

BOOK 1

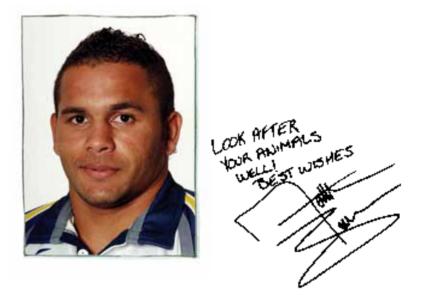
Illustrated by Tamsin Ainslie



Story inspired by Rae-Jon Bunting



Rae-Jon has spent most of her life as a farmer, livestock dealer, horse breeder and trainer. Now retired, she works harder than ever as a voluntary educator and animal welfare crusader in Indigenous communities. She regularly visits the Palm Island Aboriginal community where she teaches children how to look after their animals and assists the community generally in animal welfare and management. Rae-Jon's original story was the inspiration for this book. Foreword by Matt (Matty) Bowen North Queensland Cowboys and Australian rugby league player



G'day kids.

I really liked reading about a kid growing up in an Aboriginal community, as I did, and having horses and all sorts of other animals around. When I was growing up I loved horse riding and having dogs to play with, just like some of the kids in this book.

It's good that the book tells you about the rules of how to look after your animals. Did you know that there are simple rules to follow when you ride a horse or if you own a dog?

As you read this book, you will meet an old fella, Elder Stan, and he will explain some of these rules. All they really mean is—if you ride a horse or if you have an animal, then you have to look after it properly.

It's a bit like me playing football. It wouldn't be a game if there were no rules for me and the North Queensland Cowboys to follow and guide us. So, I want you to follow the rules and look after your horses, dogs and other animals.

I hope you enjoy this book as much as I did.

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Elder Stan explains some NEW WORDS

When you say the word **BWGCOLMAN** it sounds like **BWIKALMAN** or **BOOKALMAN**.

What does it mean?

When people were brought to Palm Island many years ago they came from more than 40 different tribes, from all parts of Queensland. Because of this the 'old people' created the word **Bwgcolman**. It means 'many tribes'.

When you see my hat *I* above a word turn to pages 28 and 29 where I will explain what the word means.



Bwgcolman foal

The sun beat down on the little island community, and a lazy, fat, old horse walked slowly by, stopping to eat the odd green mango that had fallen from its tree.

A group of kids came running up behind her and pelted her with mango seeds.

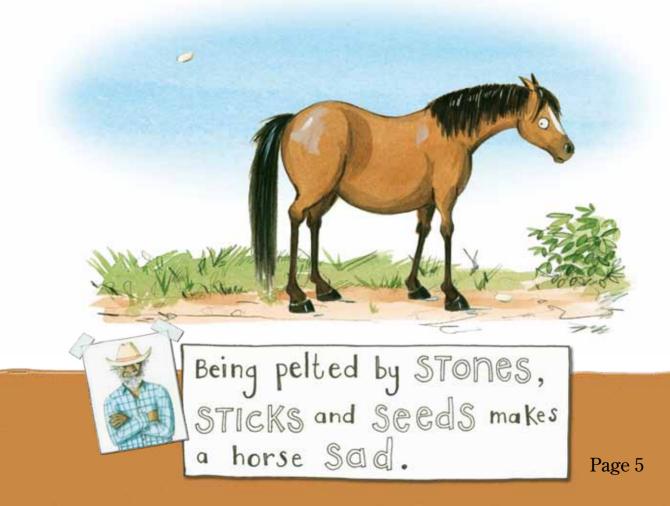




'Stop,' called out Elder Stan, who seemed to appear from nowhere.

'That old **mare** is having a baby,' he said. 'Don't hunt her. She needs to rest.'

The kids pretended not to hear Elder Stan but walked away with their heads down.





As the morning sun broke through the low cloud over Bamboo Creek a few days later, the old mare stirred and a little shadow moved beside her.





She had had her baby. The **foal** was a **sooty** color and its legs were wobbly and ever so long.

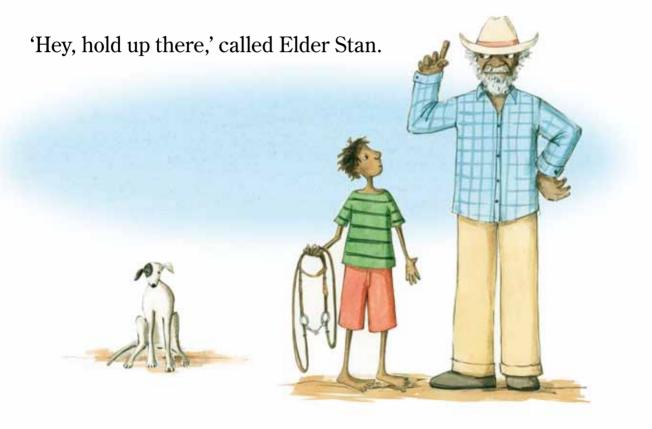
By lunch time, the word had got out and all the kids knew that there was a new foal at Bamboo Creek.



Young Bryce owned the mare.

He took his **bridle** and shiny new **mouth bit** to catch the mare and ride her down to the community for everyone to see.

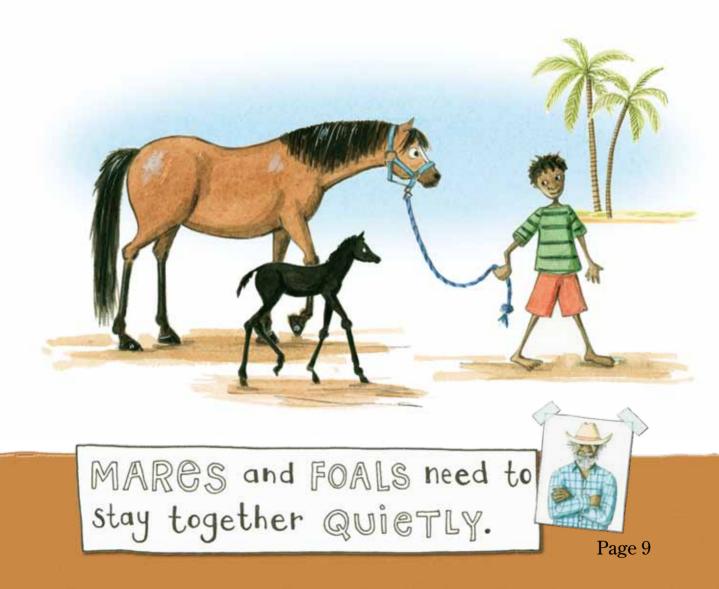
He was halfway there when he ran into Elder Stan.





'You can't ride a woman horse with a new baby. The mare has to feed that foal and he's too young to keep up when you ride.'

Bryce got off the mare and walked slowly along the road to the community, leading the mare and foal beside him.



As Bryce walked towards the community, he met a group of mates.

'Can I ride your horse?' asked Johnnie.

'No,' said Bryce. 'Her foal is too young and small to keep up if you ride her.'

'Can I ride your horse?' asked Sydney. 'I am your best friend,' he added.

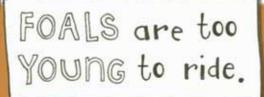
'No,' answered Bryce. 'I have to look after my mare. It's a big job for a new mother to look after her baby.'

'Can I ride your horse?' asked Katie. 'I will give you a lolly.'

'No,' said Bryce. 'I have to take her to water. She is already thirsty and she needs more food because she has a foal to feed.'



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As Bryce got closer to the community, he could see his mare was getting very thirsty and the foal was getting hot and sweaty.

He changed his mind and went to his house to give the mare some water and lovely green grass.

He called loudly for his mother and father to come and see the foal.

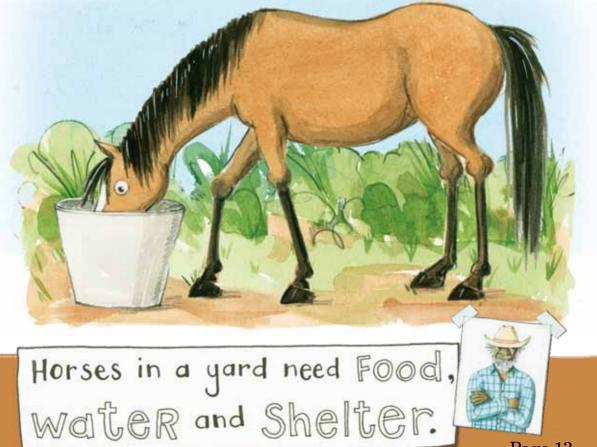


No-one came.

He found a big bucket and filled it right up to the top with cool, clean water.

He gathered up a big heap of green grass from behind the fence and put it near the water.

Then, leaving the mare and foal beside the house, off he went to find his Mum and Dad.



Bryce found his Mum and Dad at Auntie Elsie's house.

They were all so pleased that Bryce's mare had had a healthy foal.

They wanted to know what colour it was.

Was it a boy or a girl? What was he going to call it?

So many questions all at once. Bryce told them that it was a **colt**—a boy horse.

'He's a sooty colour. But', he said, 'when he gets older, he will be black.'

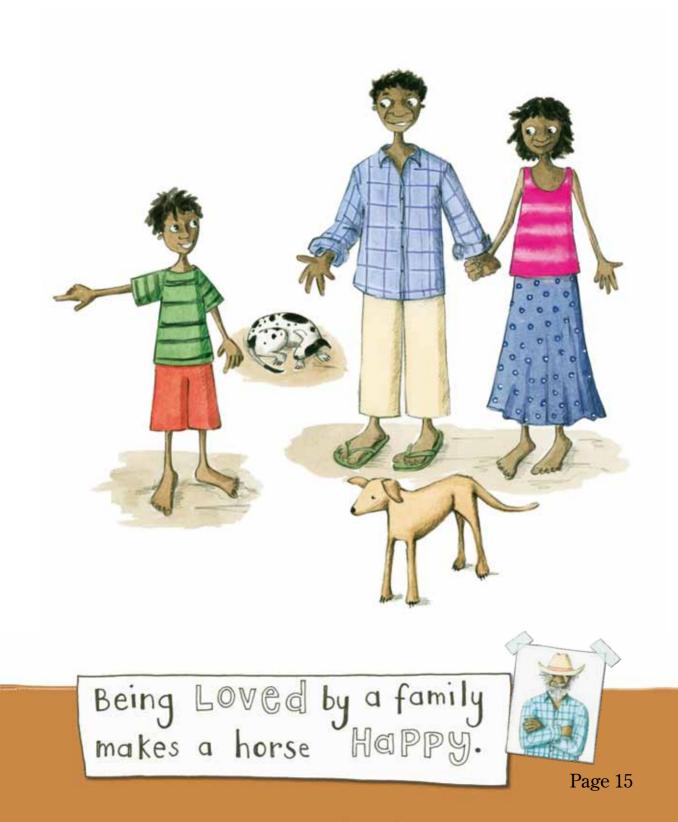
The name? Well, now that was a problem. He really didn't know yet.

'Would you help me name the new horse?' he asked.

They said yes, and bundled into the station wagon to go and see the new foal.



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As they drove through the front gate, Bryce knew that something was wrong.

Where was his mare? Where was his foal?

The bucket was empty. The lovely fresh grass was gone. But so were the horses.

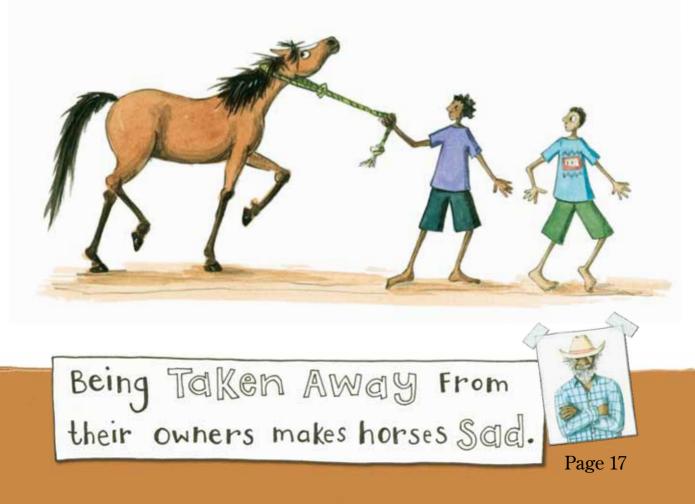


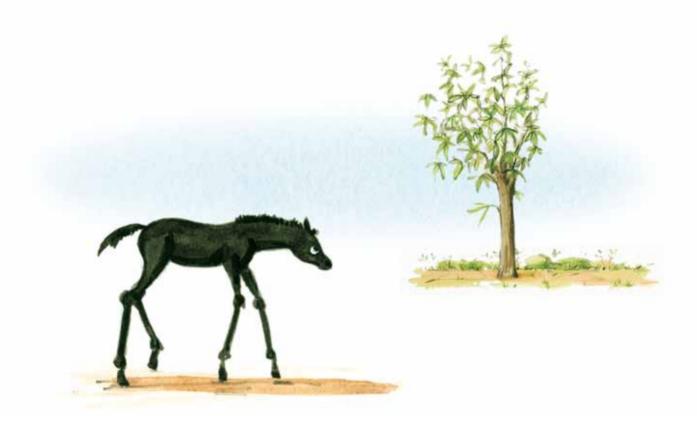
Bryce ran next door and asked if anyone had seen his horses.

'Yes,' said Mr Tanner. He had. 'Some kids were looking at them a little while back.'

He told Bryce that he thought the foal was going to be a really nice horse when he grew up, if he looked after it.

Bryce didn't stop to listen. He ran off looking for the horses.





Bryce got to the end of the road and ran into Katie, Sydney and Johnnie.

'Have you seen my mare and foal?' Bryce asked.

'No' said Sydney.

'I saw them,' said Katie.

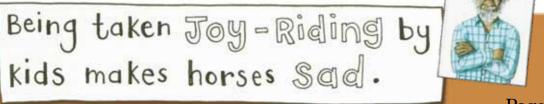


She said she saw the Kangaroo Point kids riding the mare a little while ago, and the foal was running behind.

Bryce was so angry he almost cried.

'Which way did they go?' he asked.

Katie pointed in the way of the community. Bryce said nothing but ran fast.



Bryce was out of breath. Puffing and panting he ran around the corner and right into the arms of Constable Harry.

'Have you seen my mare and new foal?' he asked.

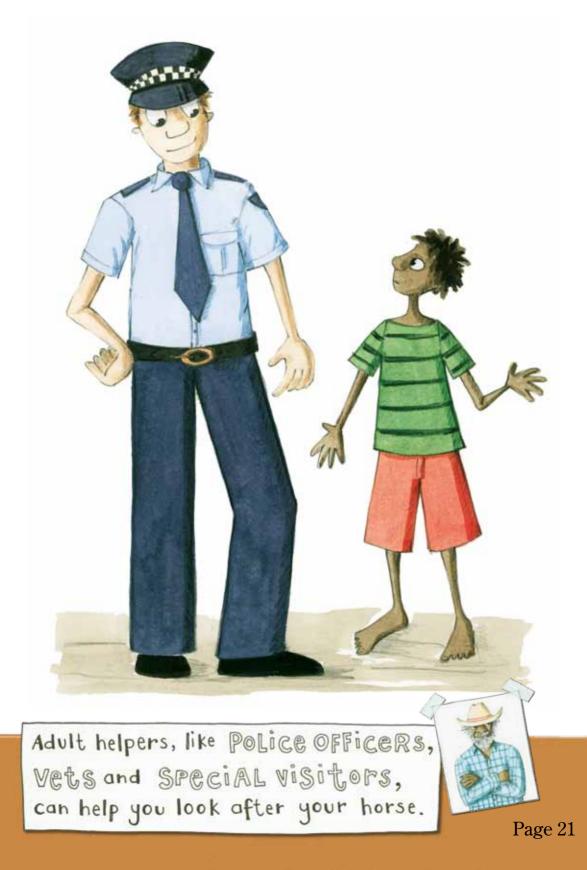
'I didn't know you had one,' said Constable Harry.

'Oh yes. The old mare has a new, sooty colt,' Bryce told him.

'I saw a horse like that a few moments ago,' Constable Harry told Bryce. 'I will be back in a minute. You wait here.'



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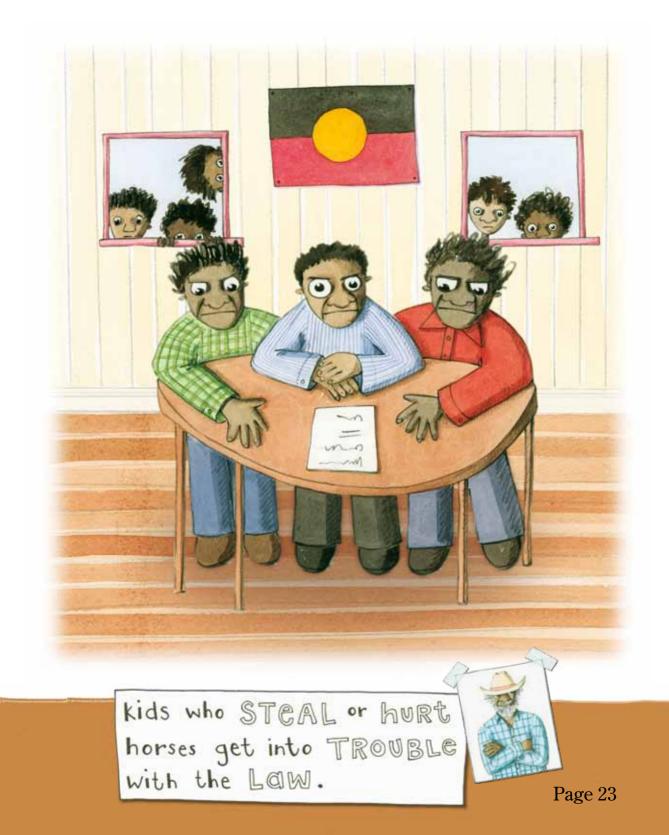


Over an hour had passed when Constable Harry came back.

'Found your mare, Bryce!' he said. 'She is tied to the tree outside the police station. The kids that took your mare will have to go to the justice group, and so will you.'

'You will have to tell them that you own the mare and that you didn't give the okay for them to take her. It's not okay to take someone else's horse.'





Bryce led his mare and foal back to show his family. He walked slowly because the foal was so tired.

When he got home his mother, father, sisters, brothers, uncles and aunts were all waiting to see the new foal.

They were all so pleased that Bryce had found his horses.

Bryce was not going to risk losing them again. He grabbed a blanket from the house, went outside and lit a fire.

'What are you doing?' Bryce's father wanted to know.

'I'm sleeping in the yard with my horses so no-one will take them in the night.'



Next morning, Bryce's Mum and Dad woke up early. They were so proud of their little boy. They were going to surprise him with breakfast, but he surprised them.

He was gone! No mare. No foal. No Bryce.

'You just wait until that boy gets home,' his father said. 'He is gonna cop it.'

Dad was disappointed. He had thought that Bryce was starting to be responsible, but it seems he was wrong.



Always TEII your MUM and DAD when you are with your horse so they don't worry. It was almost dark by the time Bryce got home.

His mother and father were so angry. 'Where have you been?' they yelled.

'I'm sorry, Mum,' said Bryce, 'but through the night I was thinking about how to keep my horses safe.'

'I have taken them back over the mountain where no-one will find them. They will be safe there until the foal is old enough to be separated from his mother.'

'That's called weaning,' explained his Dad.

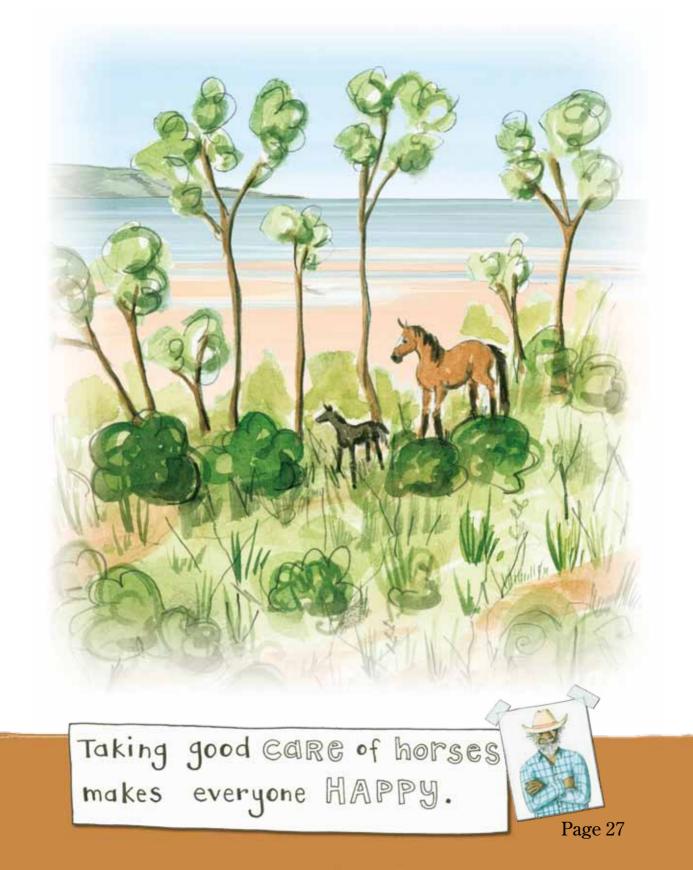
'What are you going to call him?' his Mum asked.

'I don't know yet,' said Bryce. 'I think I'll wait and see. He needs a real special name.'

Bryce's parents gave him a big hug.

'You are such a good boy the way you look after your horses. Tonight we will have a special dinner for a special boy.'





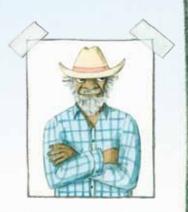
ELDER STAN'S NEW WORDS

Word	Meaning	Page
Mare	A grown-up woman horse. A female. Usually more gentle than a man horse.	5
Foal	A baby horse. Full of life but can be easily hurt. A foal must never be made to run behind a mother that is being ridden.	7
Sooty	Like the soot you get from the barbecue plate.	7
Bridle	The head gear that holds the bit in the right place. A very important thing to own if you have a horse.	8

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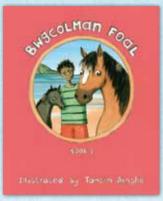
ELDER STAN'S NEW WORDS

Word	Meaning	Page
Bit, mouth-bit	The metal part of the bridle that goes in the mouth to help steer and control the horse. Never use rope or wire instead of a proper bit. This will cut the horse's mouth.	8
Colt	A young male horse. Not yet big enough to be called a stallion. A colt should not be ridden because his joints and bones are still too soft.	14
Wean, weaning	This is when foals stop needing milk from their mothers. With some animals (such as cattle—but not horses), a weaned animal is called a 'weaner'.	26





BOOK 1



Bwgcolman Foal The story of a boy and his horse

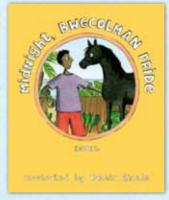


Bwgcolman Gelding A grown-up horse to look after BOOK 2



Bwgcolman Yearling Helping a horse to grow up

BOOKL



Midnight, Bwgcolman Pride Lots of horse work to be done

SPECIAL THANKS ...

To the Department of Primary Industries and Fisheries production team:

Jack Shield (coordinator); Matt Radford (production manager); Tamsin Ainslie (illustrator); Leanne Bensley and Keith Whittam (editors); Kathryn Montafia and Matt Hopewell (graphic designers).



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