

VII. 2 [213]
27-11-02

fish with ban-mungo (shell-fish) and karra-joonoo (little mullet) bait. When the Kularra-booloo men of Broome went to Lengo-goon to fish, they always used the same bait that Lengo used in the dream-time, and caught plenty of fish.

Lengo had a little son whom he greatly loved. One day, when he was away fishing, lightning came and took the boy. Lengo was so angry with his jee-marra (wife) that he hit her on the back with his now-loo (club), and she died and turned into stone near Weera-gin-marri.

There you can see her bent form in the rocks, where Lengo killed her, because she had not saved his little son from the lightning.

As Jallingmur said to Lengo, "When men meet one another, they should always exchange their things with each other, -- boomerangs, spears and clubs -- when asked to do so, for that is the law of all men.

And the Stone Woman of Weera-gin-marri tells all mothers that they must take care of their children so that no bad magic can come to them.

MOORAL AND MARJALI.

In those far-away times, Moo-ral (black-and-white sea-gull) and Mar-jali (white gull) were womba (men).

Mooral came from Koon-gabbu and was a Waddiab-booloo womba. Marjali came from Yalm-bain (south), and was a Koal-gurdi womba.

Travelling north, they killed two lan-goor (opossum) with their koor-i-li lanji (boomerangs made from koorili tree). At mid-day they came to a beega (shady grove).

Marjali said to Moorai, "Joong-goo wanbirdim." (Fire make)."

Moorai replied sharply, "Nooroo kanna birdim janna jeera ngangga." (Fire I will make, but I will speak my own language)"

Marjali said nothing.

Moorai made the fire, saying to himself again and again,

"Nooroo kanna birdim." He liked the sound of his own language. When the lan-goor were cooked and eaten, Moorai 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 wanbirdim."

Morai became very angry.

"Arrianga ngala ngangga jee jee ngangga, ngar kanna birdim nooroo, noora janna jee ngangga!" he said. ("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.

Morai made the fire, and he talked to himself as he made it.

"I will get a clear place for the nooroo, 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, hoping for a fight with Marjali. Marjali kept his eyes closed, and pretended to be asleep.

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

"Joong-goo wanbirdim wallee anna birdee. (Fire make and meat cook)."

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Marjali said to Moorai, "Joong-goo wanbirdim." (Fire make)."

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