



# JCIPP Curtin Corner: The Power of Storytelling

*Presented by Caroline Wood  
Director Centre for Stories*

What unites people?”  
Tyrion asked. “Armies?  
Gold? Flags?”

*Nah.*

“Stories,” he continued.

“There’s nothing in the  
world more powerful than a  
good story. Nothing can  
stop it. No enemy can  
defeat it.”



**A vibrant, inclusive literary arts and cultural organisation.**



**The danger of  
a single story.**

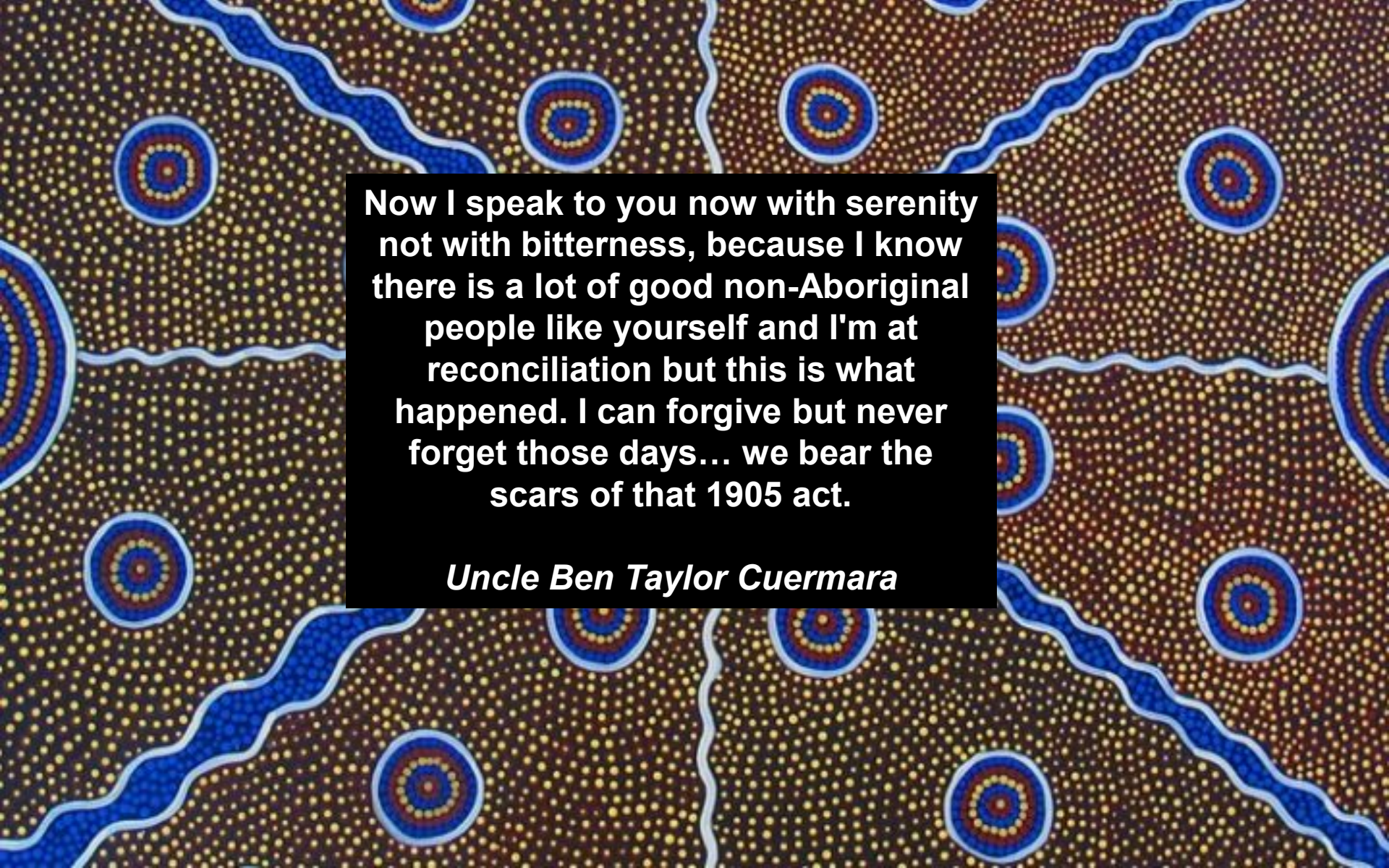




Telling  
stories from  
our scars,  
not our  
wounds.

OUR PROJECTS

# A Mile in My Shoes

The background is a traditional Aboriginal dot painting. It features a dark brown base with a dense pattern of small yellow dots. Overlaid on this are several blue wavy lines that resemble rivers or paths. Scattered throughout are circular motifs, each composed of concentric rings of dots in blue, red, and yellow, surrounded by a white border. The overall effect is a rich, textured, and culturally significant visual.

**Now I speak to you now with serenity  
not with bitterness, because I know  
there is a lot of good non-Aboriginal  
people like yourself and I'm at  
reconciliation but this is what  
happened. I can forgive but never  
forget those days... we bear the  
scars of that 1905 act.**

***Uncle Ben Taylor Cuermara***

OUR PROJECTS

# **Growing up LGBTQIA+ in rural Western Australia**





When I was growing up, I didn't want to let myself exist. I was about 14 when I realised that I was really different from other boys. I remember watching a footy game with my dad and my brothers and my uncles and my cousin, and everyone is shouting, "What a mark! What a goal!" and all I could think of how hot all these footy players were.

*Holden Sheppard*

But with mum, yeah, it was – it was a little bit difficult for her to come around. I did her make-up, and I think she saw how much I enjoyed it and how much it made me happy, and she kind of was like, okay, it's not so scary. Now she fully supports me.

*Peehi Blake*



OUR PROJECTS

# ROARING NINETIES



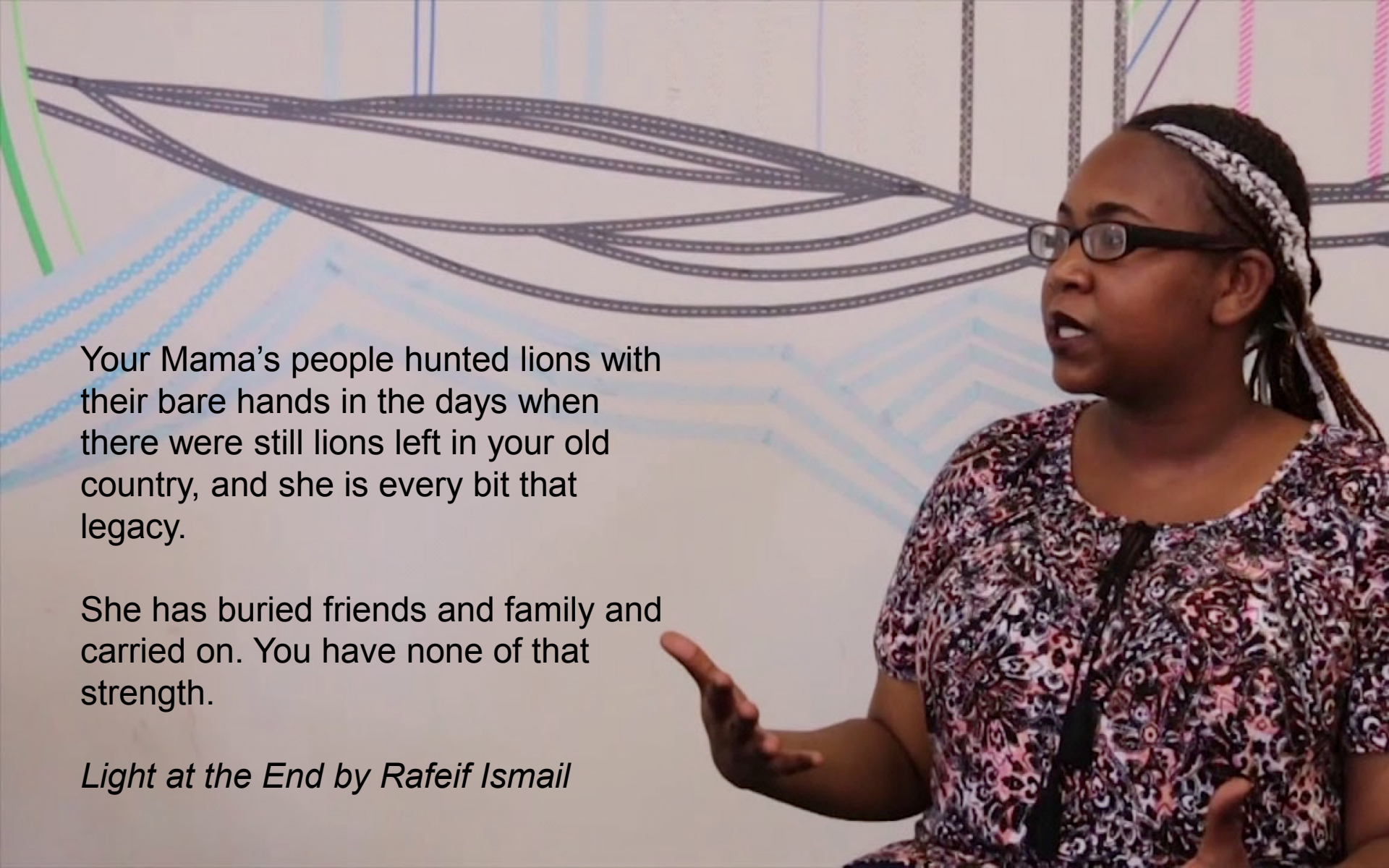
My mother wanted to protect me. So, she went around to ladies name Maria that had silver.

Bit by bit, bit by bit – my mother collected the silver to make a cross in memory and top help me – to bless me with the cross so that I can survive.

*Michael Tsolakis*

OUR PROJECTS

**WAYS OF BEING HERE**

A woman with dark skin, wearing glasses and a white braided headband, is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a patterned top with black, white, and pink floral designs. She is gesturing with her right hand as if speaking. The background features a wall with various geometric patterns, including blue zig-zags, green and blue lines, and grey wavy lines.

Your Mama's people hunted lions with their bare hands in the days when there were still lions left in your old country, and she is every bit that legacy.

She has buried friends and family and carried on. You have none of that strength.

*Light at the End by Rafeif Ismail*

OUR PROJECTS

**RUAH**

I learned in sharing this story that I am resilient and I've never given up—there have been times when I had planned suicide attempts and have attempted suicide—but I am resilient.

I've always had hope—and hope means to me Holding Only Positive Expectations. I am brave. I am strong. I can do this.

[Angel Lee](#)







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**Thank you.**

