fish with *ban-mungo* (shell-fish) and *karra-joono* (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.

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**MOORAL AND MARJALI.**

In those far-away times, *Mooral* (black-and-white sea-gull) and *Marjali* (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 Mooral, "*Joong-goo wanbirdim.* (Fire make)."

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

Marjali said nothing.

Mooral made the fire, saying to himself again and again,
"Nooro kanna birdim." He liked the sound of his own language. When the lan-goor 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 wanbirdim."

Mooral became very angry.

"Arrianga ngala ngangga jeea jeera ngangga, noor kanna birdim nooro, noora janna jeera nganggal" he said. ("I don't want to speak like you. I will make nooro nooro 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 nooro, and dry wood for the nooro, and make good hot ashes from my nooro." Each time he came to the word nooro, 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)."
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.

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**MOORAL AND MARJALI.**

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