

Long ago, Geerr-geerr, the Sparrow-Hawk, was a womba (man) with two jooga-jooga or koolguru koolguru (pigeons) for his jandu (wives). One morning, he left his jandu at the camp, where they had some neal-burnoo (seed) to eat, telling them he had to go too far away to take them with him. So they stayed at home.

Geer-geerr went Yalm-bain (south), but he did not go very far. He came to a great plain, and stood in the middle of the plain, and spread himself out, and made a great number of geerr-geerr come from him, north, south, east, and west, and he fought with these, which were himself all the time.

In the afternoon he came back to the jooga-jooga all bleeding, lame and cut. When the jandu saw him, they cried, "Where have you been? Who wounded you like that?"

Geerr-geerr said he had gone marra (long way), and he had met brothers, brothers-in-law, father's brothers, mother's brothers and fathers-in-law, and they had a great fight.

Next day Geerr-geerr again came back bleeding and wounded. He did this for several days. Every day the jandu asked if they could come with him.

"No," he always replied. "I go marra-booroo (far-away country, and you would be too slow. I must go quickly."

One day, after he was gone, one of the jooga-jooga, the older one, said to the other, "Let us follow and see where he goes." So they followed Geerr-geerr, and presently came upon him fighting with himself.

They said angrily, "Yang-ga moogul meemar inj. (What do you want to go fighting with yourself for?)" and they rushed at him, shouting "Waow, waow, waow, waow!" They raised their mil-gin (digging sticks) to hit him, but he cried out "Geerr! geerr! Geerr-geerr!" and flew up into a tree, where they left him.

The jooga-jooga said, "If womba want to fight, let them send a nee-lan or nimmer-di (messenger) and bring marowera womba (fighting men) and fight properly, not among themselves.