, and the law of the country, so they wrote it down?

“I told him before he left, that I would take his name and add it to mine, so our friendship would always be remembered.”

Oswald was always drawing pictures of what he saw, our people and country. I told him before he left, that I would take his name and add it to mine, so our friendship would always be remembered.

Not long after Oswald arrived, the man he worked for wanted to learn how to travel up to Maneroo (Monaro) country. I went with both of them to show them the way. We were gone many moons and suns. I was careful not to show them our sacred places. White men are changing our country.

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“We Beowa the killer whales and ancestors of the Katungal (saltwater people), are hunting Jaandas - baleen whales like humpbacks.”
As Europeans established houses and grazing lands in Delegate, we saw the unfolding clash of our law and the white man’s law; of white man’s ownership of country. As pastures grew and fences went up, we knew we had to ask for our own Aboriginal reserve. This wasn’t our way, but Delegate Aboriginal Reserve was land we could call our own and this small area became the perpetual keep of our people’s stories. Here the footprints of our ancestors lived on. We had no manager, we were free to hunt, and free to walk beyond the borders of our reserve. Then new law from the white man’s Aboriginal Protection Board meant our freedom was no longer safe, and neither were our children. This is when we knew it was time to leave.

Even after we had left our homeland, the pull of the Maneroo could be seen in the tears which cascaded down the weathered faces of those who remembered. Our country and homeland never left our hearts or minds. This bitter contrast of love and loss was passed on from the lips of the old to the ears of the young.
A long time ago, when the world was in turmoil, a young boy found himself lost in the wilderness. He was trying to find his way back home, but he was tired, and the long journey woke him up.

Gugunyal's Vision

Gugunyal spoke with the spirits who told him to take care of the people and keep them safe. He was told that Gugunyal would find his way home through the map, which was drawn by the spirit world.

This is why when white men and women came to our country, we thought they were just passing through.