

*Heart in heart will they rise
Hand in hand will they stand
Showing there's no differences
Regardless of the colours*

Kai Dhonyin Gurruwiwi Mooney.

Surrounded by royal blood from an English line.

At its centre, my Yolngu yaku.

Cast off by the House of Plantagenet, descended from William the Conqueror and Richard the Lionheart. Removed from the crest of blood red lattice. The first of the first-borns without the name Huddleston.

A culture of 80,000 years, and a web of 80,000 connections to catch me. Not a family of blood, but the family who raised me.

Leaning against the breast so warm finding place to rest.

My family are directly descended from the Plantagenet Kings and Queens of England. On our last trip down to see my dad's family, my uncle told me about this blood line. One of the King's first born was not the son he had wished for, so he gave his child away. This child is our direct descendent. You can follow this blood line down for a while looking at the surname Huddleston, but eventually this name was married out. Now, the only link is in the middle name Huddleston, passed down generation to generation as the only connection to this history. My dad just happened to be the first born of the first born of the first born, so on and so forth.

Though it seems unknown destiny.

Later in his life, dad moved to a remote mining town called Nhulunbuy, one of the few places left in Australia where the Aboriginal people, up here the Yolngu, kept the culture and language almost completely. Quickly after moving here, he had formed a connection with the Yolngu to the point of being adopted into the family. More than a decade later, my parents met and one thing led to another and my mum became pregnant with me. Whilst at a festival called Garma, the man who would become my grandfather through Yolngu connections gave me my Yolngu yaku as a present to dad. This name was Dhonyin Gurruwiwi. This is when my parents decided to end the old tradition

and, rather than give me the name Huddleston, they made my middle name Dhonyin Gurruwiwi.

As a black man's heart reaches out in love.

From as early as I can remember, I would sit at Bawaka with my Yolngu family and they would tell me stories, teaching me little things like words in Yolngu Matha or Yolngu sign language. Every year I go to the Garma festival and leave the group I go with to spend time with the same family that gave me my Yolngu yaku. They get me to dance in the Bungul in front of everyone, and although I don't know how to do it, and it's shame job, every year they ask me and I do it.

My waku, Timmy, has taught me to hunt, going to find and collect turtle eggs, hunt mud crab and fish. My other waku, Aaron, taught me to track and hunt turtle and stingray. I've learned many different ways to prepare food the traditional way from my family. At a homeland Nyinyikay, I learned to prepare turtle, which is a delicacy among the Yolngu. No matter where we go, my family have stories to share about country and the animals.

When I was young, we went out to the island Timmy was named after. He had never been there before. After spending some time there, he took me around the back of this place and we burned off the island together.

My family have taught me many things and shaped my understanding of the world, but most importantly, they have taught me to be understanding of people, no matter how different they are to you.

Both hearts bow down low

Kai Dhonyin Gurruwiwi Mooney

Yolngu yaku on the inside

My bloodline on the outside

Coming together to form my identity

Making me who I am

Arise I human soul,

Fulfil the knowledge that once laid beneath the soil

The mother earth cries out to you

Longing to see you survive

Longing for both to take the road of liberty