

MOORAL AND MARJALI.

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Mooral (black-and-white sea-gull) and Mar-jali (white sea-gull) were womba (men). Mooral came from Koon-gabbu, (north) and was a Waddiab-booloo womba. Marjali came from Yalm-bain (south), and was a Koal-gurdi womba.

They were travelling north, and had killed two lan-goore (opossum) with their koor-i-li lan-ji (boomerangs made from the wood of the koorili tree). At mid-day they came to a beega (shady grove), and Marjali said to Mooral,

"Joong-goo wan-birdim. (Fire make)!"

Mooral replied sharply, "Nooroo kanna birdim janna jeera ngang-ga." (Fire I will make, but I will speak my own language)"

Marjali said nothing.

Mooral made the fire, saying to himself, "Nooroo kanna birdim," again and again. He liked the sound of his own speech. When the lan-goore were cooked and eaten, Mooral and Marjali lay down and slept.

Bye-and-bye they woke up, and went on travelling north, and killed more meat food. At Weera-gin-marri they sat down, and Marjali said again,

"Joong-goo wan-birdim."

Mooral became very angry. "Arrianga ngala ngangga jeera jeera ngangga, ngar kanna birdim nooroo, nooroo janna jeera ngangga. (I don't want to speak like you. I will make nooroo. Nooroo is my language)."

He stood up ready to fight Marjali, but Marjali was lazy, and he lay down and pretended not to hear. Mooral made the fire, and he talked to himself as he made it.

"I will get a clear place for the nooroo," he said, "and dry wood for the nooroo, and make good hot ashes from my nooroo!" Each time he came to the word nooroo, he raised his voice. He was hoping for a fight, but Marjali kept his eyes closed and

pretended to be asleep.

They ate the food, and slept, and travelled on to Jeeriba-Ngarrin, and Marjali said again,

"Joong-goo wan-birdim wallee anna birdee. (Fire make and meat cook)," just like a song, for he was now ready to fight Moorral.

"Arriang milaa ngangga billai! jooa meejala booroo nga jeea!" (Don't you talk like that!" screamed Moorral. "You go back to your own country). I don't want to say 'joong-goo! joong-goo!'" and he mocked Marjali's speech, screaming out "joong-goo! joong-goo!" like a woman.

Marjali was very angry when he heard Moorral mock his speech. He said, "You are a no-good man. You are mocking me!"

Moorral laughed loudly. He was glad to have made Marjali angry at last, and he said, "I am a northern man, and you are a southern. We are much better men than you, and can fight better, and we don't talk like a woman," and again he mocked Marjali, singing in a high-pitched voice, "Joong-goo wan-birdim, joong-goo wan-birdim."

Marjali jumped up in a great rage, and said, "You put on reerr-ga (charcoal), and I will put on karr-mul (white pipe-clay), and we will fight now."

Moorral covered himself with charcoal from his fire, and Marjali got some white pipe-clay from a hole in the ground, and they fought each other with their koorili lanji. Moorral was too angry to fight well, and Marjali hit him many times, calling out "Jiraa! Jiraa!" after each hit.

Bye-and-bye they changed into birds. Marjali was all white, but Moorral had some charcoal left on his feathers. Marjali could only cry out "Jiraa! Jiraa!," as he called out whenever he hit Moorral.

Now Moorral the black-and-white sea-gull keeps to the north, and Marjali, the white sea-gull, keeps to his own southern country.

for the nooroo, and make good hot ashes from my nooroo." Each time he came to the word nooroo, he raised his voice, hoping for a fight with Marjali, but Marjali kept his eyes closed, and pretended to be asleep.

They ate the food, and slept, and travelled on to Jeer-iba-Ngarrin. Marjali again said,

"Joong-goo wanbirdim wallee anna birdee," (Fire make and meat cook), just like a song, for he was ready, now, to fight.

"Arriang milaa ngangga billai! Joca meejala booroo nga jeea. ("Don't you talk like that. You go back to your own country. I don't want to say 'joong-goo! joong-goo!' Moorai mocked Marjali's speech, screaming out "Joong-goo! Joong-goo!" like a woman.

Marjali was very angry now. He said "You are a no-good man. You are mocking me."

Moorai laughed loudly. He was glad to have Marjali angry at last, and he said,

"I am a northern man, and you are a southern man. We are much better than you. We can fight better, and we don't talk like a woman!" Again he mocked Marjali, singing in a high-pitched voice, "Joong-goo wanbirdim! Joong-goo wanbirdim!"

Marjali jumped up in a great rage.

"You put on reerrga (charcoal)," he said, "and I will put on karrmul (white pipe-clay), and we will fight now."

Moorai covered himself with charcoal from his fire, and Marjali got some pipe-clay from a hole in the ground, and they fought each other with their lanji.

Moorai was too angry to fight well, and Marjali hit him many times, calling out "Jiraa! Jiraa!" after each hit.

They changed into birds. Marjali was all white, but Moorai had some charcoal left on his feathers, and Marjali could only cry "Jiraa! Jiraa!" always.

Now Moorai, the spotted sea-gull, keeps to the north and Marjali, the white gull, keeps to his own southern country.