

THE YOUNG WALJA AND MANITCH
EAGLEHAWK AND WHITE COCKATOO

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A young Walja and a young manitch lived near each other. They were moorurt (blood relations) and were always quarrelling with and teasing each other and mocking each other's voice, and though they grew big they still kept on quarrelling and teasing.

"What do you eat?" Manitch asked Walja.

"I eat meat," said Walja.

"Where do you sleep?" Manitch asked.

"I sleep on the top of a high tree," Walja replied.

Just as he was speaking, Walja saw his father and mother coming home with a fat ballanera (a small marsupial now extinct) and Walja ate it and then went to his high tree and slept. Manitch called out to him, "I've got a good place to sleep in, a hole inside the tree, nice and warm my nest is." Walja looked over his nest and said, "What do you eat?" and Manitch said, "I eat jedda, joolal, jingong, juggat and many more roots, and berries and fruit."

Then they both began to laugh and jeer at each other and Walja said to Manitch, "Your father only brings you home dirty things, full of sand, out of the ground he gets them, but I eat good clean meat, yonggar, warr, woorark and all kinds of nice meat, which my father brings me." Then Walja made a song and sang :

Ngaija ngannup yocogaring,
 Yonggar nata warra mata,
 Karrung burnditch nganna yoogating.

(I live very well, I eat young kangaroo, male kangaroo legs, female kangaroo legs, and all kinds of good clean meat, and not dirty roots and sand, and I sleep high up in the tree top, and not in an ugly hole, and swing on my branch and feel warm and nice all over.)

Then Manitch sang at him :

Ngaija n' kanung maanung, n' kanung manung,
 Ngan'na ngan'na yoorda burt boorl yoorda boort
 boorlala yoogating.
 Ngan'na ngan'na yoogating.
 Yoorda boort boorl, yoorda boort boorlala yoogating,
 Jedda jingong, joolal, jaggat, taa' boojur wurritch yoogating.

(MY mother and father, mother and father, get me red roots, white roots and sweet berries to eat and I sleep in a nice hollow log. When rain comes I am dry while you get wet every time a storm comes. I have very good living, good sleeping, good dustbath, and feel warm inside always, and my mouth is full of sand which is good. You have no place to shelter from the rain and you've only nasty meat to eat.")

Manitch sings and nods his head while he sings quickly, and before Walja can reply, Manitch again sings :

Nyinning kebal gungong burndok bo'ming burndok boming
burndok boming,
Kebal gungong burndok boming burndok boming burndok
boming.

(You! sitting and getting wet on top of the tree the rain hitting you and hitting you while you sit and get wet on top of the tree, you sitting there!)

Then Manitch stepped on the edge of the log and moved his body up and down and up and down while he sang, "Yoorda boort boorl, yoorda boort boorl, yoorda boort boorl yooating," and he sang it more and more softly as he moved slower and slower and at last they both fell asleep.